

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice

Volume VI

The Secret Society women and the International Court of Justice

POISONOUS FRIENDS

I

(Feb. – Dec. 2011)

THE LONG VERSION

INTRODUCTION

This is the “Long Version” of the first part of the rewrite of the original “Poisonous Friends, I”, originally composed in 2014. Because the rewrite which I have undertaken from December 2020 to July 2021 was still inadequate – with too many important details wrong or left out – I have decided to work out this “Long Version” from the summer of 2022 onward.¹

The “Long Version” abides by the following rule: when new paragraphs are added or when the paragraphs from the original rewrite are modified, these are in bold type. The “Long Version” is distinguished by the incorporation of the transcripts of recordings most of which were not included in the original rewrite. The transcripts are therefore marked in red. These transcripts are originally kept in the folders of the respective recordings and, when words in the transcripts are altered in the text below, they are marked in bold red. Additional commentaries are also in bold red.

We shall have no introductory comments in the beginning of this Long Version. However, the introductory comments in the original rewrite (from December 2020 onward) must be consulted before you move onto this “Long Version”. Now the essentials during the period under consideration (February – December, 2011):

02.17: Homeland Security got me hospitalized for “wanting to xxxx xxxxxxxx”: **the bygone ICJ trial was definitively locked up.**

02.21: I was released from the hospital.

02.22: the Pyramid’s family’s trust.

02.23: BOL at Santa Clara University.

03.04: Homeland Security needed more evidence to show to a new authority, and so they required me to cut myself heavily while under surveillance and then instructed Wes to record me saying my wrong scenarios.

03.13: Homeland Security wanted me to say to Wes “I want to cut myself” while on the phone: they needed more evidence to support their new warning about me in the international domain, **especially to the UN High Commissioner on Human Rights.**

03.16: I sent out my petition letter to the UN High Commissioner on Human Rights.

¹ Along with the Long Version – Incomplete.

- 03.22:** Oliver wanted me to do drawings for him: **Homeland Security was ready to produce evidence that I never drew my drawings.**
- 03.25:** Homeland Security continued their surveillance on this troublesome schizophrenic.
- 03.31:** Homeland Security suppressed my French-speaking in order to produce evidence that I didn't speak French.
- 04.13:** I called the UN High Commissioner on Human Rights. Homeland Security was ready to warn Mrs Clinton that I was about to write to her.
- 04.19:** did Homeland Security warn Linda?
- 04.21:** I mailed my letter to Mrs Clinton.
- 04.25:** twin sisters in Starbucks. **Homeland Security began inputting evidence into the judge computer that I was my twin brother.**
- 04.29:** the woman writing a book about twins. The black woman with her baby in Ackerman.
- 05.10:** UCLA library – Homeland Security got me put into the hospital again.
- 05.12:** **I set up my website lawrencechin2011.com.**
- 05.19:** by this time, **Homeland Security had interviewed Dr R about me.**
- 05.22:** my email to Annie.
- 05.26:** Annie replied.
- 06.07:** I mailed a corrected version of my letter to Mrs Clinton.
- 06.11:** noise attacks on the bus: Homeland Security wanted to say in their new warning about me that I was racist toward Hispanics.
- 06.26:** the WinSCP affair.
- 06.27:** Homeland Security instructed Wes to encourage me to find “people with similar experiences”.
- 06.29:** I started writing to Dezz on Interpals.
- 07.01:** my letter to Mrs Schlanger. I showed Dr R this letter and told her the “Secret Service” might interview her when I wrote letters to the government.
- 07.06:** I was ready to mail my letter to Ms Martinez.
- 07.07:** I showed Dezz my pictures and she never wanted to talk to me again. **(She had seen the Homeland Security warning about me.)** Homeland Security wanted me to tell Dr R that they had been preventing me from making corrections to my letters.
- 07.10:** Homeland Security surveillance at the Russian American Meetup.
- 07.11:** I met up with Oliver. Oliver carried out his assignment from Homeland Security **by encouraging me to become steeped in conspiracy theories.**
- 07.13:** I met Valentine for the first time.
- 07.15:** I talked to Wes: **Homeland Security added to their warning about me the lie that I had plagiarized my delusions about being chipped in the brain from crazy conspiracy theories.**
- 07.21:** I explained more of my ICJ trial to Dr R, and she asked me if I had recorded our sessions.
- 07.25:** visits started coming from Owl Academy (Hostmatrix). **Homeland Security intensified their effort to discredit me as a way to prevent my writings from becoming evidence in the ICJ.**
- 07.27:** Homeland Security recruited **Karin's bunch** to their side and instructed Karin to make the first complaint about my website.
- 07.29:** Homeland Security had interviewed Dr R for the third time. As a consequence, Dr R now kept notes and asked me whether I looked schizophrenic.

- 07.30:** Homeland Security interviewed the Pyramid about me.
- 08.01:** Homeland Security instructed the Pyramid to ask her relatives to search for my website.
- 08.02:** Homeland Security connected the Pyramid to Dr R.
- 08.05:** I met with Dr R and, after our session, the Pyramid talked to Dr R again. I met Valentine for the first time in Los Angeles.
- 08.09:** my conversation with Wes: the Pyramid and Karin had now opened a case on me with the police and Wes would supply them with the recordings of our conversation as evidence.
- 08.18:** my conversation with Wes: the Invisible Hand instructed Wes to tell me to never deny I was delusional and to declare my story “fiction”. Meanwhile, Homeland Security was still waiting for me to find conspiracy theories folks and targeted individuals.
- 08.27:** per Homeland Security’s instruction, Marie complained about my “Feefee and Valerie”.
- 09.01:** Homeland Security started telling people I never wrote, including Mr Tian’s brother.
- 09.04:** the “Curtain Affair”: Homeland Security’s evidence in the ICJ.
- 09.07:** Homeland Security was also inputting evidence that I was a pedophile.
- 09.09:** My session with Dr R: how baby noises provoked. Homeland Security wanted Dr R to label me a “danger to people”.
- 09.12:** Homeland Security was able to produce evidence showing me being a danger to children. Both for their new warnings about me and for the ICJ (to lock up the bygone ICJ trial).
- 09.13:** Homeland Security produced evidence that I didn’t look quite like myself (that I was most likely my twin brother).
- 09.16:** my session with Dr R. Within the past week, Homeland Security had connected her with Chaya or Deborah in order to let her hear about my past obsessions and make her scared of me.
- 09.23:** my session with Dr R. Dr R, truly scared, wanted to drop me as a patient. However, she continued to refuse to diagnose me as suffering from schizophrenia merely for Homeland Security’s sake.
- 09.24:** the Pyramid visited my website again in order to dispute Dr R’s judgment.
- 09.26:** Homeland Security instructed Oliver to set me up with another psychiatrist instead.
- 09.30:** my conversation with Wes: a Truman Show within a Truman Show! Dr R was now more interested in calming me with feminine deceptiveness. The Pyramid visited my website again still trying to persuade Dr R.
- 10:06:** Homeland Security instructed the Fat Guy to falsely accuse me of stealing his food.
- 10.07:** Homeland Security had also instructed my housemates to steal Tian’s cigarettes so that Tian would think I did it.
- 10.18:** as Dr R continued to refuse to label me “dangerous”, Homeland Security instructed the Fat Guy to provoke me whenever possible.
- 10.26:** Homeland Security, by remotely controlling my netbook to malfunction, caused me to have another anger outburst resulting in Tian’s kicking me out. Homeland Security’s evidence in the ICJ. I would find a new place in Koreatown.
- 11.04:** I told Dr R how much I wished vxxxxxxx on the “Mexican family” (perhaps by suing them) and Dr R was feeding everything I said back to the Pyramid.
- 11.13:** my wrong theory that I was stuck in another prosecution phase (the third round).
- 11:15:** did Emily visit my website from St. Augustine?

11.16: the Pyramid's relative up in Sacramento visited my website.

11.18: I told Dr R that I planned to write to Prof. Buergenxxxx. **Homeland Security went to warn Prof. Buergenxxxx as well as everybody else at George Washington University.**

11.23: I mailed out my letter to Prof. Buergenxxxx.

11.28: **Gaurav visited my website** – complained to law enforcement about my writing about him (my “delusions” about him).

12.02: Homeland Security instructed the Pyramid to complain again about my website to law enforcement.

12.10: my website seems to have disappeared from all search engines' search results.

12.24: today and the next two days, Ekaterina or her partner would visit my website from South Korea. **The CIA continued their debate with Homeland Security in official, international channels.**

2011

February 9 (Oliver)

My call with Oliver today: “hmrwtoliv_2_9_11_636-908PM.WMA”: I continued on: Madam President will protect us, nobody will dare accuse us of anything... Then I couldn't understand why my website wouldn't work. 33:00, I called up IX Webhosting. Why was I not allowed to use FTP? But the agent couldn't understand what I was saying. Now that I was talking to an agent, my FTP connection was allowed through. Then the IX Webhosting agent insisted there was no problem. 49:30, the call has ended. On and on about the defendants again. 1:44:40, Oliver called. He was still in New Mexico. He might come to Palm Springs soon. How computer-malfunctioning was the biggest problem in my life: people in the trial were doing it. He told me about his website, alfhari.com (1:52:30). I continued to emphasize that I lived in an environment especially designed to frustrate me. Then I asked him what he thought about Russia. The Chinese girl in Davis who bought Oliver's painting. How I had done no art lately. 2:06:40, I was disconnected with him, but was then reconnected. How the people who wanted me dead had very powerful machines. My hostile environment as required by international laws. He asked me if I had thought about joining a monastery. I explained: although I had helped Russia win the trial against the US, they messed it up and I had to suffer... Oliver had no comprehension of what I was saying and suggested that I suffer from paranoia. He then suggested a French author who might have experienced the same paranoia. **Was Oliver's reaction Homeland Security's evidence of my insanity? (He didn't know anything about my ICJ trial, apparently. Did Homeland Security share with him their warning about me (that I had this “delusion” about some ICJ trial) and did he believe it?)** 2:19:50, I hanged up with him. Again, how the judges would cover me. Ha! Stupid.

February 15

Walked to 7/11 with Giselle. Recorder remotely controlled to freeze while I was leaving a message for Dr R on 8:10 AM or so. Thus, I cut myself on my right arm three times. Minor cuts, because the exacto knife was no longer sharp.

Around 3:30 PM or so, while I was outside the library ready to call up the Pasadena division of “Art of Living”, my recorder was again remotely caused to freeze. Thus “delusional beliefs” all day long. First, that the Russians wanted Americans to frame me into David Chin again so as to be able to “take me up.” By the time I had gone home, I thought that the reason might just be that, the day before, I looked

up the news on aktuell.ru. There is a conspiracy for me to not know anything about Russia, even if I no longer have any wish to go to that backward place – which conspiracy in fact may just be what the Russians want. By 7:15 PM or so, however, I would have come up with an even more likely scenario, which is that the defense team might have taken some recording of my leaving messages on other people's answering machines and matched it with my messages extracted from these answering machines in an attempt to prove that my recording was not forged. In response, the Monkey today froze up my recorder thrice when my conversation or messages were also being recorded by the other side so that, as I wouldn't have any recordings in my possession of the messages I left on other people's answering machines and so on, he could then claim that the defense team has forged the recording which they said matched the recording others had of my voice. *I was still trapped in my wrong scenarios!*

February 16 (Wednesday; Dr R; Wes)

Counting discs this morning, between 6 and 7:30 AM. Not long into the counting, Windows Explorer remotely controlled (?) to malfunction, and immediately after I inserted a disc into the DVD player, in order to make my discs look as if they were fake (?). After rebooting, the default player for videos changed from Gom Player and Quick Time to Windows Media Player.

My appointment with Dr R today: "toedlmanopcc_2_16_11_959-1144AM.WMA": in Edelman. 5:50, with Dr R. The medication. Free lunch at OPCC. How I wanted to be in a bookstore. Nothing around in Sun Valley. How somebody was remotely controlling my computer to malfunction, and how I couldn't stand children, how in the library there people kept following me with their children so that I'd get angry and get thrown out. Misopedia. I showed her my **cut** wounds. Depakote. The problem of my cutting. How to deal with computer-malfunctioning. Hispanophobia. 21:30, my address. There is nothing Dr R can do about my problems. I would spit on these people. She would contact Reima. 33:30, I bade Dr R goodbye. 44:30, I was adding money to my phone. 47:30, I called Sam. To give him the contract. 56:00, on the bus. I started writing. 1:17:00, off the bus. 1:23:00, in OPCC. (Reviewed until 1:35:00.)

Then I was at Santa Monica Public Library: "tosmlibpushkn_2_16_11_1144AM-357PM.WMA". Reading Henri Troyat's *Pouchkine* around 32:00 or so. Someone came to me: "I beg your pardon, are you saying something?" Again I mistook him for an actor.

My conversation with Wes this late afternoon: "IMPbusmtrohmwes_2_16_11_405-605PM.WMA": on the bus. Writing. 16:30, siren. 21:00, off the bus. 27:20, on Metro. 48:30, I was connected with Wes. Yesterday's operation was very intense: they froze up my recorder 3 times. They wanted me to hit the child, but I just wouldn't do. I cut myself several times yesterday. The operation, the trial, **would** never end. Wes: "How do you know the trial is not over... maybe it's over..." **Was Wes trying to give me a hint?** I continued to insist that my Olympus recorder was the best in the world and wasn't supposed to freeze up constantly. My theory that they (the prosecution team) didn't want my recording to match the recording of the other party of the conversation. They also wanted to get rid of my website. (IX Webhosting wanted to close my account.) Wes: "So if I go to your website, I won't see it?" Me: "Yes, because they have suspended my account... I'm so tired of living in this 'Opposite World' where the victim is the victimizer and the victimizer the victim..." Then how I was more stable lately because I had a room but how I was not satisfied because I was all alone. "The trial will never end... and I don't know why everyone is telling me to love Jesus..." How I checked out Tolstoy's *Anna Karenina*. "The

trial will last as long as I live..." "Maybe even longer." **Ha! Was Wes being sarcastic?** "The defendants will just be stuck in the courtroom for the rest of my life... having a good time running operations on me..." A pretty white woman took a whole bundle of LA Express from the newsstand! How I wanted to meet somebody who understood computers. "I'm just afraid that... whatever I believe might become reality..." Wes continued to work on his dissertation and was reading St. Augustine and Camus. 1:18:50, on the bus. Wes mentioned Kenneth Berg again. Wes: "Your trial is just like Camus' The Stranger." The vocabulary for emotions. 1:35:00, just when I came home, I hanged up with Wes. 1:44:20, at home. 1:54:40, did I start writing?

February 17 (hospitalization; Wes)

Windows Explorer remotely controlled to freeze. Why is it that whenever I reviewed a file in which I was crying hard and so on I would immediately be hit with the same sort of abuse as that which induced the crying and so on in the recording being reviewed? "Delusional belief": the Microspherians are simply conditioning me to not let the Macrospherians know that I have been abused at all, hence I was not allowed to review the recordings in which my unhappiness was recorded, and not allowed to talk about how I have been so abused and lonely that I can but cut myself.

Night. For whatever reason, Homeland Security decided that I should be hospitalized again for **making xxxxxxx** and being a danger to myself: **more on this below**. When I was in the market near home, they thus remotely controlled my recorder to shut itself off in order to provoke me to cut myself. When I was cutting myself at the bus stop, they then sent an agent to me to witness me in my act and to call the police on me. The police officers came in a throng – even pointing their guns at me – and thus placed me in the hospital on 5150. The hospital staff then forbade me to use my recorder to record myself, thus causing me even more distress. I wrote down on a piece of paper every single word I had had to utter while in the hospital.

Here are the recordings: "2_17_11_548-643PM.WMA": in a Vietnamese restaurant. Writing "Schizophrenic, III". 30:00, I left the restaurant. 36:30, in a shop to buy a lock box and so on. 41:00, a child's shouting, causing me distress. "I want to xxxx that xxxxx so much!" And on and on. 51:30, I called Wes. "I just want to xxxx xxxxxxxxx so much!" "I advise you not to..." "So many signals are telling me that if I xxxx them, nothing will happen to me..." The recording then abruptly comes to an end: **right after Homeland Security had obtained evidence that I wanted to xxxx xxxxxxxxx due to suffering from incurable schizophrenic delusions, they ordered the Monkey to shut off my recorder remotely in order to provoke me to cut myself.**

The next recording is: "2_17_11_656-931PM.WMA": I asked Wes to come visit me after I shall have xxxxxx people, but Wes insisted he would have nothing to do with me afterward. **Knowing what Homeland Security was doing, Wes was trying to discourage me.** I kept shouting and yelling. I was also cutting myself. 5:00, siren: the police were coming. "Put your hands up." Wes continued to stay on line **while I was** being arrested. 27:30, Wes was talking to Alessandra in Portuguese. 31:00, Wes finally hanged up. Then he called **back** (?). 49:20, the officer opened the trunk. From 50:30 onward, the police were examining my things. They said I had a warrant and was crazy. **Apparently, the police officers had quite believed the new Homeland Security warning about me: how could the CIA ever overcome this hurdle?** 59:30, the police officer went outside and put my things in his trunk. He drove away. 1:19:00, at the destination (the hospital). 1:32:30, the police officer was interrogating me about my things. 1:42:20, the doctor interviewed me. 1:47:00, the doctor said that the report he got was that I

wanted to xxxx somebody (!). **Obviously, it was the Homeland Security agent that was sent in to witness me and call the police on me who had made this report: that was his mission.** And of course, when the doctor said I was put on a 72 hour hold, I got upset. And I was even more upset when I was not allowed to use my computer. 1:53:00, I yelled at the police officer: how many times do you have to put me in the hospital in order to produce the evidence? **That was a wrong scenario, but incidentally I was literally correct: it's all about producing the right evidence to justify the new Homeland Security warning and the suppression of the previous ICJ trial.** And I broke down crying. Then all the wrangling with the nurses. Then the recording again abruptly ends.

Thus you can understand why the January 27 hospitalization wasn't sufficient in locking up the bygone ICJ trial and enabling Homeland Security to enter me into threat databases and broadcast a new warning about me to the diplomatic missions around the world: I had merely cut myself on that day but was not a danger to others. Today, with the use of an agent and remotely controlling my thought process and my recorder, they were able to obtain evidence of all three things: (a) that I suffered from schizophrenia (“the control center is telling me...”); (b) that I'm a danger to others (“I want to xxxx xxxxxxxx...”); and (c) that I'm a danger to myself. Now that a formal report stating that “I wanted to xxxx people” had been deposited in law enforcement records, Homeland Security could not only have enough ground for issuing the warning they had desired to issue about me, but also enter definitive evidence into the ICJ to lock up the bygone ICJ trial.

February 21

Released from the hospital. When I came home, I discovered that Reima had inserted one of my discs into her stereo so that she wouldn't be able to play it. It seemed to me that she was doing this in order to produce evidence showing my discs to be fake – or providing a scenario as to why my discs were thought to be fake. I counted all my discs.²

What she did was indeed very strange. She said she wanted to listen to my music. Bullshit! In retrospect, we can only suspect that it was simply Homeland Security pretending to “investigate me” again given my latest hospitalization: **“The suspect is now a danger to people...”** They thus sent agents to interview Reima about my “condition” and, in the process, checked my belongings. “What are these discs?” They instructed Reima to play the discs in order to see what's on them. Just so much acting! As if they didn't already know!

February 22 (the Pyramid's family trust)

Around 2 AM. ImgBurn was remotely controlled to malfunction. DVD-232 destroyed. I thus cut my face, arm, and wrist.

I would later discover that, today, the Pyramid's parents, APL and OLV, had put their house, “House 1630”, into some sort of Trust. A certain public notary, Gary xxxxxx, had ascertained that the true parents of the Pyramid had appeared before him to sign the Trust. Really? Something had happened in

² In: “1_22_11_-1253AM.WMA” (2_22_11): the fuss about finding my DVD in the stereo. So angry. 7:00, I cut myself to release the anger. 10:00, Reima came in to argue with me and claimed she put my disc in because she wanted to listen to music! Then, back to work. (Reviewed until 54:00.)

the Pyramid's family today: it seems that the Monkey (APL), while remaining banished from his family, had finalized a deal with them to leave his house to the Pyramid and her sister.

February 23 (Tuesday, BOL)

Delusional thought of the day: that currently the prosecuting team and the defense team are taking turns in beating evidences out of me – this is taking place in order to replace the original – pre-conspiratorial – turn-taking between **them** in evidence gathering. “Pre-conspiratorial” means “before the prosecution becomes a conspiracy in the Microsphere due to my realization, on October 19, of what has been going on”.

I began going to the French language meetup: “[frnchmutohm_2_23_11_728-1130PM.WMA](#)”. I found the Meetup bunch around 7:40. I asked Natalie for her name.

It's important to note that, today, **BOL** was at Santa Clara University giving a speech (Bannan Hall 127). Had this anything to do with my (now dormant) trial?

February 24 (Wednesday)

I would soon be forced to permit IX Webhosting to take down my website, losing all the data I had saved on it, even though my website didn't have any other functional value for me. **Homeland Security had probably wanted this so that there can be evidence in the ICJ that the suspect had never saved any recordings and videos in his website.**

Determined that DVD-123 was stolen from me by my “conspirators” during the trial. Perhaps on January 5. (Actually, it could simply be that Homeland Security agents had taken it when they interviewed Reima.)

February 25 (Friday; Wes/ Dr R, recorder remotely frozen)

My appointment with Dr R today: “[toeldmnrstnce_2_25_11_245-438PM.WMA](#)”: where was I? 11:30, another man told me he was from Atlanta. "I keep hearing Atlanta, I don't know why." **Raining outside.** 25:00, who was I talking to? 30:00, on the bus. 49:30, off the bus. 54:20, siren. 1:02:30, in Edelman. 1:08:30, with Dr R. How I **had** got hospitalized. A shot of Haldol. A healthy person fed with medication in order to become sick. When my computer froze, I felt resistance toward not getting hysterical. Hispanophobia. No resources in Sun Valley. 1:16:40, Jason came in. Jason suggested occupational therapists. 1:21:00, Jason left. 1:22:30, session over. Then I discovered *The New Yorker*, Jan. 17 2011, with David Brook's "Social Animal". I started reading it as I walked out. 1:43:00, on the bus.³

My conversation with Wes is recorded in: “[IMPbredstorerainwes_2_25_11_555-840PM.WMA](#)”: in Metro, writing. Once out of the Metro: the Russian government should put me in one of its museums for being such an important part of Russia's history! 20:30, in Coffee Bean. 1:31:00, I was connected with Wes. How IX Webhosting shut down my website. Some of my videos were funny, like the Nicaragua videos. Maybe the disappearance of my website is to replace evidence? Everything seemed

³ In DOC-7, I have erroneously attributed the incident to January 25. The interpretation there however might still be correct: people's overestimation of their own intelligence might indeed be part of the Macrospherian agendas.

so real, like the way I was arrested or provoked. I told Wes to tell the Russians to save my website (!). Wes asked me if my website had anything to do with the revolt widespread in the Middle East at the moment (1:45:00 or so). I simply didn't see any connection, I said. But perhaps Wes was giving me a hint about something. Or maybe Homeland Security instructed him to ask me this hoping that I would make a connection so that they could further label me "delusional". In response, Wes mentioned another book on a trial by Kafka (:148:35). **I mentioned that I had found *Anna Karenina* and talked about *The Idiot*. Then Wes mentioned the collect calls I had made from the hospital to him. Then my idea about making money by sketching portraits for people on Venice Beach: but the control center determined who I shall run into. Wes' progress with his dissertation. (Camus and St. Augustine.) Then, Camus: the trial is not about whether he did kill the guy, but about how he was not acting like a normal person. He was being authentic and people didn't like that, I said, getting the point. Wes concurred. Did somebody instruct Wes to say this to me? (Probably not.) I started talking about the Chinese movie-maker who made films to critique the late Chinese society. More about Camus and his political stance during the Algerian War. Heidegger, Husserl and Hanna Arendt. When would the trial end? Wes' MacBook-Pro. How much I hated my remote control. The calls while I was in the hospital. Would I be given a girlfriend or a big sister through the French meetup? A radical break like the French Revolution? The goal of the revolution was the centralization of the state. On 2:21:10 or so Wes suddenly switched phone. By refusing to get into troubles, I had chosen the metaphor of the American Revolution, and so nothing would change. Wes then made the distinction between active and passive elites (2:24:15 or so). Passive elites were the British Parliament, but they didn't exert power. As soon as they exerted power, the active elites got angry. Wes explained Robespierre and the French Revolution. 2:31:30, siren. We hanged up on 2:41:35. Presumably my wrong scenarios about the ICJ trial and ideas about my remote control were again Homeland Security's evidence to justify their new warning about me and enable them to lock up the ICJ trial in the control center. **The ICJ trial should have been completely locked up by today.****

Then I discovered that my recorder was remotely frozen just when I entered the taxi. My delusional thought was that it was most likely the Monkey and Mr former Secretary who, after hearing my confession in the afternoon to Dr R that I had developed resistance toward not becoming hysterical upon the freezing of my electronic devices, tried to add upon the frustration I felt from the pouring rain further frustration from my recorder's malfunctioning. Either I would get hysterical and thrown out of the taxi, abandoned in the rain with all my things ruined by water, or – which was what happened – I would hold back my catharsis temporarily to avoid inconvenience and decide to cut myself to release pain only in the privacy of my own room once home. But then, I would be remotely controlled (or so I thought) to forget cutting myself after I find myself in my room again. The Monkey et al could then obtain the evidence that I was lying all the time, that I never meant what I said, so that their own love of deceitfulness could be projected upon me while they themselves might be exonerated. **Since the trial was by now completely over**, this obviously can't be true. My recorder was probably previously programmed to become defunct very soon. **Unless it was Homeland Security again.** Since nobody had told me that the trial was already over, I continued to interpret the frustrating happenings to me as intentional torture for the sake of producing evidences. Since I had already been conditioned to experience severe pain over electronic devices' malfunctioning and to cut myself to release pain, it would take a long time, without therapy, **for my brain** to be "de-programmed" and become normal again.

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Then, Internet Explorer malfunctioned each time after the A-Drive Java script pop-up when I was done with uploading my files.

February 26

More “delusional thought” about the trial: I realized while on the toilet that this was how DGHTRCOM had helped me – or how he had spared me, to use his own language. He fed the script – written according to the true intentions and characters of the “Microspherians” – of the conspiracy of the International Criminal Court into the super computer which had been remotely controlling us to play out the script. The original script ended with my xxxxxxxx myself or xxxxxxxx another person. Wes, however, by instructing me in December to plead to the author for his sympathy, had made the sympathy of DGHTRCOM part of the terrorist conspiracy – such that DGHTRCOM could change the ending of the script and develop an interest in my living without the risk of conspiracy with me.

Just so much stupid wrong scenarios!

February 27

Another day of frustration. Ending up provoking myself as I reflected too much and missed my stop (Vineland and Vannowen). Strange computer malfunctioning when I tried to upload the scan images of the Monkey Pyramid’s portraits. It looked like it was devised to create evidence showing my Internet connection to be fake. (Wrong.) **I** broke a glass bottle to pieces at the Metro station. The Metro station security guard threatened to arrest me, at which point I actually felt a strange sort of pleasure in self-destruction. To Burbank’s Empire Center. At Starbucks, provocation. Bus 165 passed me by. Three cuts on my right arm. **Then I** waited for the next 165. And yet I missed my stop at Vineland and Vannowen. I was stuck at Van Nuys and Vannowen for a long time. **I** flipped over the trash can **and** kicked it onto the street. **Then I** kicked the trash can further into the street.

My “delusional thoughts” about today’s episodes consisted in the conclusion that the Macrospherian interest in making me disabled was not to prevent people from believing me in the future, but to reconstruct me into someone whom nobody would believe to be smart and able enough to commit conspiracy with Russia and save Russia. For this reason also, the structure of the trial must have been purposely reconstituted in an unnecessarily convoluted manner in order for me to be unable to guess it right, thus making me look like someone mentally incapable of committing the said conspiracy. In combination with my artificially produced hatred for Russia and the United States, I would thus be someone both mentally and emotionally incapable of conspiracy with the Russians and the CIA.

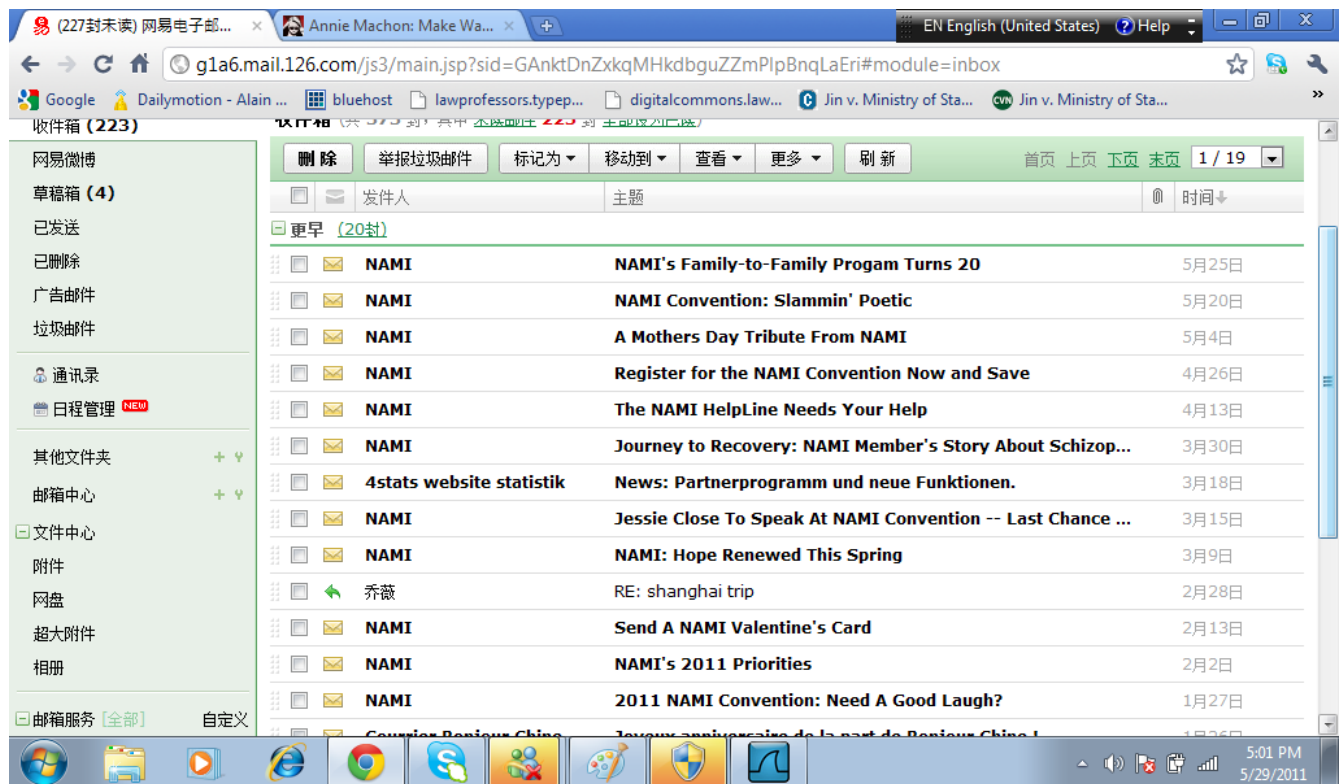
February 28

Bus 720, around 1:30 PM. A Hispanic male tried to provoke me into a fight with him by knocking off my hand when I held up my camera to film him. It’s not clear whether this was a Homeland Security operation.

My delusional thought of the day: it is entirely the super computer in the control center which has been orchestrating my environment every single day by coordinating the movement of all the people around me and all the machines around me in order to produce a life for me that is frustrating every single hour on every single day. When the “script writer” has inserted into the computer the requirement that I be

not able to save money, as soon as I have saved money by being hospitalized, the computer will command the rain to fall on the 25th so that I would be forced to take taxis, and then remotely control me to miss my bus stop yesterday so that I would be forced to take the taxi again just to go to the bus stop, both incidents causing me to increase my expenditure to cancel out the money I had saved.

At the UCLA library. I burned DVD-234. 8 PM or so, I discovered on the UCLA computer that what had actually happened with my Hosmatrix website – that the new pages I had created were all blanks – was that I was simply disallowed to create new webpages, but that I was still permitted to modify those webpages that were already there. The UCLA computer then froze up and turned itself off.



Why did Ms Mermaid email me today?

March 1 (Monday)

Learning to clone the entire content of my old Gateway's hard drive onto my new Seagate GoFlex. Netbook frozen, such that I had to reboot it. Most likely because it was turned off by force, when I tried using the Windows backup utility to do the cloning, an error message suddenly popped up saying the old Gateway hard drive was corrupted with error. After scanning it the Windows 7 OS informed me that CHKDSK had recovered "orphaned file Resource (38094) into directory file 36641..." and then that it had corrected "errors in the volume Bitmap. Windows has made corrections to the file system".

My immediate delusional thought was that my netbook was remotely controlled to freeze due to insufficient RAM, such that I would have to forcibly turn it off. The file system of the hard drive from the old Gateway was thus slightly damaged so that it could never be used as evidence in the International Court demonstrating that I had once had a real Gateway laptop. I would be allowed to

back up my files as long as everything looked fake and nothing can be used as evidence to demonstrate anything true.

Around noon. I made a call to Sam to tell him my new decision to pay the 750 dollar rent inclusive of meals. Sam said he would come this afternoon to pick up the money. When I hanged up I noticed that my Olympus recorder was again frozen. It was not clear if the recorder was becoming defunct or if the control center was still functional. (Or if it was simply Homeland Security.) Such anger, stress, and hopelessness overcame me, especially since I didn't know what I did earlier which could have caused such actions from the control center. I could merely think of cutting myself later. Until the vagrant old lady told me to have a nice day and I almost snapped and yelled at her. The point of the operation – so my delusion went – seemed to be to get the new comer to see me as an extremely dangerous person with violent temperament and prone to explode at any moment for no reason. But what's the point of this? How can the Macrospherians benefit from my being perceived as so violent and threatening? They can't. The point is that this is how the conspiracy works. And the Macrospherians can only produce the evidences they find beneficial if the conspiracy of driving me to homicide or suicide through constant frustration continues as the straitjacket only within which can everything take place. Or rather, the straitjacket is both the prosecuting team mindlessly performing its mission of beating me **into** the Monkey's false profile and the defense team mindlessly performing its mission of rescuing me from the Monkey's false profile even when none of this matters any more. It's thus absurd, just as Wes has said. Absurd.

In reality, there was no more trial and evidence. It was just that it would take a while for my new, conditioned, personality to dissipate so that I could revert to my original personality. But Homeland Security really liked the way I was right now and they would eventually do something to keep me in this state.

March 2 (recorder remotely frozen)

A very frustrating beginning of the day. **My** recorder was remotely frozen when I used it to record myself checking my bank account balance.

I continued to misinterpret everything in terms of the evidentiary process (thus “delusional” thought). I thought out a reason why, quite often when I used machines, the first time the machine would malfunction, while when I tried using it the second time I would succeed. The first time would be the prosecuting team's turn to take evidence, and the evidence they wanted would be my inability to use machines or how the machines I was trying to use were fake. The second time would be the defense team's turn and they wanted the evidence to the contrary.

More delusional thoughts recorded on my diary. Today's share of frustration – set in motion by the (supposedly remote) freezing of my recorder – seemed to be a response to my reviewing yesterday of the recording of my hysteria on June 22 last year. This is the same sort of situation in which, whenever I uttered regret for having saved Russia, my recorder would freeze up. It would seem that the control center was trying to discourage me from indulgence in past suffering. However, just as the Russians in fact have wanted me to regret, so the Russians must have wanted me to indulge in my past suffering. Three explanations can be thought of. One is that the Russians are using the rule of the maximal: if I regret despite discouragement, then I must really regret it: the evidence would be so much stronger. Or it could just be that it was the defense team which was discouraging me by freezing up my recorder.

The third explanation is that the Microspherians were trying to prevent me from playing the evidence of their having abused me.

More delusions (wrong inferences): I'm evidently also being remotely controlled to take all the wrong buses so as to confirm my confession yesterday about the extraordinary extent of my disability, to the point that I'm no longer even able to take buses to get around. I'm completely immobilized.

In reality, I just hadn't yet recovered from my symptoms as a typical (fake) targeted individual.

March 3 (recorder frozen)

Recorder (remotely?) frozen when I was sleeping around 5:13 AM. I woke up to discover the strangest malfunctioning ever: the numbers indicating the time when the recording was started were still going, but the counting down to time left on the recorder was not moving, and the counting down furthermore indicated an impossibly small amount of time left on the recorder. The bars indicating sounds recorded were also not moving when I blew sounds upon the recorder. I immediately videotaped the instance: "nvid3311/100_0001.MOV" and "nvid3311/100_0002.MOV". It might have something to do with the news blasting from my neighbor about how **our** President was giving a speech about Mexico's drug war. (Yeah right!) I felt as if a huge mass had accumulated inside me and I would have to "mark the event" with another cut on my arm to relieve the discomfort: my resistance to not being provoked. I also felt an intense hatred toward the Russians – as the Russians and the Americans had just benefited once more from my torture. (Wrong!) Again, the reality was probably that my Olympus recorder was becoming defunct and that my brain hadn't yet recovered completely from the previously conditioned illness.

Around 4:10 PM or so, I accidentally knocked over the cup of water sitting on the floor, causing me tremendous sadness. Water all over half of the floor in my room! More and more, as said, I was provoking myself with my own physical disability which had been artificially created by the government's control center.

I still believed (erroneously) that my torture had continued because of what I wrote on the New Letter of Petition, that the whole thing would continue until the (almost) complete replacement of the evidentiary record, while the continuation would have to take place within the straitjacket of the Monkey's and the defendants' finishing up their mission of driving me to disability as replacement for their original mission of causing me **to develop** perpetual homicidal or suicidal wishes.

Around 7:30 PM. The French meetup turned out to be merely a movie event without human interaction. It'd cost 17 dollars to enter and so I had to retreat. The four and a half hour bus ride came to naught. Frustrated. Everyday when I wake up, it's another day of slavery: to get frustrated and no pay. What's more, more and more the frustration had to be the result of my own fault. That's how one may gradually lose interest in Russia. **I** kicked over trash cans and a city newspaper stand. (All the wrong inferences!)

March 4 (Thursday; Homeland Security; Wes)

Netbook remotely controlled (or so I thought) to freeze around 12:45 AM. **I** cut my arm to release the pain and fear thus accumulated.

I realized that, in this torture technique of letting my own (artificially created) disability provoke myself, I'm letting my habit to multitask provoke myself; that I'm letting my constant hurriedness provoke myself; that I'm letting my habit to extract the maximal amount of work from a limited span of time provoke myself; and that I have this habit of maximal work and constant hurriedness to some place or task because I have a terrible fear of boredom: I would feel frightened if I get stuck in the middle of nowhere, am not moving to some destination, and have nothing to do. Given my constant need to extract the maximum amount of work and to multitask, the control center has merely to insert a lot of passengers on the bus (or to cause me to get on a bus that is full) or remotely control the bus to shake a lot, resulting in my inability to work on my laptop while riding the bus, in order to provoke me – or let myself provoke myself – to frustration and then extreme anger. Of course, I have always been like this but the bus did shake less before last year's torture and was not frequently filled with this many passenger during afternoon.

Again: I didn't know that I was all wrong – that the control center was not remotely controlling the bus and that I was simply misinterpreting things as being caused by the control center.

On number 4 bus. **I** missed La Cienega because I was too busy “explaining myself to Silbermond”. (I erroneously believed that the trial was continuing and that **Stefanie** could be my audience.) I felt the urge to cut myself because the role of a disabled genius like Stephen Hawkins which I was forced to play made me want to vomit. **Then I** saw a couple jumping about with “spring shoes” (the Soviet thing) – and believed it might mean something!

On bus 720. Revising my New Letter of Petition. A Hispanic woman furtively got on the bus with her little baby who shouted in order to ruin my recording. I immediately felt that tremendous oppression which stood in need of release. It was awful because it was an unexpected anticlimax after I had – so I thought erroneously – just impressed my audience. The scenario of my being an intellectual moral genius simply conflicted with my current profile (thanks to the control center) as a selfish autistic lying retard and pedophile, addicted to electronics, who was a danger to others or at least a danger to himself when he was afraid of the consequences of becoming a danger to others. In the Metro station at Vermont and Wilshire, however, I discovered that my exacto knife was missing. Then another “actor from the control center” (or so I thought) purposely gave me the wrong information about where this train was going, telling me it was going to North Hollywood when it was actually going to Wilshire and Western. I thought he was trying to provoke me because I had just wasted more time going in the wrong direction. (Maybe he was actually a Homeland Security agent.) Now the desire to release pain was ever stronger. Major cut on my right arm: “[Capture_20110304_5.wmv](#)”. I cursed Russia continually for duping me into believing that the knife was not as sharp as it looked: “Mother fucker!” “The knife was sharper than I thought, huh? Who's getting framed this time? Whoever it is, it's not the true perpetrator. The true perpetrators are the Russians” (3:38). (Perhaps it was just Homeland Security which was trying to get me to cut myself again so that they could incorporate more of my self-injurious behavior in public space into the new warning they were broadcasting about me – in which case there must be a Homeland Security agent around to witness me.) **Still I** erroneously believed that I was replacing the evidence of my self-mutilation in McGill's Music Library. While standing in line, I thought that the official story – Macrospherian? – of the China episode was that Mr former Secretary had caused me to become mistaken for a terrorist suspect and then manipulated me to escape to China, so that he could then lure the Chinese to sue him resulting in his triumph over China. Bullshit.

I also decided erroneously that today's disaster was the result of my attempt to learn a little Russian again in order to prepare myself for the Russian language meetup event on the International Women's Day. Then, when I exited the North Hollywood station, I discovered that bus 152 was just leaving (46:00). Terribly frustrated, but: "I cannot cut myself anymore today or else I may end up dead... We will have to go to the coffeehouse."

Then my conversation with Wes (overlapping with the foregoing): "IMPmssbusnrthhlywdwes_3_4_11_723-838PM.WMA": on Metro. Was I working on my Letter of Petition? (The Ereignis, July 6 2009.) 18:30, I almost got provoked by the noises again. 42:30, off the train in North Hollywood station. How I couldn't cut myself anymore today. 49:00: "We really want to xxxx some Russian..." Angered, I kicked things. "What's the point of writing if everybody is our enemy... let's just xxxx somebody..." 57:50, I called Wes to complain about my disastrous day, and he picked up only after the answering machine had started off. My frustrating day and how I had had to cut myself again. The knife was sharper than before, hence a deep cut. "What's the point of writing when everyone is my enemy? How widely is my TV show, the trial, broadcast? Everybody laughs at me when they see me cutting myself." How I missed the bus just in time. The Russian-learning this morning, and how that had screwed up my day. How I wanted to move to Albany instead. The remote control of my recorder. How I needed a new external hard drive. My unsuccessful attempt to add more RAM to my netbook in order to prevent computer-malfunctioning. Then this recording abruptly comes to an end.

The rest of my conversation with Wes: "IMPwes_3_4_11_838-907PM.WMA": **apparently**, the recorder ran out of battery. "In this trial I'm regarded as the conspirator with the enemies of humanity, this is bad. Everyone has to live as if the lie were true." Then, Anna **Karenina**, and why I should read what I used to read, theories. "Ordinary people are not capable of understanding justice and cause and effect and so on, and so I should only focus on the educated people." 10:50, I got on the bus while still on the phone. How I wanted to go to the French meetup next Tuesday, just to see the old folks. Everyday just work, and then frustration and cutting myself... and they don't even pay me... 18:00, Wes mentioned Nietzsche, master morality and so on. "When people come to me to make noises to provoke me, it's not in my interest to not get provoked..." 21:30, Wes started giving a good example – but I got upset because the bus driver purposely skipped my stop. Off the bus. 24:20, I hurt myself. Then I kept on yelling about how impossible it was not to get provoked. I kicked a car and felt so much better. "The goal is to make me into a bad person, hence every time **when** I did something bad I would feel so much better. They will always succeed because they are smarter and have a bigger computer..." **I was completely correct!** 28:40, I hanged up with Wes.

And so we can be sure of this: today Homeland Security indeed needed new evidence to justify their new warning about me and to lock up the ICJ trial in the control center. The first (major) time since February 17. And so, after their agent had caught me cutting myself in a public place, they instructed Wes to wait for my call and pick up the phone only after his answering machine had gone off. Perhaps it's because some other law enforcement authority was looking into my case. (Maybe it's the Russian diplomatic mission.) Wes would be instructed to turn over the recording of our conversation to the relevant authority as if he had "accidentally" recorded it. The relevant authority would then conclude that I was indeed insane and a danger at least to myself. Homeland Security would then incorporate this conclusion into their new warning about me while intercepting it into the ICJ as evidence.

March 5

I thought I had changed the batteries in my recorder before going to sleep, but apparently I didn't. I thus missed recording several hours of my sleeping.

I realized that I had tremendously burdened myself with my self-imposed requirement to verbalize my depression and the causes thereof. Also, my earphones had disappeared for the second day, causing me frustration.

Major machine malfunctioning. The new external 2 terabyte hard drive I had just bought would cause my netbook to freeze as soon as I began transferring files into it. I cried so sadly, worried that it might damage my writings. I could not use the bus even for one day because I had to go to Best Buy to exchange the hard drive. **I thought erroneously that this had replaced past evidence.**

I erroneously thought around 9:15 PM or so that this whole Microspherian official story of the first run was devised to cancel out the judgment against China and the lawsuit between the United States and Russia because in this story nothing had happened at all. I didn't know that I had sort of hit right on the mark: the ICJ trial had just been dismissed with the requirement that everybody pretend that nothing had happened at all.

March 6

At the storage. When I was waiting for bus 38 by the bus stop, I discovered that the book ***Demons*** was nowhere to be found in my backpack. I must have left it in my storage unit. Enormous frustration because of the fact that I had been frustrating myself with my own disability: this time, my inability to track where my things were. Hatred toward the Russians plus the desire to cut myself. The desire to cut myself resulted from the discomfort with the contradiction between being a literary genius and a disabled idiot who couldn't take care of himself and keep track of his things.

Hatred toward the Russians is justified because I am obviously being remotely controlled to be disabled. I have hardly been this forgetful in the past. (Again, this was probably only half true, since I was probably just still recovering from my previous remotely controlled disability).

Reading *Consumer Electronics* by J. S. Chito, and a ton of grammatical mistakes on page 5 and 6 rendered the sentences incomprehensible: "The coil is on the internal side of the pole piece surrounds the armature... When electric the current, which equivalent to sound signal is passed the coil, a varying magnetic field is set up through it." I again assumed (erroneously) that it was the control center (the Macrospherians) who had intentionally caused this in order to produce another instance of the terrorist conspiracy.

March 7

9 AM. Orientation at the Department of Rehabilitation.

March 8 (recorder frozen; Oliver)

I woke up to discover that my recorder had run out of batteries.

The first recording of my call with Oliver: “711olicallrcrdroff_3_8_11_426-618PM.WMA”: I left a message for my new job counselor. 711. Home. Tudou. 1:49:50, Oliver called. How I wanted his opinions on my experience. Then the recorder was remotely frozen – within two minutes. Shocked, I immediately turned on my camcorder to videotape it, while at the same time turning on the webcam on my netbook (“nvid3811/100_0019.MOV”).

The second recording of my call with Oliver: “callwolircrdroff_3_8_11_632-641PM.WMA”: I recounted the conversation that was not recorded: how my story was a very beautiful story; how I saved Russia and how Russia betrayed me... somehow he claimed he wouldn't be upset if somebody smashed up his paintings! My anger that my recorder was again shut off. Distraught, I hanged up. **It's really not clear whether today's malfunctioning was orchestrated by Homeland Security.**

March 9

The phenomenon of the double icon occurred again: “nvid3911/100_0005.MOV”. Presumably this time it was not a “secret message” from my conspirator, but just “natural” malfunctioning.

I hanged out at the UCLA Linux **User** Group. **I was** not able to log onto the Internet for the second time.

Just before midnight, transferring files from Toshiba's hard drive to the new 2 terabyte Seagate GoFlex. Again, the strangest and most frustrating problem. **Presumably Homeland Security was not responsible for this.**

March 10

I realized around 8 PM that all the machine malfunctioning and so on in the past days was not absurd at all. They were also meant to replace evidence. (Wrong.) Now even evidences from the second run are being replaced, the goal of the Macrospherians being to blame all the cognitive behavioral torture I have suffered onto the defendants and their mole the Monkey. (Wrong.)

Then, while showering around 8:30 PM, I suddenly developed the strange impression that I might be falsely arrested for pedophilia before March 18. (Bullshit.)

March 11

The elevator in the UCLA library malfunctioned. I thus realized (wrongly: “delusional thought”) that, with the replacement of evidences from the second run, there will in fact be an “eighth segment”, the Microspherian official story of the second run.

I tested the new external hard drive Seagate 2 TB once more. The same malfunctioning.

It also seems that the Macrospherian Russians and the Americans have wanted to accentuate my schizotypal side in the evidentiary record. Hence I have been remotely controlled to be absent-minded. Then they can argue that there was no way that someone so self-absorbed and absent-minded could have known that the Russians were behind the scene coordinating the movement of the DHS and the Agency's females during the first run.

March 12

I stayed home all day. Night. I watched a presentation by Karen Kwiatkowski and Michael Ruppert on Youtube. Eventually, as you shall see, Homeland Security would also enter “fond of conspiracy theories because of his insanity” into their official warnings about me.

March 13 (recorder remotely turned off)

I discovered that I got kicked out of the French Quarter Meetup. My recorder was remotely turned off when I called Wes on the phone. The recording file, “callwesrcrdrofffiledamage_3_13_11_904-10AM.WMA”, is damaged and cannot be played on any media player. See the video: “[nvid31311/100_0011.MOV](#)”. I cut myself on my left arm. Did Homeland Security do it again because they wanted me to cut myself?

The second recording of my conversation with Wes: “wescutselfutsidewrt_3_13_11_10-106PM.WMA”: I was angered because the recorder was again remotely shut off. Now I had to cut myself, and so I hanged up with Wes (1:25). And I did, and started crying. Reima came in to scold me (4:00). I kept calling Reima (“Do you want me to move out or not?”) but she wouldn't respond. 17:00, I left home. 1:00:00, I started working in the street corner and burning a DVD. (Reviewing a recording and writing.) (Reviewed until 1:30:00.) **It thus seem that it’s indeed Homeland Security who had remotely turned off my recorder: for the third time, they needed definitive evidence to support their new warning about me, and they thus wanted me to say over the phone (for the sake of being intercepted) that I wanted to cut myself.**

March 14 (Art of Living)

Strange malfunctioning of my Windows Media Player. I have seen this before, perhaps during late 2008.

Today I was remotely controlled (or so I thought) to be so absent-minded that I misread the clock on my netbook thinking that I needed to add one more hour to its time in order to arrive at the correct time. I thus arrived at Art of Living Temple one hour early, on 5:46 PM. My time at the temple is recorded in: “[templechantdavid_3_14_11_656-926PM.WMA](#)”. This is my first time here and I’d be coming here quite often during the next few years.

I had the impression that children had ambushed me on the Metro train around 9:25 PM.

March 15

At the UCLA library reading about St Augustine’s *Confession*.

More delusions today. While Japan was at rock bottom, I thought around 7:30 PM that I actually lived in Cheney’s Universe running in reverse. Then my Olympus WS-400 recorder finally lost its USB function.

March 16 (Wes; Dr R; new recorder)

I had to buy a new recorder today. Sony this time. The very first file of my new Sony recorder was remotely terminated. Did Homeland Security do it again because they wanted me to cut myself?

Called to the counter at 58:45. Aloyen was her name and all done by 1:01:00. Then my second thought on this matter: “I just figured out why, often, the first time when I do something I would fail but then the second time I would succeed” – such as when I first plugged into an electrical outlet there would be no electricity, but when I plugged into the outlet just below the first one there would be electricity. “The first try is considered conspiracy to prevent me from doing something. By the second time the Macrospherians would have reversed the conspiracy.” All the wrong scenarios!

My conversation with Dr R on the phone: “hmdrroachecallrcrdoff_2011_03_16_till544PM.mp3”: at home with my new recorder and doing testing. I went in and out. 1:16:50, I was connected with Dr R. The recorder was (**remotely?**) turned off before the conversation was over.

My conversation with Wes today: “wesmovzohar_2011_03_16_till932PM.mp3”: at home. 13:00, connected with Wes. How I bought a new Sony recorder and how it was far more vulnerable to interference. "That must be how the control center shut down my recorder." How I failed to videotape the interference earlier. How I **had** sent out my petition letter to Geneva. My reading of St. Augustine's Confession yesterday. Anna Karenina was kind of boring. I ran into a lot of Japanese yesterday: did it have something to do with the Fukushima disaster? (22:30: interference.) General Staff and centralized command. "It all means that the Macrospherians are trying to take over a certain resource, in Japan. The Macrospherians are trying to establish a "General Staff". (How the Macrospherians have taken command of Japan.) More discussion about recorders. Alessandra was cleaning houses and attending English language school. My one-page summary for Geneva. Where to purchase electronics (Wes suggested Fry's) and my desire to switch to MAC. 30:50, I asked Wes for reading suggestions. The CIA, FBI, and police departments... Wes' explanation. Then, Wes' dissertation (Camus and St. Augustine). More about whether the police had the right to detain me and so on. Wes' long explanation. The two tactics. Then, Wes' words became unintelligible. Then Wes seemed to be telling me about a book. 1:09:55, Reima barged in to tell me food was ready. John L. MacKnight? *The Essential Civil Society Reader. The Lonely Crowd*. Wes continued to give me references and tell me where to download the books. 1:24:40, I hanged up. Out to eat with everyone. 1:56:50, back in my room: my recorder? Then, out again. Smoking with others. Back inside to watch the movie. 2:20:00, back in my room. TV-5 Monde. Then, back outside to watch the movie. 2:53:00, back in my room. Then out again. (Reviewed until 3:08:00.)

And so now we have an idea as to why Homeland Security needed definitive evidence for the third time. They knew I was about to send a petition letter to the UN Office of High Commissioner on Human Rights and so they wanted to send their warning about me to the High Commissioner in order to discredit me to her. Thus we can be sure that, around this time, the High Commissioner had seen a warning from American Homeland Security saying this particular schizophrenic suspect, motivated by his delusions about some ICJ trial, had decided to petition the UN. The High Commissioner would thus promptly dismiss my petition letter without even looking at it. A repeat of my bad experience with the Inter-American Commission on Human Rights.

March 17

On 1:13 PM, Windows Explorer malfunctioned – it froze and then restarted upon disappearing – and I consequently felt that tremendous discomfort and huge burden weighing down on me inside, causing me to want to cut myself.

March 19

Around 5:10 PM, what I thought was a “special operative” sent to me by the Microspherians tried to provoke me with his bicycle, which he used to continually bump into the suit case containing my drawings. The event was preceded by Hispanic children’s loud noise which immediately dampened my mood, causing me to want to xxxx xxxxxxxx xxxxxx. It was – or so it seemed to me – preparation so that the bumping by the bicycle’s wheel might achieve effect. But now we have to wonder whether the “special operative” was simply another Homeland Security agent. **So did Homeland Security need definitive evidence again?**

Between 7 and 7:40 PM my netbook froze up two times. I had to restart it two times, causing tremendous anger which I would need to release by urinating on other people’s cars in the middle of the night. **Did Homeland Security, knowing beforehand from the control center what I would do, place an agent nearby to catch me?**

March 20

A recording from the afternoon: “hmtrnsfrhdd_2011_03_20_237-403PM.MP3”. Around 3 PM or so (41:50 or so in the recording). I urinated into a cup and then accidentally spilled the cup all over the floor. Immediately I felt that immense negative energy, sadness, and anger seething inside such that I had to kick the dog and the cat and cut myself in order to release it, or in order to achieve equilibrium. The negative energy was so solid, as you can hear me struggling with it while I was getting ready to cut my arm (beginning on 48:00). The video of the cutting is: “Capture_20110320_1.wmv”. I have been provoked by my own disability because I don’t like to play the role of the disabled retard while I do my writing. That all is due to Russia’s betrayal also bothers me.

I realized then that there must have occurred a fundamental change in the structure of my brain – changes in the neurological pathways – during all the conditioning last year such that a destructive self has been created inside me, ready to be activated by provocations at any time.

March 22 (Oliver)

My conversation with Oliver today: “wrtschzohm_3_22_11_655-851PM.MP3”: home: writing. The dishes. Back to writing. 49:00, I was connected with Oliver. He's still in Santa Fe. Again, the very powerful people who controlled everything got to decide whether I shall have money. Half of them Americans, half of them Russians. Now he mentioned Plutarch. People who had to deal with very big problems. I emphasized I couldn't **just** "overcome". I continued to complain about their power over me: and I gave them the power myself and could never take it back! How I was enslaved to produce **evidences**. How this guy who wanted me to do a drawing **had** disappeared. How they had also got rid of my website. The more I don't want to, the more they can extract their evidence from me. How I had sacrificed myself for people who intentionally harmed me. Could anyone pay me to do a little portrait? Oliver would send me a photograph for me to draw and get paid. He wanted me to draw Alexander **the**

Poisonous Friends, I – the Long Version
Lawrence C. Chin
Aug. 2022 – Jan. 2023

Great. (This is a trick, as noted and as will be seen.) 1:18:00, his address. 1:20:40, we got disconnected, and then were reconnected. 1:23:40, I hanged up with him. Then I was back to work.

March 23 (Wednesday: Dr R)

My appointment with Dr R today: “drrochebuydvds_3_23_11_538-754PM.MP3”: in Edelman. 11:50, with Dr R. Zyprexa had caused me to eat a lot. I had become very absent-minded. Hispanophobia due to baby sounds. Dr R wanted to analyze the feelings. Whether to take anti-depressants. My problems with hands-eyes coordination. I wanted to play the recording of my crying for Dr R but couldn't find it. Then I found it. Dr R referred me to a group. Tomorrow would be my first appointment at the Department of Rehabilitation. Appointment in two weeks: she would be out of town. 35:50, I bade Dr R goodbye. Outside. 1:13:30, on the bus. 1:30:00, in Best Buy to buy discs. Also, "Dragon – Naturally Speaking". 1:44:00, out. Note the vagrant's grandiose speech by the bus stop. 1:52:50, on the bus. 2:00:00, MIA. Noise-attacks?

March 25 (Wes)

I spent the night in Skylight, where there was a USC writers program going on. 9:29 PM, in the Metro station: did I see a Homeland Security agent? Did Homeland Security continue to conduct surveillance on me as part of their continual “investigation” of me?⁴

March 26

Past midnight. Netbook froze while I was revising “schizo-part-3-43”. **I yelled and then went out to kick a car. But I didn't cut my arm. The anger was directed outward. Did Homeland Security catch this?**

At It's a Grind. **I spilled coffee.**

March 27

Past noon. TV 5 couldn't load unless I videotaped it.

10:15 PM or so. Reima barged into my room to tell me it's medication time. It caused me so much anger. It's the same thing. I hated the feeling that, whenever I was writing about the intelligence agencies, I would have to be made to look like I was mentally sick. I also couldn't stand other people's noise when I was recording myself writing.

March 28

My camcorder died for the second time around 6:30 PM. **I'm** being taught that making money is useless. The computer in the control center will create accidents to even it out. (Wrong!) Cut arm. At Art of Living temple. During the chanting, I realized (erroneously) that what Wes has referred to as “bureaucracy” (“Sometimes it's just bureaucracy”) is what is taking place now: the fixing of evidence to such perfection that I will have been lumped with the neocons as their conspirators 100 percent of the time – that is, indicated by all the evidences without the slightest counter-evidence.

⁴ In: “skylightuscread_3_25_11_726-935PM.MP3”.

There was no 38 bus. I had to walk a mile to downtown LA and take a taxi to catch the last Metro. That's 5 dollar which I shouldn't have spent. Being taught the lesson again that saving or making money is useless. Then I realized that the point of torture in the past two months had been to make my conditioning and frustration look like it's all due to my own fault or disability. (There is some truth in this: it's the after-effect of the torture which had made it look like it was all my own fault.) This new phase of torture is the straitjacket within which all evidences must be produced. (Now I was wrong.)

March 29

Upon returning, I watched Silbermond's podcast. Netbook froze around 2:30 AM just when I was printing out "schizo-part-3-44" – my most precious document. Netbook froze when the printing had got to page 66. I went hysterical. Cut arm.

I came to Golden West and was told that case managers were not available. At the Little Tokyo Cafe. No network coverage for my AT&T Go Phone.

I called Kodak Support (about my dying camcorder) and debt consolidation. Around 10:20 or so, while on the bus, I reflected on how depressed I felt today. I was lonely, was desperate for money, and wished to petition some authority to get the truth out, seek compensation, and feel rectified. The International Court business felt so unreal, and I often forgot that the people inside there running my life were just ordinary human beings no better than myself.

March 30 (Wes)

My call with Wes today: "IMPtostrgjoearptwes_3_30_11_158-555PM.MP3": in a coffee shop. Was I browsing through apartment ads in Chinese newspapers? 10:50, siren. I turned on my webcam to film myself calling about the apartments. **(I had now decided to move out of my board-and-care.)** 27:00, I also left a message for Wes. 33:00, off to my storage. 46:00, I filmed the blocking of the Metro station. On the bus. 58:00, somebody called me. 1:00:10, off the bus. 1:06:00, a guy was drinking behind me. 1:11:30, on the bus. 1:19:40, off the bus. 1:28:00, in storage. Because I changed my bank, I had to reset the auto-payment. 1:38:20, I called Care-One. 2:41:20, the storage manager called out to me. 2:47:30, with Care-One again (Joe). 2:55:00, with Wes. How I wanted to move out of board-and-care. How I wanted to market my "Feefee and Valerie". My petition, one page and a half and a recording. Torture and theft. (How even the Russians stole my things when they needed evidence.) 3:08:40, Wes didn't think I would get my compensation. The Optional Protocols. Wes began talking about the difference between the US state rights and the federal government's violation of my human rights. Wes continued to insist that, without an attorney, I wouldn't get anywhere. **(He probably already knew that my petitioning was futile given that Homeland Security had already sent warnings about me to all human rights organizations.)** Then I mentioned my stupid idea of writing to Mrs Clinton. And my wrong scenario about the CIA's defection and Mrs Clinton's fight on the Russian side back in January 2010. Wes explained on and on how correspondences with senators and so on worked. How my camera was broken. The control center was easier on me lately. "Taking out M.C. took out half of my life." How I had imagined myself going out with Wes and the Pyramid around downtown. Wes' dissertation problem. 3:52:00, about [...] petitioning again. "Other cases are about a single incident, but mine is so vast." **I would soon write a letter to Mrs Clinton thus providing**

Homeland Security with opportunities to start more investigations of me and send out more warnings about me.

My next recording is: “leavstrgtohm_3_30_11_556-908PM.MP3”. The phone rang on 1:05:47 or so. **I was still arguing with Joe on 1:14:00. By 7:41 PM, still not so much bothered by children’s presence and noise.**

March 31

11:31 AM. Netbook froze just when I turned it on and turned on Youcam. Because I hadn’t started working on anything yet, it didn’t bother me that much.

Recording of the afternoon: “venicefrnch_3_31_11_455-755PM.MP3”. **I tried** selling my drawings on Venice beach. The French man Gerald (in the station next to mine) was using the same Samsung netbook as I. **I had** difficulty in speaking French to him, as if the control center were suppressing my French language ability. On 58:00 or so the conversation with Gerald began again. “So you are from Taiwan...” “Quel coincidence!” (1:01:00) **Did Homeland Security orchestrate this in order to obtain evidence that I didn’t speak French (that the Monkey was right about me)?**

The noises from the Hispanic people and the noises and presence of children didn’t bother me very much today all afternoon. The noises from people on bus 33 tonight didn’t bother me either.

April 2

10:30 PM. Wireshark malfunctioned.

April 5 (Wes)

Checked out Henri Troyat’s *Pouchkine*.

My conversation with Wes today: “IMPwesleavsmtohmreadpushkn_4_5_11_715-1050PM.MP3”: in the SM library. 11:15, I was connected with Wes. How I gave myself too much work. The French guy on Venice Beach who had the same netbook and who was from **Strasbourg**. Was he predetermined to meet me? My story was too long and I needed a machine to help me write. The software to transcribe recordings. The Moscow Helsinki Group. How to write a synopsis for **my** petitioning with human rights groups. I’ll call **UNHCHR** on Skype tonight. (**Again, I was unaware that Homeland Security had already discredited me to UNHCHR.**) Evidences still seemed to be produced. How, back in 2009, the Russians worked with Homeland Security to intercept my recordings and got hour-long recordings transcribed in minutes. Wes mentioned neuro-networks. Wes’ program, Via-Voice, for reading and transcribing. I demonstrated to Wes my Sony **Voice Editor** which can play at 200. 36:50, **the conversation was over**, and I left the library. 49:30, on bus 720. 58:45, siren. A big fuss about the female wearing earphones in front of me (1:01:50). I was working on my recordings. Loud Hispanics came to sit in front of me. I blasted my MIA too. I was very annoyed and believed them to be actors. “Therefore the evidentiary process continues.” (**Presumably they weren’t sent in by Homeland Security.**) 1:44:00, **the music over**, off the bus. In Metro. Off the train in North Hollywood. In Starbucks, and I started reading *Pouchkine*. (Reviewed until 3:30:00.)

April 6 (Dr R)

My appointment with Dr R today: “IMPdrrroachdwntwnnodavid_4_6_11_422-815PM.MP3”: in UCLA. Around 11:00, out. No one at the UCLA Linux **User Group today**. 16:20, on the bus. I started reading Iliad. 22:40, amidst the siren, I got off because it was the wrong bus. Onto the right bus. 43:40, off the bus. 55:00, in Edelman. 1:14:30, with Dr R. The management at board-and-care was so bad. Not as **hungry** as before. How **my** computer froze to damage my writing and how I cut myself and filmed it. I showed Dr R the video. Jason came in but I didn't want him to see the video. My tight financial situation. The debt consolidation program. The application for SRO, at Golden West. To rent from Chinese families. Jason also suggested Chinese families. And he questioned whether I should really try to pay back my debt. The discussion continued about the board-and-care I was in. 1:39:40, Jason was gone and I continued to show the video to Dr R. She had a book on BPD. Then she mentioned DBT and would refer me to one. She's going away on Friday. 1:50:30, session over. 2:05:00, on the bus. I continued to read Iliad. 2:15:40, off the bus. 711. 2:34:00, on the bus. 3:02:30, everybody switched bus. I reviewed my recording while on the bus. I was looking for a very particular recording of Wes' oracles from last year. 3:22:40, off the bus. (Reviewed until 3:26:30.)

April 7 (machine malfunctioning)

Spent two hours at the UCLA Linux **User Group**. Yannex (?) was helping me with CMU Sphinx 4.

Night. Home. Seagate external hard drive disconnected twice as soon as I began typing on my netbook. ImgBurn couldn't read the ISO image, resulting in two failed burns (DVD-244-CP). I got very angry and threw both discs. **But I** didn't cut arm. It immediately occurred to me that the four dollar cost of the two failed discs had canceled out the free sandwiches I had got at UCLA. Per computer's calculation? (Not!)

April 9

Almost 4 AM. Windows Explorer continually malfunctioned. I finally had to cut myself on my left arm.

Around 11:50 PM. Windows Explorer malfunctioned. Then, on 11:59 PM, Microsoft Paint malfunctioned.

April 11 (Oliver)

My call with Oliver today: “wkstrnsfrshwrtonrthhylwd_4_11_11_1257-5PM.MP3”: I woke up and had some chat with Reima. On 46:30, I was connected with Oliver. How I was about to send him the picture of Alexander. I expressed desire to visit him in New Mexico. He would be there until October. I wanted to show him all the videos I had shot of all these secret agents. He would ask me to do another picture for him!⁵ His patron back in Milwaukee. 56:30, I hanged up with him. Then, an email to City

5 **Why was he so kind to me? We have to suspect that it's because Homeland Security, eager to recruit him as an informant against me, had instructed him to help me out financially in order to gain my trust. Then, when they shall instruct him to persuade me to do something to my detriment, I would do it. Furthermore, it's possible that Homeland Security had instructed Oliver to encourage me to do drawings and send them to him so that they can do something to them to make it look like I didn't do them. (Evidence in the ICJ.)**

Financial. 1:25:00, I tried to call Wes again, but no. Back to reviewing recording. Burning a new DVD. 2:09:00, everything was frozen, and I was in pain. I then showered. (Reviewed until 2:55:00.)

Windows Explorer malfunctioned. **Tonight, I was at Art of Living.**

April 12 (Wes)

My conversation with Wes today: “westohm_4_12_11_739-942PM.MP3”: in Starbucks, and I was connected with Wes. Wes was at Niagara Falls for conference. Toronto. How I was troubled by Hispanic women's bringing their babies to me, and how I couldn't distinguish whether it was just "natural". Then, my petition to the UN. First Optional Protocol and the Convention against Torture. Nobody ever answered my calls. **(Of course: I had already been discredited.)** How I didn't know how to describe my suffering because the thing was just so long. How I didn't know whether to write to Mrs Clinton because evidence was still being produced. Whether I should rewrite my letter. I started reading Rousseau's Emile. 12:35, I hanged up **with him**. I continued to review my recording and work on my "Help Letter". Again, people with children. 22:00, I got angry and got up: "Let's go, I can't stand this fucking baby noise!" And another guy shouted profanity at me. **He was not Homeland Security, was he?** 25:00, on the bus. 37:20, off the bus. (Reviewed until 45:15.)

April 13 (Wes; UN High Commissioner)

Past midnight. **I** got through to the UN High Commissioner on Human Rights. **I** emailed them afterwards. **Again, I didn't know that I was just wasting my time.**⁶

I called Aunt Eva around 12:40 PM.

My recording of the afternoon: “storieslacryhowbg7_4_13_11_353-530PM.MP3”. At Stories LA. **I burst out crying at one point** (12:00).

My recording of the night – with Wes: “storieslawestransfr_4_13_11_645-802PM.MP3”: I was connected with Wes. I got through to UNHCHR last night. I continued on with my wrong scenario about how Mrs Clinton defected to the Russian side back in January 2010 and **how** she was a nice person. But my concern: "You write a letter and you end up on **the** Secret Service's blacklist as a schizophrenic. They are not gonna do that anymore, right?" **Yes they are! Ha!** I cried because I didn't know how to petition. **Then** the AWF whose portrait I once drew back in February last year. How I wanted to go find Best Mommy (ask Mrs Clinton to find her for me). I cried: why has everyone forgotten about me? Wes: it's the ICJ which has **forgotten** about you. Rousseau's Emile: what does it have to do with **the** neocons' philosophy? Wes' explanation. 24:55, I hanged up with Wes. "The Mommy Pyramid is gone." (Reviewed until 38:00.)

⁶ **In:** “wrtunletcallohchremailun_4_12-13_11_943-303AM.MP3”: in my room, reviewing the recording from October 13 last year (Wes). Then, the beginning of my summary. 2:39:30, I was connected with UNHCHR. **I** explained that I had mailed in my complaint. She connected me to a lawyer but I reached merely a voice-mail. **I** called again. The procedural problem. One cannot complain about 4 countries in a single complaint. I gave him my name. He suggested I emailed him. 2:48:20, I hanged up with him. The State Department's website, and I searched "How to write letter to Mrs Clinton". 3:36:00, the email to UNHCHR. "I shall send from kurtc." 4:06:00, I sent the email. Iliad in Greek. 43000.

After the UN High Commissioner, Homeland Security would thus next warn Mrs Clinton at the State Department and, in particular, use the intercept of this conversation as proof that I had developed “delusions” about Mrs Clinton – just as they had stated in their warning about me back in 2007, how I always developed delusions about public figures after becoming obsessed with them. The annoying thing was that Mrs Clinton herself would know that I wasn’t crazy but had merely misunderstood what had happened during my ICJ trial. However, because the United States’ position was not to reactivate the bygone ICJ trial, she would pretend to regard me as a schizophrenic in any case.

April 15 (Wes)

My conversation with Wes while in Stories LA: “storieslawrtletwes_4_15_11_507-720PM.MP3”. I called Wes around 6:45 PM (1:37:45). Because Mrs Clinton is on the victors' side, unless the whole thing is over, she can't talk to me. (Homeland Security’s further evidence that I had developed delusions about Mrs Clinton.) I can't keep recording myself 24 hours a day. Wes wanted me to ask IRS for money. (Presumably there were no Homeland Security tricks here.) Again, how I needed a software to help me process the recordings. Again, how the Russians knew what's in the intercepted recording within minutes. My communication with Guinness World Records. The grammar mistakes in their reply. (Again, Homeland Security’s evidence that I had this big delusion about some ICJ trial.) How I needed to print out what I had written and how I needed to move out of the board-and-care. The petitioning was hard. Everything I thought I was going to get – I get nothing. Everything I already had – I might lose it. Everything is so unreal, everyone pretending nothing had ever happened. (Because everything had been erased from records!) If Mrs Clinton hated M. C., she must be a nice person. Wes poked fun at this promise of a girlfriend. The Russians did promise me: they played this song "I know you are so lonely" and the Pyramid then showed up. (Again, Homeland Security’s evidence of my delusional mind – especially in regard to this girl.) The pitfalls in finding lawyers in New York City. I asked Wes to help me petition. A Hispanic woman brought a child to me again! I wasn't interested in the conspirators unless they were French, but you can't write to the French government. (More delusions.) My portraits of the French team members back in January and February last year. Again, by sending a letter to Mrs Clinton, I had provided Homeland Security with another opportunity to solidify their new warnings about me and to continue to “investigate” me.

April 17

I met Linda at the cafe next door to Vista theater.⁷

April 18

I called Linda around 1:11 PM.⁸

April 19 (Wes)

⁷ In: “lindahannatovrmnt_4_17_11_344-646PM.MP3”: in the coffeehouse next to the theater. 14:30, with Linda. All about how I wanted to see a therapist. She suggested Shambhala Meditation Center. 40:00, she departed.

⁸ In: “wkeatcallindatovermnt_4_18_11_1145AM-249PM.MP3”: (from 53:00 onward.) At home. 55:30, two missed calls. I called the first number. It's Linda. 58:00, I called Oliver. He wasn't home. 1:26:00, I called the Shambhala Meditation Center. 2:30:30, out.

I called Linda on 12:07 PM. Alice: “She’s traveling the world right now.” I then called step-mother around 2:40 PM.⁹

My conversation with Wes today: “sabordrawwessupl418pplcompln_4_19_11_552-831PM.MP3”: in Sabor. 1:25:50, I was connected with Wes. People were talking loudly next to me and I got so angry. I even cried. How I had so overwhelmed myself because my story was too large. And I couldn't stand the creepy people at my place. It seems that the operation was continuing. Then, what happened with Linda. Her friend: “She is traveling the world.” She was clearly not an actress: this was not orchestrated. **(Was I correct? Was it not because Homeland Security had warned Linda?)** How it was better days back in 2009 when I was fighting for Russia: once in the real world, I'm just a loser that no one wants to associate with, and I'm abandoned, even though I have changed Russia's foreign relations. **(Only if I knew it was all because the ICJ trial was dismissed.)** Right now everything looks like it's my own fault. 1:44:50, I asked Wes: "What happened to the CIA people?" 1:45:50, we hanged up: Wes was busy today.

April 21 (Wes; my letter to Mrs Clinton)

I entered the UCLA library on 4:15:00. On 4:34:00, **I went upstairs** to make xerox copies of my passport. **I walked away** on 4:37:00. **I then mailed** out the letter to Mrs Clinton. **I had forgotten** my passport inside the xerox machine.

My conversation with Wes today: “wesdrawsupll419bus2schzo2new2_4_21_11_530-1045PM.MP3”: in the UCLA library. Immediately, I was connected with Wes. I just mailed the letter to Mrs Clinton and I tried to film it. The postman put up a big fuss and it seems that the operation was still going on. Somehow, it seems still that no one would admit anything. Why am I abandoned like this? Earlier I got angry when, while I was preparing my letter, a Homeland Security surveillance agent came over. As if this schizophrenic thing was still going on. **(Of course: Homeland Security had just started a new investigation of me: the schizophrenic was again motivated by his delusions to write crazy letters to public figures not knowing that it’s all in his mind.)** What Wes was now teaching and working on. (A chapter on facts and values.) How I was overwhelmed by writing. And I was still in the beginning part (China vs. the US). Wes pretended to not know about the lawsuit between China and the US. **(He had to abide by the requirement to hide the operations on the terrorist suspect from the terrorist suspect.)** Some of my recordings were so cool: I could predict what would soon happen. Because I always wanted to leave home to write, that added to my hardship. How I promised to do drawings for Oliver. How I had only Wes and Oliver to talk to but how I had saved up more money than I thought. I asked Wes: "Why are you keeping secrets from me?" **(Because of the requirement to hide...)** When would Wes come home? 22:05, I hanged up with him. 28:00, out of the library. In the cafeteria to eat. Because I missed the bus, I came back to Ackerman to work. (Reviewed until 1:42:00.)

Again, this is a trick. Mrs Clinton, in accordance with the United States’ official position, would forward my letter to the Department of Homeland Security: **the same mentally ill crazy person was at it again prompted by his delusions about some ICJ trial – and he had just two months ago threatened to xxxx people.** This time **everyone** would say that I was justly placed on **Homeland Security’s** watchlist because the scenario I wrote down in the letter simply wasn’t correct.

⁹ In: “wktosaborhlywd_4_19_11_1121AM-246PM.MP3”: 46:30, I called Linda. Alice’s bizarre answer. 1:12:00, ready to go out. Out. 2:05:00, on the bus. Immediately, baby’s crying, which angered me. I came to Sabor. 3:19:00, I called step-mother. I told her that, as soon as the ICJ shall have compensated me, I will compensate her!

April 23

My recording of the night: “sabrhow67bgsupl419angrybbynoise_4_23_11_647-935PM.MP3”: 46:30 or so: angered by children’s noise.

April 24 (Wes)

Wes denied today that he gave me hints about the International Criminal Court but said he was only giving me conjectures based on what I told him. Obviously lying. Such is my conversation with him today: “IMPsabrhow68bgwes_4_24_11_229-707PM.MP3”: in Sabor. I was writing "How I have..." (Operation Shanghai/ the Hangzhou episode.) Then, the meeting with Gaelle. 1:43:30, I left a message for Wes. I continued to work on "Operation Shanghai". Then Wes called me back. How I had had to write about Wes, how he had tried to harm me, and then save me. "How did I try to harm you?" How he tried to trick out some answers from me before I went to China, and the "Cam" episode. How Wes pretended to not know how the ICJ trial originated from the lawsuit between China and the US. Alessandra agreed that Wes is God's gift to women. How Wes got in trouble because of me. How Wes was not curious about what I wrote about him. How I found a new room in a Chinese family, but how I was worried that, because I had to record myself writing, people might think me weird (talking to myself). I read out my passages about Wes (how Wes tried to harm me). Wes: "You are trying to hurt me... you are accusing me..." How people remember only the bad things done to them, not the good things. "The point of the story is to demonstrate how bad intelligence agencies are, how, when you tell the truth, you'll be framed for schizophrenia... everyone keeps secrets from me... now, nothing is going on, as if nothing had ever happened..." **(Quite a lot was going on: I just didn't quite notice it.)** Wes: "The people who are keeping secrets from you... how do you know they do keep secrets?" How miserable I was everyday. Wes continued to deny he knew anything about any ICJ trial. **(Again, the requirement to hide the investigation of the terrorist from the terrorist.)** Wes went on and on about how he had to make 4,000 dollars a month to survive and the difficulty with his job situation. Then all the people who owed him money and didn't pay him back. Then I promised Wes that I would send a little money to him each month. So tight, that he had to do a second job for a supermarket. Wes denied that, when he lent me money, it's the CIA or Homeland Security which gave him the money to give to me. We debated about this for a while. "Why didn't Homeland Security pay you when you gave me money to produce evidence?" Wes accused me of accusing him of doing something evil. I cried: "But evidence was clearly created." Wes continued to talk about his money problem. 3:21:00: "Why are the CIA people not helping you?" And now Wes denied he had ever given me any hints about the ICJ trial. And how we were debating about whether he was keeping secrets from me. I then came up with the stupid idea of writing to the Russian consul general (San Francisco). "Maybe he will admit something. This thing was so big, and now nobody will admit anything." **(Again, that's because the trial was dismissed, dummy!)** Then Wes mentioned again Kafka's Trial, and said he felt he was on trial. I was getting increasingly upset. And then he adamantly denied he had had anything to do with the CIA and so on. 3:32:50, I gave up: I was too upset. 3:33:45, I hanged up. Out. 3:49:00, back to Sabor? (Reviewed until 3:51:00.)

April 25 (Monday)

Twin sisters spotted in Starbucks. I misinterpreted it as the continuation of the evidentiary process (the twin sisters had been confused with me in faulty surveillance). But, as noted above, I might actually be

somewhat correct: after my letter to Mrs Clinton, Homeland Security needed to input evidence into the judge computer that I had appeared together with my twin brother today.

I then met David at his home. David couldn't remember my name correctly, calling me "Robert". I again misinterpreted it as the continuation of the evidentiary process.¹⁰ But could I again be somewhat correct? Did Homeland Security also need to input evidence that I frequently used alias because I was so fond of pretending to be someone else than myself, such as my twin brother?

April 26

"...137-535PM.MP3": netbook froze, my own fault. I cried on 1:15:00.

April 27 (Samsung broke down)

Night, at home. My netbook froze when I surfed onto collapsenet.com. I banged on the table, and the instant noodles fell on the netbook. Now it couldn't start. I went hysterical all night. **I went out. Then I came back** having to sleep without recording myself because the recorder was almost full. Extreme nervous tension.

April 28 (Dr R)

I came to UCLA very early in the morning. I called David on 7 AM. Then in physical tremor all day long. Best Buy's Geek Squad said they could let me exchange my netbook for a new one. But I wouldn't do it because the hard drive was already full of my recordings. Then, Dr R and David.

My session with Dr R today: "drroachdavid-4_28_11_216-741PM.MP3": in Edelman, nervous breakdown. 48:00, with Dr R, and, in tears, I explained what happened to my netbook. How I had also found a new room. Then I explained how I had found it impossible to review all my recordings. Jason came in, and I explained the videos of my cutting myself after computer malfunctioning. Hispanophobia. My ICJ trial story and my one-of-a-kind psychological disorder. Jason was worried about my cutting. He then wanted to take a look at my computer (it wouldn't start) and then showed concern again about my cutting. How David would look at my computer afterward. Then, more about the cutting and the razor blades. And my need to record. The cutting again. Jason would look for a special therapist for me. Dr R agreed to give me an appointment sooner, 3 PM next Wednesday. 1:47:40, out. Still the notice on my netbook: "We cannot repair..." 2:02:50, out of Edelman. 2:13:40, on the bus. 3:36:20, at David's. He invited me in. I explained the latest problem. David would take apart the netbook. 3:53:00, siren. 4:00:00, David was on the phone with somebody. He soon determined that the keyboard was the problem. 4:08:00, David now looked for an external keyboard on sale on Craigslist. 4:31:50, David called me "Robert" again. **(Homeland Security's evidence?)** 4:44:50, the netbook was turned on. 4:53:00, David started helping a female. 4:57:00, I left. (Reviewed until 5:00:00.)

¹⁰ In: "tostrgfdmalleatvidsupl420tmple_4_25_11_428-920PM": (reviewed from 2:36:00 onward). 2:41:30, at David's. "How are you doing, Robert?" He was there on Saturday, even though I didn't see him. My cigarette smell. His female friend was here. 2:51:30, I left. 2:58:00, at Art of Living. I talked to both Austin and Raissa. 3:12:00, the chanting started. (Reviewed until 3:46:00.)

April 29

The netbook was fixed. A woman said she was writing a book on twins.¹¹ The coincidence was just so strange to me: I just saw a pair of twins four days ago. In Ackerman, 7 PM. **I was** bothered by loud laughter, then by baby noises. It was a black woman from the ghetto who had brought her baby in. She complained and called the police; I thus assumed her to be a Homeland Security actress.¹²

I thus assumed: evidences had been produced since Monday, showing that I did have a twin brother, that I did like to use false names and assume fake identity, that I was seriously mentally ill, that my laptop was taken in by Best Buy (a forged one) in which was found my writing about my twin brother, and that I was violently disturbing others and doing pedophilic things in Ackerman. In short, that Mr former Secretary's false profile of me as David Chin was correct, that he didn't lie. The ICJ trial was continuing, I thought.

Although my conclusion was wrong, I might have been **quite correct in the rest, especially** (1) that Homeland Security had indeed used faulty surveillance to intercept evidence into the ICJ that I admitted that I had a twin brother (since I was writing about twins) and (2) that the black woman was **indeed** sent in by Homeland Security: it could be that these thugs in Homeland Security wanted more police reports on me to justify broadcasting more warnings about me (i.e., they set this up knowing that I was still bothered by baby noises). The new warnings were probably also prepared in response to my letter to Mrs Clinton [...]. **In addition, they probably needed more evidence in the ICJ to lock up the bygone ICJ trial.**

April 30 (Wes)

My conversation with Wes today: "storieslahow72bg73bgwesnoise_4_30_11_312-644PM.MP3": in Stories LA, writing, "How I have..." 30:00, the 2009.07.06 episode in laundromat. 43:00, back to "How I have..." 56:50, I was connected with Wes. He was going out with Daniel later. How my Samsung netbook was broken and how David helped me fix it. The black woman and the baby **noise** episode. Evidences **were** still being produced. And the twin sisters episode, and the woman who was writing a book on twins. And how David called me "Robert". Then how impossible it was to write this "never-ending story". Wes suggested that I narrate it in a video instead. Then how noises continued to bother me. 1:23:00, I hanged up with Wes. (Reviewed until 2:00:00.)

At Starbucks. The police arrested a blonde hair girl in front of me and then put her in the ambulance. I wondered (erroneously?) whether she was my double. **Could I be somewhat correct again?**

May 1

Tired of board-and-care, I moved into my new place, a room rented from a Chinese family, Tian. The house was in Baldwin Park, East Los Angeles.

11 In: "callkeyboardbstbykybrdtoucl251isotian_4_29_11_1214-220PM.MP3": in Westwood. I called the guy who was selling his keyboard. Then I bought a new keyboard in Best Buy and it worked. On the bus. 47:30, the woman in front of me told me she was writing a book on twins. In UCLA. Cafeteria. (Reviewed until 1:02:00.)

12 In: "drawackrmanbbynoisewmcallplice_4_29_11_657-807PM.MP3".

I concluded today that the whole week of production of evidences showing that I was David Chin, etc., was in response to my letter to Madam Secretary of State. It was meant to refute the truthfulness of what I said in the letter. Again, there was probably **a lot of** truth in my conclusion here. Furthermore, Homeland Security was “investigating” me again because of my letter to Mrs Clinton. (See below.)

May 3 (Wes: “working for the CIA”)

My conversation with Wes **today**: “storieslachatgreyinteldraw_5_3_11_459-806PM.MP3” (from 1:59:00 onward). **This conversation was** badly recorded. Note how I was telling Wes that it must be because of my letter to Mrs Clinton that there was suddenly a lot of operations on me. I was **correct** – as noted, because of this letter, Homeland Security had started a new round of “investigation” of me and, while I was wrong that this was to produce evidences for my bygone ICJ trial, Homeland Security *really was* manufacturing faulty evidence to input into the judge computer. Note how I claimed that it seemed almost as if M. Chertoff had won: this was only a “misinterpretation” because Homeland Security was indeed at this moment trying to gather evidences to support and solidify M. Chertoff’s lies about me, both in the international domain and in the ICJ. Then note how Wes seems to have suggested that I was actually working for the CIA without knowing. What? Was Wes giving me a hint here? **Or did he slip because he felt sorry for me in that he couldn’t just tell me why Homeland Security was doing all this?** Because, as you shall see, I was indeed sort of working for the CIA without knowing – and would be doing so for the next ten years: i.e. I had to compensate the CIA!

May 4 (Dr R)

My session with Dr R today: “drroachtoucl_5_4_11_244-436PM.MP3”: in Edelman. 8:00, messages. 28:40, with Dr R. How my computer was fixed. She found a therapist for me. Jason came in and by "therapist" she was just referring to him! Dr R then wrote an email to the leader of the writing group. I showed Dr R my video (from June 2010). She would not watch a second video and then explained why people wanted to exclude me. Then I explained the story I was writing. My doubt about whether I was doing the right thing by writing. 1:06:00, session over. 1:24:00, on the bus. 1:36:00, off the bus. In **the** UCLA library.

May 5

At UCLA. Netbook froze. I cut my arm.

May 7 (Wes)

My conversation with Wes today: “wesbuyfood_5_7_11_455-624PM.MP3”: in my room, writing. 3:30, I was connected with Wes. Our last conversation was not well recorded. **"If you have something to do with the CIA people, you'll say no, and if you have nothing to do with them, you'll say no. So when you say no, you have not answered anything, and if you say you do, you must not have anything to do with them."** How I lost my passport in the UCLA library. Wes also lost his passport. The paper Wes was supposed to write on facts vs values. C. Wright Mills. I was finally almost done with my **China** episode. "The book is supposed to expose what a hypocrite America is, wouldn't that get people upset?" I was reading the KGB book last night: how much of it to believe? How the news didn't seem real: like how bin Laden was killed. "The government has simply continued to lie." Wes: the Pentagon papers: lies by both Kennedy and Johnson. The "Plumbers" (to discover leaks). Wes on C. Wright Mills again.

Whether I should start putting up my writings on the Internet. Wes: sure. How, when the narrative was based on recordings, I had to recount the most insignificant details. Wes recounted his classes, etc. How republics don't go to war with each other. Wes on his students' improper use of the Internet as references. 44:00, I hanged up with Wes. 49:00, I was out to buy food. (Reviewed until 51:40.)

The news didn't seem real to me because, insofar as I didn't know that my ICJ trial was dismissed so that the truth about 911 attacks was buried again, I couldn't understand why the United States could continue to pretend to believe bin Laden was responsible for 911 attacks and to send special forces to go kill him (as if he weren't already dead a long time ago). In reality, since the majority of the US national security Establishment had gone to rally around the Boss and pretend the ICJ trial had never happened, they needed to round up this lie about 911 and bin Laden and then put it behind us once and for all. (Since nobody believed that the CIA would succeed in reactivating the ICJ trial – in proving me to be not insane – nobody bothered with the possibility that the CIA might one day dig up this 911 business out of the grave again.) Wes, on the other hand, as you shall see, had never been briefed that the evidence about the MSS director's use of Al-Qaeda to attack America on 911 was forged, so that he actually did believe bin Laden had something to do with 911 attacks (even though he wouldn't, of course, enlighten me about it).

May 9

Recording: “5_9_11_1206-239AM.MP3”: Past midnight. On 40:00, Netbook froze and I cut my arm.

May 10 (machine malfunctioning)

At the UCLA library. **I** picked up my lost passport. Open Office was remotely controlled to freeze (1:58:50). It was very strange because the netbook froze just when I finished writing “The CIA made a mistake in attempting to recruit me...” As if I were still caught in the evidentiary process. Cut arm. **I** was seen by UCLA student security. **I was thus** picked up by the police and taken to the UCLA Medical Center. Released several hours later. Almost unable to go home. But the Silver Streak bus driver made an exception to drive onto Ramona Blvd after passing El Monte station. Thus I was able to get home.¹³

Again, we have to wonder whether today's episode was again orchestrated by Homeland Security. Namely, because they wanted more instances of my being a danger to myself (**especially at university campuses**) to solidify their new warnings about me in response to my letter to Mrs Clinton **and my readiness to put up my website.**¹⁴

May 11 (Jason/ Dr R)

My session with Jason this morning: “cryjasonedlmntosmlib_5_11_11_1056AM-141PM.MP3”: in Edelman. 18:00, my messages. 21:00, with Jason. How my computer froze up yesterday and how I had

¹³ In: “policehosptohm_5_10-11_11_622PM-119AM.MP3”: moaning and ready to leave the library. 4:00, the police were here. Blood on me. 29:00, the technician interviewed me. I started crying. 47:20, the police said I had been arrested 4 times previously. (Reviewed until 1:12:30.)

¹⁴ The CIA would not be able to use my website as evidence as long as the Homeland Security warnings about me were regarded as valid in the ICJ.

had to cut myself. **How** the police then put me in the hospital. I insisted that someone was remotely controlling my netbook yesterday. I started showing Jason the video from yesterday, **but** he was not sympathetic. I started crying. 36:00, crying hysterically, I left Jason. I came **downstairs** to the stigma group. 1:22:20, out to smoke, and I chatted with another female. 1:31:35, on the bus. 1:53:00, off the bus. 1:58:00, at OPCC to check my mails, only to discover that it's closed. I cried. I threw things as I walked on. 2:11:00, in fast food. (Reviewed until 2:14:00.)

My time with David and the call with Dr R: “davidhmtemplewater_5_11_11_339-931PM.MP3”: 5:30, with David. His experience with the Korean Buddhist communal living, with crazy people. His experience with his brother. His brother lived in Venice Beach. He had two little brothers, and the other one lived in San Francisco. 10:00, my computer: the keyboard problem. 33:00, this "Priscilla" showed up. David was now ordering a **replacement** keyboard for me. Beautiful Krishna music throughout. 1:23:00, the database program which David and his father and brother were working on. I talked about my new website. The lecture by – who? Too heavy an accent? Then, 1:30:00, out. I felt so bad about Monday, everyone had so much fun... My new rent situation. 1:36:00, in the temple to water. 1:41:00, Dr R called me. **My** seizure last night in UCLA, in the hospital. Then why I got angry with Jason. 1:57:10, I hanged up with Dr R. Back to watering with David. 2:08:20, siren. 2:45:30, again. By this time, David had left. 3:05:00, I tried to call David, but no. 3:06:10, I found David. 3:09:20, Austin was out. 3:10:00, in the restroom. 3:17:00, Austin wanted to talk to me. She wanted me to learn something before I should start on the course. She wanted to teach me breathing techniques. 3:40:00, the lesson over. 3:42:30, out. I missed the 37 bus right there! I came back inside the temple. 3:52:00, with a lady who lived in the back building. 4:00:00, I left. Immediately on the bus. 4:16:00, in a pizza store. 4:23:00, on the bus again. 5:16:00, my Preface. 5:27:00, the Hispanic man's noise attack. Siren, 8:31:50. Then I was reading Iliad.

May 12 (Wes)

My conversation with Wes today: “slpbustohm_5_12_11_437-8PM.MP3”: on Metro. 19:00, my complaint. 1:17:00, home. 1:19:50, messages. I left a message for Dr R. Then, a message for Wes. (Until 1:39:00 and from 2:30:00 onward.) 2:33:30, I was connected with Wes. Badly recorded due to interference. The difficulty in writing. I felt so stupid when I had to transcribe every little detail in the recording. I needed an editor. How I was artificially autistic. Wes suggested that I speak to a camera. No. How I couldn't write it. Wes: 100 years from now, somebody working on his PhD will find your work. How I was shocked that no one cared about this trial anymore. I mentioned Annie Machon. Even though I was only looking for audience on the margins of society, still no one would show interest. Our conversation on September 4 2008: Wes was pressing buttons. How my aunt Eva did the same. How I thus always had to film myself calling on Skype. Tuesday, my computer was remotely controlled to freeze. What happened 2 days ago in UCLA. That freezing was indeed remotely controlled, the first instance in months. Someone came over and called the police. Wes: he used MAC and it never malfunctioned. Then he described this problematic student. Then another one. 3:07:10, I hanged up with him. I checked my message: from Bluehost. I called Bluehost to verify my account. Out. A short chat with Peter. Who exactly lived here too.

May 13

Night. My netbook froze when I accidentally clicked on a WordPad document which was waiting to open in Word 2011. Cried. Cut arm.

May 14

“...607-1125PM.MP3”: Strange junk call from 424-672-5020 on 6:14 PM as soon as I did a search on Michael Ruppert on Youtube. (I wrongly believed the two were connected!) Night. Open Office froze when one document was saving just as I tried printing out another in PDF. Cried hard (4:30:00 or so). Cut arm.

Today, I set up my new website: lawrencechin2011.com. Now the preliminary version of “How I have been made into a different person: China and Europe” was online. This would become the most complained about website in the history of the Internet!

May 15

No one from Anita’s meetup group showed up at the concert in Beverly Hills. Police surveillance, 1:37:00. I was under Homeland Security surveillance again because of my letter to Mrs Clinton.

May 17 (Wes)

My conversation with Wes today: “tomarketmissdrrozhewes_5_17_11_532-805PM.MP3”: at home. Preface. 24:30, out. 45:00, Dr R called, but I missed it. Angry: I was so miserable. I started moaning. Angry with the children around. Distressed, I called Dr R again. 1:21:30, just when I reached home, Wes called me. Wes complained about his students. (Most of the conversation is unintelligible because of the interference.) 1:32:00 – did I try to block somebody? How I talked about Wes in my story? Who was I talking about? My computer’s freezing – when it was natural and when remotely controlled. 1:39:30 – did I say “Don’t they ever get tired of that?”? It seems that I was referring to the fact that, after all this time, “they” were still doing the trial over me. (*Indeed Homeland Security and the CIA were still debating about me inside the control center, but “the trial was going on” in a different way than I had thought.*) Wes was reluctant to share something because people wouldn’t understand it. How people were only looking for “visual impacts” (“Your mama is bad!”). Very few people read anything of substance. The money I sent to Wes. Me: “It’s interesting, a lot of secrets that people don’t know about...” Wes: it’s verification which is the problem... Was Wes suggesting a certain online course for me? How I needed to verbalize my story in order to put it behind me – just as my Scientific Enlightenment was doing very well lately, just when I didn’t care about it anymore. 2:27:20, I hanged up with him.

I seem to remember that, somewhere in our conversation, Wes asserted that he didn’t believe that the US government itself had orchestrated 911 attacks but believed that Boss Cheney had merely made use of the attacks to advance his political objectives. I was stunned to hear him say that: didn’t he know that the MSS director had unearthed what had really happened on 911 back in December 2007? Once again, we suggest that Wes was not lying but really did believe what he had asserted because he was never briefed about the fact that the evidences that came out of the MSS about 911 back in March 2008 were all forged.

May 19 (Dr R – Homeland Security!)

My time with Dr R today: “drroachebus20goethe_5_19_11_432-729PM.MP3”: in Edelman. 20:00, I had to use the electrical outlet, and yet Hispanic people were **talking** there, severely disturbing me. 26:30, with Dr R. I showed Dr R the video from my birthday last year. How I had set up a new website. How China sued the US in the ICJ and **how** the subsequent lawsuit **unfolded**. Dr R: can you relate to people without telling them your story? The writing group was canceled. How to meet people who would listen to my story. How about the art group and the poetry group? Again how somebody was remotely controlling my netbook to malfunction. Dr R suggested that I could see her next week if I would be willing to go to the poetry group. How my netbook froze up on May 10. Somebody in the control center wanted the police to pick me up. **(Right.)** Dr R: any alternative to cutting? If somebody was watching my netbook malfunction. Somebody in the control center wanted to build up a bad profile of me because they were still fixing the evidence. **(Sort of true.)** They needed to manipulate me to fit the profile. **(Right.)** Then they had their agent nearby ready to report me. **(Right.)** Dr R asked me who Best Mommy was. How I had obtained so many pictures of secret agents. How I tried to petition but without evidence **to back up my claim** (because nobody would admit anything). I cried when the session was over. Dr R: Are there secret agents around you now? **(Was she testing to see if I was delusional?)** She wanted to increase my Zyprexa. 1:05:30, I left Dr R. On the street. 1:23:00, on the bus. 1:38:00, off the bus. 1:45:20, on the bus again. 1:57:00, Hispanophobia and anger. I read my Goethe book. 1:59:20, a man said he had the same keyboard as mine. (Reviewed until 2:13:00.)

We have two indications today that, by this time, as Homeland Security continued to “investigate” the schizophrenic who had just been motivated by his delusion about some ICJ trial to write to Mrs Clinton, they had finally interviewed Dr R – the psychiatrist of the schizophrenic in question. Namely, Dr R asked me who Best Mommy was – Homeland Security had instructed her to ask the suspect who the woman was in the picture which he had included in his letter – and wanted to make sure I wasn’t exhibiting symptoms of schizophrenia. Evidently, when Homeland Security showed her their warning about me which stated that I suffered from schizophrenia, she expressed her disagreement. She didn’t think me schizophrenic and, in the coming months, she would continue to have this disagreement with Homeland Security.

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Wes' visits to my website on 05/22/2011 which got me all fired up

May 24 (Tuesday; Wes)

My conversation with Wes today: "netsup425wes_5_24_11_348-702PM.MP3": at home. A documentary: government secrecy. Jose Padilla. 33:00, I started reviewing my recording and writing. 1:45:30, I was connected with Wes. He was not able to look at my writings because he didn't have Internet. Could MAC see XPS? I wanted Wes to see what I wrote about him. My bad depression lately. The only thing I wanted in the world was to have people read my story. Wes: hire someone to edit it, **and** then he'll have to read it. I emailed one person, but she didn't respond.¹⁵ Was there foul play when Oliver's computer got a virus just when he was about to read my story? The evidentiary process was still going on. Wes kept suggesting ways to get people to read my writings. The article which Wes had to write for a book. Wes' teaching posts. Now was the worst time to look for a teaching job. When Wes visited my website, the log showed something as if he had logged in. Sunday, 6 PM. Wes would have no jobs until the Fall and had no money to come home. The job market for substitute teachers in California. My depression because nobody would admit anything and nobody would read my story, and yet the ICJ trial was all I can think about. Wes: they weren't doing anything to me even though the evidentiary process was still going on: "The case is not about you... they just want to undermine your... legitimacy..." **(Was Wes giving me a hint about what's going on? Homeland Security was in the process of undermining my credibility precisely because so many parties were trying to prevent the CIA from reactivating the bygone ICJ trial.)** Now Wes was saying I was only playing a marginal role in my ICJ trial. **(What?)** And Wes was persuading me to give up writing my story. **(This is a CIA trick!)** Then he was telling me to take a break from it. 2:21:00, back to Emile: where is the part where Emile's environment is staged to get him to meet Sophia? 2:23:00, Wes complained that I should not

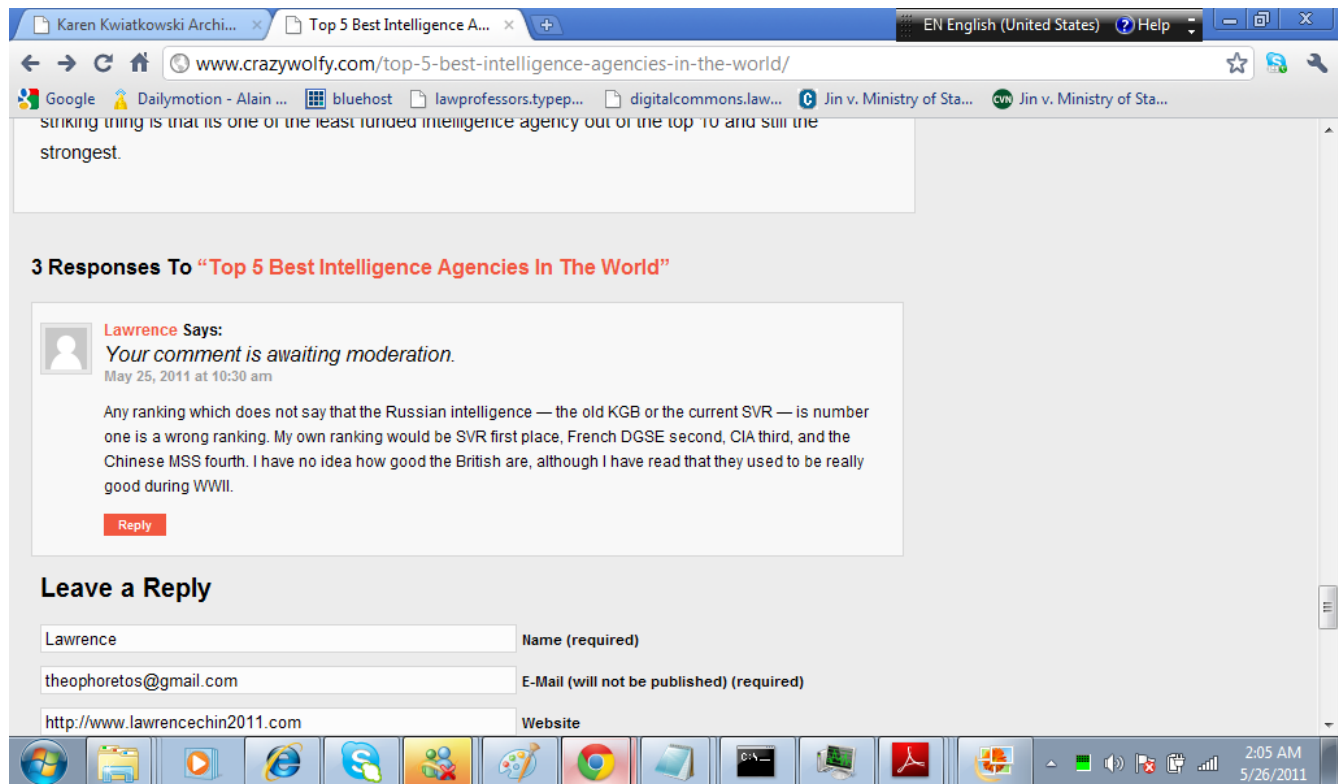
¹⁵ Was I talking about Annie Machon? I wrote her on May 22, and she would actually reply me on May 26.

put his ideas on my website for fear that someone else might steal them. And so I talked about the Preface. And Wes kept on debating with me about whether I should have quoted him and then continued to insist that I remove the paragraph. 2:54:00, what Wes did in the weekend. What he read. Wes talked about the same problem student again (his cheating). Then I did a search for my Preface and didn't find it, even though Google had already indexed it. 3:02:30, I hanged up with Wes. I resumed reviewing my recordings.

In the coming days, whenever Wes attempted to persuade me to give up writing my story, we shall consider that “CIA’s trick”, in this sense: the CIA would instruct Wes to dissuade me from writing my story (which was really the wish of all other parties, in the US, Russia, and France). However, if I kept on writing despite the discouragement from the CIA, then the CIA can use my story as evidence immune to the objection that I had conspired with the CIA by writing in order to furnish them with evidence.

10:52 PM, I emailed Irene with a link to my new website. 10:59 PM, merely 7 minutes later, she clicked on the link (67.182.168.222, Comcast, Roseville, California).

May 26 (Dr R)



24 hours later, my posting was still not approved
(with a link to my website)

6:57 AM this morning, Annie Machon would actually reply me. Unbelievable! Homeland Security must have showed her their warning about me (this schizophrenic motivated by this delusion about some ICJ trial to write letters to famous people). Did she believe it? Had she ever heard anything about me before?

My session with Dr R: “drroachebus2kmu2bg_5_26_11_332-646PM.MP3”: in Metro. 29:20, on the bus. 1:00:00, I started reading my Goethe book again. 1:26:50, in Edelman. 1:31:30, with Dr R. The form to change social worker. How I didn't like Jason inventing theories about me. Dr R got it right about cutting: it's more a symbol of my pain, not the adrenaline rush. **My bad reaction to Zyprexa: akasia.** And so I went back to the temple and then home to sleep. I woke up 5 PM the next day. Depakote. How David took me out, how no one visited my website, and how Oliver read part of my story. Then, Annie Machon. Now the cutting was mostly triggered by the freezing of my word-processing software. The new living situation with the Chinese family. I mistakenly believed my story was well written. My Hostmatrix website is getting very popular. Other people have better social skills and so their website is more popular. 1:47:00, I showed Dr R the Hostmatrix website. Then I showed her my new website. Dr R didn't think it's due to my bad social skills that my website couldn't get anywhere. She had a website for 5 years and no one would follow it. Annie Machon again: people followed her. But people's visiting my website is the only thing that would make me happy. Dr R mentioned her blog and website again (1:54:00). I wanted to show **my** videos of Russian agents, but I didn't bring the right discs. My lawsuit against Mr Fradkov. Dr R wanted to brainstorm ideas about how to get people to read my story. My trip to Nicaragua. I kept praising the Russian intelligence. Best Mommy's video: "How do people know she's really CIA?" How I tried to transfer my case at the Department of Rehabilitation. To downtown. Dr R had a plan for me to publish my book. One is happier when one is stupid. The things I'm happy about aren't such a big deal. I get upset when I see people laughing and happy. Because they don't know that what they are doing is no big deal. Dr R wanted me to come to the poetry group, and then mentioned Jason was a philosophy major. (I shall soon go to Maple Center too.) 2:26:30, session over. On the street. 2:40:00, in Starbucks. 2:45:00, on the bus. Golden Pyramids! 2:59:30, off the bus. 3:05:00, on the bus again. **It thus didn't seem that Homeland Security had instructed Dr R to ask me anything in particular today.**

May 30 (Wes)

My conversation with Wes today: “eatnotkebuswes_5_30_11_526-746PM.MP3”: I missed my bus. 19:30, in the restaurant to eat. 1:09:00, near home. 1:11:00, I was connected with Wes. (1) “According to the evidentiary record, you wrote my writings and I’m writing something else.” Wes couldn’t repeat what I had just said. My post that the Russian intelligence service was number 1. Two days later, a visit came to my website from that link: 5 most extraordinary stories about twins! That’s why when Wes visited my website, it looked like he had logged in. **(I might be sort of correct here: maybe Homeland Security really was creating evidence to input into the judge computer that I indeed had a twin brother.)** (2) I should have been able to tell Wes the course of the ICJ trial as it happened. (3) The guy who asked Wes to write a chapter also asked him to edit another chapter. I wanted to contribute too! (4) “Celine” had moved to the University of Colorado. She’ll deny she’s CIA and I will consequently look insane. What does CIA do now? There is nothing left to do. (Hardly!) (5) I did change my Preface for Wes. “As professor Nishiyama has pointed out...” All the stupid stuff about the CIA and neoconservatism whenever I searched “CIA, neoconservatism”. (6) My mother gave me 200 dollars this month. (7) Oliver was reading my “Feefee and Valerie” and liked it. (8) Wes would attend a conference in Philadelphia. His proposal about the electoral colleges. He went on and on about this. (9) My mood had been stabilized in the past weeks. (10) Annie Machon had replied me. (11) I erroneously believed my writing was good. (12) Wes on how easy it was to steal people’s ideas. (13) When is the trial going to finish? Still not finished! Wes: maybe it’s over. How do you know it’s not? **(Was Wes giving me a hint again?)** (14) How could the judges believe I have a twin brother? **(Because there**

were no judges!) (15) The creative writers' forum – too many people! Everybody is writing and nobody is reading. The problem: people only bother to read classics. I was convinced that my story is a classic. (16) Another professor in the UK that I found who kept on writing about intelligence agencies. He just wrote a history of MI5. (17) How I needed to buy a printer. (18) Is it okay for Wes to keep my manuscript on his computer? **(No!)** The movie “Casa Blanca”: something which everyone thinks he has said but which he has never said – such is a classic. 2:14:15, I hanged up with him. I came back inside my room.

We must keep in mind the possibility that, when Wes downloaded my writings onto his computer, Homeland Security, pretending to “investigate” me, might have instructed him to turn over his computer so that they could obtain my writings from it. This might sound redundant – they could just get my writings from Bluehost – but they might do this in order to play tricks.¹⁶

June 7

I re-mailed the letter to Mrs Clinton. I wanted to correct the mistakes in the first letter – not knowing that I was only providing Homeland Security with more opportunities.

Then I talked to both Oliver and Wes: “buyfoodoliwes_6_7_11_754-1055PM.MP3”: out to buy food. 41:00, Oliver called. Because I was waiting for my food, I told him I'd call him later when I got home. 49:50, Wes called me back. About my books. Two new coffeehouses near Wes. How I was reading this little book on Goethe. Faust. Goethe's characters all resembled me in some way, and I quoted him repeatedly in my story. No visits to my website other than Oliver's. All the people who had done me wrong were not repentant, hence I started learning Russian again and planned to seek asylum in Russia. **(What a stupid idea!)** 1:04:00, I was cut off, and then reconnected with Wes. I asked Wes: "Why if you are completely recruited by the CIA, what are you gonna do?" Wes continued to insist that he wouldn't want to work for the CIA and that the CIA wouldn't want somebody like him. **(What a lie.)** Wes was in the process of digitalizing Dr G's lectures on phenomenology. How I thought I should get Nobel Prize for literature for my story. I kept on reading Emile, and Rousseau's French was very hard. Whether Wes should send me my books. 1:20:20, I hanged up with Wes so that I can call Oliver. How I was learning Russian again since last night, and how I planned to seek asylum in Russia. How I developed a strong bond for Russia throughout 2009. Oliver recounted how he went to Russia through Estonia. How I got upset while writing: all the lies that Homeland Security had told people about me – and why did all these people believe such comic book stories? People in the West are so easily fooled by their government. How difficult Russian was. Would the Russian intelligence care if I spilled their secrets like that? The fact that Russia and the US were getting so cozy lately must be due to my case. **(Not – unless it's in a different way than I had thought.)** How Russia had had to pretend to be my enemy, but how I shouldn't have problems in going there now. **(Not! Russia really was my enemy.)** The Russian consul general seemed nice to me. How I wanted people to read my story. Oliver didn't have such an urge. Then, a long discussion about the painting process. Oliver's drawing skill. Oliver's patron had about 30 of Oliver's paintings. Why did that journalist smear him? He knew Oliver for a long time and he was the one who had convinced Oliver to move to Milwaukee. I would rather paint the Russian secret agents I had videotaped. The SVR fake Americans, and how sophisticated the SVR was. The other painter Maura. How Homeland Security stole my drawings and paintings. Oliver spent several days in the Hermitage. How I started reading Goethe. How I was angry with the people who

¹⁶ Namely, precisely to create evidence for the judge computer suggesting that I didn't write it, so that the CIA would not be able to enter it into the evidence with the argument: “New evidence found...”

had played pranks on me: what were they told? Why did they hate China and Russia so much? My experience with Art of Living. American people could be so nice to me until one day they were told lies about me by Homeland Security. Another person who had helped Oliver. I asked Oliver to go to Russia with me. Russian PM was in the control center all throughout last year. **(Not.)** 2:13:30, I hanged up with Oliver. Then I went to buy cigarettes.

June 8 (Dr R)

My time with Dr R today: “busrouseaudrroach_6_8_11_144-448PM.MP3”: on Silver line. I read Goethe. 13:30, in Union Station. 22:00, on the bus. 24:30, I left a message for Dr R. 34:00, a Hispanic guy sat down in front of me with big earphones. 1:42:00, in Edelman. 1:49:00, with Dr R. Over-sleep. But 4 hours today, and this huge urge to write. Two hours volunteering at the temple. Promoting my story on the Internet was not a good idea. Only one visit in the past week. I was waiting for Oliver to read my story. I showed Dr R the video from November last year: how the pushy cart's wheel was broken. About meeting Oliver in New Mexico. Whether to see a therapist at the Maple Center. Dr R encouraged me. Whether I would have money for this. Whether to go to New Mexico. Why I felt better lately: not so much skepticism lately. How people didn't seem real to me. My Truman **Show** during the ICJ trial, and how I still had the impression that people were being staged. The difference between paranoia and delusions. The problem with identifying secret agents: when people call you crazy, they don't distinguish between **unusual** interpretations and hallucinations. BPD and schizotypal. Dr R mentioned Michael Stone (who wrote a lot about personality disorders). 2:24:30, I bid Dr R goodbye. (Reviewed until 2:34:00.)

June 11 (Oliver)

Today is full of what I thought to be “operations” (to produce evidences): early in the morning at El Monte Station, a man tried to buy a cigarette from me with one dollar. I thought this was compensation for me in view of the operations I was about to endure. **(Not.) Then, at the Bipolar meetup.**

The recording of the afternoon: “metrochldcry_6_11_11_305-332PM.MP3”. Coming back, on Metro Blue Line, noise attack (crying) from a Hispanic child (20:15). I wasn't provoked.

The second try: “IMPbusshutupchldrn_6_11_11_332-638PM.MP3”. I was on Silver Streak going home (32:00), and more noise attack from Hispanic children (34:20). My anger became uncontrollable, and I yelled “Shut up!” The Hispanic woman began making fun of me: “It scared me... Ha ha ha...” (35:30). The bus stopped on Temple and Hill (38:00). I walked out on 43:25. Was the bus driver calling the police? Was it another Homeland Security operation? **(Could be!)**

I assumed **(wrongly?)** that all this was in response to the arrival of my letter at the State Department. Since in the letter I said I was not a pedophile, the control center needed to produce evidence **demonstrating** that I was. The bus driver, I **(wrongly?)** assumed, was communicating to the effect that I was harassing a child, which could be intercepted and presented to the International Court as evidence demonstrating that I was indeed a pedophile. **But** maybe it was all Homeland Security's setup as they prepared to broadcast a more serious warning about me now that I had sent two letters to Mrs Clinton. (Presumably Homeland Security was not trying to input any evidence into the judge computer **demonstrating** that I was a pedophile.)

My conversation with Oliver tonight: “[hmkmu11bgnet_6_11_11_639-1116PM.MP3](#)”: I was connected with Oliver right away. He was eating with his cousin and he would call me back later. 1:01:00, I was reconnected with him. He was going to watch his cousin’s house tonight. His painting projects. How things didn’t feel real to me lately. I recounted the noise attacks from earlier. My Sonophobia, Misopedia, and Hispanophobia. How the control center had orchestrated it. How I had to remind myself that, nowadays, not everything was orchestrated and not everyone an actor or actress. (I kept on describing my “derealization”.) The use of children to get me arrested and how I wanted to xxxx children. “I need to get out of this country because this country is becoming xxxxxx and I don’t want to live in xxxxxx because I can’t stand children...” (1:16:00). “Every time when I see a Hispanic woman, she’s always bringing a child **with her**... never reads, writes, or uses a computer... Maybe there is more to life than breeding...” Then Oliver asked me about my writing. “It’d be about 2,000 pages...” How I constantly looked for good quotes, good poems to quote. Then I told him about Art of Living. Back to what paintings Oliver was working on at the moment. This cousin of his in Santa Fe was also an artist. His website (Christopher Benson) (1:31:10). Whether I read novels at all. Kafka and Camus currently because I was also writing about a trial. The good novel he read a while ago: Collin Wilson’s *The Mind Parasites*. How my conspiracy with the neocons involved the UFOs. 1:40:30, I hanged up with Oliver. (Reviewed until 1:54:00.)

And so, after my conversation with Oliver, Homeland Security’s purpose in staging the noise attacks this afternoon becomes clear. (Since the computer in the control center can predict my thoughts, Homeland Security would know what noise attacks to stage in order to cause me to say what later on to Oliver.) They wanted me to say something racist about Mexicans so that they can say, in their new warning about me in response to my second letter to Mrs Clinton, that I was also racist toward Hispanics. This might be because they were prepared, as the next step in their continual “investigation” of me, to interview the Pyramid about me. (But the Pyramid wouldn’t start visiting my website until more than a month later.)

June 13 (Wes)

My conversation with Wes today: “[IMPweshmnet_6_13-14_11_855PM-1AM.MP3](#)”: at home writing. 20:25, I was connected with Wes. I came back from the Bipolar Meetup on the train, this Hispanic man came up with a child, and the child cried so loud. Then, on the bus, with more children shouting and jumping. I snapped and yelled "Shut up!" And the bus driver called the police. The Hispanic woman who had the children giggled, as if triumphant: obviously an operation. **(Right!)** And so today I decided to not go anywhere. Tuesday, my **(second)** letter to the State Department. I also called the State Department to ask. A new letter on Tuesday, with my new address. Every time when I mailed a letter, something would happen. **(Right.)** The court case was still going on. **(Not quite, but sort of.)** The man who wanted to buy cigarette for 1 dollar, and that meant something too (compensation). **(Not.)** The case was ongoing, hence I can't petition, for it's still conspiracy. How I needed to get out of this country because there were too many Hispanics here. I got angry just by talking about it. Everyone was mean to me because they can only be my conspirator. **(Now, Homeland Security’s evidence of my delusional mind.)** That's why Wes can't have anything to do with the CIA. My complaint about how children were above the law. And I kept on cursing America. **(Homeland Security loved it! Now they can also say I’m anti-American too!)** Wes suggested that I go to Italy. **(What?)** It's the control center which controlled the children to jump up and down. It's all psychological: before I wouldn't even notice children shouting next to me. "The difference is in volume of the noises, not in the frequency of **the** noises." How I had checked out Alan Bloom's translation of Emile. On and on about Emile and

Rousseau. 57:00, two visits to my website yesterday. Natural or orchestrated? Any deception means this is a victim, not a model, Emile is pathetic, and he got duped and didn't know it. No noumena, only phenomena. 1:04:00, Wes' college class in high schools. 1:08:00, my story: it'd be 2,000 pages. 1:10:00, I hanged up with Wes. I continued writing. (The Help Letter.) Reviewed until 2:00:00.

June 15 (Dr R)

My time with Dr R today: “towstwdbuydvslptpfrozecutdrroach_6_15_11_102-842PM.MP3”: on the street. A corrupted file on DVD-261, making me very uncomfortable, and I even had to cut myself. 16:00, in Subway. 31:00, on the bus. Reading Emile. The Hispanic guy complained **about my reading** my book out loud. 2:45:30, off the bus. 2:33:30, in Best Buy. 2:39:00, I was checking my own website on this iPad. 3:07:00, out. Starbucks. 3:28:00, my call to Care **One**. And my netbook froze, angering me. I started suffering seizure and crying. 4:00:10, not allowed to connect to the Internet. 4:01:30, I started throwing things. 4:04:00, the disc was successfully burned. I continued to moan out of grave pain: I had cut myself severely on my left shoulder. 4:12:00, severe tremors. Just then, Dr R called. I struggled to tell her about how my netbook froze. 4:26:00, back inside to work. 4:32:00, my netbook froze again. Pain. 4:52:00 – **another** email to Annie Machon. 4:54:00, I was connected with Dr R again. I explained how I went into shock when my netbook froze and how I cut myself. I had apparently missed my appointment with Dr **R** yesterday. 5:01:50, I hanged up with Dr R. I continued my email to Annie. 5:24:00, out. Was there a Homeland Security guy saying Hi to me? I angrily kicked over things along the way. 5:32:00, on the bus. I continued to read Iliad. (Reviewed until 6:09:30.)

Anger outburst continued throughout the rest of the week whenever computer malfunctioned (Windows Explorer not working, etc.) **It's evident that Homeland Security had continued to freeze up my netbook from time to time (even though they weren't responsible for all the instances) in order to prompt me to cut myself so that they can obtain more damaging evidences to incorporate into their latest “investigation results”.**

June 21 (Wes)

The recording of the night: “laundryrestauwes_6_21_11_612-826PM.MP3”: with Wes from **1:21:50** onward. **Wes and his chapter. My writing process. How I wasn't going to the temple (Art of Living) anymore. My anger with the police. Hispanophobia was different from racism.** We then talked about our readings and his philosophical ideas. Then his current circumstances and my plan to visit Oliver. **Then how much I hated the police here (1:37:30). Then how only spoken Spanish was disgusting to me.** Then my desire to go to Russia to find DGHTR. Then Alessandra and her mother. **Wes recommended Toronto.** Then I described how, after I sent my letter to Mrs Clinton, **my computer would malfunction and** there was this operation on me to confirm that everything I said in the letter was false: if I said I didn't have a twin brother, then “they” would have to prove that I did have a twin brother. (Again, I might have been sort of correct here: ***Homeland Security had to input evidence into the judge computer demonstrating that I was a pathological liar.***) And Wes asked me if I was still recording everything. **What's the point of recording myself writing in order to prove I did write what I wrote?** Then I lamented how the “trial” still hadn't finished: “Don't people get tired of it?” Strangely, on 1:48:00, Wes suggested that maybe there was a mis-trial and it might have to start over again (!). **My wrong scenario about the trial becoming a “conspiracy”. It all had to start again just because that Mexican had got inside. (Homeland Security's evidence of my insanity, both in the real world and for the judge computer.)** How I started reading the New Testament again.

Why did Wes tell me to go to Italy the last time? All these people who told me to go to Italy last year. 1:55:30, I hanged up with Wes. (Loud buzz sounds throughout the recording.)

June 22

Angry on 1:46:00.

June 23 (Dr R)

My time with Dr R today: “todrroachesmlibparzvl_6_23_11_1124AM-738PM.MP3”: at home, reading my Goethe book. 54:00, out. 1:16:00, on the bus. 1:45:00, an excerpt about Jesus (the New Testament in Greek). 3:25:00, a Hispanic lady with a child on the bus. 3:51:00, in Edelman. 3:59:30, with Dr R. The “Hispanic noise attack” after the bipolar meetup and how I had had to get off the bus. Something always happened after my letter to the State Department. (Always 4 days later.) **Right**. How much I hated children – the kind of entities that can become victims by victimizing people. **How** I hated this country and **how** I had stopped going to the temple. I demonstrated what the problem was with my netbook's touchpad. How I had had to cut myself because of this. I then tried to show Dr R what happened with the police on June 17 **last year**. Dr R didn't quite agree with my interpretation. I even mentioned my petition to IACHR and then showed her the petition on my website. How I wanted to leave America but couldn't because I had too many DVDs. I wanted Dr R to read my summary, but she said she could only read 2 pages. 4:42:00, out of Edelman. On the bus. 5:16:00, off the bus in SM. To buy ink **for my printer**. (Reviewed until 5:26:30.)

Again, I had failed to comprehend that, after her interview by Homeland Security, Dr R would never believe any story I told – even though Homeland Security had failed to convince her that I suffered from schizophrenia.

June 24

At night. My netbook froze just when I was transferring a very particular file: most likely it was remotely controlled to freeze from the control center. Really?

June 26

Discovered that I was banned from the WinSCP forum. I have only posted one message: “I know Chinese” in response to another person asking “Does anyone know Chinese here?” Negative thought: I was not allowed to participate in humanity. Perhaps this was another Homeland Security operation! (**As shall be explained next.**)

June 27 (Wes)

My conversation with Wes today: “kmubg10orthonet_6_27-28_11_437PM-143AM.MP3”: at home. 12:00, back to writing. (“Karin's Meetups-Afterword”). 1:55:00, out to smoke. 2:01:30, a message for Wes. Then I rested. 3:23:30, I woke up from my nap. 3:44:00, I was connected with Wes. How I was very upset in these two days. How I got kicked out of WinSCP forum. I made a link to my website on my profile page, the admin looked at it and clicked on my Preface, and then decided to ban me. It had to be orchestrated because it was just so strange that, when one merely posted one message, someone

would look at one's profile page and actually click on the link. **(Right.)** Since the admin was in Czech Republic, it was to complete my conspiracy with... **(Wrong.)** This admin had worked in Germany a lot and perhaps he had also seen the alert about me. **(Close.)** How the alert was so much more accessible than my explanation of how the alert had come about. But the Court must have simply ordered him to kick me out in order to establish me as the defendants' conspirator. **(Wrong reason.)** How much I hated this country whenever I thought about the alerts. My letters about the alerts had produced such bad results obviously because the court case was still ongoing. The case of Jose Padilla. Once people have seen the alert, they will just believe it, and **they** will not be interested in counter-information especially if the latter is too complex. **(Right.)** How impossible it was to fight the government's slanders. Wes: when nobody says otherwise, people will believe the government. I think the Interpol was also involved; do I write letters to them too? Wes: it's pointless to appeal to the government, but one should appeal to the population – how I needed to make my problem relevant to everyone. **(Presumably Wes was not being serious in giving me advices since he knew what Homeland Security was doing and why.)** 4:16:30, I asked Wes what he meant on October 22 last year: they want to make you look so insane that... who is this "they" referring to? The defendants? Wes went on and on about how I could make myself look not-insane: find those with similar experiences. **(Was Wes carrying out his assignment from Homeland Security?)** Me: but most people who have had similar experiences aren't as educated as **I am** and they won't even understand my story. I decided to complain to the government and find people of similar experiences at the same time. Wes' job-seeking. He wanted an electronic reader. His reading. How I was going to visit Oliver on July 10. The interests which Wes had had to pay on the money I owed him. 4:34:50, I hanged up with Wes. Back to my room to write. (Reviewed until 5:00:00.)

Two comments:

(1) It's now clear what had happened. The WinSCP forum admin was a certain "Martin Prikyrl". Homeland Security had to make sure my writings were banned from the ICJ as evidence – and we wonder whether it's because the CIA had made some move ever since I had put up my website – and so they instructed Martin to check my profile page and clink on the link to my website, and then pretend to be shocked (as if my website were full of illegal pornography or what not) and ban me from his forum. The show he put up Homeland Security would then intercept into the ICJ as evidence justifying an ICJ judgment to ban my writings from the Court as evidence.

(2) As you shall see, Homeland Security, in order to further build up their profile of me as a crazy lunatic who had imagined up this ICJ trial, had decided that I should be steeped in conspiracy theories – then they could say I had simply plagiarized elements of my delusions from the crazy stuff on the Internet that attracted my attention due to my schizophrenia. However, although I was once into 911 conspiracy theories, I had so far not known anything else from this vast genre of "conspiracy theories". But that's okay: Homeland Security would simply make me into a conspiracy theory freak if I wasn't one. Thus they instructed Wes to encourage me today to find "people with similar experiences", such as these crazy "targeted individuals" whom I would eventually discover.

June 29 (Dezz)

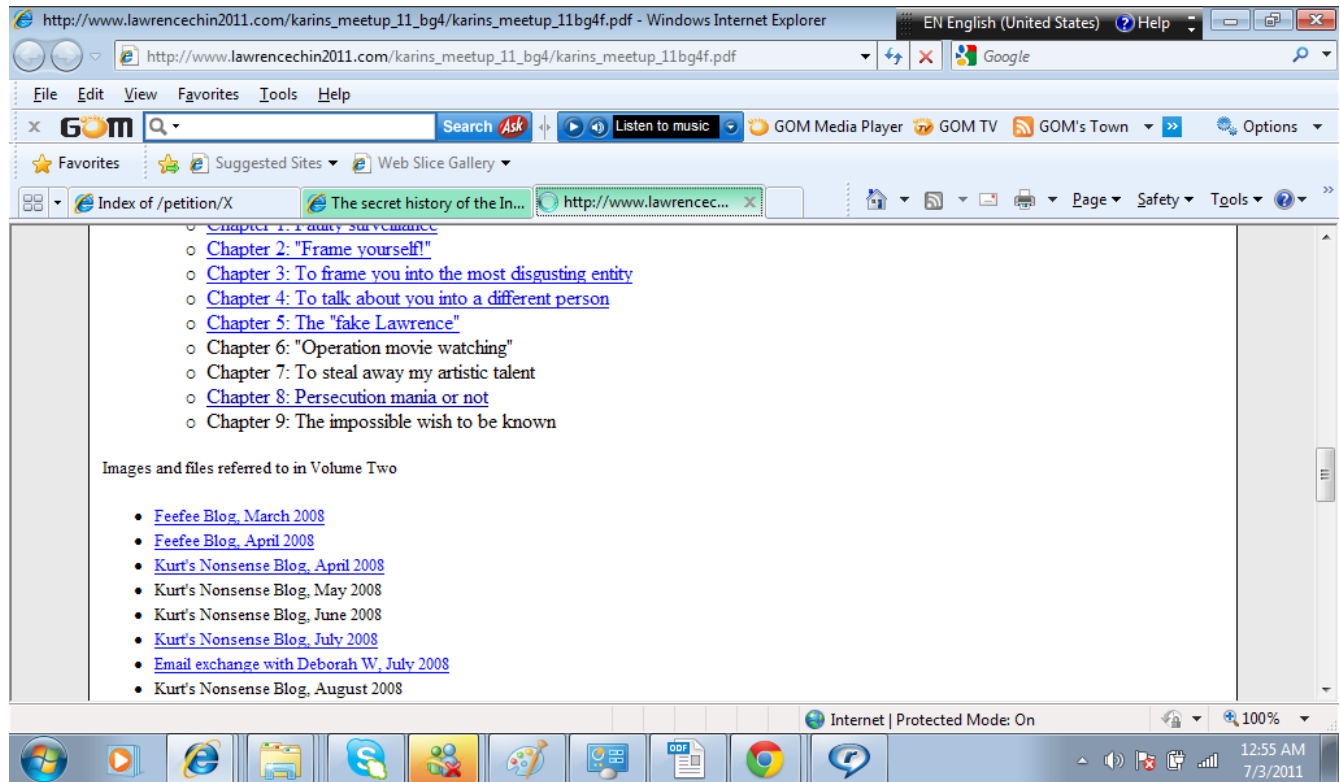
I found Dezz on Interpals and started writing to her. She immediately responded.

July 1 (Schlanger/ Dr R)

Around this time, I also sent a letter to Mrs Schlanger at the DHS Office of Civil Rights and Civil Liberties to ask about the warnings which Homeland Security had been issuing about me since 2007. This was ironic: **since Homeland Security’s current warning about me as a dangerous schizophrenic who had imagined up his business with the intelligence agencies and the ICJ was a continuation of their earlier warnings about me in the same manner (but minus the ICJ) since 2007, what shall they say now that the schizophrenic had written to their Office of Civil Rights to complain about their warnings about him as a dangerous schizophrenic? (Presumably it’s only much later, 10 years later, that they would have finally settled on the tactic of warning people that this schizophrenic’s delusions consist precisely in imagining them warning people that he’s a schizophrenic, and then convincing everyone that they are now only warning people about him in response to his telling everyone about his delusion about their warning people about him.) We can surmise that the CIA would definitely submit this letter to Mrs Schlanger to the judge computer as evidence that Homeland Security’s profile of me was false (that I wasn’t in fact schizophrenic) and that it’s perhaps also in response to this that Homeland Security had decided to instruct Martin to visit my website and ban me from his forum.**

My time with Dr R today: “todrroachsmliblvistrsstohtm_7_1_11_1236-942PM.MP3”: on Silver Streak. Off the bus. 29:00, in Starbucks/ Coffee Bean. 34:00, on the bus again. 47:00, I asked a woman whether she came from Maryland. 1:43:00, in copy store. 1:50:30, on the bus again. 2:09:00, off the bus. 2:24:00, in Edelman. 2:31:30, with Dr R. I showed Dr R the letter I just mailed out to Ms Schlanger. Then my ban from the WinSCP forum. How the visitor from Czech Republic must be the WinSCP admin Martin. How I was so angry that I smashed things up in my room. And the computer-malfunctioning. How, when I write letters to the government, the Secret Service would put me on their watchlist, and how they would then **come** interview Dr R about me. Dr R insisted that, in such a case, she would need my permission. Dr R agreed that I didn't suffer from schizophrenia. She **then** claimed she just did the training last month (about HIPPA and so on). There was somebody who visited my website from Dr R's office IP address everyday, very late at night. Dr R explained that the county admins would update the computers here in the middle of the night from the central office. The case of Jose Padilla. How the Obama administration didn't feel like correcting the mistakes of the previous administration. When I got angry, I needed to see a mark (something destroyed, or a cut wound). Dr R's friend got labeled a "sex offender" for urinating on people's cars. Only damages that were meaningful could calm anger. Finally, my rejection at the Maple Center. 3:10:25, session over. 3:19:50, on the bus. I continued to read the Greek New Testament. (Reviewed until 3:37:30.)

Today my letter and my words would further solidify Dr R’s impression that I wasn’t a schizophrenic. Homeland Security had just showed her their new warning about me and interviewed her about my “condition” in mid-May because of my letter to Mrs Clinton, and today I showed her my complaint about Homeland Security’s warnings about me and warned her that a government agency might interview her when I wrote letters to government officials. What? That really didn’t seem to be the acts of a schizophrenic. Homeland Security had now developed the intention of one day successfully persuading Dr R to agree with them that I was indeed a schizophrenic.



My website as of midnight, July 3

July 4

I began talking to Dezz on Interpals.

July 5

Called Citi-Financial. The call was cut off just when I was about to give them the phone number of Care One. Was this an operation?

I talk to both Nila and Dezz on Interpals.

July 6

3:30 AM, my cPanel at Hostmatrix malfunctioned. It couldn't save the concluding lines of the HTML codes. **Then**, 611 customer care persistently malfunctioned on 10 AM.

By 5 PM, I was ready to mail another letter to the Stanford law professor Jenny Martinez. The content of the letter was mostly identical to that of the letter I mailed to Mrs Schlanger, with two additions: (1) I had mentioned here the incident with B. Olshansky from the summer of 2007, and (2) I had mentioned, in one sentence, the lawsuit between China and the United States in the ICJ. Everything I recounted in the letter would cause Homeland Security the same problems as my letter to Mrs Schlanger must have done – except the mention of the ICJ trial, because, this time, Homeland Security had claimed, in their warnings about me, that my delusions include my involvement in this “trial” in the ICJ.

July 7 (Dr R)

My session with Dr R today: “smlibrroachbiblestoriesla_7_7_11_1240-823PM.MP3”: in SM library. 31:00, I searched for my website on the library's computer. Out. On the bus. 2:20:30, with Dr R. I showed her the recording of my conversation with Wes on September 4 2008. Many anger outbursts due to computer malfunctioning. My old website at Hostmatrix was locked up so that I couldn't upload files. How my corrections to my letters wouldn't appear. It must be Homeland Security. What if my story would also revert back to previous versions? Another letter to a law professor. My penpal in Russia. **(I must be referring to Dezz.)** She taught English at universities. I showed Dr R my drawings and paintings and then my studies on linear perspective. Then my solutions to Zeno's paradoxes. Then, back to Wes' recording. How I didn't cut myself in the past week. Then the recording from January 25 2009 when I called Aunt Eva. The beep sounds. How the government had been running operations on me for over 5 years. Again, my worry that my story might get too boring at times and that no one would want to read it. The example of Zeno's paradoxes again. How I would be going to New Mexico on the 11th. Dr R insisted that Zyprexa had a positive effect on me. 3:08:00, session over. 3:27:00, on the bus. 3:54:30, off the bus. 4:06:00, on the bus again. I was reading the Greek New Testament again. 5:38:00, off the bus. 5:41:00, in Stories LA. 6:00:00 – what was I reading? **The Sino-Russian conflict in the 1960s?** Then, Freud. Then I left. 6:31:00, on bus 704. (Reviewed until 6:38:00.)

We need to make two notes:

(1) Perhaps it was really Homeland Security which had remotely controlled my word processing software to malfunction (making my documents revert back to previous versions) – with the goal of prompting me to tell Dr R about it. Since Homeland Security's warning about me said that I suffered from this delusion about how Homeland Security was going after me, when Dr R heard me say this she might be persuaded to believe that I indeed suffered from schizophrenia (that Homeland Security was right about me).

(2) We must wonder whether Dr R had made the statement about Zyprexa's positive effect on me for a particular reason. (Perhaps to cover her ass in front of Homeland Security.)

Today I received a reply from Martin: I was banned from the WinSCP forum because my simple message sounded like a spam. Bullshit! Homeland Security had instructed him to lie to me in order to calm my suspicion.

July 8 (Wes/ Oliver)

Received a fortune cookie at the Vietnamese pho place. The fortune was an advertisement for American Airline, saying it also flies to Shanghai. I was deluded – out of habit – to believe that this was replacement of evidences.

I talked to Wes today: “hmorthowes_7_8_11_437-943PM.MP3”: my summary of L'origines des manières de table. 1:30:00, I was connected with Wes. The WinSCP admin's reply to me. My letter to a law professor. I didn't carry out Wes' advice: there was no one else like me. (Homeland Security must be quite disappointed that I didn't find these “targeted individuals”.) How the "terrorists" were framed but how, when they got out, they were able to find lawyers to help them sue the government

without ever getting discredited – all because there were may of them. Why did I get this special treatment? Because what happened to them was no big deal for the government, whereas I possessed real secrets. The government let them sue in order to make itself look like a democracy. I would only complain about the alerts since I didn't see how anyone should have problems in believing that. Wes' job-seeking. My communications with this "Russian girl" for two weeks. She taught English in a college. I still believed it's best to publish my story in Russia. **(That's the worst possible idea I could come up with.)** Wes mentioned the mother who killed her child. 1:58:50, I hanged up with Wes. Reviewed until 2:03:00.

My talk with Oliver later on: "orthooliver_7_8_11_943-1121PM.MP3": outside. 2:00, a message for Oliver. 6:00, Oliver called. My email correspondence with a woman in Russia. My insomnia problem. Who **would he** meet when going up to Milwaukee? His Flickr and website (alfhari). Who made his website. The time to meet on Monday. The food during the bus trip. 24:00, I hanged up with **him**. (Reviewed until 49:00.)

No materials for Homeland Security today.

July 10 (the Russian American meetup)

Surveillance agent, it seems, at the Russian American meetup. The vulgar white guy (a typical Homeland Security agent) was wearing earphones and carrying an iPod while sitting at the bar. This was just weird. But I couldn't understand why Homeland Security would continue surveillance on me. I didn't know that the Department had me blacklisted anew as: schizophrenic, delusional belief about having something to do with intelligence agencies and the International Court of Justice, obsessed with politicians and writing letter to them, frequently hospitalized for self-harming, **possibly a danger to others**, living on disability, i.e. obviously mentally disabled and yet politically troublesome. **(That is, Homeland Security was continuing to "investigate" this schizophrenic who was motivated by his delusions to write crazy letters to important people, not only Mrs Clinton, but also Schlanger and Martinez.)**

July 11 (visiting Oliver in New Mexico)

The Greyhound bus from Phoenix. A Hispanic male seemed to have purposely brought his child to sit at my right even though there were other seats available, and another surveillance agent, it seems, was strategically placed on the seats in front of me in order to catch me videotaping the operative with his child. I mistakenly believed that the purpose was to refute that claim I made in the letter to Ms Schlanger that I was not a pedophile. Or maybe I wasn't mistaken. **In other words, perhaps Homeland Security was just creating evidence (something to do with my Misopedia) both to incorporate into their latest "investigation results" and to input into the judge computer as a way to prevent the CIA from reactivating the bygone ICJ trial and using my latest writings as evidence.**

My time with Oliver today: "toalbrqeolichat_7_11_11_705-1145PM.MP3": on the train. 1:30:00, in the station. 1:33:00, I met up with Oliver. His patron gave him his car. My experience in Tucson. Why his family wanted to move here. 1:53:30, he went inside his parents' house to pick up his sunglasses. A friend of his who was arrested for having **"throwing stars"**. My letters to Homeland Security, etc. My particular sort of human rights abuse (2:00:00). He asked **me** what effects I was seeking by

complaining. **(Did Homeland Security instruct him to ask me this? It's now more and more evident that Homeland Security had recruited Oliver as an informant against this dangerous paranoid schizophrenic.)** I wanted to sue M. C. The government will grow as long as there is money for it to grow: it's not about ideologies (2:10:00). **Excellent insight!** 2:17:00, my ICJ trial. On and on about China. Then the financial elites. 2:35:50, my story about the neocon plan and how my trial might have altered everything. The news are fake: to make us think that things are going on like before when there is now a secret friendship. **(Wrong. To confirm for Oliver that Homeland Security was right about me.)** How **the** Russia-US relationship was so bad in 2009, and then suddenly good in 2010 – all because of my court case. **(Actually, sort of true.)** My theory about how Obama was a neocon front. 2:44:00, how they put a chip into Obama's brain. In other Democrat's brains' too (Ha!) **(Now Oliver definitely believed what Homeland Security had told him about me.)** Oliver told me he would show me an article about implants. **(More on this below.)** 2:52:30, we had arrived **at his home**. I considered his paintings. Form where did he call me in April 2009? Madison, Wisconsin? (3:13:00) Ben? He was in Milwaukee in 2010, and then came here in June 2010. 3:18:30, how I would take **an** X-ray of my head because the chip was still active. The power source for the chip. My videos of Russian secret agents – and **the** Russian intelligence fake fat. 3:24:30, he asked me about my Nicaragua trip. Then **how** my China lawsuit started and then how I tried to help Russia. Then how the French tried to save the neocons. Oliver: are the neocons Catholic? Anti-Zionists. Sino-Tibetan and Buddhism. Universal religions and Persia. And he went on and on about **the** ancient history of the Near East. Basque. What does it mean when we say a language is "ancient"? I explained the Nostratic and Dene-Caucasian dispersion. The war between the Greeks and the Persians. 4:35:30, how I had many videos of people from the control center. Even the MSS director himself. **(Not really!)** And my portraits of the officials from **the** French intelligence. Both the Russians and the French are smarter than the CIA.

The second recording of my time with Oliver today: "slpoli_7_12_11_1150PM-752AM.MP3": Oliver had a MAC from his mother and he sent me emails when going into town. I feared ending up like Kafka. "I'm gonna die without my genius being recognized." You have to have an expert to confirm that this is good stuff, and then ordinary people will look at it too: most people are just sheep. Oliver continued to encourage me to do paintings. **(Did Homeland Security instruct him to encourage me?)** The great painters. More about paintings. His LA girlfriend had a baby and moved to New York. The other black hair woman he had a fling with. He hadn't talked to Maura for quite a while. 45:00, we were getting prepared for bed. (Reviewed until 54:00, and then from 7:56:00 onward.) 7:59:00, I called out to Oliver. He showed me how the shower worked (outside). I mentioned how the Boss came to see me one time, February 8 2008.

From today onward we will see more and more indications that Homeland Security, after showing Oliver their grotesque warnings about me, had definitely recruited him as an informant against me: "This schizophrenic who believes he has all this business with the intelligence agencies and the International Court of Justice, has been writing crazy letters to important people and could be dangerous. We need you to help us investigate him." Not knowing that Homeland Security was lying to him, Oliver agreed. As you have seen, they first instructed Oliver: "Tell him to draw." Oliver didn't wonder: "Why?" Now, because in the past two weeks I had not attempted to get hold of any conspiracy theories, they instructed Oliver: "Here, tell him to read these articles from conspiracy theories. We need him to look crazy." Whenever I told Oliver something about my ICJ trial and the chips inside my head, it just made him believe even more firmly that Homeland Security was right about my insanity. And yet, this new assignment somehow didn't make him wonder: "If he's already crazy, why do we need to make him look

even crazier?” (Everyone who has heard Homeland Security’s warning about me would inevitably lose his or her *Verstand*.) And of course the first article which Homeland Security had instructed Oliver to show me as Martin Cannon’s “The Controllers”! The implants!

July 12 (at Oliver’s home)

My time with Oliver today: “cafegalinsanetlktocafetrauma_7_12_11_753AM-459PM.MP3”: I continued to describe that incident. (Then the conversation becomes muffled.) To make my DVDs look fake: why else would she touch my DVDs? **(I must be talking about Reima.)** 30:00, Oliver mentioned that Valentine was coming. 33:30, off the car. In the cafe. 45:00, he asked me how much hard drive space I had. **(Did Homeland Security instruct him to ask me this?)** All the videos of machine malfunctioning. My Nicaragua mission. How Russia had taken over **almost** the entire US back in January 2010. **(I didn’t know that I was exaggerating the matter.)** Just as people didn't know that, 2008 and 2009, the Chinese intelligence was under US command. Oliver said he didn't believe it. **(Of course: he had already believed Homeland Security’s lies about me.)** People were chipped so that they couldn't disobey ICJ orders. How the chip system was set up in the ICJ. The chipping of Mireya. 56:40, now I asked Oliver to show me the articles he wanted to show me. Implants and UFOs. My Nicaragua videos. I directed him to Karin's Meetups, **Afterword**, to see my description of the mind-control technology. 1:23:30, the Russian girl's new message. **(Dezz?)** 1:33:00, the art classes. 1:35:30, we left and in the car. 1:43:00, we were off the car in the gallery area. 2:15:00, commercial art past and present. 3:03:00, we took a break in a cafe. How I didn't like the way the world was changing. We continued to discuss the degeneration of art within the context of a new economy. The Paris Salon. How state-sponsored art is better. 3:52:00, Oliver's cousin who was also an artist,. Oliver had once tried to apply to a Chinese art school. Julie Rico. 4:16:00, in Oliver's car: Valentine had called. 4:41:00, my theory about the **cellphone** towers. How they can read my thoughts even when I had merely a concept in my head. How what the neocons wanted to use on the **Russians** had to be used on me too in order for them to be prosecuted. The episode of the Pyramid. The Polish president and why he was killed. 4:58:00, off the car. Even when we **had** got home, I continued to explain my story, how I would look insane by telling it. 5:01:00, Oliver somehow remembered that I told him that I was schizophrenic. **I** continued to deny it. **(Of course I never told him such a thing. Homeland Security had instructed Oliver to say this so that surveillance can intercept more evidence into the ICJ demonstrating that I had indeed a history of schizophrenia.)** **Oliver had** read about 60 pages of my "Feefee and Valerie". He had to leave for Milwaukee on Friday morning. 5:11:30, I started examining my videos to see which one to show to Oliver. He found the idea of faulty surveillance funny. I explained how this system worked. I showed him the videos of **the** CIA girls. Now he thought I had been to Toronto. 5:25:00, Oliver went on and on about **mental** illnesses and **the** DSM. Me: in order to see that I'm not insane, **people** need to possess the background knowledge about the concepts and terminologies I use. Oliver on "cognitive disorders" again. I also wanted to communicate my experience because my experience with China and Russia was the opposite of people's expectation. Bush wasn't so bad. We ate while I went on about Mexican agents. 5:49:30, the MSS director? 5:57:00, I couldn't help but show Oliver my Nicaragua videos. 6:03:00, Oliver went to lie down. 6:05:00, message for Dr R. 6:18:00, Oliver's books. 6:42:00, in Oliver's car, ready **to** go into town again. 6:57:30, back in the gallery area. Then, back in the car. Out again. 7:10:50, back in the cafe. 7:21:00, the "job" of a philosopher. How I was a philosopher. "I'm such that I'll be happy when I have made people wise." Circumcision. How, by telling my story, I'd recover from my trauma. How I needed to write a summary to give people the background knowledge. My trauma was different because it **happened** over a long period of time. To tell whether someone's story is true by examining its internal logic. The example of the aliens and **the**

removable teeth. Oliver: maybe that's a trick from the aliens to discredit the victim! (7:40:00) **(Right! Oliver is so smart here – and yet he couldn't figure out that Homeland Security had lied to him.)** Oliver: maybe you use your head too much. You can't connect with other human beings with your head! He drew me a tree of life. Then: "Why would anybody want to take your trauma?" I was motivated just like Solzhenitsyn **was. Oliver's** Polish friend. Write books to make people wiser vs write books to indoctrinate (to manipulate people). Again, how the neocons had supposedly planted chips into the heads of the Democrats. Even my story "Feefee and Valerie" can make people wiser by dispelling misconceptions about the sex industry and exploring interracial relationships. To dispel stereotypes and false beliefs. **The 911 Truthers.** Oliver: this woman who said the buildings of 911 were destroyed by Tesla weapons. **(Again, per Homeland Security's instruction, Oliver wanted to feed me with more of these conspiracy garbage.)** 8:19:00, in the car, going back to the cafe in Santa Fe. The time of **the** Native Americans. His art classes. 8:52:30, siren. How police men in America looked mean. 8:57:30, in the cafe.

The next recording of my time with Oliver today: "olihmspeechmystory_7_12_11_459-841PM.MP3": with Oliver in the cafe. Another guy there **was** reading Zizioulas. I showed Oliver how my netbook froze up. I didn't want to download this crazy stuff because I didn't want the government to have a reason to put me on a watchlist. **(Ha! I was unaware that Homeland Security was doing precisely this at the moment.)** Oliver: that's what you should want! (8:00) **What?** The chip business. All the conspiracy videos. **And this:** nomorefakenews.com. Did HIV really cause AIDS? **(Again, per Homeland Security's instruction, Oliver wanted to feed me with more conspiracy garbage.)** 33:30, I tried to leave a message for Dr R. I wanted her to use our appointment time this week to read my writings. 37:00, I **couldn't** show Oliver the recording of Wes' description of the chips inside my head. My debate with Oliver. David Ray Griffin. Again, my fear of being called "crazy". HIV denialism. **(Conspiracy garbage.)** 1:02:30, in his car. 1:10:20, Dr R called me. Which one she should read. The assassination of Princess Diana. 1:26:00, home. The Obama and UFO video. Then a long discussion about paintings. Then an examination of Oliver's paintings. 2:44:00, as Oliver went to prepare meals, he encouraged me to watch more conspiracy theories videos. **(His assignment from Homeland Security!)** 2:55:00, more discussion about the Illuminati and so on. 3:02:00, I practiced presenting my story to an audience. 3:29:30, I was done with my presentation: the first half of my story.

The next recording of my time with Oliver today: "chatwoli_7_12-13_11_903PM-1249AM.MP3": Oliver mentioned Valentine again and suggested that he might actually like my story. I showed him the recording of my conversation with Wes from December 6 last year. Oliver didn't believe that the chip could work the way I said it did. Oliver started laughing when I described how they even put chips into the animals' brains. **(I had no idea that I was merely confirming for Oliver that Homeland Security was right about me.)** Oliver comforted me by suggesting that at least my story could make people laugh and was enjoyable. **(Of course he thought my story was just the product of my schizophrenic delusions.)** How did people and animals move in such orderly fashion? Oliver still didn't believe me and suggested another author (38:00). His experience with the giant snake. He concluded that my story was believable but might not be true. **(Of course: he believed Homeland Security.)** How they might take my chips away. Maybe like the movie "Escape from New York". I just had to hope that the Macrospherians **would** be especially merciful toward me, leaving me proofs. Being a slave with proof that I'm a slave is better than being free. How the conspiracy worked, how the Pyramid's father forged **the intercepts of** my thoughts, and how the French objected. My wrong scenario about the prosecution. (The Monkey as the "mole".) Then a discussion about what insanity meant. How I can never prove

what I'm saying is true even when I have recorded everything. 1:18:00, Oliver went to sleep. I continued to work. (Reviewed until 2:20:00.)

When Oliver avoided listening to the recording of my conversation with Wes on December 6 last year, I mistakenly thought it might be because I was still supposed to fit the Monkey's profile that I had never recorded myself at all. **In reality, it's because he had already believed Homeland Security's lies about me that he had simply no interests in my "evidences". But then** Oliver seemed to have some knowledge of the Mini-Trial from April 2010. At one point he hinted: he had always thought Mireya was my Marie. **(Where is this in the recordings?)**

July 13 (Valentine for the first time)

My first recording of my time with Oliver day: "tohmvalentin_7_13_11_956AM-702PM.MP3": out, with Oliver. We were working on his car's tires. 21:00, all done, we were on our way. My complaint: once the Russian girl saw my pictures, her messages became one-sentence only. **(Again, I knew nothing about the Homeland Security warning about me in Russia.)** My experience with the other Russian girl (my mention of "Russian intelligence"). The Berkeley episode (the Weird Man, 2010.06.24). Wen Ho Lee. 45:50, we stopped to dump the trash. Then, off again. We continued to look for the place to dump trash. 1:05:40, we stopped trying to get a permit. Not the right place. 1:13:20, we stopped at the right place to get the permit. 1:33:50, we were home. I took a nap. 2:59:00, Oliver woke me up for a bath. 3:19:00, Oliver and I went off to pick up Valentine (the friend). 3:35:00, the Swedish music which the Russian girl had recommended. Then I read out more from Martin Cannon's article. The Stockholm Syndrome. 3:57:00, I went on about the completely remotely controlled people I had supposedly seen in early 2010. 4:04:50, I expressed my worry again that the chips in my head might have been pulled out. Then my bullshit about the chips inside the Democrats' heads. 4:07:00, my wrong scenario: Russia's discovery of Pentagon's secret box. 4:19:00, we were at the airport. 4:27:30, Valentine showed up. He was just talking to a pretty woman whom he met on the flight. Was her name "Claire"? Did she stop by Phoenix? Valentine flew from San Francisco and LA. Who was Valentine talking about? He was learning about subatomic particles. He currently lived in Echo Park in LA. 4:58:30, off the car. We were now in a restaurant. 5:10:00, Valentine spoke to Oliver about Oliver's cousin. Then, my story. How Oliver convinced me with "The Controller". **(Homeland Security had succeeded.)** 5:18:00, Valentine's story. How I had never used any drugs, and then my interest in truth serum. A German tongue-twister. 5:52:00, after paying the bill, back to my story. (How long it was.) How I used to be an enlightened spiritual master. How I didn't use my hands to masturbate. 6:03:00, we were out. 6:09:00, we drove away. Valentine asked Oliver if he was going to see Chris, Oliver's patron, in Milwaukee. (Chris was some sort of supervisor in the county government.) Marijuana. Valentine went on about sex-trafficking. Valentine was in New Zealand in 1994. He described how New Zealand was. The movie "Haditha". Valentine talked about the movie "Dark Soldiers". 6:50:00, we were home and doing water-tasting. Oliver was showing Valentine his paintings. I seemed to be resting. 7:19:20, Valentine and Oliver emerged again. Valentine was explaining the physics he had learned to Oliver. 8:09:00, Valentine and Oliver again. Valentine showed me his drawings. He explained them. The man who fought for the rights of the untouchables. Sexual molestation of monkeys. Best Mommy's video. A video: the man who is called upon by God to be a God. My theory that Wikileaks' State Department leaks were fake. Valentine's reservation on David Icke. My problem with these leaks was that none of them mentioned me. Valentine had an iPhone and a MacBook.

My second recording of my time with Oliver today: “valentinolihm_7_13_11_702-855PM.MP3”:
Valentine wanted to take pictures of me. Then Oliver asked me to show Valentine my drawings and paintings. The Platonic cave. Back to my theory about Julian Assange. Valentine's theory about the 1960s being the "genuine moment" was quite correct. Total Information Awareness. (Valentine flew with US Airways.) How my story told how the US almost owned China entirely. I explained "Dr Paradise", and then why Homeland Security stole my drawings. 23:00, I made a big fuss about the calls from Milwaukee back in 2009. 35:00, Valentine's story: when he was back in Philadelphia, the freaky phone calls, and how he eventually found out who were watching him. And more of his prank call experiences. 57:00, Oliver's similar experience with prank calls. 1:01:30, Valentine's acquaintance who was kidnapped in Bosnia and who later met President Bush. ("Cheney was the asshole.") Valentine's uncle had also met Bush one time. Michelle Obama. The other public figures' scandal. Dominique Strauss-Kahn. Valentine thought it was bullshit. Valentine had done many times what Assange was accused of. My thing about the refrigerator's humming. Valentine's girlfriend back in LA – how her landlord took the refrigerator out of her apartment. A girl artist whom Valentine had had sex with. She had had problems with alcohol. Valentine then asked me whether I had done any art shows. He'd be back in LA on the 27th. Stories LA. How Valentine planned to move to New York.

My third recording of my time with Oliver today: “valentinprsentation_7_13_11_856-1132PM.MP3”:
Valentine went on and on about the gravitational pull on the waters. 9:40, Valentine wanted me to read out my writings. And so I read something from "Feefee and Valerie". 31:30, I tried to explain how my ICJ trial had started. 1:18:00, my presentation cut short, we were now preparing for bed. Then Valentine was explaining his drawings to me. Then Valentine was explaining the mythic story to Oliver (from Wagner). 2:18:30, I showed Valentine and Oliver Marie's pictures. My wrong scenario about the chipping of Mireya. And the chipping of the animals and birds. Oliver thought it all ridiculous. (**Again, confirmation of Homeland Security's lies about me.**) Then the other pictures of CIA agents. And my fake Russian girlfriend. 2:25:30, Valentine was ready to sleep. He played a little of the video he had shot of me (reading "Feefee and Valerie").

July 14 (leaving Oliver)

The first recording of today: “olihmalonewrtread_7_14_11_855AM-444PM.MP3”:
I was on my netbook. 18:30, Oliver showed up. He just emailed the wife of a friend he went to school with when a kid. He was painting. 24:30, did Valentine come back from running? Oliver had René Girard's *Scapegoat*. 28:30, Valentine. His MacBook was 2,000 dollars. He shot wedding pictures. Oliver's brother was 6' 4. A chat about books, the phasing out of DVDs, and MACs. Then, mice. My taste in music. Valentine continued to show off his music to me. I tried to explain what I meant by "Bohemian music". 1:14:00, we were eating. 1:16:30, I was bragging about what I had done for Russia. (**While confirmation for Oliver that Homeland Security was right about me, it meant nothing to Valentine because he hadn't yet seen the Homeland Security warning about me.**) How about tutoring people for money. My masturbation habit and homelessness. How I discovered there were cameras inside UCLA's restrooms. How his friend, a compulsive masturbator, got SSI. Valentine claimed he liked Asian girls. He was then testing me with pictures of girls. A prison in Venezuela where prisoners were allowed to receive prostitutes. 4:52:20, Oliver and Valentine were going into town for something. "Bohemian music". My continual interaction with DGHTRCOM through the control center throughout 2010. (**Again, my “delusion” for Oliver.**) 2:11:00, they were gone. I resumed work. (Video diary, 7-21-09.) 4:28:30 – who called? 4:46:30, I was connected with Valentine. I picked up Solzhenitsyn's Gulag Archipelago. 5:35:00, Oliver called. Valentine and then Oliver. 6:41:20, Valentine

and Oliver came back. I had to explain my cut wounds to Valentine. 6:52:30, Valentine mentioned **Philip K. Dick**. Oliver's Atlantis book. The origin of my last name. Valentine tried to say "stupid pig" in Chinese. 7:08:00: is it human rights abuse if the government tells everyone I'm not me and then instructs everyone not to tell me nobody believes I'm me? The US government's human rights abuse is all about messing with your mind. Then Valentine **mentioned Deleuze's A Thousand Plateaus**. My criticism of **René Girard**. "Feefee and Valerie" again, and Oliver's other readings. Valentine read The Brothers Karamazov. The Idiot and The Gambler. Valentine had a Japanese ear-picker. As everyone got into the car, Valentine went on and on about MACs. We were on our way to Albuquerque. Strauss-Kahn.

The second recording of today: "toalbuqrqueolivalent_7_14_11_445-1045PM.MP3": in the car, with Valentine talking. Oliver talked to his mom on the phone. 12:00, Valentine was talking about his former **roommate**, a terrible guy. Then the next girl that came in. Then the next guy was also weird. He was a government informant, in Berlin. This guy's perverse personality and malice. Valentine wanted to get a bicycle to ride between Oliver's home and Santa Fe. Then he recalled this guy from the Psychic Institute. An episode about his step-father and mother in San Francisco (41:00). 45:00, off the car. 49:00, in a coffeehouse. We searched for a movie on Tudou. I checked my visitors' log and there is a visit. From Edmonton, Alberta! Could it be Gaurav? He only looked at the front page. Someone came to my website through the search terms "The CIA wrecked my life." Then I remembered to look up Martin Cannon. 1:54:00, how the Bohemians here were so young and simplistic. And the girl who had filmed me – I filmed her too. What if Homeland Security sent her in? The trial is still going on, but the more I fit M. C.'s false profile of me, the more the neocons would get prosecuted. **(Just the opposite of reality!) Mary Cheney (!). Atlantis. The book "A Life Time of Rules on Dating Women". 2:24:00, Valentine: "Create scarcity... Don't supply when there is no demand..." (Although Valentine was such a curse on my life, he did sometimes give enlightening advices, like this one. As you have seen and will see repeatedly, my problem is that I was too desperate to share my story with ordinary (unqualified) people when no one had asked me to or was even interested.) 2:29:30, in the car. 2:38:00, in a store to buy wine. In the car again. 2:50:00, Valentine continued to encourage me to perform (in LA). 3:03:00, in a store again. 3:28:00, in the car again. 3:36:00, Valentine began recounting this girl he knew from Cal Art. 3:44:00, in a cafe-restaurant. I mentioned my diseases: Misopedia, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia. I explained how I was **disgusted** with the movements of children and how this condition originated in the operations to frame me for pedophilia. **(Again, much schizophrenia for Oliver.)** Now Valentine encouraged me to go to massage parlors. I had to insist that I wasn't into sex anymore. Now Valentine wanted to talk about Valerie. He suggested that a woman would want to go to a parlor with me in order to play the role of Valerie – like the Rocky Horror Show will "Feefee and Valerie" become. Blacks okay, but no Hispanics because of my condition. The Monkey Pyramid. 4:33:00, in the car. Valentine talked about this girl he knew who was a martial arts expert. What Valentine talked to the girl about while in the plane. Pretty women along the way. 4:48:30, in Greyhound station to pick up my ticket. 4:54:00, back in the car. Valentine again wanted to practice "stupid pig". And the other profanities in Chinese. Although I looked retarded, I almost brought down the CIA! 5:14:00, "mixed qualifiers". More Chinese profanities. 5:18:00, I bid Oliver and Valentine goodbye and walked into the station. 5:26:00, more of the "advices" (?).**

The last recording of today: "gryhnd_7_14-15_11_1046PM-1222AM.MP3": in Greyhound station. (Reviewed until 36:00.)

July 15 (Wes)

Missed the Greyhound bus while at the Phoenix station. I took the next bus. But the bus driver did ask me if my stuff was on the original bus. I replied no. I mistakenly supposed that, in the evidentiary record, some other luggage on the original bus was attributed to me. **(Maybe Homeland Security did intercept such evidence into the ICJ.)**

My talk with Wes today: “gryhndelmontemstrbbuyfood_7_15_11_232-838PM.MP3”: (reviewed from 4:47:00 onward.) Already home. 4:55:40, I was connected with Wes. Oliver showed me Martin Cannon's article, and Wes' advice might be workable. And on and on about mind-control. **(The Homeland Security operation had been a success: they could now enter into their warning about me: “The schizophrenic is obsessed with conspiracy theories about brain implants and may have derived his delusions therefrom.”) The chips are still in my head, so I still have proof. Maybe they are irremovable. Wes mentioned how many rich people in Brazil had also chips in their body to prevent kidnapping. Wes went on and on about this kind of technology. (To enable Homeland Security to further develop their warning about me in the said manner.) My wrong scenario that so many people were chipped because of me back in 2009/ 2010: "... and if these chips are irremovable..." (Homeland Security's evidence of my insanity.) Wes asked again whether the chips can enable remote control of me. (It's Homeland Security who had instructed him to ask this.) Whether I should go look for UFO abductees. Wes mentioned his sister's friend who had been abducted. HIV-deniers. I wanted to find the authors. How I preferred Albuquerque to Santa Fe. Wes claimed he might end up in New Mexico. People there looked kind of stupid. Wes recalled me being involved in this group who tried to put up all these pyramids around the world through the Internet. What? Where did he get this idea? (5:12:50) (All because I found the woman leading the group to be very attractive.) (Did Homeland Security instruct him to make up this story in order to obtain more evidence of my insanity? Or is it because they were again ready to interview the Pyramid about me?) Back to the UFO abductees. I started doing searches on the CIA's manufacturing of UFO stories. Learning public speaking in order to do presentation of my story. How Wes presented his papers in academic conferences. How Oliver showed me Conspiracy-CON. My bad pronunciation. On Saturday, Wes went to Lake George and a free concert and so on. He was also reviewing econometrics. How many people didn't understand econometrics. Dilthy. The Universities in New Mexico. It seemed that the trial was still going on. (Indeed – sort of.) Why did Wes say there might have been a mistrial? It seems that different versions of the story have been constructed. Masturbation. 5:50:30, I hanged up with Wes.**

July 16

8:30 PM or so, on Silver Streak bus, attacked by baby noises. A fat black woman with her baby. The good mood lingering from visiting Oliver shattered, and anger and hatred for this country re-induced: probably the goal of the operation, I thought. Was I mistaken? Was this another Homeland Security operation? **Likely!**

Then, on 9:10 PM, noise attack from three Hispanic girls.

July 19

Strange news: Russia and the US cooperated to suppress China's rising influence in South China Sea. Had this something to do with the new DHS-Russia alliance?

I continued to search online for information about the various mind-control programs (mostly of the CIA). (To make Homeland Security happy.) However, I wasn't able to locate Martin Cannon.

July 20

Angry during the afternoon because I was unable to answer Dr R's call. As soon as I pressed "Answer" the call would disconnect. Then Dr R called on 6:30 PM or so: "tolaundrodrrroach_7_20_11_436-735PM.MP3": **1:29:00, Dr R called. How I was angry earlier. (The conversation is unintelligible because of the interference.) I seemed to be crying to Dr R because I wanted more time wit her. 1:40:50, I hanged up.**

July 21 (Dr R)

My session with Dr R today: "wrtsupl1drroach_7_21_11_205-422PM.MP3": outside Edelman. I worked on the outburst from September 29 last year. 57:00, with Dr R. Dr R had read a quarter of the print-outs, 10 to 15 pages. I summarized for Dr R the ICJ trial (from the China lawsuit to Russia's winning). Plus my wrong scenario about the Democrats' reconciliation with Russia. Then the brain-chip mechanism. My wrong scenario that the chips in my brain only enabled mind-reading. Then the Pyramid's father's tampering with the mind-reading computer. Then the wrong scenario about the prosecution and the defense team. I frustrated myself because I could hardly explain everything coherently. Then I showed Dr R the video diary from September 2009 (TV malfunctioning) and explained how faulty surveillance worked. Then I mentioned how I learned about Martin Cannon and the mind-control programs from Oliver. Then I explained the impossibility of reviewing all my recordings. Dr R suddenly asked me if I recorded here (1:20:00). Then I insisted the chips were still inside my brain and X-ray would show. I cried because I had too much difficulty in explaining things. Dr R suggested ways to skip over some recordings. Dr R tried to comfort me. 1:35:00, our next appointment: next week, Friday, 5 PM. 1:39:00, I left. 2:07:00, on the bus.

Two comments: (1) since Dr R had already seen the Homeland Security warning about me, she obviously wouldn't believe anything I said (even though she didn't see how I could be suffering from schizophrenia). (2) Homeland Security must have lately interviewed her for the second time, during which they informed her that I had recorded every conversation I had ever had. This is why she was concerned that I might be recording our sessions.

July 22 (Wes, Valentine)

My calls with Valentine and Wes today: "helpletvalentinwes_7_22_11_434-927PM.MP3": at home. 2:30, I left a message for Wes (feeling distressed). Then I resumed working on "Karin's Meetups". (My struggle to upload the video of my drawing Karin to the Internet.) 1:27:30, I called Wes, but there was no answering. I continued to review my recordings. 2:44:00, I continued writing. 2:55:00, I was connected with Valentine. My difficulty in writing. I was right that it'd take me 11 years to write my story! He'd be back on the 27th. His previous message about M. C.'s mother. Did he get back with the chic in Santa Fe? Siren. How scary Oliver's place was, with nothing around except animals. My shitty place in Baldwin Park. The bad Chinese words he has learned. 3:09:40, I hanged up with him. I called Wes again: no answering. I checked my messages: Dr R's message. I was back to writing. (Help Letter.) 3:38:10, I was connected with Wes. Wes went out to meet Alessandra's friends. My depression due to my calculation that it would take me 11 years to write my story. **The CIA/ NSA data overload.**

"Everybody knows that!" The problem with writing a summary: no recordings can be included. I went on and on about how I didn't know how to tell **my story** even though it's my most important goal. Wes' job interview on Wednesday. Then on and on about multitasking (reviewing recordings and writing at the same time). Then on and on about how to write my story. Then, my recent search for Martin Cannon and the mind-control programs. (**Again, Homeland Security had succeeded.**) 4:02:20, I hanged up with Wes. 4:06:50, back to writing. Then, cooking. (Reviewed until 4:16:00.)

July 24 (Wes)

My talk with Wes today: "wesnetscanemile_7_24-25_11_801PM-118AM.MP3": (1) the video of Foucault on Youtube. (2) My struggle with writing and reviewing recordings and how I had given myself too much work. (3) Wes' trip to the library. (4) My headache from reviewing too many recordings – and it'd be 11 years. (5) I made no progress in finding other victims of mind-control. (*Bad news for Homeland Security.*) (6) I hadn't gone out in three days. (7) I wanted Wes to help me tell my story. (8) I told Oliver and Valentine more than I had told Wes. (9) How to deal with all the recordings and discs. (10) I had learned to not record all the time. (11) It's strange that the world just goes on as if nothing had ever happened. (*Of course.*) (12) Wes' job interview. (13) So many books out there – why would anyone read my book? (14) Writing my story was so tormenting. (15) How I should wait for Valentine. (16) Wes talked about relativity and then mathematics. (17) One million books published last year. (18) Wes' friends: English and Italian. (19) Wes' research projects. (Because of interference, a lot of the conversation is unintelligible.) 37:20, I hanged up with Wes.¹⁷

July 25

Citi-Financial called around 1 PM. Argument. Gone to the storage.

A suspicious visit today: 1:02 PM, 108.192.104.148, lightspeed.cicril.sbcglobal.net, Richardson, Texas:¹⁸ from Owl Academy (Hostmatrix).

10:15 PM or so. I walked into 711 and the cashier told me "We have no beer for you tonight." "Since when did I buy any beer?" I asked. "Oh sorry I got confused," he said.¹⁹ It seemed almost like evidence-production. We thus have to conclude that it was another Homeland Security operation: they had intercepted the cashier's words (which they had instructed him to say) **into the ICJ as evidence** and they would soon **also** enter into their **new** profile of me the lie that I was also an alcoholic (even though I did not drink).

July 27 (Karin's bunch's first visit)

¹⁷ Then I was back to the videos of Foucault. Then, printing out "Feefee and Valerie".

¹⁸ Shouldn't this be Chicago, Illinois?

¹⁹ In: "strgeattempleyogurtlnd711confsd_7_25_11_520-1016PM.MP3": in storage. Slight difference in the configuration! Out. 40:30, siren. In the food mall – to work on "Karin's Meetups". Out. 1:14:00, siren. 1:36:00, at the temple: Austin, and I started watering. 2:06:00, ready for the chanting with everyone else. 3:20:00, the chanting over, everyone chatted. 3:46:00, we were going for yogurt. 3:56:00, at the yogurt store. Austin's trip to Berlin. 4:24:30, I went away with Austin. Pharmacy. 4:39:10, in Austin's car. She grew up in Miami and went to Florida State University. How confused my mother was. Housing. 4:49:50, Austin dropped me off. In 711. 4:53:50, "No more beer for you!" "Shut up! When did I ever buy beer?"

My new Asus external DVD drive. The burning of the first disc failed. It almost seemed like: the burn was remotely controlled to fail in order to make the new burner into part of the terrorist conspiracy. The second disc: during finalization there was no display of the percentage on ImgBurn. It was DVD-268-CP. **Today we assume that what happened was that Homeland Security had remotely disrupted my burning in order to cause me to speculate like this and thus look crazy.**

A visit to my website from Karin's bunch? 3:45 PM, 66.215.92.225, dhcp.psdn.ca.charter.com; search term: "German instruction in Pasadena, Karin." Karin had now – **accidentally?** – discovered my rewritten chapters on our business. **No – not accidentally!**

We have seen how my letters to Mrs Schlanger and Ms Martinez must have enabled the CIA to dispute, in official channels, Homeland Security's claim that I was insane; we have also seen how Homeland Security had been prepared for this by creating evidence suggesting that I learned my delusions from conspiracy theories; and we have finally seen how Homeland Security had responded to the appearance of my website and writings by instructing an increasing number of people to complain about my website, starting with Martin (WinSCP). As the debate between the CIA and Homeland Security started picking up steam, Homeland Security had now decided to recruit to their side those former operatives who, although hating me, had been on the CIA's side. Thus Karin, and then the Pyramid. Evidently, today Homeland Security had instructed Karin's bunch to pretend to search for Karin and then stumble upon my website, so that they can then make a complaint about me to some authority somewhere, which would then become Homeland Security's evidence in the ICJ to prevent the CIA from reactivating the bygone ICJ trial or using my writings as evidence. (Since today's visit came from Riverside, the person in question might just be Michelle.)

When it came time for Homeland Security agents to interview Karin about me as part of the Department's continual "investigation" of this schizophrenic, Karin would of course tell these thugs the same old story that, when I became obsessed with her, I would accuse her of being a CIA agent because of my schizophrenia and that I would then harass her by writing out my delusions about her into a story and putting it online. This "testimony" Homeland Security would then incorporate into their latest warnings about me.

July 28

A suspicious visit today: 8:15 PM, 76.67.49.137, dsl.bell.ca, Montreal, Quebec: from Owl Academy (Hostmatrix). Did Homeland Security interview somebody in Montreal about me?

July 29 (Dr R)

The first recording of the afternoon: "toeldmanwrtdavidvirina_7_29_11_102-504PM.MP3": at home. 24:30, out. 28:50, on the bus. 1:48:00 – was I composing the preface to "Ying and Yang, I"? Noise attack (1:51:20). 2:55:00, in a coffeehouse? Metro. On the street. On the bus. Off. 3:37:00, in Edelman. 3:41:30, a message for David. About the watering at the temple. Then I called Virginia. She didn't have a permanent place to live in at the moment. The wedding business. 3:47:00, I hanged up with her.

The second recording – my session with Dr R: "drroachdavidsmtohm_7_29_11_504-936PM.MP3": in Edelman. Writing. 15:00, with Dr R. My difficulty in writing. I showed Dr R the entry for July 8 last

year. Then the video. How my laptop froze up. How I then threw the chair. (How the control center wanted me to get angry so that I could get violent with a woman.) Dr R was writing down notes as I explained. **(This might be important.)** Dr R asked me whether I thought I looked schizophrenic. **(This too.)** I showed her the picture of the Monkey. (How he led the team to torture me.) How to make a person violent by constantly controlling his computer to malfunction. Another method: send in children to make noises. The provocation was so severe and I needed special treatment for this. Dr R continued to insist that Zyprexa was effective and then lamented that she didn't know how to help. Then she suggested several other medications. Again, my wrong scenario that, if I didn't conform to the Monkey's profile of me, they couldn't prosecute **the defendants**. Then, again, the impossible task of reviewing all the recordings. Then again my desire to hook up with other mind-control victims. 51:30, session over. I checked my messages: one from David. Out. 57:00, I was connected with David: I couldn't come for the watering. On the bus. (Reviewed until 1:12:00.)

In the past few days, Homeland Security had evidently interviewed Dr R about me for the third time as part of their continual “investigation” of me. Thus:

(1) Dr R now had to keep notes about our sessions in order to provide materials to Homeland Security – she had never kept notes before.

(2) Homeland Security continued to insist to Dr R that I suffered from schizophrenia, and yet Dr R just didn't see how I could be suffering from schizophrenia. Because of this disagreement, Dr R asked me whether I thought I *looked* schizophrenic.

Meanwhile, the suspicious visits today: 5:40 PM, 70.176.40.198, ph.ph.cox.net, Tucson, Arizona: ask.com, “Lawrence Chin, Owl Academy”, links.html. Could this be Tony? Did Homeland Security interview him too about me? I was thus prompted to write an email to him later tonight.

July 30 (the Pyramid's first visit, more of Karin's visits)

Valentine left me a message this morning saying he was back in Los Angeles.²⁰

Now, visits to my website first from the Pyramid on 2:19 PM (she visited from the computers at the Law Library: 66.134.110.154, lsanca54.static.covad.net), then from Karin's friend on 5:09 PM (166.205.142.211, mobile.mymoode.com, iPhone), and then from another friend of Karin's on 7:18 PM (96.40.141.108, dhcp.mtpk.ca.charter.com).

The synchronicity cannot be a mere coincidence. Obviously, Homeland Security was interviewing them again about me in order to gather more materials to incorporate into their latest warnings about me **and input into the judge computer to lock up the bygone ICJ trial**. From the search terms you can tell that the Pyramid was reporting the same thing as Karin: **that, after I had become obsessed with her, I developed delusions about her being involved in some government conspiracy, and that I then wrote it out into a story and put it on my website. (Of course she added: “He came to the Law Library and called me ‘Pyramid’.”)** This is thus what Homeland Security would say about me in their latest warnings: “The subject frequently develops delusions about his victims and then writes out a

²⁰ In: “hmrvtvalmssg_7_30_11_124-546PM.MP3”: 2:00, I left a message for Wes. I checked my message: Valentine was back in LA. I called Valentine and left a message. Then I was working on “The impossible wish”. Then the nicknames in “Ying & Yang-I”.

story and puts it on his website. His current website is lawrencechin2011.com.” And my victims would include public figures like M. Chertoff **and Mrs Clinton** as well as private citizens like Karin and the Pyramid. **These complaints about my story can then be used as reasons to ban it from the ICJ as evidence.**

Two points. First, although the official reason for Homeland Security’s visits was that these two women had tried to file restraining orders against the subject in question, privately it’s because Homeland Security already knew them. Namely, the Homeland Security thugs that came to interview Karin and the Pyramid today were the same officers who had met with Karin in the autumn of 2007 when the Department first warned her that I was a schizophrenic stalker, and who had then come to the Pyramid’s house in February 2010 together with the CIA to discuss PLANMEX with her family. The thugs that showed up today were thus no strangers to these two women. **As noted, Homeland Security seemed to have a special focus on these two women because they were trying to recruit to their side former informants and assets who had been on the CIA’s side – now that the Department was definitively the enemy of the CIA. The Pyramid was especially significant here. She had formed such a good relationship with the Invisible Hand back in February and March 2010 and, although PLANMEX was soon abandoned, she still had lingering good feelings toward the master of the CIA clandestine service. Since the Invisible Hand had a more realistic and complex view on me, these Homeland Security thugs were afraid that the good feelings which the Pyramid still retained toward the CIA might cause her to not view me in the way Homeland Security had portrayed me (which can be called the “simple”, “stereotyped” way). Homeland Security’s purpose in recruiting the Pyramid today was thus specifically to convince her to forget about the CIA and see me in the way in which Homeland Security – and her father too – had seen me: this schizophrenic worthless trash.**

Secondly, what’s unclear is whether Homeland Security had brought together the Pyramid and Karin today so that the two would have met each other. As you shall see, I’m only sure that, thanks to a woman named Kxxxxxxx (soon to appear), the two had come together on September 23 the next year.

Then I talked to Oliver tonight: “hmcalloliwrt_7_31_11_727PM-124AM.MP3”: 1:11:20, Oliver called me. He had just got back to Albuquerque. All the miseries I had caused myself. My calculation of 11 years. Stress management technique. How I needed to cut my work short and learn to skip recordings. How Valentine called me today. How I needed a software program to help me review my recordings. Oliver suggested a method. On and on about how to review recordings. How I wasn’t able to communicate with any of the mind-control people (every email address was invalid). A friend from Milwaukee was coming to visit Oliver, a musician. And he would soon come to Los Angeles to record an album. Oliver had also visited the northern part of Wisconsin. How Valentine was going to New York soon. I asked Oliver to send me more links. 1:38:55, I hanged up with him. **A normal chat. It’s strange that, now that Homeland Security had intensified their effort to prevent the CIA from using my writings as evidence in the ICJ, they had somehow *not* instructed Oliver to say anything particular to me tonight.**

July 31 (Wes)

My talk with Wes today: “hmnwrtotho38wes_7_31_11_354-615PM.MP3”: at home. “The impossible wish”. 31:00, Wes called. About the Pyramid’s and Karin’s bunch’s visits to my website, etc. I was so paranoid that I believed that both the Pyramid and Karin would file restraining orders against me in

order to prevent me from writing about their actions on me. In fact, they wouldn't. "This is so American, victimizing me while making it look like I'm the victimizer." 45:00, Wes' advice and example (the victimizer vs. the victimized). "How do you do that? That's hard." Wes continued to suggest what to do. Can the judges impose restraining orders on me without my knowing about it? I should just ignore it. Wes: Don't they have to serve you? On and on about serving. "They are obviously told by the control center to do this, to make me angry." As you can see, I continued to mistake Homeland Security for the control center, even though Homeland Security *was* in control of the control center. Again, how I wanted to get out of here. How they didn't want me to go to Russia, how the trial was still going on, how the defendants seem to have won. "They succeeded every time I got angry." Then Wes started talking about a "jury" and the "defendants". He warned me that I was responding in the way they wanted me to respond. Maybe Karin and the Pyramid were only instructed to rumor about how crazy I was. Wes: no, they want evidence of your getting angry. (*Was Wes giving me a hint?*) Wes and Alessandra went to see a play earlier. My wrong theory: M. C. is being prosecuted, the Monkey is on the prosecutor's side, and yet the Monkey says M. C. is right about me... how can the prosecution work? Wes: where did you get this information? (*Was Wes hinting that I was wrong?*) Then Wes insisted that anything he told me was pure speculation. (*Now he was carrying out his duty: to prevent the suspect from knowing about the investigation of him. Of course he knew that what's going on right now was that Homeland Security had had to demonize me in order to prevent the CIA from reactivating the bygone ICJ trial.*) I couldn't understand what's going on in the courthouse anymore. Why does it last so long? Wes: to make it legitimate. (*Now Wes was bullshitting me.*) I just couldn't understand why I still had to fit the Monkey's false profile of me. There is always some invisible force to push me and provoke me to make me into the opposite of what I am, and I can't even know who's benefiting from it. (*Right!*) How I wanted a nice revenge against the Pyramid and Karin – to sue them up and down. Again, the restraining orders, if any, should be ready in three days. 1:24:15, I hanged up with Wes.

August 1 (the Pyramid's relatives' visits)

I passed by the Law Library to catch the bus to go to Stories LA.

Many suspicious visits today:

- (1) 9:38 AM, 24.3.140.38, hsd1.pa.comcast.net, Cherry Hill, New Jersey, "How do I get experience for FBI/ CIA"; "My experience..."**
- (2) 10:18 AM, 174.254.48.xxx, Verizon, Atlanta, Georgia (?), "Lawrence Chin 2011"; "Frankfurt and Brussels", New Letter of Petition.**
- (3) 7:20 PM, 97.90.138.79, static.mtpk.ca.charter.com, Long Beach, California; New Letter of Petition.**
- (4) 7:21 PM, 76.88.38.130, san.res.rr.com, Flint, Michigan (this should be "San Diego, California"); New Letter of Petition and videos from July 8 last year. (Smashing the chair.)**

What had happened is clear. Homeland Security, in order to intercept into the ICJ further evidence that my writings constituted harassment and were therefore illegal – so as to forever ban them from the ICJ – had today instructed the Pyramid to ask her relatives to search for me, pretend to stumble upon my website, and then complain about it. Today was Monday and so the Pyramid was not working, but she had somehow asked her relatives in Long Beach and San Diego to search for me and discover my delusional rambling about her (*plus* my violent video from July 8 last year indicating that I had a violent tendency.)

August 2 (the Pyramid’s visit)

The Pyramid visited my website on 12:37 PM from the Law Library (66.134.110.154). She browsed through my Nicaragua videos briefly and then started reading my New Letter of Petition, Part II. Perhaps she had thought of additional things to report to Homeland Security.

But no – let’s examine it a little further. Note that a second person, located in Southern California, seemed to be talking to the Pyramid about my website soon afterward: this person, 173.55.36.1xx, visited my website on 12:56 PM and looked up the same Nicaragua videos and the New Letter of Petition. Then, on 2:51 PM, somebody from the Los Angeles County government did a search for me and came to my “My experience...” (159.83.4.14x, co.la.ca.us, Los Angeles County Internal Services Division). Then, on 3:50 PM, the second person (173.55.36.1xx) came again to look at the New Letter of Petition. Then, on 4:06 PM, the Pyramid came again (still in the Law Library) to look at “Government’s Investigation of a Schizophrenic, II”. Then, on 5:43 PM, the second person (173.55.36.1xx) came again to look up the same “Investigation, II” – obviously under the Pyramid’s suggestion. Finally, on 10:09 PM, the second person (173.55.36.1xx) came again.

Our interpretation in the original version was certainly wrong, and such is our new understanding. Dr R’s refusal to label me “schizophrenic” was becoming a problem for Homeland Security now that Homeland Security had had to try harder to prevent the CIA from entering my writings as evidence into the ICJ. As they had successfully persuade the Pyramid to forget about the Invisible Hand and see me as this worthless schizophrenic trash, they now wanted her to persuade Dr R. Thus, between 1 and 2 PM, she and the Southern California person looked up my narrative about her and then left a message for Dr R. (Homeland Security had arranged this evidently via the county government.) Almost 3 PM, Dr R called her back to hear her testimonies about me. (The 2:51 PM visit thus came from Dr R.) The Pyramid told her how I suffered from this delusion about her being involved in “government conspiracies” and how I appeared to have violent tendencies (judging from my Nicaragua videos and the video from July 8 last year). And then the rest. It’s highly likely that the second person (173.55.36.1xx) was just Karin (or her friend). Homeland Security hoped to use Karin and the Pyramid to convince Dr R that I was not only schizophrenic but also violent. If Dr R agreed, then her “expert judgment” could become evidence in the ICJ to prevent the CIA from reactivating the bygone ICJ trial and using my writings as evidence.²¹

At least the final conclusion from the original version is probably correct: Hence the Pyramid continued to discuss the matter with her friend during the rest of the day. The fact that they had focused on “Investigation, II” suggests that the Pyramid did meet with Karin personally on July 30. (This chapter contained many pictures of Karin and her Meetup friends.)

August 3 (Karin?)

The second person from yesterday came again: 1:08 PM, 173.55.36.1xx, Verizon, Chicago, Illinois (?); lawsuit.html.

²¹ Because the TMU (Threat Management Unit) was investigating me on behalf of the Pyramid’s family back in March last year, we have to wonder whether today it was not simply Homeland Security, but also the TMU, which had linked up the Pyramid with Dr R.

August 4 (Oliver)

My call with Oliver today: “hmrwt_8_4_11_131-619PM.MP3”: at home. 26:30, my netbook froze up. 1:04:00, I showered. 1:45:00, "Amber" from the Department of Rehabilitation called. Then I added money to my phone. I then continued to write "The impossible wish". 2:43:50, Oliver called. He had a guest at his place. He was going to pass on my phone number to his musician friend. **(Was this a Homeland Security trick as well?)** I talked about Karin's meetup people, how they had lately visited my website a lot, and how they would take legal actions against me to force me to take down my website. Oliver said my website would bring me good luck. **(Ha! Not!)** I used the example of the earth's revolving around the sun. Oliver: you can speak about it to some people, but not to all people. **(Right!)** How would they get my address? 2:52:40, I hanged up with Oliver. I went back to work. (Reviewed until 3:10:00.)

A note about what's coming in the original version at this point. Meeting Valentine was the second greatest curse in my life, second only to meeting the Pyramid in the Law Library. As I became closer and closer to him, my greatest concern **was** to tell him about my experience with the CIA and the ICJ trial over me. I was surprised by both my incoherence and his lack of interest and disbelief and, on top of this, his inability to understand me: the same experience with Dr R. Eventually, the argument over this, in combination with his increasingly bizarre aggression toward me, would cause me to completely lose interest in him when he moved to New York at the end of the year.

August 5 (the Pyramid's visit; Dr R; Valentine)

My time with Dr R and Valentine today: “drroachvalmochavalfrnds_8_5_11_1229-731PM.MP3”: in Edelman. I added money to my phone. The recording of my conversation with my mother from September 8 last year. 26:00, FBI news? 32:00, with Dr R. The story I'm writing is the total framework from which I understand every event in the world... why do you look unhappy today? Dr R denied it. **(Dr R's unhappiness today was evidence that it's indeed she who had talked to the Pyramid on August 2.)** That's why I want you to read my story... otherwise my interpretation of world events would not make sense... Dr R wanted me to explain why merely talking about it could be my goal. How, because of Mr B's forgery, the prosecuting team had devised "cognitive behavioral torture for BPD". The same recording from September 8 last year: the conversation with my mother to illustrate how this torture worked. Dr R wanted to know how old my mother was! **(Why?)** Actors to pretend to not understand what I was saying in order to frustrate a Borderline. Then, buying a camera with the Best Buy employee on September 8 last year – how she couldn't understand my question (remotely deleting files from **the** SD card). Dr R: is it possible that she doesn't know about the control center? Then she explained: she would have reacted the same way had she not read my story and learned about the control center. **(Was Dr R testing me to see if I was schizophrenic?)** How they needed me to understand what's going on so that they could declare the trial to be a conspiracy. September 27 last year, the malfunctioning of the TV. How I blocked the Pyramid's IP address to prevent her from visiting, and I now feared she might team up with Karin. **(Ha! She had just teamed up with Dr R!)** How they might file a restraining order against me because of my website. I'll try to enjoy the process of being victimized and then made to look as if I were the victimizer. Dr R wanted to know if Karin's restraining order was still active. "Yes, and I think they are just trying to renew it." Dr R: have you ever followed a woman around and stalked her... stalked someone from the control center? **(Important!)** I did stalk a guy once, my double. They are gonna say I suffer from schizophrenia falsely believing them

to be agents of the government, the control center, the courthouse... and the police will pretend to believe it even though they know I'm telling the truth... I'm the only one not allowed to believe the earth revolves around the sun... that's why I hate this country, the sane must be known as the insane... **(This really made it hard for Dr R to label me a “schizophrenic”: I already knew all the rules.)** Dr R: what about me? Sane or insane? I then showed her one paragraph. Everyone is pretending to be insane in order to make me look insane... very bad for BPD... Dr R really looked tired today. **(Of course!)** Government mind-control victims... Dr R had heard about that. I wanted to find such victims. Dr R had spent 12 years in college, in Yale and UCLA. She graduated from UCLA in 2004. She did work in the UCLA Medical Plaza in 2008 and 2009, and yet she had never seen the alert about me (2007). 1:13:30, the session over.

The recording continues – I was to meet Valentine today for the first time in Los Angeles: 1:20:30, in the doughnut shop. 1:43:30, on the bus. Off the bus, 1:54:20. Immediately on 720. 2:44:20, Valentine called. Text-messages with Valentine: to meet with him in Little Tokyo. 2:55:00, off the bus, siren, and another message. 3:11:30, siren. 3:25:15, I found MOCA, and called Valentine again. The ticket was 10 dollar and I decided not to go in. 3:55:30, writing? 3:58:45, Valentine showed up. Valentine bought the card and we were ready to go in. In MOCA. 4:30:00, I saw the same girl that I just saw on Metro. 4:33:00, we were outside. Valentine on the phone? 4:36:00, Valentine's friend thus took pictures of me (as instructed by Homeland Security). **(Important here.)** Valentine was **still** on the phone with his friend, and then, 4:39:30, Homeland Security sent this kid in to take more pictures of me. **(Again.)** 4:47:00, Valentine **talked** about the problem with his PO Box and his loss of his car keys. 4:51:30, his girlfriend Chantelle. The graffiti inside. The watering at the temple. 5:08:00, his impending break-up with Chantelle. He had known Chantelle for 5 years. She taught kindergarten. This one incident: he couldn't have sex with this girl at home because Chantelle had showed up. Open relationship with Chantelle, and yet he fled and moved to Glendale. Chantelle was a psychic. How he had to move out of the place in Glendale because the people there were druggies. 5:38:00, how the people there even hallucinated (in one instance). How Valentine did screen prints and how he then moved to Pasadena around 2010. He had tried to move to New York before. He used to have a studio in Brooklyn. 5:44:00, how Chantelle once found a young guy. People in the Philippines were killed for singing "My Way". 5:49:00, how he once refused to have sex with Chantelle. The art district in Shanghai. How densely populated Manhattan is. (5:53:30, siren.) Chantelle was 36, and he met her in Berkeley. Then the graffiti show again. Valentine's last few days in Oliver's place, **and** rats were running everywhere and he spent his whole days killing them. Oliver's musician friend was flying to LA from Wisconsin. 6:08:20, Valentine's friend Brenda showed up. He explained his situation to her again. Then they talked about art for a long time. Did Brenda also take a picture of me? (6:20:30) We were now walking to the other MOCA by the Disney Center. 6:47:00, I kept fussing about why that girl took a picture of me. "Did M. C. send her?" **(Close!)** Then Valentine referred to "This is the place! This is the place!" 6:57:20, we were there.

Now the Pyramid visited my website again on 5:34 PM – **while I was hanging with Valentine.** Apparently, my blockage of the Law Library's IP address was unsuccessful (66.134.110.154; search term: "Lawrence C. Chin"). She looked at "New Letter of Petition, Part I" and "Government's Investigation of a Schizophrenic, Part III". Apparently, **what happened was this. Because the Pyramid was telling Dr R on August 2 that I was violent and had “stalked” her (I hadn't – or not yet. Ha!) Dr R asked me today if I had stalked any woman. Dr R must have already seen Chaya's warning about me – thanks to Homeland Security and the Pyramid – and thus readily believed that I had stalked the Pyramid. Now that the Pyramid had been definitively converted to**

Homeland Security’s way of seeing me, both Homeland Security and the Pyramid were trying to convert Dr R. And so, after 5 PM, or a little more than 3 hours after I had left Dr R, the Pyramid was talking to Dr R about me again. That’s why she visited my website. Meanwhile, Homeland Security had also recruited Valentine’s friend to come take pictures of me. (And the kid too.) Valentine apparently didn’t yet know that I was on Homeland Security’s watchlist and currently under “investigation”. (Neither Oliver nor his friend had told him about it.) As noted in the original version:

Strangely, Valentine’s friend took a picture of me, which looked so intentional that I thought she was “acting” to collect evidences for the ICJ trial. In reality, it was probably just Homeland Security who had recruited Valentine’s friend as an informant against me in order to continue their current “investigation” of me. Since I would later bring up the matter to Valentine and he would seem at a loss as to what I was talking about, Homeland Security had apparently recruited his friend without telling him about it.

The remainder of my time with Valentine and his friends: “valfrndstohm_8_5_11_732-1023PM.MP3”: 4:00, we came outside with a nice view. In Famima. We were then eating outside and chatting about nothing. The cat which Valentine was taking care of. 35:00, my Baldwin Park place. The guy who satisfied himself with the girl on the bus. 39:30 – did Valentine leave? Leaving me alone with Brenda and her partner? 47:00, self-publishing. There seemed to be another guy here. Music. 59:30 – did another woman show up? 1:17:00, I bade everyone goodbye and left. 1:25:30, siren. 1:33:40, on the bus. 2:22:00, writing. 2:44:10, I was off the bus near home. Home.

August 6 (Wes; the Pyramid’s visit)

News: Russia focuses on China instead of on the West; Russia is switching its attention to the Asian Pacific region after determining that NATO is no longer a “threat”. What? How bizarre! Had this anything to do with the DHS-Russia pact?

On 9:41 AM, the Pyramid was using Bing to search for my website today (search term: “lawrencechin2011.com”; 66.134.110..., lsan.ca.megapath.net). She was again doing so from the Law Library. Then, on 2:06 PM, her friend (173.55.36.1xx) came and looked up “Government’s Investigation of a Schizophrenic, III”. Apparently, the Pyramid was still brainstorming **how to convince Dr R**. Her use of Bing suggests that she wanted to say that she felt threatened by my website because several other search engines, not just Google, had indexed what I wrote about her.

Note also the visit on 12:47 PM (66.108.56.9xx). It seems to have come from the New York region. “Looking for Armenian translators”? What? This visit was suspicious and **could be** related to the Pyramid’s activities today.

My talk with Wes, Valentine, and Oliver today: “vietrestauwesval_8_6_11_638-853PM.MP3”. 38:00, I called Wes. How the Pyramid would help Karin bust me: their visits to my website and how they wanted to use a restraining order to take down my website. (Again, my wrong scenario.) It looks like they were directed by the control center, in which case they could perhaps only be rumoring something garbage in order to be intercepted. (Again, I continued to mistake “Homeland Security” for “control center”.) This is how they are: after they have victimized you, they’ll victimize you again. “ANG”, and it’s her father who has changed the setting of the mind-

reading computer and screwed up the Russians. Karin was all like: “I can mess with you all I want, but you had better not write about me.” And now she had the Pyramid to do her dirty work for her. But they wouldn’t be able to find my address (for they had to pretend that the “control center” wasn’t involved). 51:20, strange noises. Was the control center producing evidence that I was manipulating strange electronic device to frame Wes? (*Was Homeland Security doing this?*) 55:00, Wes’ short story: “You are part of the space invasion.” It seems that Wes’ advice was that I should just ignore it. Then, how I met Valentine yesterday and how his friend took pictures of me. “The trial is evidently still going on.” (*Well, sort of.*) Wes did nothing except studying – in order to get a new job. 1:02:50, I hanged up with Wes. Messages for me. Valentine! 1:34:00, Valentine called. About last night. It was the same Chinese girl he had talked about before. He went back to MOCA again today and wanted to go there again tomorrow. Then I mentioned: “There are two groups of people who are trying to get me... They visited my website... It’s the ‘Mexican Girl’...” And the TRO she filed before. Then how I was able to identify the Pyramid’s visits and so on. 1:46:20, we were briefly disconnected. Where to find him in Echo Park. His friends in LA. 1:51:50, I hanged up with him.

Now, this. Dezz had not written me for many days. Given the DHS-Russia pact, we have to wonder whether it’s because the Russian security services had shown Dezz the Homeland Security warning about me so that she could become scared of me. **In fact, it’s probably because the Pyramid’s decision to be on Homeland Security’s side and connect with Dr R had enabled Homeland Security to have a reason to warn Dezz that I was not simply schizophrenic but also a stalker!**

August 9 (Wes)

My talk with Valentine on 5:10 PM and then with Wes on 7:01 PM: “hmrtnet_8_9-10_11_501PM-207AM.MP3”. 8:40, Valentine called me. 10:50, I hanged up with him. The recording from December last year. “The impossible wish”. 2:00:00, I called Wes and he answered it while his answering machine was still on. **(Important!)** How I had just mailed another 50 dollars to him. I felt so sad. My story was bottled up inside me and I just couldn’t get it out. How I had been showing Dr R my recordings but how these were not convincing. Why did they have to be convincing? Was my “reputation” at stake? “But people have to believe that there are people behind the malfunctioning... A story has to have good guys and bad guys in it, and if the bad guys don’t even exist, then...” Although Karin and so on were coached back in 2008, the recordings didn’t show that. And so for people who aren’t aware of the game, they wouldn’t see Karin as a bad person. Despite Wes’ comfort, I insisted: “I’m not doing well...” Then, how it would take 10 years to get this off my chest. Wes: “Maybe more.” **(How did he know it would take more than 10 years?)** He continued: “What are you trying to get out of this?” To relieve pain! Other people’s pain is so easy to recount, but mine... I would rather just get beaten up. Wes: “Be careful what you wish for...” Everyday there are more recordings... but I’m not gonna write about the present... Wes: if you write a lot, no one will read it... I was still writing an abridged version. Wes suggested that I write a summarizing paragraph. He then started talking about Dante’s *Inferno*: “They never finished it.” Then: “Or you start from the end and go backward.” Wes was now preparing for his course in the Fall, an international human rights class. I checked the Superior Court and didn’t see any restraining orders filed against me. Wes again tried to dissuade me from preoccupying myself with these details. 2:31:00, I hanged up with Wes.²²

²² From the rest of this recording: 5:31:00, writing again. The noise signal system. 6:10:00, verification of DVD-270. Emile.

It must be because Homeland Security was now labeling, and investigating, me as a schizophrenic and psychopathic “stalker of women” that they instructed Wes today to pick up my call only after the answering machine had gone off. The whole call was thus “accidentally” recorded and Homeland Security would then instruct Wes to bring the recording to the police with whom both Karin and the Pyramid had now opened a case on me because of my website.²³ Homeland Security could then intercept more evidence into the ICJ to justify banning my writings from the ICJ as evidence. The only problem with this scenario is that I didn’t discuss anything important with Wes today, and usually Homeland Security would already know what I was going to say before I even decided what to say by simply reading the predictions off the mind-reading computer. Perhaps evidence for today – for both the police and in the ICJ – was simply: “The stalker is depressed because he doesn’t know how to write his story.”

August 10 (Karin’s bunch’s visit)

Somebody from Karin’s meetups visited the front page of my new website. (Not sure when.)

Then, on 6:40 PM, the Pyramid’s friend (173.55.36.1xx) came also, looking at my New Letter of Petition and the external links page. Then, again on 7:29 PM, to look up the external links page. Then, again on 10:29 PM. On 10:39 PM, **she** looked up my external links page again.

What was this about? Continual effort to convert Dr R? (Since Dr R would continue to refuse to diagnose me as suffering from schizophrenia.)

August 11 (Karin’s bunch’s visit/ Valentine)

Someone else from Karin’s meetups (96.40.141.108, dhcp.mtpk.ca.charter.com) visited the front page of my website on 12:20 PM. Then, on 1:07 PM, the Pyramid’s friend (173.55.36.1xx) came also, looking at “Investigation, III”. The brainstorming continued.

The first recording of my time with Valentine today: “tovallacmadrveround_8_11_11_1218-924PM.MP3”: at home. 15:00, Valentine called. Where to meet today (LACMA). 18:00, I hanged up with him – and siren. 26:00, I called LACMA. My backpack. 1:00:00, out. On the bus. 1:12:00, Oliver’s message for me. 1:21:00, I got angry with the Hispanic woman with babies. 2:12:00, I left a message for Valentine: I would wait at 5th and Grand. Siren immediately. 2:14:40, connected with Valentine. His car problem. 2:19:00, I hanged up with him. In a pharmacy. 2:32:30, on the bus again. 2:37:30, siren. 2:40:30, again. 3:12:00, I found Valentine. Sheryl here too. 3:23:30, in Valentine’s place. The girl’s books. She went to Iceland. 3:39:30, we were off. I wanted to see The Planet of the Apes, but Valentine had already seen it with Chantelle last night. How I talked very little the night of the 5th. 3:55:00, more Chinese profanities. 4:08:00, siren. 4:24:00, my experience in working as an audience. Off the car. 4:34:00, Valentine was on the phone. In LACMA. We ate. Art. Then how to do presentation of my story. The Planet of the Apes. 5:13:00, in the Japanese section first. 5:35:00, Valentine ran into a female friend. 6:08:00 – are you sure these people were not sent to me? 6:19:00, in a cafe. Soon out. His trip to the Tar Pits with his brother. 6:32:00, in a store. 6:45:00, I mentioned Michael Ruppert. 6:47:00, inside another section of LACMA? 7:04:30: "That guy has a broken leg! He's just pretending!" And Valentine took more pictures of me, which reminded me of M. C. He met the girl at Sage College. Jennifer was born in New Jersey but grew up partly in Saudi Arabia. The police in America, Shanghai,

²³ Was it the TMU?

and Taiwan. 7:22:40, we were in the car but then started working on it. 7:53:00, we were on our way. The movies to see. The girl Guang would be 30 in a few days. How I used to go to strip clubs a lot back in my time in SF. Then I mentioned the Last Bookstore. Rats. "Hanna". Why Psychobabble closed. His problematic situation with Chantelle. Back to performance and my writings. Charles Dickens. A little at a time, depending on the readers' response. 8:41:50, siren. Montreal. 9:04:00, off the car.

The second recording of my time with Valentine today: "wvallowalkbkstroldladytohm_8_11_11_925-1115PM.MP3": I was walking the street with Valentine. He lived in San Francisco for 14 years, from 1992 to 2006. I kept commenting on the people that seemed to be taking pictures of me. 13:30, in the Last Bookstore. Very crowded. We were commenting about the girls. 23:00, the books. 27:00, with a stranger old woman. She **had just** performed and her name was Nancy. And she described her play. 42:40, I did reveal that I **had put** my writings on my website. She was going to LACC for Performing Arts. My philosophy, predicting the end of history. 51:30, Valentine came back. 1:00:00, Valentine said I can stay at his place tonight. He was like a dick last night with Chantelle. How I wanted to get Silvia Nasar's biography of John Nash, but it's 6 dollars. Valentine's running habit. 1:27:00, the problem with talking to girls. Whether the old lady (Nancy) wanted to have sex with me. He liked Asian/ Chinese girls. 1:32:00, Chantelle: she had a job but he didn't. 1:33:00, the incident with the other girl (1,500 dollars and a car). How Chantelle went to Peru with a bunch of spiritual people spending 5,000 dollars (1:38:30). For a whole year she was completely broke and had had to eat off Valentine. She drove everyday from Pasadena to Marina Del Rey. 1:44:50, I bade Valentine goodbye and got on the bus. There was a woman with a broken arm. (**Homeland Security?**)

August 12 (Dr R; Valentine)

My time with Dr R today: "busbrkdwndroachsmlibwstwd_8_12_11_946-438PM.MP3": at home. Out. On the bus. (Reviewed until 58:00 and then from 3:35:00 onward.) In Edelman. 3:47:30, with Dr R. Dr R was delusional because she thought me normal. The TV's malfunctioning (from the last session). If she believed me, then people would think her crazy. If she didn't believe me, then she would look normal. Everything is supposed to be upside down! (**Again, such comment would further convince Dr R that I didn't suffer from schizophrenia.**) I showed Dr R the recording: "Mr B almost destroyed the Russian intelligence" – and a honk. But Dr R was not convinced. (**Of course.**) "I feel so awful because the most important thing to me in the world is completely unintelligible to others." All because she wasn't familiar with the framework. I got really frustrated: "This is not working out." Then, another recording from December 5 last year. Right after I said something about the "Outsiders", the machine started humming. The example of Einstein. Everyone lives in delusions and that's why they are called "sane": the upside down world. (**I was completely correct here, but you wouldn't notice this unless you are a genius.**) 4:05:30, I asked Dr R to go on my website. The actors in my Truman Show. Karin's and the Pyramid's visits. On and on about Karin's restraining order and how she must be wanting to sue me. On and on about Karin. (**Dr R must be taking in this confession seriously since she's now cooperating with both the police and the victims in regard to this schizophrenic and psychopathic stalker who was her patient: what does the stalker really think in regard to his women victims?**) My wrong conception that I was the only one able to decipher the news. Russia's change of policy. How I spent the whole day with Valentine yesterday. How I wanted to see "The Planet of the Apes". How they wanted to dissolve the whole court case. 4:21:00, session over. (Reviewed until 4:25:00.)

Then, my time with Valentine tonight: "storiesvalreadnashtohm_8_12-13_11_808PM-351AM.MP3": on the bus, reading. Nash! 7:50, siren. 11:00, Hispanic man with his little girl. 17:30, off the bus. 18:30,

a message for Valentine: I would be at Stories. In Stories. 38:50, I started writing. David Chin's ambivalent attitude toward the Jewish people. 46:30, Valentine showed up. How I just checked out the book on John Nash. He wanted to buy a book. He was reading Murakami. The Dreyfus Affair. 1:00:00, we left Stories. 1:05:30, he did talk to Chantelle today. How he caught up with a guy while running, and then saw horses. We decided to go to Prado. 1;14:00, inside the bar. But we were immediately out. How much I hated children. Valentine mentions Georges Bataille. 1:21:40, in another bar. Out immediately. In another bar? 1:35:00, **in** his storage? His office in SM? 1:55:00 – secret societies? Ceremonial... 1:58:00, out. Did we go back to Stories? Nice music. 2:22:00, out. 2:22:30, Valentine recounted this bizarre story, how a guy hid underneath his bed in his home in Berkeley. Valentine was 43. 2:41:30, he dropped me off at the bus stop. The Nash book. 2:52:30, Nash's involuntary hospitalization. 3:04:20, on the bus. 4:05:00, off the bus near home. (Reviewed until 4:28:00.)

August 13 (Valentine/ Chantelle)

My time with Valentine today: “storieslahelpetorth39bg_8_13_11_433-740PM.MP3”: in Stories. Writing. 1:14:00, siren. 2:17:30, I got angry because of the noises. 2:40:00, Valentine was here. Chantelle again wanted to see "Harry Potter". Murakami and *Gravity's Rainbow*. Chantelle was hanging with that guy at the moment. The Zen master paintings. And Valentine showed me his paintings. He gave me pants. 2:58:40, siren.

My time with Valentine and Chantelle tonight: “valbuyfoodvalgrlfrnd_8_13-14_11_740PM-1223AM.MP3”: with Valentine in the restaurant. He mentioned an artist. 5:00, we left. He hated cars with automatic transmission. How I didn't like the tall guy there. (Alex?) He mentioned "Bright Spot". His high school teacher Mr Collins. 14:00, he's on the phone **with Chantelle**. She wanted to watch "Harry Potter" with him on 9 PM, and so he would have to drop me off within an hour. 22:50, we were in Trader Joe's. 38:30, out. His friend sent him the car keys from Oakland. 51:00, we were at Valentine's home. **Again**, he sublet it from "Valerie". 55:10, in the room. The girl will come back in September, and he's supposed to be in New York on September 15. The books which "Valerie" had. (**Again**.) Valentine was now showering and so on. 1:21:20, he's out, and told me about the cat. 1:26:20, Chantelle didn't want to hang out with him. He's going to the Manns Theater on Hollywood Blvd. He left his laptop in the trunk. Kafka. His father was a Kafka fanatic. Who's teaching a class? 1:40:20, we were in the car. Would she flake? 1:57:00, he's on the phone with her **again**. 2:05:50, Valentine saw her, and siren. Chantelle **was in the car**. 2:19:30, we were at a bar **restaurant on Sunset**. 2:46:00, Chantelle had met Oliver before. 2:54:00, I described my parents to Chantelle. 2:58:30, Chantelle believed in past lives: "I have memories of them..." She had also studied at the Berkeley Psychic Institute and met Valentine there. 3:06:00, she might be on TV on Wednesday night. 3:07:00, we left the bar. In the car. Chantelle had never heard of Jason Bourne. 3:26:00, I got on the bus.

Note that, past midnight, 1:12 AM, the Pyramid's friend in Chicago, 173.55.36.1xxx, came again to look at "My experience..."

August 14 (Valentine)

My time with Valentine tonight: “tovalplace_8_14_11_851-1033PM.MP3”: with Valentine. Videotaping myself writing is better than copyrighting. 5:00, we drove off. 7:50 – how did Valentine end up at the Berkeley Psychic Institute? He did give thousands of people psychic readings. 17:00, in his home. A certain painter. 25:30, I told him about my two websites. The court thing is still going on,

that's why I think Jennifer is sent in by the court. Valentine denied it. **(Again, I had mistaken “Homeland Security” for the “court”).** He was now looking at my website. He played this stupid movie on his MacBook. Then the next movie about New York. Then we ate. 1:40:00, we left and got inside his car.

My time with Valentine, next: “IMPinvalcarrerdroff_8_14_11_1034-1039PM.MP3”: still in his car. “Misopedia”. Then, the recorder turned itself off. **By the time I discovered it, I was already at the bus stop.**

Past midnight (08/15), going home on 190. Noise attack by a Hispanic male who was talking to himself. Presumably this wasn't a Homeland Security operation.

August 16 (Tuesday)

I met with Amber at the Department of Rehabilitation (2:41:00). She called me “schizophrenic” out of the blue and kept calling me “Alex”. It looked almost as if the evidentiary process was continuing, and yet this couldn't possibly be the case. Maybe she called me “Alex” by mistake, but was convinced that I was a schizophrenic because Homeland Security had already warned her. **(Did Homeland Security orchestrate this in order to be able to intercept more evidence into the ICJ to prevent the CIA from reactivating the bygone ICJ trial?)**

And, as you can see, Homeland Security continued to instruct Karin's bunch and the Pyramid's group to visit my website and complain about it to the police (?). They might have even warned Dmitry Gorenburg about me today. (“This dangerous schizophrenic is leaving a back link on your comment page.”)

My time with Valentine tonight: “storiesorth39vallisbonmvie_8_16-17_11_617PM-142AM.MP3”: in Stories – siren. Writing. Homeland Security's false investigation. 17:00, Valentine showed up. 24:00, in the car. He sent my web gallery to a guy who's into the arts. **(Presumably this was not a Homeland Security operation.)** We were going to the theater. How theaters made money only from drinks. He did see "Harry Potter" with Chantelle last night. 55:00, he talked about his brother (9 year younger, raised by his mother and step-father). 1:08:00, off the car. 1:19:00, at the theater. 1:28:30, in the movie: a Portuguese movie. 3:17:00, recess. 3:36:00, what he said about Strauss-Kahn was completely incorrect. 3:39:00, back to the movie. 5:57:30, the movie was over. 6:11:30, after much discussion about the film, we got inside Valentine's car. More about the movie. How Khmer Rouge used kids to watch over adults. 6:39:00, about Wes. 6:44:00, Valentine came to New Orleans just at the end of Mardi Gras. Then he went to Albuquerque, and then Texas. 6:49:50, my finger hurt: and I explained how it was the control center's signal. **(Did Homeland Security hurt my finger in order to prompt me to say crazy things to Valentine?)** 7:03:30, I mentioned how I had an appointment here in the afternoon. 7:06:00 – who was Valentine talking about? Guang? A girl who was a very good artist. 7:22:20, he dropped me off at my home.

August 17 (Dr R)

My time with Dr R today: “todrrachtraffic_8_17_11_1245-642PM.MP3”: at home. 1:30, called the Secret Service's FOIA office to ask about the confirmation letter. 11:00, out. On the bus. (Reviewed until 27:00, and then from 4:00:00 onward: in Edelman.) 4:11:00, Dr R asked me to wait 20 minutes. I

went to 711 to buy hot dogs. 4:21:50, siren. 4:35:00, with Dr R. I showed her the book *A Beautiful Mind*. Enormous gap between me and others: others talk about ordinary things, but I have to talk about this trial... **When I finish writing it, I'll be free, but it'll take several years... it's internal totalitarianism... my story is different from delusions because it's not some nebulous vague thing, but has a clear chronology... Then I showed her "Dialectical Behavioral Torture" in my Preface (?). How the prosecution went wrong... what Mr B said about me and how he changed the machine... how do you transform Borderline into autism and schizophrenia? Intensify it. The centralization of machines. Homeland Security had the most control of it, and how this was so different from delusions. Dr R: is it part of the plan that you write all of this? The most terrible thing is that it created a distance between me and others. Dr R: can you talk about anything else than the control center? How John Nash wrote a lot of letters to governments... I also did... and I would be investigated by the Secret service... (Again, statements such as these made it really hard for Dr to regard me as truly schizophrenic.) I showed Dr R the recording from February 2010: "I'm CIA." Dr R: it could be because I was depressed that I regarded my writings as bad. 5:16:00, session over. On the street. 5:38:30, on the bus. **Nothing in particular today.****

August 18 (Wes)

My call with Wes today: "hmrwt_8_18_11_348-1031PM.MP3": (reviewed from 3:06:00 onward.) Cooking. You can hear the Fat Guy in the background. **(Pay attention to him: he moved in just recently, having been sent in by Homeland Security.)** Back to my room, with Tudou. "Haditha" again. 4:12:00, I was connected with Wes. How I wasn't doing well. How I had spent a lot of time with Valentine in the past two weeks, but how my story wasn't coming out well (how I had a lot of doubt as to whether it was a good story after all). Did I really guess things correctly? I had been hanging out with Valentine almost everyday, everyone's life was so normal, and yet I lived in this different universe. Wes: you have to find someone with similar experiences. **(Again! Homeland Security was still waiting for me to find more conspiracy theories folks and targeted individuals – all because, after that initial burst of interest, I soon stopped looking.)** Dr R was the only person I can share this story with. The story had become a tyrant living inside me. Wes: one must embellish, change facts, in order to excite people with a story. Wes mentioned the book *The Rhetoric of Fiction*. **(Wayne C. Booth. Why was Wes suggesting this? Did Homeland Security or the Invisible Hand want me to falsely declare my true story "fiction"?)** I looked up the book in Google Books. How I had started reading Silvia Nasar's *A Beautiful Mind*. On and on about John Nash. My appointment with the Department of Rehabilitation. How my story had dominated me. 4:43:30, Wes started giving a scenario about how one graduate student would discover my story. **(What?)** "If you dive deep into this..." Then he suggested that I should get an editor. The problem was that my story would be 2,000 pages. Me: "The trial is still going on.." Hence the counselor at the Department of Rehabilitation (Amber) kept calling me "Alex". They were still replacing old evidences. **(Again, I had mistaken Homeland Security's attempt to input evidence into the judge computer to lock up the bygone ICJ trial for the continual battle between the prosecuting team and the defense team.)** How Valentine was also going to New York. Wes suggested how I could avoid looking delusional: never deny I'm delusional! **(Right! More on this later.)** And he went on and on. 5:01:00, I hanged up with Wes. (Reviewed until 5:04:00.)

(1) Clearly, the CIA had started their debate with Homeland Security in international channels about whether I was really insane – with the CIA saying I wasn't, of course. This might be why Homeland Security was so intent on getting Dr R to label me a "schizophrenic" and continued to wait for me to find "people in similar situations". As the CIA was fighting an uphill battle, the

Invisible Hand might have instructed Wes to tell me to never deny I was delusional – so that I wouldn't appear so delusional to the international authorities!

(2) Perhaps it's really the CIA which had wanted me to declare my story "fiction" – because they were still using the argument "He's told to produce different versions" to establish my conspiracy with Homeland Security and the Russians when I couldn't yet so accurately understand and reconstruct what had happened with the bygone ICJ trial.

August 19 (Valentine)

My time with Valentine today: "storieslawrtval_8_19_11_450-9PM.MP3": in Stories. Correcting "Schizophrenic". 1:15:30, the phone rang. 1:18:30, Valentine called. 1:57:00, I talked to a commercial artist (Russian?). 2:24:00, Valentine showed up. I woke up very upset when I discovered all these grammar mistakes... 2:29:00, in his car. We discussed my writings and he suggested that I publish some parts of it by the end of the year. 2:31:00, the visits to my website from Valentine's friend (?). "He's a scenester..." How to get a job... tutoring Chinese... yesterday the lady came to his door just when he was jerking off... merely to talk about the cat... 2:41:00, **Chantelle** on the screen last night. 2:45:00, in a restaurant. Then, in Valentine's storage. He wanted to shoot a movie about a man who lived in this room. 3:24:00, I examined Valentine's art. 3:41:00, we were out. 4:04:00, we got off in downtown.

The second recording of my time with Valentine today: "vlaeatlitttokyo_8_19_11_901-1135PM.MP3": in the Japanese restaurant with Valentine. 8:00, my website on his phone. 25:00, I explained Tian's family. 48:00 – who was I talking about? The pretty girl who was recruited by Homeland Security as an informant against me. 59:00, out. We walked around in Little Tokyo. 1:08:00, siren. 1:22:00, how he picked up a girl at Tango. 1:23:00, in the car. My homelessness. Cambridge, Massachusetts. 1:40:00, in a market? 1:47:30, siren, and out. Back in the car. He showed my website to Matt, the scenester. 1:54:30, he dropped me off. 2:06:00, on the bus.

August 20

Near midnight. Arrived at El Monte station. Police cars and ambulance everywhere because of a vagrant woman. I would develop the mistaken impression again that faulty surveillance had confused her with me. **Or maybe I wasn't mistaken at all? (Homeland Security inputting evidence into the judge computer.)**

August 21 (Valentine)

My time with Valentine today: "valtohmkafkamextstau_8_21_11_926PM-351AM.MP3": in Stories. I was reading the New Testament. 31:10, Valentine showed up. 35:30, in a restaurant. Then we talked about Jennifer, the Chinese girl. 50:00, out. Then, about my writings again. How only people who are interested in psychopathology will be interested in my story. 57:00, Chantelle would sometimes irritate him and wouldn't want to do the kind of things Valentine likes to do. 1:03:30, reading. His impression of Brothers Karamazov. He liked The Gambler. 1:07:50, off. 1:09:40, in the DVD store. 1:14:00, out. 1:15:40, Chantelle made 50,000 **dollars** a year, he made nothing, and yet he had to constantly bail her out. 1:19:00, back in The Last Bookstore. I still couldn't find *A Beautiful Mind*. Valentine was quite irritated by MC Escher. 1:30:00, my existential crisis: a lot of doubt about what I'm doing. I told Valentine about the cigarette sting ops **back** in SF. 1:38:30, on the bus. And I read Kafka. 2:20:00,

siren. Later, at El Monte station, I panicked when bus 190 didn't show up for a long time. 3:11:50, in the Mexican restaurant. (Reviewed until 3:16:00.)

August 22 (Oliver)

My call with Oliver today: “hmoliverorth40bghelplet_8_23_11_726PM-257AM.MP3” (8_22-23_11): I was working at home. 36:40, Oliver called. How I still had difficulty in writing and how I had seen a lot of Valentine. The chapter he sent me which I hadn't had time to look at. How I couldn't open the web.archive format. How Valentine was loose with money. And Oliver's other friend? His paintings in the past two weeks. How Valentine was apprehensive about going to New York. Would Oliver have art shows when he gets to Kansas? Did Oliver plan to live in India? How I was enslaved to write my story. Oliver: being creative is like being possessed by a genie inside oneself. On and on about the painting process. How Valentine might stop by Santa Fe if he drove to New York. How Chantelle had stayed at Oliver's brother's house in Santa Fe three years ago. That's when his brother was in Brazil. A certain girl was coming tomorrow to meet Oliver. My daily schedule and how I went to a job prep meeting today. And my time with Valentine. The movies I saw with him. How I was able to save some money. 1:18:30, I hanged up with Oliver. Then I ate my chickens while watching “Heat”. (Reviewed until 1:53:00.)

Since I wasn't looking for conspiracy theories folks or targeted individuals, Homeland Security had instructed Oliver to send me more crazy mind-control stuff. Oliver was so far their only source of evidence that I was indeed a schizophrenic.

August 23 (Valentine)

The first recording of my time with Valentine today: “storiesorth40bg_8_23_11_605-818PM.MP3”: in Stories. I left a message for Valentine telling him where I was. Writing. 2:05:30, Valentine called me. 2:12:00, Valentine showed up.

The second recording of my time with Valentine today: “valannoyedtohmroth40nethm_8_23-24_11_819PM-208AM.MP3”: in Stories, with Valentine. Valentine went to the 99 Cents store. I browsed through all the books. 18:30, Valentine called me. 19:00, he came back. 21:00, in his car. How I felt lost lately, not sure about my goals. In Trader Joe's. 46:00, in the car. The "Talking Gorilla". He liked the perspective in my drawings. 55:00, we stopped somewhere and Valentine went to buy something. 59:50, he's back. My Nicaragua trip. "I was on a mission, according to court records..." (1:08:00). 1:11:00, we arrived at Valentine's home. A video about chimpanzees. Valentine: "If you are so retarded, how can you be a CIA operative in Nicaragua?" And I explained it again (1:39:00). 1:46:00, an Armenian movie. Valentine accused me of being inconsiderate and annoying. 2:09:00, what movie Chantelle would like. Still, my worry that my story might be too boring at times. Then we left. 2:14:00, in his car. I continued to want Valentine to see "The Debt" with me. Valentine insisted there were more places to go to in LA. 2:33:30, we were at the DVD store. 2:38:00, he dropped me off at the bus stop, and I told him I wouldn't annoy him so much the next time. 2:50:30, on the bus. 4:01:30, home.

August 24

Job preparation. So bizarre, for Larry said he had a twin brother (1:08:15). Then he said something about his mother's having "triplets". Again, it seemed almost as if the control center was still staging my environment, if not to cause me to produce evidences, then at least to make me believe that the evidentiary process was continuing. Did Homeland Security have any part in this? Faulty surveillance? **The evidentiary process was indeed continuing: as their debate with the CIA raged on, Homeland Security needed to input more evidence into the judge computer demonstrating that their profile of me as "David Chin" was indeed correct.**

August 25 (Dr R)

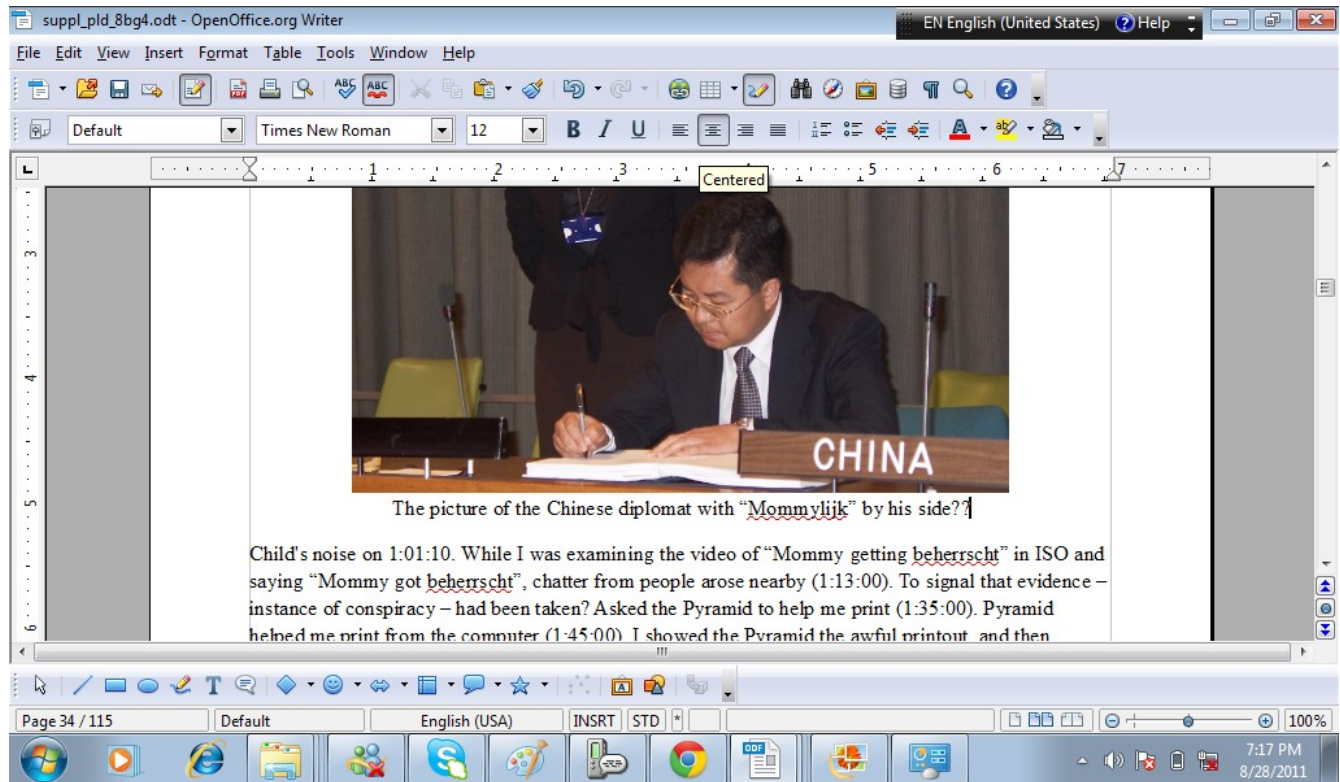
My time with Dr R today: "todrroachkafka_8_25_11_1132AM-349PM.MP3": at home. 19:00, out. 29:00, on the bus. 34:50, I started reading Kafka's The Trial. 1:45:00, I was telling some tourists how boring LA was. 2:35:00, off the bus in Westwood. On the bus again. 2:54:30, I suspected this guy to be sent in by Homeland Security to purposely act crazy. **(I might very well be right: Homeland Security might be using faulty surveillance to input more evidence into the judge computer.)** 3:01:00, off the bus. 3:07:30, in Edelman. Was I working on my China trip while waiting? 3:33:00, with Dr R. The feeling of something crawling under my skin with the new medication. My worry that my story might be too boring. How Valentine said I annoyed him. How LA was too boring. Dr R: maybe Europe? But not Mexico. I showed Dr R my chapter **on the CIA's sting operation, December 31 2007. Why is seeing "ancestors' signs" not considered "schizophrenia" in primitive culture? Dr R: It's all defined by cultural norms. Some people are genetically predisposed to deviate from the cultural norms. Dr R: in this country, schizophrenia is very focused on the CIA and so on, but in Latin American countries, it is focused on the Catholic Church and religions. (Again, such philosophical discussion about the meaning of mental illnesses made it hard for Dr R to believe that I could be schizophrenic.)** Finally, the difference between dialectical behavioral therapy and cognitive behavioral therapy. 4:12:10, I bid Dr R goodbye. I left a message for Valentine.

August 27

As part of their continual campaign to get people to complain about my website (so as to input evidence into the judge computer and obtain an ICJ judgment to ban my writings from there as evidence), Homeland Security had very likely contacted Marie today, showed her their latest warning about me, and instructed her to complain about my story "Feefee and Valerie" to a Canadian or US authority using the said warning. Check this visit to "Feefee and Valerie" on 4:21 PM: 96.23.198.37, modemcable037.198-23-96.mc.videotron.ca, Montreal, Quebec.*

August 28

A black man asked me about something sensitive on the bus just after I wrote down the mistake in PLANMEX.

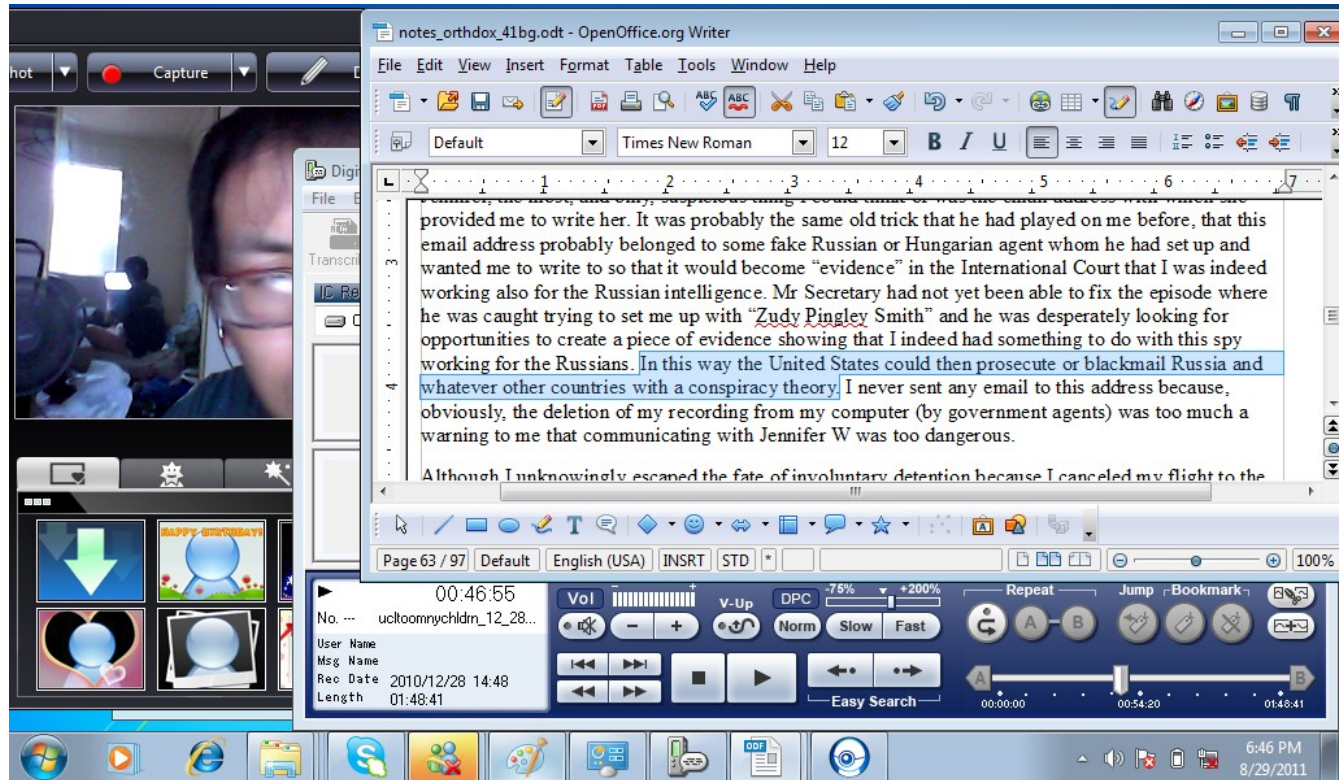


My progress with “Ying and Yang, I”, as of 08/28/11

August 29 (Wes)

My talk with Wes today: “wkeatcallwes_8_29_11_155-412PM.MP3” (from 1:03:00 onward). (1) Alessandra’s party and new car. School had started and his class might be canceled. He could go teach at the adult learning center. (2) My business at Department of Rehabilitation. Wes: Why do you have to find a job? (3) The weather here was so hot. (4) The Secret Service never sent me a confirmation letter, perhaps because of the ICJ trial. Part of the conspiracy is for everyone to keep everything a secret from me. (I was partly correctly: since the US official policy was to *not* reactivate the bygone ICJ trial, the Secret Service was instructed to regard me as a lunatic and not respond even if some of the things I said in my letter were true.) (5) The news was so strange, almost as if the ICJ trial never happened. (Of course.) Russia and NATO are not enemies anymore, and that seems to confirm the existence of my trial, but – why did Russia shift its focus to China? John Bolton in LA? Not in the trial? How come the neocons were roaming around freely? As if nothing had ever happened. (Of course.) How much of what I know is true? How much false? (A lot!) Wes: that’s what they want, they want you to not know anything. (Was Wes telling me what Homeland Security wanted?) Me: do you think the defendants have won? And my right toe hurt. (False signal from Homeland Security to help make me look delusional.) The trial is still going on. (6) The strange happenings at the Department of Rehabilitation. How Amber called me “Alex”. The job counselor, also named Lawrence, also went to Cal State Hayward, and also said he had a twin brother. (7) Maybe the effect of the trial is so confined by now that it will have no impact on international relations. (8) Are the evidences produced used in favor of the defendants? Or against them? (9) And why do current events not reflect the trial? The news about China, how China’s first aircraft carrier is being tested, how China has come up with new fighters, all with the US as the enemy in mind... Why? Wes: to make it look like we aren’t friends when we actually are. (Just bullshit to go along with me.) (10) Me: you told me about the “secret new

world order”, what does it mean? Wes: there are no enemies, it’s all fake. Charlie in Chocolate Factory. Me: Who is running this secret world order? The neocons? The moderates? Wes: you have to think in a higher level. Me: I can’t believe the neocons and the Russians are friends. When M. C. sues Russia, is he just pretending? Wes; no, this is only on the lower level... Me: who's higher? Wes: it's a secret... the Trilateral Commission... **I had by now realized that Wes was just bullshitting me:** it’s all crap that you speak! Wes continued his bullshit: people on the lower echelon don’t know they are friends, they really believe they are enemies... DGHTRCOM is a puppet... and the trial is nothing... when M. C. sues Russia, he really believes what he believes... **(Was Wes instructed by Homeland Security to bullshit me like this?) (11)** Conclusion: we can’t know what happened to the trial. What I thought had happened: I was locked into a conspiracy with the defendants... these are the last clues, but that’s already many months ago... now it’s just repetition of the past... there is no way to distinguish who won because it’s always the same thing happening. **(12)** Wes’ classes were Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. John Nash again. **(13)** The German edition of Marcus’ *One Dimensional Man*. Western societies actually produce a greater degree of conformity. High art and low art. **(14)** The book *The Age of Surveillance: CoIntelPro*. **(It’s my first time learning about this concept which was on the mouth of every targeted individual. Homeland Security’s success!)** **(15)** Kafka's story. How his best friend saved his books. **(16)** Why were there so many grammar mistakes in my writings? How bored I was here. **(17)** How I had written in the letter to the Secret Service about how they had conducted investigation on me for harboring delusions about being investigated by Homeland Security. They might deny this but see it as a trick since their claim is that they have never investigated me, and yet now they will have to put me on the watchlist for harboring delusion about being investigated for harboring delusion about being investigated. Merely an ingenious trick to make my delusions come true! **(18)** After I was done with Book V of *Emile*, I had to return Alan Bloom's translation. **(19)** I never went back to the courthouse to find out whether the Pyramid and Karin had filed restraining orders against me. **(20)** How I had been masturbating a lot. **(21)** How I failed to find the Radical Feminist meeting on Friday night.



My progress with “The Impossible Wish” as of 08/29/11

August 30 (Valentine)

My time with Valentine today: “vvalreadkafka_8_30_11_902-1153PM.MP3”: at Stories. 19:30, connected with Valentine. 26:30, Valentine showed up. I explained my anxiety over **briefly** leaving my laptop unattended **earlier**. We were now in the car. Valentine just came from Chantelle's. My job program. He will move some of his things to my place on Thursday. 39:00, Chantelle. Her pessimistic mood. 40:30, in the restaurant-bar. A coincidence: a Bohemian girl living in Echo Park was also flying to New York on September 14. Now he decided to fly to New York. 52:00, sex and masturbation. 58:00, an incident with an animal. 1:02:00, what he did today. The members in my household. 1:11:30, his birthday. 1:18:00 – were we out? 1:21:30, the control center's signal. 1:25:30, we arrived. Masturbation: the only pleasurable thing in the world. How I wanted to check out the Radical Women. 1:32:00, after returning the DVDs, we were back inside the car and moved on. 1:38:00, when Chantelle got drunk, she wasn't very nice. Back to the movie "The Mystery of Lisbon". 1:52:30, off Valentine's car. 1:58:00, I read Kafka. 2:06:00, on the bus.

August 31

Severe anger tonight.²⁴

September 1 (Valentine)

²⁴ In: “hmsupl8bgfixsiteangry_8_31-9_1_11_914PM-330AM.MP3”: in my room, writing Y&Y-I. 4:03:00, upset because the bottom part of the webpage just disappeared. 4:06:00, I got so angry. I threw things. Out. (To throw things?) Back home. 5:22:00, back to writing.

My time with Valentine today: “bus4chldnoiseprincevaldebttoh_9_1-2_11_747PM-255AM.MP3”: on the bus, reading Mansfield's translation of Machiavelli's *The Prince*. 15:50, Valentine called. He was at Stories after I had left. 21:00, off the bus. Connected with Valentine again. 45:00, I met up with Valentine back in Stories. We discussed how to see the movie tonight. (**The Debt.**) Then I worked quietly by myself. 1:12:00, Valentine came back. 1:17:00, in the car. The problem of finding a masturbation partner. 1:32:00, off the car and at the theater. On and on about a masturbation partner. In the theater. 1:54:00, my experience with working in the theaters in SF. How Edward Norton and Salma Hayek came in to watch a movie. 3:56:00, out, with Valentine. 4:06:00, in a bar. in the car. 4:16:30, off the car. In a cafe. How bohemian girls would talk to me even when I was wearing broken glasses. Searches on the movie. How badly the Mossad agents were portrayed in the movie. Dr Mengele. The Plame movie was bad too. Valentine then became engaged in a conversation with somebody else. 51300.

September 2 (Valentine, Chantelle)

The first recording of my time with Valentine today: “slphmwkval_9_2_11_256-1131AM.MP3”: (reviewed from 8:14:00 onward). Valentine was awake too. An incident in New Zealand. Then, all quiet.

The second recording of my time with Valentine today: “valtoeldman_9_2_11_1132AM-314PM.MP3”: I woke up again. Valentine was back. We discussed the daily things. He had gone to Starbucks and did see pretty girls there, and then he went to Targets to buy earphones. He told someone at T-Mobile not to trust this business, and the T-Mobile sales person threw him out. Who was the mayor in Valentine's hometown? (15:00) I got a letter from the DHS, Communication Department. It was from the Secret Service. (**So the Secret Service did reply!**) Valentine told the landlord that he's here to stay for a few days (35:00). Then he was persuading me to wear a suit and fix the light bulb. An argument ensued. 44:00, shower. 58:00, out, to check my website. Valerie Plame. 1:16:30, in Valentine's car. 1:35:00: if I go to Portfolio again, will I run into the CIA psychologist? 1:44:00, where I met Oliver. 2:15:00, Valentine's brother. 2:18:00, we came to a T-Mobile store to warn the customers. (**Ha!**) 2:23:00, back in his car, and the T-Mobile business again. 2:31:30, Valentine: Do you still want to be a secret agent? No... then everything has to be in secret... How bad "The Debt" was last night. 2:49:30, off the car. 2:56:00, in Starbucks. I wrote. 3:31:00, Valentine gave me an explanation before leaving. And I came to Edelman.

My time with Dr R and then with Valentine and Chantelle today: “venicevalchntalplay_9_2-3_11_314PM-1220AM.MP3”: still in Edelman. Writing. 21:50, with Dr R. Valentine was staying with me. I showed her the confirmation letter from the Secret Service. "He believes that we have investigated him in 2007 for harboring delusion that we have investigated him, and now he acts on his delusion and writes us a letter!" They are gonna think that I'm playing a trick, forcing my delusion to come true! For now they'll HAVE TO put me in their file... (**Again, moments like this made it hard for Dr R to believe I was really schizophrenic.**) Another one of Dr R's Borderline books. She bought most of these books during her training at UCLA. The alert about me in 2007. The Starbucks incident. The movie "The Debt". I showed her the old pictures of the secret agents. Because of the structure of the lawsuit had changed, I didn't see anymore agents. Frustrated when Dr R couldn't remember my story. The Mexican secret agent. And so on. 48:50, I got upset: this session is wasted, I should have structured it... I have spent too much time with my friend... would the CIA really make "secret

messaging" look like the delusions of schizophrenics? The CIA had many mental patients working for them. 55:00, session over.

1:04:00, in Valentine's car. I only wanted to masturbate with a girl, not to have real sex with her. Valentine kept coming up with hypothetical scenarios about my meeting a Chinese girl who **would want** to fuck. Would the girls in massage parlors expose themselves to allow you to masturbate to it? The Founding Fathers went to whore houses frequently to exercise, which made blood flow into their brain. We continued to comment on the women we passed by. 1:38:30, we stopped at the bank. To deposit the check. 1:56:20, back with Valentine. Chantelle worked close by, in a kindergarten in Mar Vista, Marina Del Rey. The school she worked for in Oakland was dangerous, and so she benefited by moving down here. Not a good idea to do prostitution in Shanghai. Surveillance agents wore earphones. Valentine's negative opinion **about** the cafe scene in Berkeley (2:24:00). 2:29:00, in Novel Cafe. 2:35:00, Valentine came back to tell me about Chantelle. 2:38:00, Chantelle was here. I showed Chantelle *The Prince*: if you want to understand American politics, you really have to read this book. Chantelle was at a city college in Santa Cruz. "The Debt" we saw last night. We came to the sushi restaurant. 3:03:00, I mentioned Wes. Then, my "secret agent book". To commit conspiracy with the US government in a fraudulent lawsuit against Russia so that Russia can win. 3:10:00, how I suffered from Pedophobia or Misopedia. How my doctor had never figured out a treatment for it. Also Sonophobia. Chantelle: "matching pictures for kids". And also Electronicachrea. Chantelle insisted that electronics ultimately came from aliens and affirmed that she did communicate with aliens. The psychics' equivalent to the control center. But I explained it's because there was a trial in it, and I was the evidence (from 3:23:00 onward). I insisted that, when I slept, I was off the hook. How it began in Montreal. How many agents from how many countries I had met. A long discussion about Nicaragua. My Russian pen pal told me Russia was quite diverse. Australia was going to take over the world. 3:53:20, we were deciding what to do. Chantelle grew up in San Francisco and Santa Cruz. 4:01:00, inside to use the restroom? 4:04:00, out, and we left. 4:12:00, we stood in the middle of the street trying to decide what to do. 4:14:50, at a play. 4:48:00, recess. 5:06:00, the play restarted. 6:01:00, over, and we left. How I peed in the bushes and got seen. How I **had** never read Shakespeare, and I showed Valentine and Chantelle Kafka's *The Trial*. They talked about this guy in the foreign service, in Japan, learning Vietnamese, to be stationed in Vietnam. 6:29:00, "Slightly Kafkaesque"... 6:32:00, the strange symptoms of isolation... strange talk... 911 was meant to convince us that life is not a dream... but if life is just your dream, then the attempt to make you believe it's not a dream is also part of your dream... (6:38:00). The control center was near the Pershing Square... why do I have to follow the rules I have myself dreamed up? Astro-Projection. Remote-viewing. 6:51:30, this is why I think there is a control center: whenever I sit down a child would just have to sit behind me... How M. C. sent all these people with baby carts to run after me... M. C. lives in the Opposite Universe. Then more explanation about how Russia and I **had** cooperated. The CIA loved to do this kind of things, do bad things onto you and then blame you for doing them to them. The release of the Lockerbie bomber. Valentine on this "Al-Qaeda" thing. 7:04:00, I explained again how I established my conspiracy with the US: my videos of the CIA girls. How the landlord's brother questioned whether I did write everyday. (**Did he also get alerted (lied to) about me by Homeland Security?**) 7:17:00, I showed Chantelle my artworks. How I met Oliver. I asked Valentine whether he could help me take my drawings out of my storage. 7:21:00, we were walking along Main Street. 7:22:50, in Novel Cafe again. Then the bookstore next door. 7:27:00, we were in Valentine's car. 7:28:00, we dropped off Chantelle and moved on. The "Chertoff bitch" lived in Pasadena. 7:47:00, Iceland. 7:59:30, off to a liquor store to buy beer. 8:15:00, back inside. 8:24:00, how I hadn't gone to the temple for a long time. 8:38:00, we were at home. 8:49:00, I

checked my visitors' log. 9:01:00, the case of the Lockerbie bomber again. A discussion about the ICJ ensued.

My final minutes with Valentine today: “hmpanambmbval_9_3_11_1221-108AM.MP3”: the US violated UN Resolution 1373, and the matter was taken to court. The case of the Lockerbie bomber again. Valentine asserted that I could use my story to get laid (!). Valentine was M. C.'s right-hand man! Whether to wear a suit? Grammar mistakes are a bad sign, meaning the trial is still going on. And I started reviewing my recording. More about the Lockerbie bombing. 14:00, Valentine left me to work by myself. 24:00, a lecture on Borderline? And I browsed through other videos.

September 3 (Valentine)

My time with Valentine tonight: “valshop99tohmnocurtainvidtire_9_4_11_748PM-344AM.MP3”: at Stories LA, and I called Valentine. I only left a message. I went back inside to work. 17:30, the Help Letter. 23:30, ready to write an email to Dezz. Then I kept on writing. 36:30, Valentine showed up. Google asked me for my phone number when I tried to sign back in: suspicious. Even the videos I used to masturbate were... Then Valentine took off. 1:02:00, I was back to reading Kafka. 1:17:00, Valentine was back. The wet feet problem. What the landlord's mother tried to say to him. What's she angry about? 1:24:30, in the car, Chantelle was there too. As to the Hispanic guy at home: "I don't like this kind of gangster guy..." (**Did Homeland Security also send him in?**) Whether I should give a reading about my story – Valentine's advice (1:28:00). My new glasses today. 1:31:00, off the car at 99 Cents store. 1:47:00, shopping done, back inside the car. 1:58:00, in Fat Burger. 2:03:00, I read Machiavelli while waiting **for Valentine to come back from** the pharmacy. 2:09:00, Valentine was back. 2:19:00, I explained *The Trial* to Valentine. 2:29:00, out. In this car. Should we go into Cheetah? He mentioned "Jumble" instead. What the old lady back home must be saying about Valentine. 2:44:30, off the car. At the doughnut shop? 2:55:00, back in the car. "Garbage Pail Kids". Chantelle wanted to be a stand-up comedian. Where was my former masturbation partner? (3:06:30) Valentine: do you really not want to have sex with girls? 3:09:30, Chantelle is pretty, right? 3:23:00, he showed me the Bohemian burlesque club. 3:25:30, off the car to ask how much it cost to get in. 50. Back in the car: how much the two Hispanic men pissed me off. 3:44:00, off the car. **Again: how** I missed the Radical Women's meeting in Solidarity Hall. Bach. 4:24:00, back home. He set up the light and everything. The Nicaragua business. 4:35:00, Valentine's installation art show. He had a movie about a big tire that killed people. The other movies. 4:50:00, a particular movie. What? 5:08:00, the video froze up. 5:14:00, *The Prince*. 5:27:00, Gaddafi. Valentine's brother's wife was Jaime (5:33:00). I visited my own website on Valentine's computer. 5:57:00, another movie. (Some sort of secret agent movie?) 6:16:20, the curtain in the bathtub disappeared. (**More on this later.**) 6:29:30, I did something to kill the movie. 6:30:30, another movie. The tire that kills people – no! 6:36:00, Tudou. 6:38:00, the movie again – The Killer Tire. The movie turned out to be **quite** good and made me laugh so much. 7:50:00, over. Where he got this movie.

September 4 (Valentine; the curtain affair/ “Love Crime”)

The first recording of my time with Valentine today: “curtainpomonamontereydnr_9_4_11_1142AM-849PM.MP3”: I checked the recordings on DVD. Then, screenshots. 40:00 – did I try to leave a message somewhere? 51:30, again: a message for Valentine. There was a big problem. Back to resting. 1:10:00, Valentine came in. There was a big fuss about what happened with the curtain from yesterday and the old lady was convinced Valentine had something to do with it. He had to go. My mother's

prejudice against me. My difficulty in understanding the old lady's dialect. We decided to go to Pomona today. 1:27:00, out: for the old lady, Valentine is the opposite of what he really is. 1:38:00, I discovered that I forgot my wallet. 2:11:00, off in Pomona. 2:16:40, in the museum. 2:51:30, out. I kept on exclaiming how beautiful the buildings were. I continued to emphasize that the control center was underneath the Pershing Square. 2:56:00, we were back to talking about the old lady. 3:00:30, I assumed M. C. was inside the control center right now. 3:01:00, the father who locked up his daughter in the dungeon to have sex with her. Back to the old lady's problem again. Again, Valentine's theory that 911 happened to demonstrate that life is not a dream. Dick Cheney is thus the master in a dream who wants to make the dream look like it's not a dream. He wants to control our dreaming even though he's just part of our dream. 3:16:00, in a bar. Out, 3:17:00, Valentine talked about his step father. Hispanophobia combines with Pedophobia to result in Misopedia. We were really in Claremont. Pasadena is the oldest part of LA. 3:27:30, in a restaurant again. The child's nose bothered me so much. Back to the old lady again. 4:02:00, I resumed reading *The Prince*. 4:10:00, inside another bar? 4:13:00, back to the old lady's prejudices against Valentine. 4:17:00, joking around. 4:24:00, what story was Valentine telling? 4:27:00, in the car. How, according to Tian's brother, everything is my fault. (See, he had indeed been told lies about me by Homeland Security!) 4:28:00, how it was now the prosecuting team which needed to frame me – how *everyone* was against me. The Bourne movie vs The Debt. Something about Argentina? Then Valentine explained the history of the place. 4:46:00, the man who wanted to stop children from masturbating. Back to the problem with the old lady. 5:07:00, we were back home. 5:10:00, I called Tian and he would be back in 20 minutes. 5:32:00, Tian was back, and I explained the situation with the curtain to him. He said Valentine could stay. After much arguing, Valentine decided to leave. 5:58:00, Valentine was out of the shower. More about the matter: the old lady was upset because her son didn't take her side. 6:07:00, Valentine's excellent imitation of his teacher. He was an art major in college. His bad experience at the University of Pennsylvania because of his father. "The Killer Tire" is the best movie I had seen lately. 6:25:00, Tian came to apologize to Valentine again. 6:43:00, how I had (supposedly) talked to people who were under remote control. How much Obama seems to be a fake president, and how he was (supposedly) freed from **Boss** Cheney's remote control in 2010. 6:49:00, as we were leaving, Valentine talked to Tian again. 6:54:00, in a car. About the movies. 7:27:20, Valentine's pretty female friend, an artist from Chicago, showed up in town yesterday. She wanted to meet. 7:30:00, we stopped for a moment. We kept on talking about the girl. 7:36:00, we moved on. 7:39:00, she called! It was raining. 7:59:30, we stopped again. "Maybe the control center has decided that it should rain." Now Valentine suddenly suggested the French movie "Love Crime". 8:06:00, we moved on. 8:14:30, off the car. At Crazy Cafe. Tian was worried that, if I was out, the next guy will be white and Hispanic and unable to understand what his mother was saying. 8:47:00, a guy wearing big earphones came in, and I explained how that looked like a surveillance agent. 9:02:00, some sort of TV show about a new house?

The second recording of my time with Valentine today: "movlvcvrmebuybok_9_4-5_11_849PM-155AM.MP3": the guy with earphones left within 10 minutes, the typical behavior of a surveillance agent. (Did Homeland Security indeed send in an agent to check on me as part of their continual "investigation" of me?) Where does my masturbation partner work now? "Love Crime" at Laemmle: that's where the operations happened to convict the Chinese intelligence. 12:00, out of the restaurant. There have also been so much operations in Zone Rosa. Valentine thought that was a horrible cafe. The (supposed) chipping of Mireya. Nobody knew it except me: that the MSS was under US control for two years. Valentine talked about this Chinese plot about **the** US debt. Early 2010, the CIA was under Russian control. This is why I need to tell my story. M. C. and Boss Cheney were being held for prosecution, but Valentine: what about his memoir? Many news are designed to hide the fact that the

court trial had occurred. **Boss Cheney's** memoir again (30:00). Maybe a miss trial did occur and he's released! Again, I thought it's all bullshit, and yet Boss Cheney was out and not in jail! 34:00, we stopped, and I described how M. C. was in good shape. The prosecution had failed, and Valentine made fun of me. It's known in the ICJ that he orchestrated 911. 38:00, in the used bookstore. I was looking for Camus' *The Stranger*. No. Creating life from RNA. I was distraught because I had to wonder whether the news about Boss Cheney was fake. (**No! It's real! It's me who was wrong!**) 49:00, and a honk – was that a signal? All the news seem to indicate that the trial had never happened, except one, Russia's recent foreign policy change... (50:00). PM's tactic: negotiate with the enemy and dissolve the trial... I wanted to buy this Bible in Latin. 53:00, I went to take a look at Zone Rosa. Jeremy told me again how Mireya had moved back to Sacramento. 57:00, back to Valentine and the bookstore. *Rousseau and Revolution*. 1:19:50, in Laemmle. I continued to express my worries about the trial. 1:27:00, already before the screen, we discussed the trial and the “conspiracy” again. 3:16:00, the movie over, Valentine showed me a China news item. Valerie looked like Ludivine... how similar was the movie to my story... Valentine: it's difficult to fire somebody in France, **for** his father **had** worked in France before... but what I meant when I said the movie was similar to my story: frame somebody for framing you... just like M. C... Then, back to the bookstore. I did end up buying *Rousseau and Revolution*. 3:38:00, in the car. I thought it might be the prosecuting team which had wanted me to see the movie, and that would be good news. What's going on in the trial? They said: I'm such a fraud, I write my story in imitation of the movie. But that I'm a fraud – does it mean the prosecution has succeeded? Or failed? (**Complete bullshit.**) Valentine: so what happened when M. C. was finally convicted? I have no idea... American politics is so evil... everything on the news is just to cover things up... it doesn't matter whether it's the Democrats or the Republicans... always politics by deception... Valentine: what if Cheney is convicted for creating 911? The political consequences of being convicted... Valentine suggested that **Boss Cheney's** memoir means that he's acquitted... (**Ha! Right!**) I insisted that the content of the book had nothing to do with the trial... 3:54:40, finally, Valentine got annoyed and we stopped discussing it. 4:02:00, Valentine asked me what outcome of the trial I desired. Valentine: M. C. is gonna lose... I felt bad because nobody can understand it and I just sound crazy... 4:03:30, siren. 4:07:00, we had arrived home. I had to go back to the car to get my food. I then read *Rousseau and Revolution* while on the toilet. 4:48:00, a friend of someone?

Let's think about what happened with this “curtain affair”. These agents whom Homeland Security had placed in Tian's house had the mission of creating disturbances whenever possible. Then, whether or not the other occupants thought it was me, faulty surveillance would have created evidence anyway that it was me. In which case Homeland Security would have evidence to input into the judge computer suggesting that their profile of me as a bad-to-the-bone antisocial was correct. Again, all the mysterious bad things were happening to me solely because the CIA had decided to debate with Homeland Security and input evidence into the judge computer so that Homeland Security would have to create disturbances in my life in order to create counter-evidence and prevent the CIA from reactivating the bygone ICJ trial.

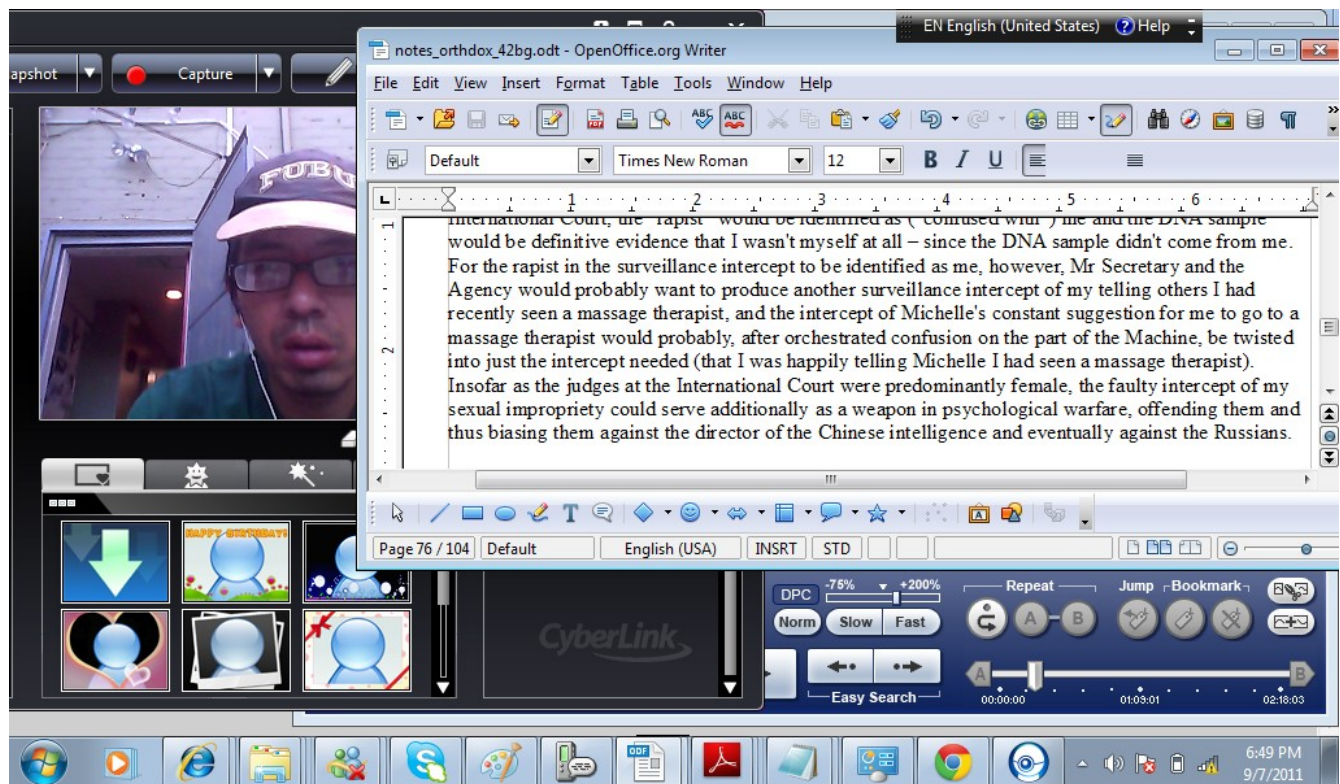
September 5 (Valentine; Chantelle)

The first recording of my time with Valentine today: “sabororth42bgval_9_5_11_725-823PM.MP3”: in Sabor. Writing. 26:00, a call – from whom? 28:40, I was connected with Valentine. 41:30, connected with Valentine again (telling him where Sabor was). 52:00, in Valentine's car. We were going to Chantelle's party.

The second recording of my time with Valentine today: “chntelprtyhmchneynews_9_5-6_11_838PM-316AM.MP3”: how the police ran their shit for M. C. And then for the prosecuting team. They have always pretended to not know me. 7:30, at Chantelle's place: a lot of people (her band members). A netbook that looked like mine. Lisa: another energy worker! 16:00, I described my difficulty with my book: a secret trial, and I don't know what's going on anymore. 25:00, I again explained how I was writing a big story about a secret trial. Lisa (?) would go to Italy, etc., next year. How I saw "Love Crime" and "Rubber". 38:00, back inside: the paleo diet. My input: meat-eating has helped grow our ancestors' brain. She (?) couldn't not eat meat. The mixtures between modern humans and Neanderthals. Out of Africa again and again. News about politics are just a show, bullshit. Was it really Cheney this morning? 54:00, several people were leaving. Lisa's last name was Basque. The Basque language, for a while. Her father spoke Old Basque. Valentine on the genocide of the Native Americans and what happened to the Maori people in New Zealand. 1:11:00, how a professor of biology in Brazil bought my drawing *The Evolution of the Stripper*. And I showed Lisa the drawing. Lisa also came from the Berkeley Psychic Institute. 1:18:30, I had to explain my story again. How I had to use nicknames in order to avoid slandering people. These politicians, they come out to write memoirs, but in fact they are bound up in this secret trial... three and a half years already... might still be going on right now... and all the strange technologies... chips... (**Again, I had no idea that I was all wrong.**) Lisa mentioned "Idiocracy"... 1:35:30, I went on about "energy". *My energy is that I want to know... what's hidden from me...* How I wish I could tie these people down and interrogate them... the LAPD officers all knew what happened with the trial... I have reached a point where I can no longer understand what's going on in the secret trial... 1:44:00, string theories... shadows in the lower dimensions, sort of like my story too, shadows cast by what's going on in the trial... I have reached a limit... 1:46:00, they gave me healing. 1:48:00, Lisa explained: they don't want me to know because I'm not playing the game... (**What? Presumably she's just bullshitting.**) How do I know? I know how... the problem is that the shadows are too weak now... my theory that what Wikileaks **had** leaked was merely fed to it by the US government... what they **had** leaked wasn't such big secrets since none of it ever mentioned me (1:54:30). The US government spent 2 billion dollars on me... 1:59:00, Chantelle insisted a US agency was after her. I don't want healing, I want the truth... After healing, I felt softer. 2:25:30, Valentine and I left. At one point, he asked me about my "Evolution of the Stripper" (Oliver's cousin who did prints). I showed him my old home on Grand Avenue. We passed by another strip club: I'd just go home to masturbate. 3:02:00, at the gas station, and I wrote as I waited for Valentine. 3:41:00, at home. Valentine mentioned the Osiris myth. 3:44:00, in the house: mails for me. The tap card. 3:53:00, Silbermond while I ate? 3:58:00, the interview with Boss Cheney again. This video is part of the conspiracy in the courtroom, and right now the Russians and the Americans are letting the conspiracy run. (**Bullshit.**) 4:07:00, I read a news report and mocked it: these politicians and bureaucrats pretend to disagree with each other in order to create the impression that we live in a democracy. (**Quite right.**) Valentine: how did Boss Cheney become so powerful? Me: a lot of this neocon politics is modeled on the CIA. I used the Plame book as an example (until 4:17:30). Valentine talked about Operation Paperclip. 4:21:00, I read paragraphs from Boss Cheney's memoir. I continued to hold onto the (wrong) theory that Obama had just been liberated from his remote control. 4:40:50, my email to Dezz. 4:44:00 – was I reading *The Controller*? Or some mind-control thing? Then I searched for *The Rape of the Mind*. 4:58:00 – writing out my references? 5:02:30, my email to Dezz again. 5:14:00, I checked the visitors' log. Then, back to *The Rape of the Mind*. 5:32:00, I started writing **out** the long description you see for the PAN-AM 103 bombing link on my external links page.

September 7

For two consecutive days, when I opened up Youtube, there would be a Dutch video featuring children’s singing in order for me to click on. Still felt as if the evidentiary process was continuing. Was Homeland Security still intent on framing me for pedophilia? **Perhaps they were indeed inputting evidence into the judge computer that I was a pedophile.**



Working on “The Impossible Wish” while in Stories LA

September 8 (Wes)

I talked with Wes on 3:52 PM, recorded in: “IMPwestophobbynoise_9_8_11_341-533PM.MP3”. With Wes from 11:00 onward. I mentioned how “Oliver’s friend” (Valentine) was staying with me and my reading of *The Prince* and Will Durant’s presentation of Rousseau in *The Story of Civilization*. Then we spent the rest of the time talking about Rousseau and Machiavelli. **Wes: Rousseau’s philosophy of government is not for the government to deceive the people, but for the government to make people learn through examples and come to the conclusion which the government wants them to come to. Roger Masters, the Straussian Rousseau guy. Mansfield. Then, C. Wright Mill. 1:02:00, Wes: Boss Cheney is part of the 911 design... He used 911... he didn't generate it... (Wes said this because, again, he didn't yet know that the evidence for the MSS orchestration of 911 was all forged.) The Chinese government is authoritarianism not-in-disguise, the US government is authoritarianism in disguise. The US government is about controlling your mind too. You control people by having an open society. 1:34:20, I hanged up with Wes.**

Then, I was provoked by children’s noise in the pho store. **Homeland Security operation? You shall see the purpose tomorrow.**

September 9 (Dr R)

My time with Dr R today: “towstwdreadmachvllidrrroach_9_9_11_1223-410PM.MP3”: at home. 17:00, out. 29:30, in Subway. 39:20, on the bus. 1:11:50, Valentine's text-message: "I'm working hard at the triangle..." Reading Camus? On Metro. 1:43:50 – did somebody try to provoke me? On the bus. 2:30:00 – was I reading Mansfield's translation of Machiavelli's *The Prince*? 2:47:30, I left a message for Dr R: I might be late. Much commotion on the CC 6 bus. 3:00:00, a chat with a woman. (UCLA Extension classes and so on.) 3:07:50, in Edelman. 3:13:00, with Dr R. I showed Dr R the video from August 22 last year. How I had started trying to commit suicide from October onward, with carbon monoxide gas. Again, about baby noises and urination on people's cars. And we debated about whether it was right to smash the heads of babies with a baseball bat. How Hispanic children aggravated me the most. The control center didn't disrupt my computer operations anymore, and so Misopedia was the only thing left. How Misopedia started in late 2009. I got really frustrated because Dr R didn't want to listen to me. I suggested that Dr R go to professional conferences to discuss Misopedia and classify the disease. Dr R suggested desensitization and flooding. But Spanish from TV didn't bother me as much. When the session was over, I cried. 3:43:30, out.

It would appear that Homeland Security was again pestering Dr R wanting her to label me not only a “schizophrenic” but also a “danger to people” – and this appears to be why Homeland Security had remotely controlled me today to want to talk about smashing the heads of babies in response to the annoying noises they made.

September 12 (Homeland Security)

1:30 AM or so: my Samsung netbook froze. Angry, I went outside to throw three beer bottles into the school yard. A guy was hiding in his car to witness it. He immediately started his engine after I threw the bottles. An operative planted there by the control center? No, it was actually a Homeland Security agent who was conducting surveillance on me. **As Homeland Security continued their effort to find evidence that I was a danger to people (especially children), they remotely froze up my netbook and then planted an agent nearby knowing, beforehand from the control center’s prediction, what I would do. And so, after tonight, they would say in their new warnings about me that this mentally disabled, politically obsessed schizophrenic was also dangerous to children in the sense that he liked to throw bottles into school yard. This would be new evidence to input into the judge computer to prevent the CIA from reactivating the bygone ICJ trial.**

September 13 (Valentine)

My time with Valentine today: “valstrpclubtohmbuslost_9_13-14_11_858PM-129AM.MP3”: about to leave Stories LA. 2:30, I called Valentine and left a message. Out. 7:00, Valentine called. And I met up with him. In his car. I recounted how angry the baby noises made me earlier. How much I hated children. When I write about the injustice I have suffered, I feel that I need to do something about it. And yet I can't revenge because I'm constrained to write. 22:00, how the control center froze up my computer to prompt me to throw things, and how the landlord ended up calling me. Then, this and that. 29:00, we stopped somewhere to order fast food. 38:00, Valentine accused me of being inconsiderate of others. 43:00, we came inside a strip club. 1:37:00, back with Valentine. 1:48:50, we were out. How much I missed my masturbation partner. The only thing good about my home is that, there, I can masturbate... In the car, and now I had to go home to masturbate. We kept on joking around (about masturbation, etc.) and talking about the strippers from earlier. How I didn't like Latina girls. Valentine:

racist... 2:01:20, he dropped me off at the bus stop. 2:10:00, on the bus. 2:47:00, the bus was lost. I continued to read *Iliad*, but then got worried about how to get home. 3:42:00, still waiting at the station. 4:00:00, I explained my situation to a bus driver. 4:02:20 – was the taxi driver taking pictures of me? **Per Homeland Security instruction?** 4:04:00, I talked to the taxi driver. I paid him 10 **dollars** and got on. 4:14:00, at home. 4:19:00, inside home. Immediately out: very angry. 4:24:00, I broke bottles at the school **yard again**. When I was back to my room, I threw things too.

So, today, Homeland Security wanted more evidence that their warnings about me were correct. This time, that I was indeed just my twin brother (since I didn't look quite like myself). (To confirm their warning about me back in November 2007.)

September 14 (Oliver)

My talk with Oliver today: “hmrwtoli_9_14-15_11_618PM-1213AM.MP3”: at home, very depressed, writing Karin's Meetups. Gordon Thomas' website: so many ungrammatical sentences! (40:00) 1:55:30, I was connected with Oliver. He was painting some wall. He mentioned the stripper drawing. Homeland Security's theft of my drawings. How I was frustrated with the fact that it would take many years to write my story. How I couldn't verbalize my experience and wanted to revenge. How I wished what I suffered was merely getting beat up and so on instead of all these "mysterious" things. Oliver mentioned "projection". Did he call me delusional? And my hand was hurting (2:07:00). (**He had believed Homeland Security's warning about me and so of course thought me “delusional”.**) So many children around me lately, making me want to xxxx xxxx. (**Homeland Security's evidence again that I was a danger to children.**) Talking to my doctor was of no use because Misopedia was not an established disease. More about the theft of my drawings. Back in LA, Oliver would also work while everyone was sleeping. 2:16:40, siren. More complaint about how my suffering was of the "mysterious" kind. Valentine wasn't going to New York right away. Oliver kept on comforting me. Although Oliver knew a lot of people, he didn't find it easy to be close to them. My continual complaint about being entangled with the intelligence agencies. The article which Oliver sent me. Oliver on the limitation of life. 2:31:30, siren. Even the helicopter was out. 2:34:30, I hanged up with Oliver. My messages. Back in my room and back to Tudou. (Reviewed until 3:02:00.)

September 16 (Dr R)

My session with Dr R today: “wktoedlmncamudrroach_9_16_11_1155AM-454PM.MP3”: I just woke up. 22:00, out. 36:30, on the bus. 2:18:00, I read Camus. 3:03:00, in Edelman. 3:38:30, Dr R wanted my backpack checked. How I was angry because Dr R wasn't giving me enough treatment. Monday night, my netbook froze, and I threw things. The control center's trick. And someone in the car to witness me. An agent! How last year the control center wanted me to xxxx xxxxxx. Dr R: have you ever tried to xxxx people before? No, I'm not that dumb! The example of an FBI sting op. The control center wanted me to try to xxxx people and then would cause me to fail. I showed Dr R the recording from November 21 last year. How I had to conform to the prosecution team's claim that I was a danger to people. How the writing "I was crying" didn't convey the degree of my sadness. "The government was spending a million dollars a day trying to get me to xxxx people..." Dr R: "How is it now?" And: "Why is it less frequent now?" I was frustrated: "Because the trial has already become a conspiracy..." How I had become unhappy with her since the last few times: "... nothing I say makes sense because you don't know the context..." The example of Einstein. Dr R: "Maybe I'm not capable of understanding it..." "There is nothing we can do, the control center has already decided that I should be

a disruptive character..." Dr R: you just want to tell me the story? I thought... treatment... Me: I want to make sense, I don't want to say the same thing... Dr R: Are you mad at me? Yes, because you don't understand my story... We fell silent after it had become evident to me that Dr R was simply not smart enough to understand anything I said. Dr R needed me to sign the yearly paper. Then on and on about how people would not understand what I wrote. "I want people to understand WHY the control center is doing all this to me! Otherwise what I say just sounds stupid!" Dr R: "Do you think I think you are stupid?" "You don't believe what I say because you don't know the WHY!" I continued to use the example of relativity. 4:19:20, out. (Reviewed until 4:28:24.)

It's clear that, within the past week, Homeland Security had continued to persuade Dr R to consider me a danger to people – if a psychiatrist of the suspect could confirm that they were right about him, that would be golden evidence in the ICJ. However, when Dr R refused, Homeland Security stuffed “Chaya’s warning” in her face causing her to now become frightened of me (that I might become “obsessed with her” and “stalk her”). (Maybe, via Homeland Security, Dr R even had a conversation with Chaya or Deborah about my past “obsession” with therapists.) This is why she now wanted my backpack checked. To make me frighten Dr R further into accepting the Homeland Security consideration of me as “dangerous”, Homeland Security remotely controlled me to tell her about how the control center wanted me to xxxx xxxxxx late last year.

I saw the “Berkeley Mommy” on bus 2 in late afternoon. She was in fact *not* a CIA agent. I was mistaken.

September 17 (Valentine)

The first recording of my time with Valentine today: “callvaltosabor_9_17_11_208-520PM.MP3”: I just woke up: in the restroom. 20:00, out. 23:00, I was connected with Valentine. He was going to the storage. He wanted to watch a movie with the artist girl from Chicago (Culver City). 28:30, I left a message for Oliver. "Thanks for calling me in the past two days..." Out. 1:10:00, while waiting for the bus, I read Camus. 1:17:00, on the bus. 1:26:00, siren. 1:36:00, El Monte Station, and today's newspaper. On the bus. On Metro: a Hispanic guy put his baby in front of me, gravely annoying me (2:30:00). (**Homeland Security operation?**) 2:56:00, in Sabor.

The second recording of my time with Valentine today: “toval_9_17_11_7-816PM.MP3”: still at Sabor. 10:00, somebody asked me about “DVD-Decrypt” (he thought my ImgBurn was that.) 12:00, I was connected with Valentine. 23:50, connected with Valentine again: I'm coming over. 34:50, on bus 2. 46:20, off the bus. 56:00, connected with Valentine again. 57:30, I found the house and met up with him. The house belonged to his brother's wife's friends. He proposed the title for a children's book: "Lawrence and the Giant Control Center." And I complained about how Dr R wasn't so interested in my story, and how I had had to say stupid things like "The control center wanted me to kxxx people..." 1:05:00, Valentine was on the phone with somebody. I worked on "Karin's Meetups" instead.

The third recording of my time with Valentine today: “moviedrive_9_17-18_11_816PM-106AM.MP3”: Valentine was **still** on the phone. I continued to write while waiting for him. 10:30, Valentine was back. The sexy Korean manager at Sabor. "Lawrence and the Giant Control Center" again. We ate. My Vol. 2 was almost completed. The current chapter I was working on explained US deception, how to hit me in the face and yet make it look like I had hit them in the face. Very educational in this sense. The US

government is an expert **in** this. What the US did in secret was worse than Abu Ghraib. Any human rights abuse that doesn't include me is not real human rights abuse. Valentine kept saying how I could get laid by talking like that. Wikileaks is no leaking at all since any leaking that doesn't contain me is not real leaking. How I should call Oliver back. And I did call him (27:00). Valentine talked to him too. 32:00, about Taiwan. Ang Lee. "Lust, Caution". He explained the woodwork he was working on. I kept on reading. I'm the essence of American human rights abuse, I'm the essence of American secrecy... 46:00, siren, and how the trial about me was tied up with 911. 53:00, Valentine explained the hacking of his Facebook. I was surprised that his name was John. 56:00, how so many people had found it difficult to believe in the official 911 story. 1:03:00, Valentine accused me of annoying him. We decided to see the movie. But I'm worried that this might be another movie which the control center has wanted me to see. Valentine: that's not my problem... (1:08:30). About his vinyl records. 1:17:20, his Bohemian music. 1:26:00, we were out. I should have used "Indie" instead of "Bohemian". Why wasn't he dressed Bohemian? 1:31:50, siren. 1:34:10, how Dr R wanted to dump me. She couldn't understand anything I said anyway. 1:37:00, how to get laid through "performance". 1:40:00, at the liquor store. 1:49:00, in the fancy theater. 1:59:00, the movie started. (Reviewed until 2:13:00, and then from 3:30:00 onward.) 3:43:30, the movie over. The Munch painting. Valentine started talking to this girl (from 4:01:00 onward). Out, 4:03:30. I again thought the control center had sent her in, and Valentine was totally incredulous. And he insisted that Jennifer didn't take pictures of me per Homeland Security's instruction. "She has a lot of problems, spends a lot of time by herself in her room..." But then why would she lie? Finally, Valentine admitted that I was very paranoid. How the police and security guards in America made me want to vomit (4:16:00). He then accused me of looking at women in a very superficial way. 4:20:00, siren. The China episode (4:21:00). How the **latter** part of my story might be too boring, especially the conditioning. Can documentaries deviate from the truth? (4:29:00) 4:30:00, we were home. 4:33:00, Valentine explained Odyssey: it takes 10 years to give back, 9 years spent on the Island with Calypsos, but that's only a small part of the story... the writing mostly covers one year... Me: I'd have to explain how I had come to acquire Misopedia... 4:36:30, some psychics convention... my complaint that the movie was too unrealistic. The German movie Valentine wanted to see. He didn't like the new Planet of the Apes. He denied he was a film psychic.

September 18 (Valentine)

The first recording of my time with Valentine today: "slpvalhwmwktostories_9_18_11_4AM-106PM.MP3": I was now going to sleep. (Reviewed from 5:44:00 onward.) 5:52:20, with Valentine. His hard drive was just like mine. 6:19:00, my worry about my apartment because I got angry over computer malfunctioning and Mr Tian called me about it. How Claudia asked me what I was writing. Valentine: there was a war against modernity. Was modernity on trial? How Boss Cheney would always reward M. C.: it's feudalism. Valentine kept talking about Rick Perry, the total idiot. The final part of my story was about how a new secret world order had emerged. (**Although this was complete bullshit, something like this might happen later on.**) Valentine on how China and the US had become one. The secret world order, where all countries were united, but they made us believe these countries were still separate. All from my trial! Everything was now a puppet show. I called them the "Macrospherians". And I made a symbol of the Macrospherians.²⁵ The new secret society which had replaced the old Illuminates and so on. Several times Bush himself talked to me via operatives. (**Again, this was somewhat true.**) He was a nice guy. Valentine's story about his friend's experience with Bush. Bush really believed in God. The CIA psychologist Mark (6:46:50). At the end of my story, the CIA was back in power. The CIA didn't take part in 911. 911: it doesn't take a lot to deceive the people, you

²⁵ I made a funny gesture of flying like a retarded bird.

just have to own the TV. The 911 hijackers were Pakistani ISI agents. The people who were overthrowing Gaddafi were Al-Qaeda. Valentine was giving his printer to Chantelle. Valentine on his collection. Me: "I'm a collectible too" (7:16:30). The debate about whether I should wear suits. 7:26:30, the Hindu music from Bali. I wanted him to remember the secret Macrospherian symbol. 8:05:30, I showed him an old picture of me from Pasadena. The problem with viewing my website on Valentine's MAC. 8:14:00, Valentine sang. 8:26:00, Valentine on his woodwork. 8:28:00, we were out. 8:35:00, a vagrant was shouting. 8:40:00, we were in the store, and Valentine was returning what he had purchased. 8:45:20, I left Valentine. 8:57:30, on bus 2 to go to Stories.

The second recording of my time with Valentine today: "eattohmvalcallread_9_18_11_433-816PM.MP3": I was now ready to leave Stories. 5:30, a girl on a type writer. In the pizza store. 48:00, back to Stories. 54:30, I left. 57:20, a call, and on the bus. Then I was connected with Valentine. He's going to see the German movie tonight. Fairfax and Melrose. I decided not to go after some discussion. 1:04:00, the call over. 1:13:00, off the bus in downtown. On bus 70. 1:38:00, reading Camus. (Reviewed until 1:52:00.)

September 22 (Wes)

My conversation with Wes today: "wesmachiavellitoretau_9_22_11_613-913PM.MP3": With Wes from 6:40 onward. Wes spent the whole hour explaining Straussians' use of Machiavelli: esoteric messages in *The Prince*; the Straussians would like to use Machiavelli to demonstrate that one must also read Plato esoterically; in this way they **had** made Plato into Aristotle. Wes denied that Cheney orchestrated 911 attacks and affirmed that he merely used it. Then we also talked about how America controls its people better by being an open society.

September 23 (Dr R)

My session with Dr today: "drroachtosabor_9_23_11_246-640PM.MP3": 14:00, in Starbucks. 36:00, in Edelman. The security guard again checked my backpack. 44:30, with Dr R. First, the annual paperwork. I accused Dr R of not being interested in my disease. How I found everything boring, even Dr R herself. Now Dr R: It's not good use of my time if I'm not helping you... maybe I'm not the right person for you... (**Again, Dr R had become scared of me after talking to Deborah and Chaya.**) Me: Schizotypal and Borderline really describe me... but most doctors have no interest in hearing me and so constantly misdiagnose me. How I watched the remake of "Sybil" during the weekend. The doctor in that movie wasn't boring, but was interested in her patient. Dr R: sounds like you don't have much respect for me... maybe I'm not the right doctor for you. (**Again! Now Dr R wanted to be off the hook.**) 55:00, I showed Dr R another recording: "Do you know where SFMOMA is?" "No, I don't have a job either." Dr R: am I orchestrated by the control center? Am I retarded or confused? "No! You are just boring!" Then Dr R asked me if I was still taking my medication. She increased my dose and continued to insist that my thoughts had been more cohesive **ever** since Zyprexa. (**She somehow believed medication could make me "less a danger".**) The mental confusion of the girl, sort of like Kafka's *The Trial*: everyone is confused, I'm the only one with a clear head. "You are the one who's delusional, I'm not." "That's a possibility." **Ha!** Joan of Arc. What is okay is then thought of as "delusional" when the nature of society has changed. Did Joan of Arc and the prophet really get to talk to God? Did Dr R believe the control center exists? Dr R: "Maybe I can't keep up with you... I'm stupid and boring..." (**Again, she never believed anything I said because of Homeland Security, but neither did she ever think me insane. But after hearing from Deborah and Chaya, she was now**

quite scared and wanted to be off the hook.) She had another book, *Disorders of Personality*. I disputed that Dr R was interested in the treatment of diseases. The Lockerbie bombing. How I pretended to conspire with the CIA to harm Russia by flying to Nicaragua, and how Russia was able to get hold of the CIA's records to prove that the Libyan agent didn't do it. How I knew a lot of secrets because of my ICJ trial. 1:19:00, Dr R told me my diagnosis is Schizotypal plus Borderline. **(See! She never thought me insane because she's one of the few doctors (e.g. along with Dr Caldeira) who could correctly diagnose me.)** Delusions in Latin America tend to be about God, while in America they tend to be about the CIA, but there is a commonality: it's all about a hidden power that's controlling you... **(I was completely right!)** 1:22:40, the book *Emotional Intelligence*. 1:23:00, I bade Dr R goodbye. On the street. 1:39:30, on the bus. I continued to read Machiavelli. 3:09:00, in Sabor. 3:52:30, I asked a girl why she was learning Russian.

September 24 (the Pyramid's visit)

On 2:03 PM, the Pyramid visited my website from the Law Library. Search term: "Lawrence C. Chin". She first looked at the New Letter of Petition and then "My experience..." **We surmise this: even after hearing so much bad things about me (my obsession with, and "stalking" of, therapists), Dr R still refused to diagnose me as suffering from schizophrenia. Well, for someone who had a clear head, I was clearly Schizotypal with my stories about the control center and intelligence agencies and Borderline with my past obsession with women. But this was not what Homeland Security had wanted to hear, and so they must have instructed the Pyramid to argue with Dr R again. But note this: today was Saturday, so that while the Pyramid had to work in the Law Library, Dr R was not at work in Edelman.**

September 26 (Oliver)

My chat with Oliver today: "bus4calloli_9_26_11_802-836PM.MP3": in Stories LA. 7:00, I called Oliver: not there. My depression was quite severe. Then I left. 19:40, Oliver called back. Valentine went to New York today (?). My depression, and how I wanted to move out of LA. I hadn't looked at the link he sent me and the Internet at my home had been down for a while. Not *The Rape of the Mind*, but the second one. He asked me if I wanted to talk to a different psychiatrist. **(What?)** My disappointment with Dr R, how she wanted to drop me and wasn't interested in my story. And my continual worry that the Pyramid and Karin might want to sue me. Oliver started telling me about his friend in Philadelphia who was a psychiatrist and wondered if I wanted to be his friend. Maybe he even knew someone in LA who might help me. I agreed to let Oliver tell him about me. How much I missed Wes. He also wanted to see **me** painting (!). I was reluctant.

Two comments. (1) It must be because Homeland Security desperately needed a confirmation from a psychiatrist that I indeed suffered from Schizophrenia and yet Dr R just wouldn't budge that they instructed Oliver to try to set me up with another psychiatrist – someone more willing to follow Homeland Security's instruction and diagnose me as suffering from whatever Homeland Security wished I would suffer. (2) Oliver wanted to see me painting probably because Homeland Security knew that I didn't paint well. (My paintings look like illustrations, without an under painting.) That could then be evidence that I was only pretending to be an artist.

September 30 (the Pyramid's visit; Wes; Dr R)

My conversation with Wes today: “wkwesroachtickt_9_30_11_1012AM-718PM.MP3”: at home. Classical music. I was connected with Wes on 36:00. How Dr R provoked me. Since two weeks ago she got paranoid and wanted my backpack checked. How **the Pyramid** started visiting my website again. She could find my address at **the** Library of Congress's Copyright Center. I was the biggest dupe in human history because everyone I knew was recruited as an operative against me. Just like the Truman Show. How I couldn't stand the secrecy – when you can't even say there is a secret. Why did Dr R suddenly decide I'm a danger? Did she get notified about me? They want you to be a danger so that they can exclude you, and when you turn out not to be a danger, they will trick you. **(Right.)** How I'd be judged insane if I merely speak what everyone else believes. **(Right.)** I got so upset that I wanted to cry. Everyone thought me inferior and so everyone required me to believe in a false reality, and if I knew the truth then I **would have** to be judged insane. **(As you shall see, this condition in which I was trapped would continue for the next 12 years – and more.)** Wes started talking about “The Truman Show”. “A Truman [Show] within a Truman [Show]”: *Truman watching a movie about Truman* – why would they do that? The question is: whether you are gonna take the bait. My Misopedia last year. “This doctor really sucks!” I thought it all had to do with my recordings. (How Dr R saw me putting my recorder into my backpack the session before the session where she asked the security guard to search my backpack.) **(That could be an additional reason to hearing testimonies from Chaya.)** How I wanted revenge against the actors in my show. All because I'm ugly! What was the Pyramid looking for on my website? A reason to file a TRO? 1:01:30, I hanged up with Wes.

What does it mean – a Truman Show within a Truman Show? As you shall see, after the CIA shall have succeeded in reactivating the bygone ICJ trial in December 2020, they would indeed employ this tactic: while Homeland Security and the “Secret Society women” (soon to appear) would make a Truman Show out of me, they would make out of Homeland Security and these women another Truman Show – so that I would be trapped within a Truman Show within another Truman Show, and my tormenters would be Truman watching another Truman. It’s only too strange that, 9 years before the implementation of this method, the CIA had already come up with it.

I then immediately left a message for Dr R: “Why did you play this trick by slipping me the paper?” 3:37:00, out. 3:48:00, on the bus. 3:57:00, a woman asked me why I was mad. 4:01:00, I was connected with Dr R. And the woman talked to me again: “Do you see a psychiatrist too?” **(This woman wasn’t doing it for Homeland Security, was she?)** 4:04:00, off the bus, to catch the Silver bus. 4:24:00, off the bus. 4:28:30, on the train. 4:38:00 – was I reading Emile (in French)? 4:54:00, I was on bus 720. And I continued to read Emile. 5:15:20, siren. 5:38:30, I left a message for Dr R saying I'd be late. 6:00:00, in Edelman. I was told to see the financial officer first. I worked on “Karin's Meetups” while waiting for Dr R. 7:01:50, I was finally meeting with Dr R. I started discussing with her the bad trick she had supposedly played (to give me a wrong time so that she could have a reason to kick me out). Why she suddenly became unsupportive and didn't want me to come anymore. How the Maple Center had rejected me. How she didn't understand my summary and didn't seem to be interested in my story. My depression: everything seemed so boring. How I tried to read Kafka and Camus and how even these were boring. How I was also reading Will Durant's *Story of Civilization*, and how the section on Rousseau was so interesting to me. Another CIA girl's memoir (Lindsay Moran) -- she was lying! My book was special because I was the only one telling the truth, but I was overwhelmed by details. Why was I tormenting myself with such an impossible goal? Medication didn't help **with** this kind of things: what I needed was an editor. Dr R's cat. Misopedia. (My wrong scenario: they didn't actually want me to xxxx a cxxxx.) “... this is an unprecedented disease, and yet you don't find it interesting...” Then my

enslavement to my story. Did Dr R find it boring to come to work? How could Will Durant have spent his life writing *The Story of Civilization*? Did Dr R find my recordings interesting? 7:41:00, the session over. (Reviewed until 7:46:00.)

It should be noted that Dr R's entire attitude toward me had **now** changed. She was now more interested in calming me with feminine deceptiveness in order to neutralize my possible danger toward her than in treating me. I began to feel offended.

On 11:13 AM, somebody evidently related to Karin and the Pyramid searched for me and found "My experience..." (72.82.102.174, nrflva.btas.verizon.net, Virginia Beach, Virginia; search term: "Lawrence C. Chin"). Then the Pyramid visited my website from the Law Library again. She looked at the New Letter of Petition, Part II. **Evidently she was still looking for evidence with which to persuade Dr R to label me "schizophrenic".**

October 6 (Wes; the fat guy)

The latter half of my day is recorded in: "IMPweswrtaccsdstealinghm_10_6_11_4-1153PM.WMA". With Wes from 40:00 onward. The existential anxiety I was experiencing. Fearing that people **at Art of Living** might have been alerted about me. (It's quite possible!) About Will Durant's *The Story of Civilization*. It seems that the trial is over... (52:30). Would I ever get my day of truth? (1:07:00) The problem with verbalizing my pain and suffering... **The call ended on 1:18:00.**

Then, the fat guy at Tian's house falsely accused me of stealing his food and so on (from 2:17:19 onward). **I took merely one ramen from him and yet he accused me of stealing a whole bunch of food from him over a long period of time. It's now evident that he was indeed a Homeland Security informant and that, seeing me taking the ramen, Homeland Security instructed him to falsely accuse me so that they could have more instances to confirm in the ICJ that their profile of me was correct. Homeland Security had evidently slandered me so severely to this man such that, from the first day onward, he always looked at me with such hatred as if he wanted to kill me.**

October 7 (Dr R)

My session with Dr today: "roachtodwntwntostorieskmu9bg_10_7_11_338-652PM.MP3": in Edelman. 17:40, with Dr R. How I was doing very badly. How I took the fat guy's ramen and how he falsely accused me and falsely claimed he **had** got me on film. "He is an agent from the control center." (**Quite close to the truth.**) I showed Dr R the recording of the fat guy's accusations. My half-true, half-wrong theory about how the control center had planned this operation in order to produce evidence showing me conforming to a certain profile. (**Almost correct.**) Dr R: Do you think he's violent? Will he try to hurt you? I called the landlord, Mr Tian. How could the fat guy have **such** a video? He had no time to talk about it right now. Siren (29:30). How I was a scapegoat in the house and how everyone was rumoring about me. (**All thanks to Homeland Security's slandering alert.**) How all this was a replay of the "conspiracy". Dr R: maybe he's just lying. How I was destined to be thrown out (how everyone blamed me whenever something happened). Since the control center wanted me to move out, this thing will escalate to the point where I'd be forced to move out – all because I had to conform to the profile of an antisocial personality. How I planned to show the fat guy the recording to cause the whole thing to escalate. How I therefore couldn't stop recording. Now I had 277 DVDs. "Now we are in the third

phase, and I still have to conform to the Mexican man's profile of me." (**The latter part is correct.**) Dr R was going to an Asian American conference next Friday. (Her mother was Chinese.) 47:50, session over. 1:02:10, on the bus. 1:08:20, siren. 1:19:00, did I say something? On the bus again. 1:50:00, reading the New Testament. (Reviewed until 2:15:00.)

October 8 (Valentine – Chinatown)

The first recording of my time with Valentine today: "frnchmulawlibval_10_8_11_1224-930PM.MP3": on the bus. 7:00, off the bus. I came to the restaurant for the French meetup. "Karin's Meetups-9BG". 31:40, I met up with the organizer of the French meetup. 40:30, a second person. The organizer was a TV producer. Another girl who had studied US history at UC Berkeley. 1:42:00, I struggled to explain that I was writing a story. 2:05:00, the girl had stayed in Vietnam while a student at a university in Texas. She's still in contact with her tutor in Vietnam. 2:22:20, she left. The organizer mentioned somebody who was living in Shanghai. 2:40:00, this woman's particular bad experience with this girl "Fiona" who had stayed at her house. 2:53:00, I left. 3:03:00, on the bus. 3:14:30, siren – in the Metro station. 3:21:00, reading Camus. On Metro. In downtown. 4:06:30, in a restaurant. 4:31:20, siren. Near the Law Library. 4:37:00, I believed I had spotted the "Monkey Pyramid" in a white car. 4:53:00, in Metro station. 5:12:20, I was connected with Valentine. 5:20:00, "Karin's Meetups". 5:30:10, Valentine showed up. He's got a girl to agree to be in the movie.²⁶ How I tried to get the fat guy to show me the videos (in vain). On and on about how he could forge evidence to frame me. He was conspiring with the other Chinese guy against me. My (wrong) theory: because he worked too much, he had a lot of negative energy inside him. But also because the control center had directed him. (Closer to the truth here.) One of these two guys stole Mr Tian's cigarettes in order to blame it on me. (**Presumably another Homeland Security operation.**) Valentine didn't want to hear the stories anymore. 5:40:30, we stopped, for Valentine wanted a haircut. 6:12:30, done, and we left – Valentine was so extremely friendly with the hair-dresser. 6:16:30, he took more pictures of me. He mentioned the girl **that was going** to be in the movie: an attractive Korean girl. 6:19:30, how I wrote an email to Chantelle's energy friend Lisa. She's moving. In a market to buy food. 6:29:30, we were on our way. Chantelle was having dinner in Torrance right now. 6:38:00, I mentioned the book club meetup I was going to attend, how the girl that ran it was so pretty. We were to read *Tomatoland*. Valentine's film project was to let us speak our world-views. What people believe to be the world is the opposite of the real world. Hence people believe me to be stupid even though I'm a genius. In Trader Joe's. Many pretty girls. A commercial idea: "I met my masturbation partner at Trader Joe's." My image: he looks so stupid – who's gonna know he's a genius? That he's the top-most secret of the US government? 6:52:50, Oliver was calling. The control center instructed this guy to frame me in order to get me thrown out. The theft of the landlord's cigarettes. 6:55:40, the call was cut off, and then we were reconnected. How the "Mexican Girl" (**the Pyramid**) had been inside the control center. How her father produced this bad profile of me such that everyone would have to turn me into it. I hadn't seen Valentine for 3 weeks, and so today... Cut off again, and reconnected again. The theft of the fat guy's ramen and so on. Valentine continued to emphasize this was similar to the Lawrence Chin/ David Chin story. 7:07:50, I hanged up. 7:13:00, we stopped at Vons. 7:25:00, in the car again. Misopedia. Valentine considered my way of talking about children very disturbing. 7:37:00, we parked our car in Chinatown. 7:43:30, at the galleries. 7:47:50, he took that famous picture of me.²⁷ About how to get a room in Chinatown. We talked to a pretty woman artist from New York. Once out, we continued to talk about her. 8:16:30, in the car. 8:20:00, the discussion of Misopedia led to the complaint about there being too many people on **this planet**. Michael

26 Namely, Laura Kim, whom you shall soon meet.

27 On the front page of the defunct "K's Vengeance, Part I".

Ruppert on Peak Oil. 8:21:50, Valentine mentioned how Scientology was based on the myth of over-population on another planet. 8:23:20, in another gallery. Valentine talked to the artists. 8:42:00, in another gallery. 8:45:00, back to the first one. 8:46:00, I talked to the same pretty female artist. She grew up in Ohio and went to art school in Philadelphia, just like Valentine. She gave me the URL of her website. 8:50:00, we were out. My worry that Mr Tian would ask me to leave. All these children will grow up to be mediocre human beings... not to become Einstein, but merely to grab your food away... **And** I kept on: people think me stupid, but I'm actually a genius, and that's what I need to tell people... we continued to rank the girls we just met. Another 75 dollar check from California, and I was convinced it was the control center compensating me. (**Not.**) In the car. We were now going to downtown.

The second recording of my time with Valentine today: “valgaltohmwrt_10_8-9_11_931PM-1224AM.MP3”: Valentine continued on about the haircut. **Then how he had** this kid shine his shoes back in Philadelphia. We discussed the protesters around and decided to check them out. 20:30, out of the car. At the 99 Percent protest. Valentine mentioned how this was a great place to meet girls. 911 Truth! The elites’ plan to depopulate the planet. 37:00, the 911 Truth guy's speech. This woman told me how this 911 Truther was an outsider (43:00). She then explained what 99 Percent meant. (Her name was Maria.) Valentine considered the 911 question "moot". 53:00, this Russian couple criticized the 99 Percent movement. We continued talking. 1:09:30, we bade the Russian couple goodbye and got into the car. The city council supported the protest. The megaphone 911 Truther. 1:14:00, Valentine dropped me off. 711. 1:32:30, reading. 1:38:00, on the bus. I then began writing. (Reviewed until 2:16:00.)

October 9 (Valentine – Laura)

The first recording of my time with Valentine today: “dwntwnkleinval_10_9_11_657-8PM.MP3”: I left Storie, after buying Naomi Klein's *The Shock Doctrine*. On the bus. I started reading Klein. 16:50, off the bus. In Subway, and I continued to read Klein. 40:30, I was connected with Valentine. Then I continued to read.

The second recording of my time with Valentine today: “vallauratohmwrt_10_9-10_11_826PM-1227AM.MP3”: with Valentine in the car. 4:00, my old car accident. 13:30, off the car in Culver City. How the Pyramid threw me out of the Law Library. Valentine mentioned "psy-op". We came to this Starbucks to wait for Laura. I showed Valentine Klein's book. Did Valentine show me not only his drawings but also his writings? A lot of vocabulary! His story was **about how he chased** after a girl. 36:30, Laura showed up. 42:00, I described to Laura my disaster with the book club meetup earlier today. Laura claimed I was indeed a genius! 48:00, I praised Laura: you must be a genius for recognizing that I'm a genius. 53:00, I'm supposed to be a genius that looks retarded... but that looks... 59:30, if you want me to describe my world-view, I'm just gonna describe how people are stupid, how this world sucks, how I'm a genius and yet no one can see that... and Valentine asked me to recount some of my philosophy. People will always believe in the opposite of reality... when it comes to something important... and that's why a revolution can never succeed... if it succeeds then it's a failure... Valentine wanted the movie to start with this. I showed them my Thermodynamic Interpretation of History. 1:06:00, Laura asked me where the control center was. I'm hesitant to speak my story and my theory because people will put me in the mental asylum. 1:10:00, Valentine mentioned this movie and autobiography where this guy, when he's not doing TV shows, is a CIA agent going around **the world** assassinating people. ("Confession of a Dangerous Mind.") How that was like my story. 1:12:00, how my life was a shadow of this trial, all because the CIA came to me one time... no one will know I'm

telling the truth, which just proves my point... anyone who believes my story must be a genius. I showed them my web gallery. Valentine wanted to see the portrait of the Monkey Pyramid. "Dr Paradise." Valentine insisted on seeing the "graphic drawings". 1:25:30, Laura: when is the book going to be finished? My study on linear perspective. 12:27:50, even my solutions to Zeno's paradoxes. Valentine brought up his own example. 1:31:00, Oliver's website. 1:34:30, Laura didn't want to show **me** her website. 1:36:00, Starbucks was closing. Laura's last name, "Kim", means "gold" in Chinese, or the first character in the word "pyramid". 1:41:00, we were in the car and discussing when to do the movie. Thursday next week? 1:45:30, we dropped off Laura. She's in the middle of working on something. 1:48:00, Valentine talked about string theories, and then the "Macrocosmos", the "Magic Kid", and the "Multi-Universe" and so on. His phone experience was not important to him. 2:05:00, siren. The possibility of moving and credit check. 2:13:00, how Valentine met Laura: she went to Harvard with an old girlfriend of his, Colleen, who was also an energy person, also from the "Energy Institute". 2:14:20, I got off. (Reviewed until 2:20:00.)

October 10 (Wes)

My conversation with Wes today: "wkmxrestaucallwes_10_10_11_156-433PM.MP3": I just woke up. Out. 13:00, in the Mexican restaurant. I was also reading Naomi Klein's *The Shock Doctrine* (Ch. 3). Home. 2:29:35, I was connected with Wes. He was busy and couldn't talk much. I described my problem with the Fat Guy: how he falsely accused me of stealing his food and claimed he had caught me on video. How I left a note for him. But he could have simply used the video of my taking out my own food from the refrigerator. "It's the control center which has instructed him to falsely accuse me... to produce evidence showing me to be a thief..." (**No. It's Homeland Security.**) How he kept accusing me of lying. Then I hanged up with Wes.

October 13 (Dr R)

My time with Dr R today: "kmu9bgroachuclalib_10_13_11_252-638PM.MP3": in Edelman. I started working on "Karin's meetups". Then, the recording (Janet Lee, October 3 last year). 44:40, with Dr R. How I didn't get to talk to the landlord, and how Valentine wanted to make a film with me. My difficulty in analyzing cognitive behavioral torture: it's not supposed to look like torture because you have to look as if you were violent by nature. The torture works by placing obstacles in the path to my goal, but I didn't understand why I couldn't stand the noises from Hispanic children. Also, "Have a nice day", etc. Dr R: can you recondition yourself? A lot of it dropped off because I now had a home. I had difficulty in organizing the analyses into an essay. Dr R: to control yourself to not get angry. How I didn't go to the job search this week, and was still worried that my story might be too boring. Everything has to contribute to my writing of my story, including all the books I read. "Everything just seems so boring!" How I wanted to move next door to Wes. I got frustrated when Dr R couldn't distinguish Wes from Valentine. 1:02:30, the 6 pages which Dr R **had** read. I became very concerned when Dr R couldn't understand what I wrote. The prosecuting team committed perjury and so had to cover it up... "I need to find an editor!" Dr R: "I think that might help..." 1:11:00, session over, with the next appointment on Friday 3:30 PM. On the street. On the bus. 1:43:00, off the bus. 1:46:40, connected with Valentine briefly. 1:52:40, in UCLA library. On the computer. I checked my website. 2:34:20, an Asian guy with earphones. (**Was it Homeland Security surveillance? In partnership with university security?**) Was I then looking for grammar mistakes in my "Karin's Meetups"? 3:01:00, my website was down. Then, upstairs for coffee. To look up Durant on the catalog. 3:23:50, Valentine called. Laura liked my artworks. He wanted me to do more drawings. About the fat guy. Like

being Jesus! How I got pissed off when I went to the protest last night. 3:30:00, I hanged up with him. I **then** looked up Durant's *The Age of Reason Begins*.

October 14 (Valentine; “The Skin I Live In”)

1:30 AM, laptop froze up. Extreme anger.

My time with Valentine tonight: “storiesfaustvalskinmoviecatsfiddlevalhm_10_14-15_11_736PM-442AM.MP3”: in Stories. Goethe's Faust. 44:30, I was connected with Valentine. 1:11:00, I explained to somebody Valentine's movie plan for tonight. (Claudia?) 1:13:00, "Karin's Meetups-9BG". 1:32:00, Valentine showed up. He said we would meet people tonight. The nose hair business. Why did he text me "Monkey Pyramid"? Because her father was a Monkey, related to the Cardena gang. "Pyramid" because of her nose. 1:49:00, off the car. In the theater. 1:54:00, the friends showed up. 2:00:30, in the movie, "The Skin I Live In". (Reviewed until 2:09:00, and then from 3:42:00 onward.) 3:59:00, the movie was over. I chatted with Valentine's friends. They suggested that we go to Cat and the Fiddle. 4:15:00, siren – and the girl lived just around here. The girl worked in the film industry as an editor. How I used to work as an audience. We chatted about the movie. 4:22:00, at Cat and the Fiddle. I wouldn't be so upset about being changed into a woman when she's that hot. Valentine agreed: he wasn't that happy being a guy anyway. I mentioned Tudou, because of which I never rented any movies. I explained to the girl how I met Valentine. She's sympathetic with Vincente. 4:43:00, how I used to learn Spanish but then got "grossed out". The languages I knew. My Nicaragua experience. 5:01:00, Valentine talked about his projects. 5:08:00, I suggested to the girl that she look at my Nicaragua video diaries. 5:16:00, I bragged about how the US government had spent 2.4 billion dollars on me – while **nothing** on that guy. I'm better than him... did the CIA look for him? The Chinese and the Russian intelligence? The rejection by the CIA? Only because of M. C.! And I almost brought down the CIA **together** with the Russians! 5:22:00, the girl asked me about my video diaries. The books I had written. First, spiritual enlightenment, and then a story. My stay in San Francisco. She lived in San Francisco for 10 years. She then told Valentine about a problem with her director. 5:40:30, we left. 5:44:20, the friends bade us goodbye, but Valentine continued to chat with the girl for a little bit. 5:48:40, she left while mentioning the Echo Park Film Festival. Chantelle was in Northern California for a certain "Energy Event". 5:58:30, in the car. Was the fat guy's name "Jerry"? I showed Valentine the electronic cigarettes. 6:20:30, in a store to buy picos. Valentine suddenly asked me whether I had really taken anything from the fat guy other than the ramen. 6:29:00 – were his friends not Bohemian? The guy was in a band. 6:32:30, at the Energy Hole. Chantelle's books. Valentine mentioned Borges. I have never heard of him! Chantelle would be back on Sunday. 6:48:00, Valentine showed a movie while I ate my picos. 7:40:00, reading? Faust?

October 15 (Valentine)

The first recording of my time with Valentine today: “slpwkvalcafewrtfaust_10_15_11_442AM-140PM.MP3”: from 4:37:00 onward. 5:12:30, I woke up. We decided to go to the Police Academy to get coffee. 5:29:00, Valentine: what kind of belief do you practice? Atheism? I don't believe in atheism... I believed I'm the prophet here to enlighten humanity... but I have cooled down with my belief lately... I believe in God, namely I'm God... you don't call Jesus an atheist... he didn't believe Jesus did anything special for humanity at all... 5:44:20, in the car. 5:46:50, at the Police Academy, but the coffee shop was closed. 5:52:00, Valentine's amazing parking skill. A "parking genius". Thus originated my nickname for him, "Parkman". In a restaurant. 6:18:00, I was working on Karin's

Meetups-9BG. 7:43:00, I found an excellent dramatization of Faust on Youtube. 8:11:00, I explained to Valentine my video diaries and my time in Nicaragua. I got him to send me all the pictures he had taken of me. Everyone looks at him, he looks stupid and like a loser, and yet, when he speaks, he's so grandiose... that'd be a good film... 8:26:00, Valentine scolded me saying he's tired of hearing me disparaging children and Hispanics. When you say something grandiose, it has to be original... Valentine was annoyed and didn't want to explain his film project anymore. 8:40:00 – was Valentine on the phone? I was then back to writing. 8:56:00, I asked him about the event tonight: at Alvarado and Sunset.

The second recording of my time with Valentine today: “valtostories_10_15_11_141-223PM.MP3”: 1:45, in the car. How I needed to buy some clothes. I do want to look like a loser, but not too much... but only someone who doesn't particularly want to win... Valentine wanted to pass by Andrew and so on and then go see his brother. And he said my criticism of "The Magic Kid" was not accurate. 4:30, he dropped me off at Stories. 10:30, I went to eat at the Mexican restaurant first. 39:00, in Stories.

October 17 (Wes)

I talked to Wes while at Art of Living: “templewesgart_10_17_11_720-1012PM.MP3”: on the bus going to Art of Living. 10:00, in Art of Living. Austin was in Canada. Chanting. 30:50, I was connected with Wes. Wes' side is not audible. Something about his conferences. Whether we can meet in December and where he could get a job. I asked him whether he had heard of Naomi Klein and told him about *The Shock Doctrine*. Now I was reading Emile, Book IV, and I had also bought Goethe's Faust, English and German. I was almost done with Vol. 2 of my story (Karin's Meetups). "I don't think I'll ever get my truth... the FOIA request... the Secret Service and the TSA are working very slowly on my request... the trial is still going on... the Fat Guy is trying to frame me in order to get me kicked out... it's obviously the CIA people who are inside the control center running the trial... (**Wrong. It's Homeland Security.**) You can barely notice anything now... and the secrecy will continue forever..." Rousseau's General Will? Machiavelli and Leo Strauss again. How I got kicked out of the book club. Was it orchestrated? How someday people, when reading my story, will associate Wes with me and identify him. I did check out the protest. The devaluation of culture. I was also reading Durant's **chapters on Roman poets and Greek playwrights**. How I passed by St. John's while passing through Santa Fe. How I preferred that Wes not get a job in Long Beach. 1:08:00, I was suddenly disconnected with **him**. 1:08:50, connected again. But we immediately hanged up and I went back to the chanting. 1:26:00, the chanting over, I started talking to this woman, DeDe, who was a new teacher and who was also teaching Yoga to kids. Then another Indian woman. We were going to do yogurt. 1:47:10, I went with David. Another guy came along. We talked about getting the cartridges at 711. 1:58:00, at the yogurt place. David talked about his job: writing out a program together with his father. The other guy used to be a business major. David's father also used Linux and studied math and physics at school. David's project was a database program. 2:29:00, we left. David continued to describe his project. 2:41:00, David and I were inside 711 to get the cartridges. David got a girlfriend from a dating website. 2:51:00, David dropped me off in Downtown.

October 18 (Oliver)

I talked with Oliver while at the UCLA library: “uclakmubg9readolivr_10_18_11_429-807PM.MP3”: in UCLA library, writing "Karin's Meetups". 1:24:00, writing done, I now searched for "Euripides". Then, coffee break. I read a little of "Europides" in Durant, and was then back to "Karin's Meetups".

2:34:00, Oliver called. The author who got into troubles with the government. Oliver mentioned another author from the French regulation school. He had just arrived in Kansas. He was just reading Ezra Pound. How I was looking for good quotes in Goethe to put into my story. Valentine's film project. A sequel to the first film, the one about the loser who wanted to go to the pyramid. How the Fat Guy was still trying to get me kicked out, always trying to sit next to me. Did the control center tell him to do it? 2:57:00, I hanged up with him.

Two comments: (1) Why did Homeland Security instruct Oliver to mention two regular academics? (These two authors he mentioned today weren't conspiracy theorists.) (2) Homeland Security had instructed the Fat Guy to provoke me simply because they wanted to see me getting into a fight – because they needed evidence that I was a danger to people and yet Dr R had refused to provide one.

October 20 (Valentine)

My call with Valentine today: "callvalmxrestau_10_20_11_213-349PM.MP3": I just woke up. 10:00, I was connected with Valentine. 17:50, over. Out. 34:50, at the Mexican restaurant. 36:00, voice-mail. 1:03:00, annoyed because there were 5 children in the restaurant. 1:21:50, I left. I came home.

October 21 (Valentine/ Kxxxxxxx and Carolyn for the first time)

The recording of the afternoon: "storieswrtvalkrstndnrrtochntll_10_21-22_11_644-236AM.MP3": in Stories, writing. Valentine showed up on 24:00. He was going to take me to meet his friend, "Kxxxxxxx". About Chantelle's "energy friend" on 39:00. About my story and my world-view on 42:00. Valentine got aggressive again on 43:00. About the Pyramid on 47:00. Why she threw me out of the Law Library. The SVR vs the CIA on 58:00. Valentine gave me some clothing, including a suit jacket (1:11:00). About how DGHTRCOM was a nice person: my deluded idealization of him (1:31:00). Valentine warned me not to talk about circumcision with Kxxxxxxx (1:36:00). In Kxxxxxxx's apartment on 1:39:00. I was in the beginning impressed by her because she had surrounded herself with academic books, including French and Greek texts – although I sort of noticed that the books were not quite related to each other. Kxxxxxxx asked me about some Chinese medicinal stuff (1:43:00). She claimed to have studied under Dreyfus and Rabinow while at UC Berkeley (1:51:30). She put up this air of being an intellectual, which had me completely fooled. I didn't know that she was a charlatan pretending to be an intellectual by collecting academic books to decorate her room; she had actually never read any of them. She wanted people to admire her as an intelligent, educated, and beautiful woman. I was then looking over her books. About Kxxxxxxx's older date, Slovenia, and marketing (2:05:00). Her meeting with Anita, Brian, and Jason. Then about her father, Miles, and lack of loyalty (2:20:00). Her job as an editor (2:28:00). She claimed to be writing a novel right now (2:33:00). She talked about one of her former jobs, and then about a certain university, and her time in Rome in 2006. Her experience in Italy on 2:38:00. Valentine mentioned Greece, and my toes hurt: was the control center confirming something? (2:45:00) **(No, it was just Homeland Security trying to confuse me.)** Kxxxxxxx had lived in Copenhagen for two summers, etc. (2:51:00). A certain "Dave" on 3:04:30. Then Valentine on 911: the purpose was to convince people that "Macrocosmos" was the only reality (3:14:00). Valentine then continued on with his "Macrocosmos" (3:17:00). He came up with this "Macrocosmos" garbage which was completely devoid of reality and took it with absolute seriousness, but would soon dismiss my story about the International Court trial as pure garbage. "Carolyn" came on 3:32:30. Kxxxxxxx and Valentine were then discussing the astrological

traits of certain people (4:08:00). Valentine mentioned a certain bomb program in WWII on 5:05:00. More superstitious stuff on 5:15:00. About science (5:25:00). Valentine mentioned the “Standard Model” (5:27:00). Then the quantum states on 5:32:00. Then, Kxxxxxxx on psychiatric medication on 6:00:00 (in regard to Laura?). Kxxxxxxx claims to have read Newton’s *Principia* (6:07:00). Of course she was lying. Valentine was then going to take me to meet Chantelle at House of Pies, and we said goodbye to Kxxxxxxx on 6:08:00. Inside House of Pies and meeting Chantelle on 6:22:30. She was going to Mexico on Thanksgiving (6:28:30). My wrong impression of Kxxxxxxx on 6:29:00. About *The Stranger* on 6:41:00. Valentine’s birthday was on February 6. “I’m being treated as developmentally arrested, even though I’m a genius” (7:11:00). Then **we were going to Chantelle’s** home, which we called the “Energy Cave” (7:18:00). **We** would pass the night at Chantelle’s place. At Chantelle’s place on 7:41:30.

To conclude: tonight is special because, besides the Pyramid and Karin, we are witnessing the appearance of the first of what would later become the “secret society women”.

October 22 (Valentine)

The first recording of my time with Valentine today: “slpenrgycavewkval_10_22_11_252-944AM.MP3”: (reviewed from 5:30:00 onward.) 5:47:00, Valentine woke me up. 5:53:00, in the car. Why I liked Stories LA so much. We decided to go to Chantal Cafe. Valentine had to do laundry. 6:13:00, off the car, and, troubled by headache, I bought Tylenol. In the car again. 6:16:00, as Valentine parked his car, I kept calling him "Parkman". "Parkman needs to park in order to feel that he's a man." 6:22:00, in Chantal. 6:33:00, how M. C. had tried to frame me for pedophilia by sending in a father to pull down his kid's paints in front of me. Valentine kept warning me to be careful about my language. He really didn't believe it and thought me schizophrenic.

The second recording of my time with Valentine today: “changalcafewrtval_10_22_11_945-1147AM.MP3”: still at Chantal. 5:30, Valentine came back. He kept mentioning Leon Panetta as if the man were really part of the CIA. I admonished him: You don't know how the CIA functions... you think all these directors actually... the CIA has changed radically from 2000 onward... it has become female-dominated... the decentralization process during 2000... M. C., after he got stranded in the trial, had lost control of the CIA... How I would rather join the Russian intelligence... the fake fat and the fake Americans... Valentine tried to debunk me saying the fake Americans wouldn't know American English to the extent... Then he talked about this family he met in Paris... who lived in this expensive apartment right next to the Eiffel Tower... how he showed up with nothing and got kicked out... how they spoke perfect American English... how the woman worked for IMF... 21:50, I showed him the picture of JD and revealed how she was a CIA agent. "You are only the second person to know this." 23:30, he mentioned this agent whom the military had **supposedly** sent in to infiltrate the Psychic Institute. Then I showed him Celine, also a CIA agent. Now he described the agent. He was Special Forces... it's 2001... he killed a lot of people... and he worked in the file room... in the summer before 911... 5 days after 911, he disappeared, which was 3 weeks before his graduation... 42:00, Valentine departed. I went back inside to work on my "Help Letter". 58:30, Valentine came back and said he needed to get something for Chantelle. Back to writing. 1:06:00, I left with Valentine. 1:07:30, I asked him something about emailing the link to my website to Kxxxxxxx (?). 1:09:30, in the car. My website on Hostmatrix. Our debate about whether he had actually sent the right link to my website to others. 1:17:00, off. Whether he had sent the right link to the friend in Brazil. **(Colleen?)** 1:28:00, I was anxious to see what "theophoretos.com" really was and we checked it while in his car. (He got angry when I almost broke

his door.) 1:32:10, I parted with him to go to Stories. In the Mexican restaurant to eat. 2:02:00, in Stories.

October 23 (Wes)

I talked to Wes around 6 PM: “mxrstauhmwes_10_23_11_446-754PM.MP3” (from 1:38:00 onward). My times with Valentine, how I had ordered Marcus’ book, and the Freedom of Information business (all because I had two identities). Camus’ *The Stranger* was more interesting when it came to the end. Marcus. “One Dimensional”: people only want what the system wants them to want? We thus spent the whole hour talking about Marcus, critical theory, and the taming of the masses in advanced consumerist societies. For example: 2:31:00, “Ignoring dissent is worse than not allowing it.” Breiner came from an elite family in Austria and was in fact one-dimensional. Why Karin and so on would bash the government when chatting but were then totally obedient when the government actually showed up in front of them. Wes also mentioned cognitive dissonance (3:00:00). Marcus was also concerned with the question of why Americans are so obedient. Eastern totalitarianism never learned the art of appeasement. 3:04:00, siren. In the movie “Matrix” the guy preferred illusion and slavery when he discovered that truth and freedom involved toil which he did not want.

October 25 (Valentine)

My time with Valentine today: “libreadstrssvalcafe_10_25-26_11_455PM-1240AM.MP3”: in the downtown library, reading Shadia Drury's exposition of Leo Strauss. 28:00, notes in KMU-Preface-11. 45:40, I was connected with Valentine. 58:30, Valentine called again. 1:04:00, out. 1:09:00, he called me again. 1:15:00, in Valentine's car. Valentine: what kind of agent will I be? Me: I wanted to do something about the Monkey Pyramid... since her father had messed me up... Valentine suggested that I not seek revenge. 1:22:00, Oliver was in Kansas at the moment. 1:28:00, I had to explain again why Mr former Secretary had prevented the CIA from recruiting me: I had exposed his stupidity and the stupidity of his agents in front of the Great Boss. How the neocons didn't like the CIA and how the **thing** they hated the most in the world is any demonstration that they were inferior to the CIA. And how the CIA agents were mostly females and how females make better spies. How I was impressed by Kxxxxxxx (!). Also invite Laura? 2:01:30, he mentioned **René Girard** again and then claimed he needed to go back to the records store to sell his records. I was impatient because we had to drive all this distance just to get to a restaurant. 2:16:00, off the car, and Valentine gave me a jacket and pants. We came to Amoeba first. 2:26:40, he's done. 2:28:30, we were in Jack-in-the-Box. The guru has found the path... or rather the path has found the guru... that's what the drawing is about (2:43:00). 2:44:30, Valentine read out his essay. I talked about Novel Cafe. He mentioned Bourgeois Pig. My French meetup plans. 3:02:00, siren – and we were out. 3:05:50, in the car. When he was in San Francisco, he worked in construction, and **this man** kept calling him "Hollywood". He again suggested that I wear suits. He's going to Skylight to buy a book. "You take culture very seriously." "That's how I was raised. That's what I like about my parents." 3:19:00, out of the car – and siren. 3:21:40, in Skylight. He got his Murakami's **1Q84**. 3:41:10, back in the car. I explained **that** it's because I had problems with my writing, **specifically** my Preface, that I was pensive the whole time. Valentine asked me whether I had money to hire Kxxxxxxx (!). And he suggested other ways to hire Kxxxxxxx (!).²⁸ 3:52:20, Valentine parked his car: "After Parkman parks..." "He's a man!" "Parkman would go to a therapist when he doesn't park well..." 3:59:00, in a bookstore. 4:01:00, in Bohemian Pig. Nobody would take my orders. 4:11:00, I went back to working on KMU-Preface. 5:33:00, with Valentine. He showed me his new

²⁸ Keep in mind that I wouldn't notice that Kxxxxxxx was a fraud until months later.

drawing – he tried to do one drawing each day. Colleen Chen! (5:35:00) She lived in Brazil (having married a Brazilian man and raising her children there). The drawing of the "Monkey Pyramid". 5:40:00, out. 5:46:00, in the car. He suggested that I get rid of my Hispanophobia and Misopedia, and an argument ensued. **My wrong scenario about how** the Monkey was the head of the prosecuting team. The argument continued: how do you give up feet-hurting. Valentine went on and on about the "will". He grew up in Cincinnati. 5:58:30, his childhood. "Parkman only understands simple things like parking." 6:01:10, he dropped me off in Vermont and Sunset. 6:05:30, on the bus. 6:08:00, "Help Letter". (Reviewed until 6:10:00.)

October 26 (Valentine)

Laptop froze up for no reason, around 2:30 AM. **I would get angry and in the morning Tian would finally ask me to move out. Homeland Security had succeeded: getting thrown out for anger outburst was another evidence which they could input into the judge computer.**

My call with Valentine today: "tohmvallcallwrt_10_26_11_925-1120PM.MP3": in Union Station. 23:00, in Pershing Square. 36:00, back to writing. On the bus. 1:04:40, Valentine called. "I'm really upset... you don't really comprehend... my entire life is dictated by the control center... if they want me to get kicked out, I'll get kicked out..." How I had found a new place. (**In Koreatown.**) And the whole moving business. The example of a Christian. 1:14:00, **Valentine referred** to a certain thing in my room. 1:16:00, I hanged up with him. Back to writing my Preface (1:21:00).

October 28 (Dr R)

Tian would help me move to my new apartment today.

My time with Dr R today: "movetonwapartroachackerman_10_28_11_827AM-529PM.MP3": at home. Tian's mother asked me something about Hawaii. I continued to rest with classical music. 2:43:00, I got up. 2:46:30, I explained to Tian how I needed to use the ATM. 3:58:00, I was loading my things onto Tian's car. 4:04:00, off with Tian. 4:12:00, Wells Fargo was closed. 4:42:45: whose phone number? 4:52:00, we had arrived at my new home. Choi was there, and I told her I needed to go to the bank after I moved my things in. 5:09:00, Choi was driving me to the bank. 5:24:00, in the bank to discuss the problem with my bank card. 5:32:30, back to Choi. 5:39:00, back home. 5:50:00, out. 6:06:50, on the bus. I had problems adding money to my phone. 6:24:00, I left a message for Dr R: I couldn't make it until 4 PM. 7:40:00, in Edelman. 7:48:30, with Dr R. How I moved into a new place, and how computer malfunctioning was ruining my life. "I can't carry this burden of the control center anymore, but there is no way out." The control center wanted me to revenge. "If I can get violent and get arrested, they'd be having a party." I insisted that medication wouldn't help. I was very angry. I showed Dr R the Nicaragua videos on my website. How Homeland Security fed me with all the **strange** TV programs. Then, my crime diary. Then I showed her my bottles. 8:14:00, I **bade** Dr R goodbye. 8:28:00, siren. 8:31:30, on the bus. (Reviewed until 8:35:00.)

October 29 (Oliver)

My talk with Oliver today: "wrtuclalb_10_29_11_135-442PM.MP3": I was working in the UCLA library. 1:32:20, Oliver called. Because of the strange echo, he hanged up and called again. How my new apartment wouldn't allow me to save money and how I was stuck in my writing. He was still in

Wichita. His painting project. His analysis of the painting styles. He would be in Kansas for another month. People were nice there. What he was going to read. 1:55:10, I hanged up with him. **Nothing important was discussed – no Homeland Security operation today.**

October 30 (Valentine)

The first recording of my time with Valentine today: “valcafewrt_10_30_11_407-949PM.MP3”: 3:30, I was at the cafe (Fairfax and Pico). With Valentine. His brother lived down the blocks and he originally planned to visit him. Again, I wasn't happy because of my writing. 10:00, he showed me some porno pictures. The Magic Kid again. "Fob". And he showed me other things. 26:00, my chat with Oliver yesterday. I was back to writing. 1:05:50, Valentine: did Laura call me? She called him yesterday and asked him to bring me along. She kept disappearing and then would contact him out of the blue. What are you writing? I writing M. C.'s operation on me, April 2009 (1:21:00). 2:01:00, with Valentine again. 2:19:30, he asked again about my chat with Oliver yesterday. 2:21:00, **back** with Valentine. The Energy Girlfriend wasn't really together with him anymore. My cousin: I never said she was dumb. And so on. 2:57:00, my complaint to Valentine that I had difficulty in writing out the Preface. (**For “Karin’s Meetups”**.) 3:21:00, Valentine was on the phone with Chantelle. 4:08:30, Valentine showed me his new drawing. 1:52:00, he answered another call: Laura or Chantelle? 1:52:30, I was upset that a Youtube video I was looking for was removed. 5:20:30, a strange email. 5:32:00, **back** with Valentine. Where shall I wait for him? 5:38:00, he wanted me to go **to** Vons with him. 5:40:00, he gave me his brother's address. I shall wait for him in Walgreens.

The second recording of my time with Valentine today: “valmarket_10_30_11_950-1048PM.MP3”: in Walgreens reading magazines. 11:00, out. Valentine called. 22:00, in Vons. 32:00, he called again. 41:30, Valentine showed up. My writing: problem with the Preface again. 47:00, off the car. Going to Ralphs. I **again** read magazines while waiting for Valentine. (The killing of Bin Laden.) Toward the end, he called me.

The third recording of my time with Valentine today: “valmarkettohm_10_30_11_1048-1119PM.MP3”: 6:50, with Valentine. 9:50, in the car, and his "Multiverse" theory. (String theory.) 26:30, off the car at my place. Chantelle did know Kxxxxxxx.

November 2 (step-mother, Wes)

I called step-mother today, and then talked to Wes: “uclalibwrtwes_11_2_11_506-1105PM.MP3”: I cited Spinoza in my Feefee and Valerie. Then I was working on Karin's Meetups – Preface **again**. (The NSA's Echellon.) And on and on with the Preface. 1:20:10, I was connected with Wes. Wes had pneumonia. How I had read a lot of or about Spinoza. How Durant's *Story of Civilization* was such an encyclopedia. How I was still angry with the "Monkey Pyramid" – how her father had just got away with it. How I was xxxxxxxx about xxxxxxxx the "Monkey Pyramid". (How I might have seen her driving out of the Law Library.) How I was forced to move out (my anger over computer-malfunctioning). A long discussion about my netbook's freezing. I was done with Vol. 2, but had difficulty in writing out the Preface. Stephen Smith – another Straussian? I declared it a good news that the chip was still inside my head – the happenings were so sparse that I couldn't tell if the trial was still going on. How I mentioned Lavonne in my story. **How faulty surveillance had confused Lavonne with me.** How it was Lavonne who didn't want to meet me. Wes mentioned Isaiah Berlin and I mentioned how I started reading C. Wright Mills' *The Power Elite*. The fifth epoch is still not over. I

kept looking forward to hanging out with Wes in Portfolio. How my story deserved a Nobel Prize. My Scientific Enlightenment was doing well on the Internet. (**I was unaware that most of the visitors were sent in by Homeland Security to complain.**) Noam Chomsky: the purpose of the state is to help people realize themselves, but for the neocons it is to keep people in order. The argument in my Preface: the neocons think that people need to be kept in order in order to enable the elites to actualize themselves. (**Excellent.**) Wes went on: the Lockean and so on. Then I asked him if he **had** ever read Aeschylus and Euripides and so on. In Breiner's class. Hobbes and Thucydides. By 2:24:00, I had hung up with Wes. I went upstairs to work. **I was now working** on Supplemental Pleading. 3:49:00, I was browsing the books on the shelves. 3:59:20, out, and siren. Then, back inside to continue to write. 5:09:30, I was leaving. I came downstairs to check my website on the library's computer. At the end, the library closed, and I left.

November 3 (Valentine, at Kxxxxxxx's)

Tonight, I went to meet Valentine at Kxxxxxxx's: "storieswrtovalkrstnhm_11_3-4_11_530PM-236AM.MP3". (Reviewed from 2:31:00 onward.) Valentine called me on 2:39:00. **I met** with him at Kxxxxxxx's on 3:43:00. **But** Kxxxxxxx was out and wouldn't come back. **I felt** deceived by "Parkman". About the Tiananmen Square Massacre. About where he met Kxxxxxxx (3:57:00). I left Kxxxxxxx's apartment on 6:50:00.

November 4 (Dr R)

My time with Dr R today: "roachtopsdnkmuprfc_11_4_11_317-827PM.MP3": on the bus. 1:40, off the bus. In Starbucks. On the bus again. 30:00, in Edelman. 44:30, with Dr R. She again checked my backpack first. (**She was still scared.**) The new place not so comfortable, but convenient. My schedule turned upside down by my writing. How I finished the Preface to Vol 2, the old version, etc. My difficulty in **bringing** all the readings into the Preface. Smart Totalitarianism. I should have made an outline first. How I wanted rexxxxx against the Mexican family but had no time for it. "They want you to rexxxxx and then get busted. (**Did Homeland Security want this?**) "So you have to do what they want you to do but not let them get what they want." **The FOIA request was not working out:** the Secret Service denied everything. (**Of course. Because I was still on Homeland Security's watchlist.**) The US government is more secretive than the **North Korean** government. "Don't write too much, the less you write, the more likely people will read it" and computer-fatigue. "What's the point of reading it if no one will know you have read it?" The Mexican family **had** got away! The best thing to do was to sue them. "They want you to get busted so that you'll fit into that stereotype of a schizophrenic harasser." Dr R: Do they have any proofs against you? (**Why was Dr R asking that? Because she's feeding information about my thoughts about the Pyramid's family to the Pyramid herself!**) My bad sleep schedule. Lines and lines of words excited me. How I had stopped going to the Art of Living and how I saw Valentine yesterday. 1:07:00, Dr R **would** be absent next week. How I wanted to see a spy movie in the weekend. I had to feel like, with each passing day, I was approaching my goal ever closer. Dr R wanted also to see a movie, the movie I recommended, "The Skin I Live In". 1:14:20, I bade Dr R goodbye. 1:16:20, I was connected with Valentine. 1:29:00 – where was I? Westside Pavilion? 1:35:00 – did Valentine text me? Something about Kxxxxxxx going to the Jewish temple tonight? 1:59:40, on the bus. I was going to Pasadena to see the movie "Young Goethe in Love". 2:44:00, you can hear me writing my "Preface". (Reviewed until 3:50:00.)

November 5

Valentine duped me to see the stupid Korean film at the film festival, all by myself.

November 7

At Art of Living. Realized (wrongly) that, for most of 2011, I was caught in the “third round” of the International of Court trial – the phase of prosecution which follows when the conspiracy in the International Criminal Court (the second round) has been busted, just as the second round was the phase of prosecution which followed when the conspiracy to fraudulently sue Russia (the first round) was busted.

November 10 (party at Kxxxxxxx’s home)

My recording of the night: [krstenpartytohm_11_11_11_712PM-4AM.MP3](#): Reading about Dante’s *Divine Comedy*. Night. Party at Kxxxxxxx’s home. At Kxxxxxxx’s home from 38:00 onward. There were Cindy, DeDe (?), and “Parkman”. Lenny showed up on 48:00. MaryAnne on 1:26:00. My explanation of spiritual enlightenment on 1:32:00. MaryAnne had been married to Peter for 6 years (1:38:30). Cindy talked about God. **I was talking to Cindy on 2:10:00.** Talking to Carolyn, about astrology, on 2:19:00. About my ICJ trial on 2:29:00. Carolyn talked about her address on 2:52:00. **I was then telling Carolyn about Parkman’s life story.** Parkman’s “redneck” profile. Showing Lenny my web gallery, and his praises, on 3:24:00. Lenny’s parents were Polish Jews. The genetics of Jewish peoples. Carolyn wanted to look up my astrological chart (3:51:00). Carolyn: “Catalysis for one’s life purpose” (4:18:00). I said to Carolyn: “I want people to hear my story in order to let them know how important I am”. Carolyn laughed uncontrollably: “You are so funny” (4:19:30). Akiva showed off his film on 4:22:00. (...) Why do people want to eat garbage while skipping over what is really of substance, like my story about the International Court of Justice trial? Now Kxxxxxxx would show off hers on 4:39:00. And Valentine showed off his. Now Kxxxxxxx’s, again, on 4:50:00. Again, all these films were (...). Because people are stupid and uneducated, and yet somehow believe that their life is worth something and so want to make something out of it, they constantly try to create a story (as here), or create a business, etc., when they have no story to tell and when the market needs no new business. In the end, they have merely contributed to the mindless proliferation of worthless junks which then bury up those few people who actually do have a story to tell, and whose story is true story and not some made-up fantasy. To continue: Kxxxxxxx’s friend “Jonas” turned 40 today (4:54:00). Everybody was showing more videos on 5:07:00. This was Kxxxxxxx’s video. **More discussion about being Jewish. 6:37:00, we all left. Carolyn with Valentine. 6:44:00, my wrong theory about there being a prosecution phase right now. In the car with Valentine. 7:07:30, he dropped me off at my place.**

November 11 (Valentine; Laura in the hospital)

My calls with Valentine, etc., today: “[wktianlauracalltostoriesval_11_11_11_1216-335PM.MP3](#)”: 2:20, I checked my messages. Tian’s message! Laura called too. I called Tian back. To come pick up my check. Then I called Valentine to tell him about Laura’s call. 15:30, I called – where? Closed. 18:00, I called Harbor UCLA. I got hold of Laura eventually (23:00). 30:00, I hanged up with Laura and called, and then texted, Valentine again. 1:08:50, out. **In the Chinese restaurant. Supplemental Pleading. 2:54:00, I was connected with Valentine. His text-messages. 2:57:50, I was connected with him again. Whether to go visit Laura. 3:00:00, in Stories. 3:04:00, I called Laura again. Visiting hours until 8 PM. I called Valentine again. And I called Laura again: we would come.**

The first recording of my time with Valentine today: “wrtstoriesvaltouclahrbrlaura_11_11-12_11_335PM-1242AM.MP3”: In Valentine’s car on 2:18:00. About Laura briefly on 2:23:00. With Laura, about how she was detained by the police on 3:59:00. Out of the hospital with Valentine on 5:25:00. With Valentine in his car, deciding where to go (5:40:00). On 5:41:00, he explained why he had an outburst at Kxxxxxxx’s party. About Chantelle on 5:45:00. Going to Long Beach. On 7:26:00, about Laura’s relationships, until 7:30:00. About Laura again on 7:41:30. **Valentine: She acted like she had got herself together, but when you look into her life, she's completely out of her mind. A long discussion about mental illness. Even though she went to a Catholic Church, she's fundamentalist... a lot of guilt... 7:47:00, when she's in Chicago, she thought Obama had come to have sex with her in a spiritual manner... and the other guys too... Alexei... he heard about it from Colleen in Brazil... she moved to LA to be with him... 7:57:50, off the car in Library. I was back to writing my Preface. Library was closing. 8:27:00, in the car. 8:33:00, sex or masturbation. I showed him where I used to live in Long Beach. He explained the nice classical music.**

The second recording of my time with Valentine today: “valtohm_11_12_11_1243-116AM.MP3”: in the car. 11:00, Chantelle's message. What? Her healing of Laura. Valentine gave a lecture on psychic healing. Ontological vs deontological. 29:50, he dropped me off at my place.

November 12

I came to Tian’s house to pick up my mails. Finally the fat guy came out. He treated me like a thief and demanded verification with Tian on my cellphone before letting me inside the house. He also said Tian told him “I owed Tian money” (!). (Of course I didn’t.) Again, Homeland Security had most likely instructed him to falsely accuse me **so that they can input more evidence into the judge computer confirming that their profile of me was correct.**

November 13 (Wes; Oliver; Valentine)

My time with Wes and Valentine today: “uclalibwesoliwrttosmvalbourgpig_11_13-14_11_519PM-206AM.MP3”: 1:00, I was connected with Wes. How Valentine duped me into seeing this stupid film. Then the party on Thursday night. How Carolyn said Valentine was going to catalyze the purpose of my life. Then the visit to Laura. Then my difficulty in writing the Preface: just trying to explain how America was the most totalitarian nation in the world. Noam Chomsky's *Manufacturing Consent*. It's Walter Lippmann who first came up with this. My new realization: I was now caught in the prosecution phase (the prosecution of the conspiracy of prosecution back in 2010). **(Again, I was completely wrong, and Homeland Security’s evidence of my insanity.)** Chomsky on Lippmann: the manufacturing of consent is the essence of democracy. Lippmann was saying we don't have a democracy. Martin Howard and the documentary "Corporations". All the people whom Wes had to meet when he shall be back. My job interview at the library. Alessandra had to go to the hospital back in June. Wes' paper on electoral colleges. I asked Wes what time of the day he was born, in order to pull out his astrology chart later on. 37:00, I hanged up with Wes.

In the UCLA library. 1:01:50, browsing **through** Durant's *Story of Civilization*. Dante. 1:34:00, Valentine called. He's in Santa Monica. We'll meet in Novel Cafe on 9 PM. 1:46:30, I started working on Supplemental Pleading. 2:55:25, Oliver called. I didn't think I could petition, they were just having a prosecution phase. Something he found on Wikimedia. He would move **back** to Milwaukee soon.

3:03:00, I hanged up with him. 3:11:00, I was out for a moment. 3:20:30, I came back. To copy down the Latin verse? 3:28:30, I was connected with Valentine again. 3:41:20, I called Valentine again – because I missed the bus. He shall eat first and I'd meet him later. 3:58:00, I continued to read about Dante in Durant's *Story of Civilization* while waiting. 4:04:00, with Valentine again, and I got on the bus at the same time. 4:25:30, off the bus. 4:31:30, I found Valentine in Denny's. The videos he had shot of me. "Italian is kind of funny." He had also watched "Manufacturing Consent". Dante. We were then reviewing my pictures. How I talked to Laura last night. Valentine called Laura "annoying" (4:48:25). "She's in the hospital because she had sex with that guy." 4:51:20, out. Did Carolyn recommend Bourgeois Pig? Valentine's outburst – and who did mind. He wanted to leave Kxxxxxxx alone for a while so that Kxxxxxxx can try to establish herself in that Jewish circle. How I listened to a lot of Vivaldi last night. Valentine was currently staying at a hotel. 5:28:30, Valentine went inside somewhere. 5:32:30, Valentine was back, and he recounted how he had learned a lot of Latin back in high school. 5:34:00, at Valentine's hotel. Valentine was reading Murakami's *IQ84*. Japanese literature. 5:39:30, Bohemian music. I started working on Karin's Meetups instead. 6:17:00, Valentine answered a call from the "Energy Girlfriend". 6:21:00, we were leaving. John Yoo (the man who rewrote the torture laws for Boss Cheney). Was Kxxxxxxx erudite? 6:29:00, Valentine's time in the Psychic Institute. Then the "Energy Girlfriend" came. From 6:36:00 onward, Valentine started on Laura: how annoying she was, how she always thought people were going to hurt her, how poorly she treated her friends – hence highly "unfuckable". Also lying all the time. Did Colleen set Valentine up with Laura? How she was "fucked up" by her Korean Christian fundamentalism. Her fantasy about Alexis. We got out on 6:47:30. 6:51:00, Valentine: "Laura will not fuck any guy unless he's tall and has a big nose..." Inside Bourgeois Pig. 6:57:00, Valentine went on about Laura again: stubbornly delusional... 7:09:50, I uploaded the revised version of "karin's Meetups". 7:18:00, Valentine was taking pictures of me again. Then, I was working on **this** Preface again. 8:19:30, we left. I continued to claim my story would become a classic (with Nobel Prize). And I argued with him about my story. How the police forced me to pick up the trash can and so on back in... (**When?**) More police per 1,000 people in America than anywhere else. My experience with the police in Shanghai. Valentine continued to suggest that I submit a short version of my story for publication. The "Energy Girlfriend" had a big problem with jealousy and so was not a good fit with Kxxxxxxx. She told Jennifer that Valentine had STD. 8:45:30, I bade Valentine goodbye after he reminded me to tell him if I talked to Laura again – and he made the funniest, most insulting comment about Laura.

November 14

I called Custom and Border Protection and the TSA to verify that their FOIA divisions had received my change of address request.

November 15

Today, 1:35 PM, there was a visit to the front page with the Google search terms “International Court of Justice history”. The visit seems to have come from St. Augustine or Jacksonville, Florida (c-24-129-121-130.hsd1.fl.comcast.net). Could this be Emily? Did Homeland Security contact her again?

November 16 (Valentine)

My time with Valentine today: “valdinner_11_16-17_11_808PM-1229AM.MP3”: in Sabor waiting for Valentine. 3:30, siren. 25:30, Valentine showed up with gifts – from Chantelle. How I got bogged down with the Preface and felt like an idiot since nobody really cared. How I barely noticed any operation this year. Valentine suggested that I hang out with Carolyn. How I couldn't give a speech in front of people. Did the party get better after he yelled at that woman? Why didn't Carolyn call me? Valentine: She got a lot of calls in a day. 39:00, we were out. In his car. Chantelle's lie to Jennifer that Valentine had STD. He wanted to stay at my place tomorrow. 55:00, he asked me what I wrote in my Preface. And I kept emphasizing that what I was writing was more important than what other people were writing. The war over the world's oil has ended... a lot of text-messages with Kxxxxxxx on Tuesday. Another reason why I wrote was that these people were so bad: they would do bad things to me and then make it look like I had done them to them... 1:15:00, off the car. In **Valentine's** hotel room. 1:19:30, very cool Indie music. Then, classical. Then, Bohemian again. 1:25:30, siren. 1:52:00, a debate with Valentine about his mustache. 2:01:00, Valentine advised me not to worry if people wouldn't believe my story. Already two volumes on the Internet, and nobody is visiting it. (**Not so. Homeland Security had instructed people to visit my website almost daily.**) Could Kxxxxxxx review part of it? 2:05:00, we were out and in the car. We continued on **about whether to get** Kxxxxxxx to edit "Feefee and Valerie". 2:20:00, I didn't call Laura today: she had a court date. 2:23:30, off the car. **The neocons:** "We make reality..." In the restaurant. Why people read Dante: only because people have heard he's a classic. If he had merely put his poems on the Internet, no one would look at **them**. Valentine was again encouraging me to get my thing out as soon as possible. 2:50:00, deception is the most terrible thing in the world... if you don't know what's true or false, you are barred from becoming human... if you don't believe my story, you are a dupe and suffering a fate worse than torture... Valentine had downloaded more of Almodóvar's movies. The restaurant at Abbot Kinney. He again advised me how to begin my story. He went on about the three aspects to my story. I read my Dante book a little. 3:57:00, I told Valentine about my Dante book. He was quite familiar with Dante. 4:03:30, out. 4:06:00, in the car. Chatter about hotels and his storage space. 4:17:50, he dropped me off at my place.

Today, around 9 PM or so, there was a visit to my website coming from either Oceanside or Sacramento, California (99.17.208.250.lightspeed.frokca.sbcglobal.net). Presumably the Pyramid's relative down in the south or up in the north.

November 17 (Valentine)

My time with Valentine today: “storieswrtval_11_17_11_337-635PM.MP3”: in Stories. I was again completely bogged down with my Preface. 17:30, siren. 54:00, an email from Kxxxxxxx? To her? (About reviewing my writings.) 1:06:00, I called the George Washington University to ask about Prof. Buergenxxxx. Back to working on "Supplemental Pleading". 1:20:30, Valentine showed up. He explained that Kxxxxxxx's clients were mostly foreigners. I explained Prof. Buergenxxxx to him. He was back in the hotel. 1:25:00, he watched over my computer while I went to urinate. He was wearing earphones. 1:29:00, Valentine provided me with Chantelle's email address. (Chantelle Patterson.) His mother's birthday was within 3 weeks. 1:39:00, siren. 1:45:00, Valentine departed for his storage. I was back to "Supplemental Pleading". 2:44:00, out. In the restaurant.

November 18 (Dr R)

My time with Dr R today: “11_18_11_1249-841PM.MP3”: I just woke up. 5:00 – did I check my voice mails? 29:00, out. 45:00, in a coffeehouse. 51:00, I called Laura (at the hospital). She's already released. 1:04:00, on bus 720. 2:22:00, in Edelman. I kept writing my summary while waiting for Dr R. 2:46:30, with Dr R. How I was bogged down by my writing. The problem with the Preface. So preoccupied with writing that I didn't remember to do anything else. Why do I write if no one will ever read it? But my story is such an important part of world history... the entire world has changed because of the trial I'm writing about... but it's all in secret... why write fictions when you haven't even finished telling the truth? The news are stupid... Dr R: so what if nobody knows? How would your story have an effect on the world? How I just finished reading Dante's *Divine Comedy*. If he wrote it today and put it online, no one will read it. People are forced to read it because it's a classic. How a book became a classic in the past: but that's impossible today. People need to be told it is a classic, **and** then they'll read it. Now I was in the middle of the third volume. What I did on my birthday: with Valentine. I described Laura. The people in power have as if flown into Heaven. How I had to go back to Tian's to pick up my check and how I got confronted by the fat guy. It just seems that he was told by the control center to put up all this act. (**Again, he was in fact told by Homeland Security.**) How I watched "J. Edgar Hoover" last night. And a job interview at the library. Dr R did watch "The Skin I Live In". My sleep disorder. I felt bad for spending so much time on the Preface when it didn't **even** contribute to the story line. How I planned to write to Prof. Buergenxxxx. How Zyprexa made me sleep too much. 3:21:30, session over. On the street. 3:42:00, on the bus. Off. 4:02:30, in Barnes and Noble? The other stores on Promenade. Back to Barnes and Noble. 4:46:00, out. 5:02:00, a vulgar guy tried to talk to me. Homeland Security? (**Perhaps!**) I worked on "Supplemental Pleading" while waiting for the bus. 5:35:30, a Hispanic woman with her child. I continued to work on "Supplemental Pleading". 6:14:00, off the bus. In Carl's Jr. 6:38:00, on the bus again. 7:29:30, off the bus, and I couldn't find my wallet. But then I found it by the sidewalk. 7:40:00, in Starbucks. 7:46:30, siren.

And so, informed by Dr R that I planned to write to Prof. Buergenxxxx, Homeland Security would go warn him and the staff members at George Washington University – with their new warning about me. The only problem: how could Homeland Security convince Prof. Buergenxxxx that I suffered from this delusion about being the subject of debate in the ICJ when Prof. Buergenxxxx himself was one of the judges of the ICJ when my case started back in November 2007?

November 20 (Wes; Valentine)

My conversation with Wes and then my time with Valentine: “11_20_11_-1113PM.MP3”: in Sabor, working on Karin's Meetups – Preface. 28;10, I was connected with Wes. Wes said he had called me, but I never got the call. Did he call the wrong number? Wes did go to the conference. The mathematical model and the electoral colleges. Wes explained. How I bought another Durant book yesterday: *The Age of Voltaire*. Really impressed by Montesquieu. Why didn't the Straussians regard him as part of the Canon? Wes asked me if I had ever read Livy's *History of Rome*. Montesquieu's organic explanation of the decline of the Roman Empire. Then, Voltaire. Then, Diderot. Rousseau's amazing French. How I was writing the part where Wes wired me 100 dollars. And the part about Lavonne. How I had also started liking classical music. How Youtube had become quite educational. Philip Agee: he was telling the truth while the other CIA books were all bullshit. Classical music again. How I started looking at Italian grammar. 1:06:30 – was Wes recounting a story? How I wanted to write to Prof. Buergenxxxx. How I wanted to live next door to Wes and get my books back. Wes was thinking about Arkansas State University. And he suggested being Oliver's neighbor. (**What a bad idea.**) Did the Straussians like

classical music? He then started talking about music. 1:26:55, I hanged up with Wes. I went back inside to work. I resumed work on Supplemental Pleading. 3:52:00, I discovered Dana Priest's Top Secret America. And I started watching it. 4:20:00, siren. 4:37:10, **again**. 5:06:00, back to writing. 5:11:50 – a call. Who? No answering. 5:13:50, it turned out to be Valentine. I came out to meet him and got inside his car. The new classical musician. Valentine, when alone in Santa Fe, went to see a Vivaldi opera. Valentine learned a lot of Latin back in 7th to 9th grade. He was in the 98 percentile in SAT. 5:31:00, Valentine and I were in a Thai restaurant. Whether his brother's child would anger me. The degradation of culture. The socialist party meeting I went to. The best high school Valentine went to. 5:48:30, Laura. Then, Carolyn. I even texted Kxxxxxxx: "Where is Carolyn?" 5:58:00, Valentine encouraged me **again** to ask Kxxxxxxx to edit my "Feefee and Valerie". He said Kxxxxxxx was a good person! (**Not**.) Then he advised me on how to talk to Kxxxxxxx. Stupefied, I suggested that he should meet my mother. Then, about the Fat Guy. My mother's false accusations against me. 6:14:50, we left the restaurant. Shanghai and M. C. The movie "The Skin I Live In". He continued to lecture me on how I gave the impression that I believed people's lives all revolved around me. Then Valentine went to get his things.

More of my time with Valentine tonight: "angryacbroken_11_21_11_-404AM.MP3": in Valentine's car waiting for him. 4:00, a text message from Kxxxxxxx: "Send her a text." Preface. 8:00, Valentine came back. He suggested that I be careful when talking to Kxxxxxxx. The cost for her to review "Feefee and Valerie". The debate caused Valentine to get angry. How I didn't like Korean letters. The origin of Japanese and Korean languages. The origin of the Turkish people. The movie Faust which he saw with Kxxxxxxx. 26:00, we arrived. The Energy Girlfriend had another Energy Boyfriend. 35:00, at my place. 42:00, an email to Kxxxxxxx. Again, Valentine advised me how to write it. 1:00:00, his new roommate in New York. Discussion about the classical music. Now he wanted to clean the refrigerator. I was also working on my Preface. Also some research online. (Philip Agee.) We continued to discuss and enjoy classical music. The problem with the **French** accents on my webpages (2:25:00). 2:58:00, I finished fixing the webpage. 3:06:00, I checked my visitors' log. 3:08:00, I got angry because the battery ran out and the AC charger was broken. Valentine discouraged me from throwing things and suggested **that he would buy a new charger** for me. 3:16:30, I cried. I went back to reading Montesquieu in Durant & Durant. Nothing else in the rest.

November 21

My time with Valentine today: "11_21_11_-603PM.MP3": with Valentine at my home. 11:00, we were out. He was going to take me to Fry's to take care of my AC charger problem. 59:00, we came to Hardy to have coffee. I explained to Valentine how much I hated children. 1:25:00, back in the car. The Monkey Pyramid. 2:03:00, off the car at Fry's. No chargers. Then, in Best Buy. Still no. I was having a nervous breakdown and Valentine ordered a charger on Amazon for me. 4:00:00, I was on Metro. I would do my work on the cybercafe's computers instead.

November 23 (Dr R; Kxxxxxxx/ Carolyn)

My time with Dr R today: "drroach_11_23_11_116-527PM.MP3": 38:00, out: a message from Kxxxxxxx: she wanted to give me turkey. Also a message from Valentine telling me to pick up the turkey from Kxxxxxxx. 59:00, in a coffeehouse. 1:11:30, on the bus. 1:12:30, a text-message from whom? 1:32:50, another text-message from Kxxxxxxx: to use **her** iPhone to scan her books... she didn't have an iPhone... (?) When the bus was approaching Westwood, I got my letter for Prof. Buergenxxxx

ready. 2:17:30, off the bus – and siren. 2:24:00, in the post office in Federal Building. Letters to Wes, Care One, and Prof. Buergenxxxx. Bus 6: the New Testament. The bus was stuck in traffic. 3:09:00, panicking, I tried to leave a message for Dr R. 3:26:00, in Edelman. 3:34:50, with Dr R. How my AC charger was broken and how Valentine ordered one online. How I didn't trust Valentine. He stayed at my place and got angry with me. He was going to take me to meet Kxxxxxxx and Carolyn tonight. I finally finished the Preface but couldn't get back to my story line. I wanted to work a little more on my theory of religions but couldn't because of my story. Carolyn said Valentine was going to catalyze the purpose of my life. 3:45:30, I showed Dr R my theory of religions (SCI). How scholars don't want to hear about the origins of religions **anymore** but want only to do the "sociology of religions". Kxxxxxxx was also an editor. My reading of Will Durant. Voltaire, Montesquieu, etc. It's so easy for them: when they wrote something, they just went to the printer to print it, and people would buy it and read it. I got 2 visits per day, but people only looked at the first two stories, the CIA story and "Feefee and Valerie". How boring LA was. 4:02:00, the session over. More text-messages.

My recording of the night: “atkierstencarolynval_11_23-24_11_754PM-1235AM.MP3”: on the bus, **and** I ran into some woman (1:00). **I** came to Kxxxxxxx’s apartment. Valentine came down to receive me on 13:00. In Kxxxxxxx’s apartment, and Valentine took a shower. Ready to go, but Eggman was skeptical of Parkman, who was always inefficient and couldn’t accomplish anything (58:00). **I** went out with Valentine on 1:18:00. In a restaurant somewhere (1:32:00). **I** described to Valentine the reasons why I was thrown out of so many different places, like computer malfunctioning, etc., and, immediately, siren outside (1:46:00). Of course: I had been trained to become particularly sensitive to siren, and to interpret it as a “signal” from the control center – when in fact it was just random phenomenon: it’s all because there are just too many emergencies in America. Back in Kxxxxxxx’s home on 1:59:00. **I was then** learning some Italian (2:02:00). **Then**, reading Tacitus’ *Germania*, which was found on Kxxxxxxx’s bookshelf (2:14:00). **We were** waiting for Carolyn and Kxxxxxxx to come home. **I finished** reading on 3:00:00. Kxxxxxxx and Carolyn finally came home on 3:10:00. About reorganizing Kxxxxxxx’s books. (I still had no idea that the books were just for decoration purposes, not for reading.) Carolyn began checking Wes’ astrological chart on 3:18:00. **We discussed** Wes’ personality traits on 3:20:00. Secrecy. Carolyn then prophesied (**again?**) that Valentine was here to “catalyze my life’s purpose” (3:25:00). This is **sort of** true, since it is only by meeting Valentine that I would get to meet Kxxxxxxx, and it is **partly** by meeting Kxxxxxxx that I would become the target of the largest **gang-stalking** enterprise in the history of humankind. But it’s not clear whether the prophesy was correct by accident, or via the **control center**’s programming. Note that Carolyn then said: “Something will happen in a few months” (3:26:30). Indeed: within six months I would break off relations with Kxxxxxxx, thus provoking her to go after me in the most vicious manner possible. Kxxxxxxx’s grandfather lived in north San Diego county, and she was going there now (3:51:00). Kxxxxxxx left on 4:05:00. (Nothing more in the rest.)

November 24 (Thanksgiving/ Valentine)

My time with Valentine today: “cybrcafetovaljunemovie_11_24-25_11_311PM-1217AM.MP3”: in the cybercafe. Supplemental Pleading. 11:00, a text message from Parkman. 2:00:00, a visit to my petition letter! 2:08:00, I texted Kxxxxxxx: "If you go to Lenny's tomorrow, I can go with you." 2:09:30, I was connected with Valentine. He was still at Kxxxxxxx's. 2:17:00, out, and I recounted what happened last night at Kxxxxxxx's place when the recorder ran out. Today, 12:30 PM, when I woke up, Valentine had already gone to Kxxxxxxx's. 2:34:00, home. 2:54:00, after shower, I was connected with Valentine. 2:59:30, I hanged up with him. I was now going to Kxxxxxxx's. 3:10:00, out. 4:17:15, I met up with

Valentine in front of Kxxxxxxx's. The movie we were to see today (Freud and Jung) didn't look quite good. What I read about Voltaire last night. Freud and Dora. Jeffrey Masson's **Assault on Truth**. 4:30:30, in Kxxxxxxx's. We had turkey. My Preface. Lindsay Moran was full of shit. I showed him Moran's video (4:38:00). Valentine didn't believe Moran either. 5:24:00, Valentine emphasized that MAC was designed to not be turned off. About whether to stay here tonight. Who's who in classical music. Whether Carolyn would sleep here. 5:38:30, we left. In his car. 5:47:00, off the car. 5:50:00, at the movie theater, to see "Dangerous Method". 6:04:00, the movie started. (Reviewed until 6:14:00 and then from 7:38:00 onward.) 7:45:00, the movie over, discussion with Valentine. The degradation of culture in the contemporary world. 8:00:00, Kxxxxxxx asked Valentine how the turkey was. "I ate it and I shit it." 8:01:10, in the car. Should Eggman move to New York? 8:08:00, Parkman out to get something. 8:14:30, Valentine back in the car. Chantelle had left town, in Carlsbad to dine with her family. I wrongly affirmed Kxxxxxxx to be an intellectual (!). We were now going to Chantelle's place. 8:20:00, the movie again: Jung's relationship with Freud. 8:27:00, Valentine's teaching position at the Psychic Institute. Kxxxxxxx was one of his 200 students. He met her through a mutual friend... and how they met through the movie project... back in 2001. Chantelle was a student there in 2005, and he met her in 2006, when he wasn't much involved in the Institute anymore. 8:33:00, off the car. How I started buying his "Macrocosmos" theory. **We checked** on the cat. I would rather that I had never done any drawings because Homeland Security had stolen them. 8:48:30, in the car. He explained classical music again. "We should call Kxxxxxxx 'Bücherfrau'." (**Bullshit**.) 9:04:00, off the car, going to my place.

November 25 (party at Lenny's house)

Lenny's **party** tonight is recorded in: "valupsetlenihouse_11_25-26_11_342PM-1248AM.MP3": **And so I** went to Lenny's home. (Reviewed from 1:00:00 onward.) I arrived at Lenny's house on 1:20:00. Kxxxxxxx introduced me to her mother "Kathy" on 1:23:12.²⁹ Chat finished, and Lenny performed on 3:15:00. Talking to "Parkwoman's" daughter. Aleza. She was married, and he was still around in Los Angeles (3:31:00). Lenny talked about his Hebrew education when he was young (3:59:00). My view on why Jewish people tended to be more intellectually advanced (4:00:00). Talking to "Parkwoman". Lenny was going to perform again (4:18:30). Was Valentine talking to Parkwoman's daughter? (4:44:00) Some white guy was talking to me in Mandarin on 4:49:00. About Taiwan, its fascism, fear of communism. Jokes on 5:20:00. Performance again on 5:27:00. Valentine's explanation to Lenny on 6:15:00. Lenny's story about his musical audition in Nice (6:32:00). Another woman gave another story on 6:39:00. Parkwoman was leaving on 6:44:00. Lenny had once married a Norwegian woman (7:17:30). Kxxxxxxx's friend Elana would have a solo show in Santa Barbara on Lenny's birthday, December 1 (7:30:00). Her gallery was in Santa Barbara. The black woman was talking about her experience with FBI agents; and I expressed my view too (7:50:00). Kxxxxxxx noted that she was an investigator. Kxxxxxxx wanted a nickname from me for the investigator (8:53:00). Kxxxxxxx was talking about her collection of books on 9:04:00. A book from Plato was missing in her collection, with all her notes in it, she said (9:05:20). (**Bullshit**. She was just trying to make people believe that she was an intellectual – as if she could really read Greek!)

The next recording: "wkrstenvalinicar_11_26_11_1248-148AM.MP3": Kxxxxxxx continued to describe the book. She did go to St. John's for two years. She was transferred after that. Then, UC Berkeley. Graduated in 1997. In St. John's in the mid-1990s. Now the thesis. Film study, but in the Department of **Rhetoric**. She had decided to write on a Danish film maker. 7:30, all in the car. Was Parkwoman there

²⁹ Kxxxxxxx's mother's full name seems to be Kxxxxxxx Longley Jxxxxxx.

too in the car? The unknown woman talked about her audition. 20:30, Kxxxxxxx talked about her Plato and Jung books again. The woman mentioned a certain "Angelica". 31:00, we dropped off the woman. How Lenny was getting upset. Valentine kept on chatting with Kxxxxxxx. 44:00, we dropped off Kxxxxxxx. The discussion about Amazon. (How I didn't receive the AC charger.) 51:00, Valentine stopped at a doughnut shop. 53:50, siren. 57:30, we were on our way again. The prettiest girl at the party was Isa.

November 27 (Valentine)

1:30 AM or so. I watched, on Kremlin's website, Medvedev's address to his people about NATO's missile defense system. Just before I began watching it, my right fingers hurt. I was absolutely baffled: I thought the US and Russia had reconciled their difference because of the ICJ trial over me. Why were they still arguing over the same thing? Were they just repeating past crimes for the sake of the "prosecution" phase? And why was the control center signaling to me? (Well, because the trial was dismissed and the Russians **and Homeland Security** wanted me to look crazy!)

Sabor. I met up with Valentine: "saborwrtval_11_27-28_11_528PM-206AM.MP3": From 1:56:00 onward. Valentine showed up on 3:07:00. Silent. Gone to Denny's with him (3:30:00). About revenge on 3:52:00. Siren on 3:57:00. Valentine on the phone on 4:01:00. Telling Valentine about **M. C.'s** "practice" on me (4:40:00). About his simple-minded lies: only portraying his opponents in completely "black terms". About bigotry: whether it was mental illness (5:08:00). (Reviewed until 5:30:00, and then from 6:27:45 onward). In a coffeehouse. In Valentine's car going home (7:17:00). About **M. C.'s** harm against me again. The "Truman Show"... About the party at Lenny's place on 7:28:00. Off his car on 7:30:00. Home.

Today one person from Malaysia (8:43 AM) and another from Qatar (7:37 PM) visited my website with the Google search terms "International Court of Justice history" – the same as Emily. Most likely instructed by Homeland Security.

November 28 (Gaurav's visit)

6:56 PM, Gaurav visited my website – retrieving "schizo-part-3-47b.pdf" – while Googling for his name (198.161.203.6, Edmonton, Alberta; search term: "Gaurav Singhmar, Montreal"). I thought it very bad, because these early versions were so poorly written. But the more important question is: **why did he visit? We must assume this: because Prof. Buergenxxxx had refused to accept Homeland Security's profile of me as a schizophrenic, Homeland Security was going around contacting more of the people I knew and asking them to complain about my website to law enforcement (using the new Homeland Security warning about me) so that there can be evidence in the ICJ to prevent the CIA from reactivating the bygone ICJ trial.**

November 29

Take notice of the visit from Milwaukee, Wisconsin, on 3:46 PM: 65.30.18.0, iPad, with the search terms "Lawrence Chin 2011". Naturally one would think this was related to Oliver, but the purpose must be to complain.

November 30 (Wes)

My chat with Wes today: “11_30_11_536-918PM.MP3”: I was in Westwood. I came inside Starbucks. 18:10, Supplemental Pleading-55. 1:03:20, I was connected with Wes. When would Wes come home? I felt sad because my writings weren't coming out well. These trivial details. Wes: how I could never catch up with my story. 1:13:30, I hanged up with Wes. Back to writing. It's raining outside. 2:48:00, the video of Faust? Did I leave Starbucks on 3:30:00?

December 1 (Lenny’s birthday dinner)

My time at Lenny’s dinner tonight: “tolennydinner_12_1_11_454-1129PM.MP3”: in Starbucks, writing. 49:00, a text-message from Parkman? 1:08:00, I left Starbucks. 1:23:00, on bus 20. Supplemental Pleading. 1:59:00, off the bus. On the bus again. 2:06:00, off the bus. Looking for the restaurant "Maggiano". 2:25:00, at the restaurant. Lenny and so on. 2:28:30, I met Annukka for the first time. Parkwoman too! Akiva too. Telling Lenny about my difficulty in my writing. Today's Lenny's birthday. Lenny grew up around here. 3:12:00, what I should order. 3:18:00 – who was I talking to? He worked in Santa Monica... Writers are those that have raped themselves so that they are now pregnant and have to give birth. 3:22:00, Annukka asked me and I had to explain my writing process again. 3:30:30, Annukka offered to read my story! (She wanted me to email her the link.) She's from Finland. How she met Lenny. She had been in the US for 24 years already. She's 47. She had always been in LA. 3:46:00, I declared to Annukka: I'm condemned to an anxious existence. 3:53:30, Annukka's story about the "flasher". 4:20:00, Annukka's experience with doing therapy. She was in fashion design for 14 years, and before that was in production. 4:49:00, my discussion with Lenny about writing. (Did he write a novel too?) 4:53:00, Lenny's time as a student in France. 5:01:00, all the languages which Annukka (?) spoke. 5:32:00, Annuka's job with the UN. 5:46:00, Annukka's father was a military observer for the UN. She had three younger sisters, and her father had recently married a young woman. I told her about my family, and then Wes. 6:01:50, as we were all leaving, I bade Annukka goodbye. 6:04:00, Parkwoman was going to drive me home. She's from San Francisco. Her daughter was on NBC tonight. I had to explain my writing again. Both she and her father were writers. 6:13:30, now I had to explain the ICJ lawsuit. She noted that immigrants frequently found it difficult to stand up to the government. 6:20:00 – did she mention some people in similar circumstances? 6:23:00, I noted: people don't know that the government lied all the time. She agreed. She lived in Venice Beach, and her daughter in Echo Park. 6:27:10, she dropped me off. 6:30:30, siren. **So far none of these new people I had met had been warned by Homeland Security about me.**

December 2 (Dr R; the Pyramid’s visit; Valentine)

More actions from Karin and the Pyramid on my website today. First, a very suspicious visit on 7:14 AM: a person located in St Petersburg, Russia (or so it seems), came to my “Karin’s meetups 7” through a Google search for “Andrea Knecht, model, Karin”. Then, on 12:32 PM, the Pyramid visited my website from the Law Library by Googling “Lawrence C. Chin, writings”. She looked at the New Letter of Petition, Part I, which she had already read. **Presumably, in response to Prof. Buergenxxx’s refusal to cooperate, Homeland Security was instructing more people to report my website to the authority, including of course the Pyramid. Furthermore,** if somebody in Russia was involved, it was evidently because Homeland Security was talking to the Russian intelligence about the matter.³⁰

30 In the original rewrite, we seem to have made an error in this entry. The 3:09 PM visitor (69.233.0.59, us.mc819.mail.yahoo.com) was apparently just Annukka. (The IP address would have been mistakenly traced to

My time with Dr R today: “todrroachwstwd_12_2_11_1236-453PM.MP3”: in the restroom, and somebody was knocking on the door. Out. 19:00, on the bus. I continued to work on "Supplemental Pleading". In Starbucks. 1:16:00, I was asking a girl about her work. 1:23:00, "blood diamond" lobbying. 1:50:00, I was looking at Annukka's website. I wrote an email to Annukka. 2:13:00, on the bus. 2:25:30, off the bus, and a lady wanted me to help her put air into her tire. 2:41:00, in Subway. 2:47:00, in Edelman. 3:07:20, with Dr R. I felt sad because my writings were not good. I asked Dr R to look over one paragraph and give me an opinion **as to** whether it's bad. She merely thought it could be condensed. Then I had her read "April 19" (last year). Then how I couldn't tell the story unless I recounted every single evidence produced and how that would make it impossible to write it. Dr R insisted that, when I took meds, I was less stressed out. How I couldn't print my story out. Dr R suggested she could print it for me. 3:25:00, Dr R was on my website. How I was constrained because I wasn't writing a fiction. Then I explained which parts I was writing and which parts rewriting. Dr R explained how I could condense a sentence. And we debated about my writings for the rest of the time. 3:43:30, after Dr R gave me the printouts, the session is over. 3:51:00, on the street.

My recording of the night: “strbkwstwd UCLA libval_12_2-3_11_453PM-159AM.MP3”. (From 6:21:00 onward.) Reading something in German in the UCLA library. (Stopped at 6:34:30, and resumed on 7:20:00.) Walking out of UCLA. Valentine called on 7:51:00. **I** got inside his car on 7:55:00. Laura was in the car also. We dropped off Laura. Talking about Laura, how she was taking medication (8:21:00).

The next recording: “hmval_12_3_11_2-244AM.MP3”: 25:00, we were out of the restaurant. How I talked to a German girl at Novel Cafe the other day. To repeat the line I learned from the movie "Goethe". 29:30, I was home, to wait for Valentine. 32:30, Valentine was back. The "Faust" video. 39:00, Valentine did something that really disturbed me. I checked my visitors' log.

December 5 (Wes)

I chat with Wes tonight: “wstwdwes UCLA libwrt_12_5-6_11_436PM-1218AM.MP3”. **I** talked to Wes from 1:49:00 onward. (1) So many mistakes in my writing. (2) Carolyn's astrological reading: there is a problem of secrecy between me and Wes. How strangely correct! Then: “We will go our separate ways.” (What?) (3) My letter to Prof. Buergenxxxx (until 1:31:00). (4) In the end, Wes said “Truth will prevail”. **Now that seems like a secret message from the CIA: they are now on the side of truth fighting against Homeland Security and their new Russian friends who are on the side of falsehood.**

December 9 (Dr R)

My time with Dr R today: “12_9_11_243-1149PM.MP3”: on the bus. 46:00, in Edelman. 55:00, with Dr R. Dr R had a broken foot! **Did Homeland Security instruct her to fake this?** How Homeland Security agents liked to pretend to have broken arms and broken legs. How I had been revising the chapters. Sad because all the chapters were poorly written. I didn't do anything else. I showed Dr R the poorly written chapters. "Look, this guy is schizophrenic! He writes such bad sentences! If you write about the intelligence agencies and write such bad sentences, people will think you are mentally ill!" The McGill doctor in MK-Ultra – and the woman victim who wrote to the author: the author didn't pay attention to her because her testimonies were disjointed. It was just too difficult to describe intelligence

operations: you'll end up destroying your own credibility. Dr R was taking down notes. (**Again, she's required to feed information about me back to Homeland Security.**) "Now You are making it sound like it's all delusions!" Then: "All because we live in this fucking democracy! In a dictatorship, they'll just beat you, and it'd be easy to complain about it." Why books from the 1950s and before had no grammar mistakes. Somehow, from 2009 onward, I suddenly couldn't write well anymore. How, last night, I was reading about Mayan people's protests... take over the mines... things like that you can complain about... but my problems... not... even if I was a terrorist and locked up in a prison and waterboarded... easy to complain about that... and this kind of thing doesn't change international relations... but mine does... How I believed making people believe lies and live in delusions is a form of victimization... when you don't believe my story, you have victimized yourself... most people are not equipped to not live in delusions... so much of the news are lies, I know they are lies, and yet I'm relegated to the status of a mental patient... (**Again, I was exaggerating the matter due to my erroneous understanding about what happened to my ICJ trial.**) I just wish I were writing about something else, intelligence agencies are so hard to write about... And I got frustrated when Dr R didn't reply in a manner corresponding to what I was saying. "Aren't you supposed to be very smart? Because you have gone to Yale?" Dr R printed more of my writings. 1:36:00, I waited as Dr R printed. 1:38:00, the printing done. 1:46:00, on the street. 2:02:10, on bus 6. Mistakes in "Schizophrenic, III". Then, "Karin's Meetups-3BG2" (2:40:00). 3:17:30, off the bus, in somewhere to use the restroom. Out on the street. 3:26:00, in Starbucks (?). I was immediately back to revising my China chapters. (Ch.3, "The most disgusting entity".) 6:59:00, I left. 7:00:00, in the burger store. 7:33:00, back inside Starbucks to work. "Schizophrenic, III". Then I was working on "Supplemental Pleading". 8:57:00, while on the toilet, I wrote an email to Valentine. 9:02:30, a particular IP address.

December 10

The last time that "My experience with the FBI, the CIA, and the DHS" appeared on Google search results. It would disappear for a while, and then reappear. Had Homeland Security something to do with this?

Note that, 4:29 PM, somebody from Melbourne, Australia, visited my "Feefee and Valerie" with the Google search terms "Lawrence Chin, my experience".

December 11 (Annukka)

My recording of the night: "annukkaclub_12_11_11_601-1140PM.MP3": Invited by Annukka to visit her at King King. On the Metro. Arriving at King King on 32:00. Meeting Annukka on 39:00. Inside the club waiting for Annukka. Getting with Annukka again on 1:25:00. Annukka came to fetch me on 2:16:00. She came to fetch me again on 2:29:00. We were going to a restaurant. She needed to pay 3,000 dollars to fix her car (2:37:00). Her best friend... Maria, the owner of King King... (2:44:00). Peter and Aleza also lived near her (2:54:00). Teenage daughter? Younger sister, married to a transsexual (3:00:00). About my story "Feefee and Valerie". She wanted to know if Lenny can read it. Yeah, sure (3:04:00). About the government's theft of my drawings on 3:06:00. About her marriage with a gay men in order to obtain a green card (3:10:00). A story inspired by her story (3:12:00). She got the green card after he died, as a widow (3:15:00). About her Russian boyfriend, and her gay husband (3:18:00). How her boyfriend cheated on her (3:21:00). Annukka's research while in college, on Vikings (3:42:00). She put her Russian boyfriend through film school (3:51:00). Lenny suddenly called, and I talked to him too (4:05:00). Annukka talked about her "medicine" (balance/ imbalance) on

4:20:00. We left the restaurant on 4:23:00. In her car on 4:27:00. More on her boyfriend (4:35:00). Then a message from Kxxxxxxx on 4:39:00. Telling Annukka about my situation, French, German, etc. Annukka dropped me off at my home on 4:47:00.

It was sort of strange to be invited out by Annukka. No woman had ever paid attention to me before. I would later learn (08/08/14) that Annukka wasn't quite content with her current boyfriend, 15 years her junior, who didn't have a stable job and depended on her for support. She was thus always on the lookout for an alternative.

December 13 (Valentine and Kim)

My time with Valentine today: “nottomustrbkvrmntwrval_12_13-14_11_531PM-237AM.MP3”: in my room, having just awakened. I started writing an email to Annukka. Then, Supplemental Pleading. 1:42:00, out. Going to the French meetup? 2:02:00, I gave up going to the meetup and went home to fetch my netbook instead. 2:18:00, home. Immediately out again. 2:37:00, on the bus. Off the bus on Vermont/ Sunset. 2:55:30, at the burrito place. 3:16:30, in Starbucks. 3:27:30, I was connected with Valentine. 3:56:00, emailing? 3:58:20, an email to Kxxxxxxx. 4:30:00, Parkman showed up. I showed him the latest episode I had just emailed Kxxxxxxx. And my broken keyboard. How I skipped the French meetup. I continued to write while Valentine was drawing. 5:59:00, Kim showed up. We dropped off Kim on 6:08:20. I asked Valentine to pass by the strip club. I was so angry with Karin that I wanted to show him her picture (the Chertoff bitch). Then whether to sit down somewhere. Kxxxxxxx wanted a break from Valentine and so he wanted to stay with me tonight. I wanted to write more letters to international jurists. To get some proof. My night out with Annukka. Carolyn had a new boyfriend. Annukka was going to Finland next week. Why I missed the French meetup tonight. 6:27:00, Valentine dropped me off and went elsewhere to give me space to masturbate. 6:30:30, a reply from Kxxxxxxx. My reply. "Die Gedanken sind Frei." (Reviewed until 6:43:00.)

December 15 (Wes, Valentine, and Kim)

My recording of the afternoon: “wrtsabrstrbkvrmntvalkim_12_15-16_11_354PM-1259AM.MP3”: I arrived at Vermont/ Prospect, and it was raining. Starbucks. I came to Sabor instead of Stories LA on 28:00. With Wes from 31:00 onward. Wes was coming home to California on Monday. About my books in his basement. About my disappointment with my writings: my story “The Secret History” was so far really badly told. I had noticed serious problems with my writings. Frustration with my inability to be the deliverer of humanity from deception. And the full extent of the CIA's strategy toward the MSS director's lawsuit against them only came to me now (45:00). This had become the dominant theme in my concerns around the end of 2011 and the beginning of 2012 – and the principal cause of the depression I was about to go through. What was so strange was also the fact that there were so many grammatical and spelling mistakes in my writings that they didn't even look like mine. About the Monkey Pyramid. My hatred for Karin. Discontent with the “kangaroo trial” I went through (52:00). Wes began talking about the Kennedy assassination. He said that the government would never let me obtain proof of the trial for fear that more conspiracies would come forth. **Why was he saying this? Instructed to confuse me?** Me: But you can't let Karin get away with this. **Wes used the example of Oliver Stone. How I wanted people in America to know that kangaroo trials happened here too. My bungled lawsuit against Karin. I must sue her.** Wes: "You are so naive." Didn't the judges get elected for being moral persons? Would they help governments hide secrets? 1:18:50, Wes hanged up with me and said he would call me back later. 1:21:20, Wes called me back, but then we hanged up immediately.

1:26:10, siren. Supplemental Pleading. 2:41:30, I was connected with Valentine briefly. 4:10:00, my messages? 4:12:00, I left. 4:18:00, in Chinese fast food. 4:45:10, a Hispanic guy in front of me with earphones. **Was it Homeland Security surveillance?** I was out. On Metro. 5:02:00, in Starbucks, Vermont/ Prospect. I texted Valentine.

Valentine showed up with Kim (5:22:00). Pay attention to this girl! She is, of all the female figures in this story, the most quintessential “total idiot who, because she is a total idiot, has no idea that she is a total idiot but actually believes she is absolutely smart”. Recall the point of this story: “incompetent and unaware of it”. I told them about Amber’s party. I then showed Kim my web gallery. She talked about her writings, and I about mine (5:30:00). She had a blog, and used a MAC (5:35:00). 6:15:00, Valentine and Kim were talking in the background while I wrote. 6:28:00, they were updating their MACs. Supplemental Pleading. 7:17:30, they asked me, and I replied I was quite sad, because of the Chertoff bitch. 7:29:00, why I was overwhelmed. Did my netbook have a virus? 7:30:00, siren. Then we were all out and into Valentine's car. I explained my business with Karin. Kim laughed at "kangaroo trial". People in America don't know that kangaroo trials happened all the time here too. How Annukka had read "Feefee and Valerie". How Kxxxxxxx didn't reply to the latest update on "Eggman and Parkman". Eggman's smelling of his own feet. 7:42:00, off the car and in the market. I expressed my desire to see Kxxxxxxx. Maybe Kxxxxxxx didn't like the latest episode where Eggman proclaimed "Down with Parkman". 8:05:00, in the car. The AC charger never showed up. Maybe I could come meet Valentine tomorrow at Kxxxxxxx's. The Chertoff bitch again. How I hated Karin more than the "Monkey Pyramid". How DGHTRCOM wanted to give the "Monkey Pyramid" to me as a girlfriend. 8:17:00, they dropped me off. I came home and worked on a certain installation on my netbook.

Take note of this visitor for today: 5:03 PM, 67.142.174.21, Hughes Network Systems, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.* He arrived at the front page with the Google search terms “lawrencechin2011.com” and then looked at “My experience...” and “Feefee and Valerie.”

December 16 (Dr R, Valentine, Kim)

Take note of this visitor for today: 4:56 AM, 121.219.255.87, Melbourne, Australia.* He clicked on the link sent to him to my website and then immediately went for my letter to Prof. Buergenxxxx. You can guess why.

My time with Dr R today: “drroachcrywrngstrbk_12_16_11_439-711PM.MP3”: on the bus. 21:50, in Edelman. 35:50, I almost left a message for somebody. 50:20, Dr R called me in. How I didn't go because I didn't want to go to **Downey**. I was frustrated with the search of my backpack. How I didn't know how to organize my life, and how my place was uncomfortable. I showed Dr R which chapters to print this time. How I was amazed by how bad my writings were. I continued to agonize over my bad writings. How I complained to Wes about how Karin had got away with it, and how Wes had replied that, if the government lets me get proofs, a lot of people would be dragged down the waters. How the few people who had seen my story would lose interest after seeing how bad my grammar was. I broke down crying. I then continued to look over my writings and agonize about it. How I didn't want to write anymore because my head hurt from over-writing. Another problem was that I had used Microsoft Word so that I couldn't revise it anymore. 1:28:00, I left. 1:42:00, in Subway. 2:19:30, out. 2:25:30, on the bus. 2:36:30, in Starbucks.

My time with Valentine and Kim tonight: “strbkwrtvalkimprophetwspchimpdmnt_12_16-17_11_711PM-302AM.MP3”: I continued to work in Starbucks. Supplemental Pleading? 2:02:30, I called Valentine. Whether Kxxxxxxx would be home. How I was very upset. 2:05:30, I hanged up with him. 2:28:00, I was connected with Valentine again. I then continued to work on Supplemental Pleading. 3:04:20, Valentine and Kim showed up. Kim gave me a pen. She and Valentine went to the storage and so on and dropped off something at Kxxxxxxx's. Again, my agony over my writings. "The biggest lawsuit that changed the world..." How I wanted to wake people up from their delusions. I tried to explain to Valentine: "This is not just another story. If you know it, your consciousness will be raised to another level..." How ordinary people were just chatting about garbage, and how I wanted to deliver them. "Imagine a prophet who has speech impediment..." "I'm not here to be a nice person, I'm here to be a deliverer." But editors/ speech coaches would cost too much. Did Kxxxxxxx go out with Carolyn? Valentine mocked me for staring at a pretty AWF doctor. I explained that I used to meet a lot of CIA agents who were working as doctors at UCLA (3:34:30). I showed Kim pictures on my website. Then the portrait of the "Monkey Pyramid". And Karin – the Chertoff bitch. I wanted to send Valentine to the Law Library to say to the Pyramid, "I think I saw you on the Internet!" Her father is a monkey! How DGHTRCOM wanted to give her to me as a girlfriend (!). I liked her before I found out her father was a monkey. Her father was a relative of a former Mexican president. And I explained PLANMEX. Kim insisted that Russia does do slave trade. Kim argued with me. Frustrated, I shouted, "How can I deliver people from delusions if they are all so..." Then they talked while I wrote my email to Kxxxxxxx (4:10:00). I continued to complain about my headache due to **overusing my brain**. 4:27:00, I joined Valentine and Kim outside. In Valentine's car. Masturbation with the Korean manager. When the CIA wanted to recruit me, they wanted me to see that movie "Mission Impossible"... Kim actually thought she could work for the CIA. "You don't apply, they'll find you..." (4:42:00). 4:44:00, in a used books store. 4:59:30, we were leaving. Still about how I might be using my head too much. Was Kim talking about astrology? (Saturn, Venus, and Mars.) They talked frequently of Chantelle, the "Energy Girlfriend". 5:35:00, off the car. In the market. Parkman felt that Eggman's problem (a prophet suffering from speech impediment) was tragic. "I don't want to be the savior of humanity, it's such a hard job!" **Indeed!** The guy programmed to only want to go up and down the elevator – is he free? Why Parkman is happy (because he's free/ doesn't know he's unfree). I have seen all these secrets, I need to tell people, but I can't... Valentine mentioned "remote viewing". A lot of remotely controlled people in Iraq and Afghanistan. Would Valentine go to spy on the Monkey Pyramid? Kim believed Eggman (6:16:00). How I felt sorry for the few people who had read my writings. Kim advised me on the writing thing. I cried. 6:21:30, Valentine dropped me off, and I emphasized I wanted Kxxxxxxx to respond to my emails. I was home. 6:24:00, Valentine called. I fetched it and passed it on to Valentine (6:25:30). (Reviewed until 6:27:00.)

December 20 (Wes)

I had a short chat with Wes today: “callwes_12_20_11_1055-1102AM.MP3”: I called Amber, and then Wes.

December 21 (Wes)

My recording of the night: “smlibmi4callwescry_12_21_11_641-1147PM.MP3”: **I saw MI4.** From 3:46:00 onward. On the phone with Wes from 4:02:00 onward. **I cried again.** Wes' brother lived in Palmdale, and taught at Cal State Fullerton (4:13:00). **The call ends** on 4:15:00.

December 22 (break with Valentine)

My time with Valentine and Kim tonight: “wstwdstrbkwrtvalkimargue_12_22-23_11_445PM-1230AM.MP3”: in Starbucks, Westwood. **I noticed** more grammar mistakes. 5:30, in fast food. I started doing "Help Letter". 55:00, I wrote to Parkman. 56:50, I left. Back in Starbucks. 1:05:30, "How-I-have-71". 2:00:00, on my website. 2:36:00, I was connected with Valentine. 2:40:10, a text-message. 3:25:20, Parkman's text-message. 3:39:00, I checked my visitors' log. Not a single visit, as usual. **(It would seem that Homeland Security had successfully blocked the CIA's attempt for the time being.)** 3:56:30, a message from Parkman, "Where are you now?" 4:22:00, I left Starbucks to eat. Chips and fries. 4:30:30, messaging with Valentine. 4:39:00, back inside Starbucks. 5:18:30, on Youtube. Then, the Appendix to Vol. 1. 5:33:30, Valentine showed up. Kim was already in the restaurant. Valentine wanted to see the movie on 11:30 PM, and I wasn't sure whether to go with him. Did Kim want to see me? We had an argument that night... and we debated about this. **Again, how** Laura had once hallucinated that Obama was coming to her room to have sex with her. What if I wore a mask of Obama and... and she discovered it... and she tells you... and you ask me "Is that true?"... but I deny it: "She's hallucinating", and you believe me... will you consider yourself to have been victimized by me? Valentine said he would always entertain doubt... then he agreed that anyone who believed me was victimized by me to some degree. That's Mr former Secretary, he doesn't touch you, but he does tell people all sorts of lies about you, is anybody else being victimized? Valentine warned me to be especially considerate around Kim. Valentine was leaving on Saturday, Christmas Eve. 5:51:00, with Kim. Valentine only provided me with 3 minutes to tell him about the "Chertoff bitch". 5:54:30, a trick from the Chertoff bitch: there is no cup of soup... to produce evidence of my schizophrenia for the ICJ... more examples of the trick... that's why I learned to videotape it when I received an email... so many recordings... I burned onto 285 dual layer DVDs. That's why I wanted to chop off the Chertoff bitch's head. Valentine: I think you are working out your relationship with your mother with these women... then how Mr former Secretary wanted Karin and so on to produce evidence showing me to be David Chin, and now Valentine wanted me to explain it all over again. To prosecute China... From 6:05:00 onward, the portrait business. Valentine was filming me as I recounted. The civil suit and the recruitment of the process server. So I should just enjoy looking bad? But Russia is gonna suffer. Kim: who cares about Russia! Then she claims she likes Boss Cheney. 6:17:30, the plan to chip Russian officials. 6:18:30, Kim again disputed: the Boss was not as powerful as DGHTRCOM. 6:19:30, the stupid exchange between Valentine and Kim. 6:22:00, how the Boss got Obama selected and chipped. **(Again, wrong scenario.)** 6:24:00, Kim: did he get Michelle chipped too? Kim: did the chip explode after getting pulled out? Are they detectable? 6:28:00, about the chips. Kim encouraged me to use my insurance to ask doctors to scan my head. 6:32:00, Kim on her doctor. How I was so worried that government agents might secretly extract my chips so that I wouldn't have evidence **anymore**. Kim continued to insist I should just record myself when I slept but I insisted that government agents could remotely turn off the recorder before coming into my room. 6:36:30, outside with Valentine. How I didn't explain things well. Other people might not be angry about the things which Karin had done to me if she had done it to them. Valentine didn't believe Homeland Security had alerted people about me. **(Up till this time, Homeland Security had not yet warned Valentine about me.)** If I had done the same thing to Laura, Valentine would get angry. 6:43:00, I continued on, even how Mr former Secretary tried to frame me for pedophilia. 6:46:30, Valentine got really annoyed and told me to shut the fuck up. 6:47:00, in Valentine's car, and he insisted my story didn't matter much to him. Then I discovered that I forgot my keyboard in the restaurant. I asked Valentine to drive me back. 7:02:10, off Valentine's car. Then, back inside **his** car. 7:05:50, Valentine sent me to buy coffee for him. Then, again

at the gas station. I was now all quiet. 7:37:20, Valentine dropped me off. I fetched Valentine's sleeping bag. Then I went to the bank.

December 23 (Dr R, Rolf, Wes)

My recording of the afternoon: “[drroachcrytoglendale_12_23_11_209-831PM.MP3](#).” Arrived in Edelman. Called step-mother on 1:06:00. With Dr R from 1:30:00 onward. Wondered whether my bad writing was the result of Zyprexa. About my argument with Valentine yesterday. Very distressed, because, when my writing turned out so bad, I couldn’t really verbalize my experience. I even broke down crying on 2:00:00. Ordinary people just couldn’t comprehend it... **The session ended on 2:15:00.**

For several days, anger toward Karin’s group intensified, especially since there was no possible way to explain to Valentine, or to anybody else, their actions toward me. Must take justice into my own hand. At Rolf’s, for the first time.

My next recording is: “[glendaletostrbkvrmtcallwes_12_23-24_11_831PM-1243AM.MP3](#)”: Glendale and Colorado. 51:00, on the bus. I started reading the outlines of Shakespeare's plays. 1:16:30, off the bus. On Metro. Off. 1:43:30, in Starbucks. 1:47:50, I was connected with Wes. He hadn't finished buying the gifts. My immense depression. 1:51:00. I hanged up with him. 2:10:10 – what was I searching for? 2:16:40, an email from Jennifer xxx. 3:06:55, I searched for my website on Yahoo. I then continued to write. 3:30:00, I was out. In the pharmacy looking for earphones. 3:45:00, on the bus to go home. 4:06:20, off the bus. At the Korean restaurant.

December 24

“My experience...” ceased appearing in the search results of Google, Bing, Yahoo, and Mamma. My chapter “To frame you into the most disgusting entity”, but no other, appeared when I searched for “Lawrence C. Chin, My experience...” Was there foul play (like Homeland Security “investigation”)? Or was this simply because searching engines were recycling their indexes?

On 8:03 AM, a suspicious visitor from **Seoul, South Korea (110.46.223.171)**. She looked at “Government’s Investigation of a Schizophrenic, Part I”.

December 25

On 1:11 AM, a very suspicious visitor from Vienna, Austria (62.178.128.228). She came directly by clicking on the link that was sent to her. Strangely, she clicked on /hash2/.

On 10:26 AM, the same visitor from South Korea came to my website for the second time but with a different IP address: 220.79.191.130, Seoul. She looked at the Preface to my Secret History.

On 7:16 PM, another friend of Karin’s visited (90.213.37.122, bb.sky.com, UK): he looked at “Feefee and Valerie”, “China and Europe”, and “Karin’s Meetups”.

December 26 (Oliver, Wes)

On 5:56 AM, the same visitor from South Korea came for the third time (220.79.191.130). Then, on 9:37 AM, she came again. This person was obviously Ekaterina (Putina) or her partner. The concern that my writings might be used as evidence against Russia had now reached Russia's First Daughter herself. **(Somehow, just after Homeland Security had calmed the storm, the CIA was back at fomenting it again.)** It's not clear to me whether, at this point, Ekaterina had already come into contact with the Pyramid and Karin. **In later chapters, I have always assumed that the two sides first came together in 2014 or so. Today we must wonder whether the Pyramid might have already met Ekaterina back in March 2010 and then become best buddy with her again at this time thanks to Homeland Security (i.e. thanks to their common goal of proving to any authority that Homeland Security's new warnings about me were all correct).**

I talked to Wes today: "saboroliwesstrbkvrmt_12_26-27_11_458-1217AM.MP3".³¹ On Metro. Under severe depression, I came to Sabor to work. On 3:17:00 I was connected with Oliver and on 3:28:00 I hanged up with Oliver. I discussed my severe depression, and Oliver was back in Santa Fe. On 3:30:00 I was connected with Wes. I lamented about how my writing was bad and my story disjointed – the cause of my severe depression, i.e. my inability to verbalize my experience. We discussed our plan to meet. Wes talked about his need to meet Jerry. The call ends on 2:57:00.

December 27 (with Wes in Portfolio)

My time with Wes today: "toportfowesmark_12_27_11_205-1012PM.MP3": on Metro. 40:00, I started writing. 54:30, off the train. 1:14:50, I was in Portfolio. 1:30:00, Wes not here yet, I started writing. 1:32:30, I checked my messages. 1:39:40, Wes showed up. Wes' unhappiness with his dissertation. The famous book he was using. How my story was poorly written. How bad it was now that nothing was going on as if nothing had ever happened. **The** WWII stories gathered. Wes' great uncle back in Pearl Harbor during the attack. Wes: time is an illusion, and things won't disappear forever. I lamented: why would **the** judges want to keep it all a secret? I showed Wes what I wrote about Karin in Supplemental Pleading. How much I wanted to rxxxxxx and how she completely got away with it. Why Karin was upset with the Chinese. 2:00:30, we went outside. I recounted how my business with Karin started and how she reacted to the Chinese surveillance. 2:07:00, Wes' theory on the electoral colleges. Did Wes want to apply for a job at CSU Long Beach? 2:20:30, I exclaimed: "It makes me sad when you say 'Some story is meant to be forgotten.'" Back to writing my story. Are there gonna be people who want to do research on this trial? People who would want to know would discover their apartment broken into and so on.³² "It's so serious because they have made it so serious... job security... it's all for the underground..."³³ How the chips in my head were the only proof. How a small group of people was enough for me. Wes went on and on about the underground group.³⁴ Back in 2007, they tried so hard to discredit me, and thus the lawsuit... only if they had done nothing, then nothing would have happened... Wes: you should focus on one thing **at a time**, on documenting... the underground group... How my story suddenly disappeared from all search engines. How most people were very dumb and wouldn't understand my story. 2:43:00, we decided to go eat. We came to the burger store next door. Again, why did the CIA want to prevent me from talking at all? How I wanted to die if I couldn't write this story.

31 Note that, in the very beginning, I noted that a black guy dragging a cart was saying something about a "secret society". A prophesy about the future?

32 Something like this might happen in Russia, in 2022.

33 Wes was giving me a half-hint: Homeland Security needed to protect their job security, and my story would circulate in the underground in Russia in 2022.

34 Was the Invisible Hand using Wes to prophesy the future?

Did Wes really not remember my trip to Frankfurt and Brussels? The limousine on February 11 2008. How I was no longer a txxxxxxx suspect. Wes was also on the information which the FBI passed to the Chinese in March 2006. The Brazilians must have it too, and yet they never noticed it when Wes went there repeatedly all this time. How I didn't want to live anymore if I couldn't tell my story. Wes – again: the small segment underground... they know something, but not the whole story... How that's the people I would want to appeal to.³⁵ My argument with Valentine. If the search engines exclude my website, no one will ever find it. Wes' sister wouldn't talk to anyone except for him. Everybody knows somebody, I'm the only dupe, and everyone thinks it's okay because, as long as I can eat and shit... Wes insisted that they were targeting him too. 3:26:00, what happened to all the people who **had seen** the alert about me? The alert about me posted in the back of Starbucks in Westwood. How the father purposely pulled down his child's pants in front of me (October 2009). Wouldn't all these actors say something? Would Homeland Security still bother Wes? I was then frustrated with Wes' pretending to not know what had happened, and he insisted he was just speculating. Wes' old HP computer. 3:50:30, back to Portfolio. Wes had to meet with Jerry on Friday. 4:00:30, I was showing Wes my website. Then I showed him how search engines had excluded my website from search results. Why would the CIA want to silence me? The CIA girls' sad faces back in January 2010. Did the CIA girls apologize to me once they had negotiated a deal with the Russians? They let the chapter "To frame you into..." appear on search results because they know people will get angry with me when I tell people the government is trying to frame me for pedophilia. Wes: when you try to defend yourself against such false accusations, people will get suspicious... 4:11:00, Mark showed up. I went to say Hi to Mark. He mentioned his son. My difficulty in writing my story. I told Mark the title of my work: the Secret History. I want the people who read it to be raised to a new level of consciousness... but I feel like a prophet who suffers from speech impediment... when you have a secret, some, though not all, people should know it. I'm the kind of person who would give myself unreachable goals even when nobody else is giving me troubles. Mark's long story. 4:43:00, I left Mark and came back to Wes. What happened to Tona. Wes explained the math in the election theories. On and on about election analyses. Proof: "Democracy will always bring food to the people." Whether I could go see Jerry with Wes. The JFK movie. How I wanted rxxxxxx against Karin. I showed Wes the Spinoza quotation, and Wes mentioned he would soon teach **introduction** to philosophy at a community college. 5:26:00, Mark was leaving. On and on about Rousseau. Then, narrative, authors, and history, and Wes' arguments. My difficulty in adjusting myself to this normality. Wes mentioned Camus' *The Plague*. Suddenly, children. Did the control center send them in? Then the suspicious search results again. After December 10, all search engines dropped my website all at the same time. 6:05:30, out. How ordinary life was too trivial compared to my story. "I don't want to live like a dupe anymore..." Wes insisted that I wasn't a dupe because I knew what was going on (6:12:50). 2012 – the end of the world. 6:17:40, Wes dropped me off at the Metro station. (Reviewed until 6:26:00.)

December 30 (Dr R)

My time with Dr R today: "drroach_12_30_11_237-504PM.MP3": on the bus. I continued to read the summaries of Shakespeare's plays. 53:00, in Edelman. 1:01:30, with Dr R. What to print. My bad depression: "Monday... Wednesday... depression so severe... I slept 16 hours a day... because my writings are so bad..." I kept moaning about how my writings were no good. I didn't want to revise it anymore, it was too boring... 1:12:30, I almost cried. "I'm so depressed that my body aches... Wednesday night when I thought of dying the control center signaled **to** me... and I don't get any more

³⁵ Again, prophesy about the future? It would seem that, during these last days of 2011, the Invisible Hand had begun planning for the "scandal" (to be seen later on) together with BOL in their second, secret trial. More of this in 2012.

Poisonous Friends, I – the Long Version
Lawrence C. Chin
Aug. 2022 – Jan. 2023

visitors to my website... the only enjoyable thing is sleeping... I cannot verbalize my story... there is no point in living... saw my best friend on Tuesday... so depressing because he kept secrets from me... and he only talked about boring, trivial things..." I cried as I got ready to leave. 1:30:00, out. 1:37:00, in Subway. 2:06:10, I left. On the street.

Past midnight. Inside K's meetups.