

## **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)

### INTRODUCTION

This is the first part of a rewrite of the original “Poisonous Friends, I”, composed in 2014. The most important purpose of this rewrite is to study how the ICJ trial over me had no sooner been dismissed in October 2010 than the seeds were sown for a second trial over me in the International Court of Justice. This outline (not a full reconstruction) covers the period from February to December 2011.<sup>1</sup>

In the preceding, you have seen how, when the ICJ trial was dismissed, things turned in the worst direction for me:

(1) The ICJ trial, although dismissed, was not entirely closed because the rule remained in effect that new evidences can always be entered at a later time to persuade the judges to alter their previous judgment.

(2) Once I realized that the French and the Russians had together destroyed the trial, the CIA could enter the realization as evidence into the judge computer (“New evidence found: the destruction of the trial is a terrorist conspiracy against us”) and obtain a judgment to reactivate the whole trial, upon which they would go back to judge Higgins to present the new evidences they would have found by then that I had conspired with the Russians back in late 2009 and early 2010.

(3) In order to prevent this possibility, the Monkey’s false profile of me must not be proven false: as long as it was not proven false, Russia’s Macrospherian status vis-à-vis the CIA would remain in effect (because it was proof that the mind-reading computer had never been tampered with) and the CIA would not be able to object to judge Higgins’ January 2010 judgment convicting them of conspiring with me to harm Russia.

(4) To make sure that this profile should never be proven false, the Russians decided to endorse Homeland Security’s 2007 warning about me – the paranoid schizophrenic frequently obsessed with foreign government officials and prone to be a danger to them – because Homeland Security’s profile of me was consistent with the false profile which the Monkey had created of me. It’s not just that Homeland Security’s warning, by saying that, when I praised a foreign politician or a foreign nation, I would want to harm them, was a

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<sup>1</sup> While this rewrite was done in Dec. 2020, it was corrected again in Feb. and Jul. 2021, and then one last time in Dec. 2022. The corrections concern only typos and grammar errors, except for the note about “Dezz” in the entry for Aug. 6.

convenient instrument for asserting that I wanted to harm Russia despite my expressed love for Russia and constant praise of the “Daughter People”, but also that Putin, the master at dividing the enemies and using one to check the other, thought it best to find allies within the US government itself. Both Homeland Security and their boss M. Chertoff welcomed Russia’s offer of an alliance against the CIA because, if the CIA should prove Homeland Security’s profile of me to be false – which they must now do in order to reactivate the previous ICJ trial – the man and his thugs would be open to charges that they had intentionally issued false warnings about a suspect in violation of international laws (whether or not it was still a violation of UN Resolution 1373). Since both M. Chertoff and his Homeland Security thugs were more interested in protecting themselves than in letting the CIA gain supremacy over the Russians, Putin wanted to use them – as they remained extremely powerful forces within the US government – to pressure the rest of the US government to not indulge in the CIA’s wishes. The Russian intelligence service SVR and the US Department of Homeland Security’s clandestine operational unit thus formed a pact out of mutual benefits. As time wore on, this pact would ever more solidify because, if the CIA should ever convict the Russians, both Homeland Security and their boss M. Chertoff would be convicted as well – of a terrorist conspiracy with the Russians to obstruct the reactivation of the ICJ trial.

(5) Thus, from December 2010 onward, Homeland Security started a new round of operations on me so that they could solidify my status as a dangerous schizophrenic (to frame me and entrap me) and broadcast a new warning about me that they would have refined to agree even more with the Monkey’s false profile of me.

(6) Under pressure from M. Chertoff and his Boss, the rest of the US government accepted this Russia-DHS pact, and the CIA bowed to political pressure and participated in the new operations to frame me and entrap me. Thus, when Homeland Security needed me to get hospitalized again for being a danger to myself and others and diagnosed again as suffering from schizophrenia in order that my threat level could be raised to the point where the Department would be justified in broadcasting a new warning about me, the CIA ran the operation to provoke me and cause me to become hospitalized on January 27, 2011. The following will start from early February 2011 when I was already released from the hospital and placed in a board-and-care run by an Armenian woman named “Reima”.

A comment about the following. Throughout 2011 I continued to believe that the control center was controlling me and everything and everybody around me. This was unlikely to be the case: the Monkey should have been out of the control center by early 2011. It’s most likely the case that, like a typical targeted individual (a fake one), I had simply mistaken natural and random phenomena for intentionally orchestrated due to my conditioning – just as in late 2010. Furthermore, you must not forget that I continued to receive bodily signals from the computer inside the control center because the Russians had left it on automatic mode hoping that I would forever remain crazy. This caused me a lot of confusion and made me believe that the ICJ trial was still ongoing. All this was golden for Homeland Security as they continued to “investigate” me and issue warnings about me in domestic and international channels and, as you shall see, they would in fact frequently provoke me to cut myself while placing an agent next to me with the mission of calling the police on me so that they could have more episodes to incorporate into their new warnings about me.

It is only in late 2011 that I would shed the conditioning and no longer experience so much of the control center’s actions. In the following, I will call all the mistakes I made “delusions” even though they weren’t true delusions. You must bear with me in the beginning: I keep recording these delusions and yet they are not so interesting to read about. However, things would start to get interesting by the middle of 2011 when Karin and the Pyramid began re-entering my life while Homeland Security continued their “investigation” of me. And very interesting from 2012 onward, when this “Kiersten”, the ultimate curse, started devoting enormous amount of time to wrecking my life. And it is also in the middle of 2012 that the control center was reactivated (the Monkey had got in there again) and that a debate had started between intelligence agencies as to whether I posed a danger to Russia’s First Daughter Ekaterina.

This reservation notwithstanding, it’s very likely the case that both Homeland Security and the CIA had continued to input their respective evidences (whether or not I conformed to Homeland Security’s warnings, and, later, the Secret Society women’s claims, about me) into the judge computer so that the judge computer would remain active for the next 10 years, with Homeland Security still having the authorization to use everything else that was associated with it, foremost the faulty surveillance Machine. That this was going on even in 2011 when the Monkey was out of the control center and when the case about Ekaterina had not yet started is something which I hesitate to assert in the upcoming saga. For example, as you shall see below, when I claimed in my letter to Mrs Clinton (April 21) that I didn’t have a twin brother, there were immediately twin sisters showing up next to me in Starbucks (April 25), a woman talking about writing about twins in front of me on the bus (April 29), or my job coach “Larry” saying he was one of his mother’s triplets (August 24). I have always wanted to dismiss this as coincidences in my narrative and label my immediate reaction (an operation to prove that everything I said in my letter was false) as “wrong scenario”. But, in fact, I could actually be somewhat correct. Namely, it was just Homeland Security using faulty surveillance to input evidence into the judge computer that I was intercepted admitting that I did have a twin brother or was even one of the triplets (David, Lawrence, and Louis).

Dramatis Personae:

Myself

Wes  
(Wesley N.)

The “Pyramid”  
(Angelica “le beau Visage”)

The Monkey  
(the Pyramid’s father)

Valentine  
(“Parkman”)

Kiersten (Johnson)

Carolyn (Leigh)

Annukka

Dr P (Petterson)

Dr R (Roach)

Oliver (Benson)

#### Others met at meetups and social functions

Now a note about the recordings that accompany the following. All recordings of my conversations with Wes are in: /wes/. All recordings of my time in WACLA and other meetups or meetings are in: /meetup/. All recordings of my interactions with Kiersten and so on are in: /AK/. All recordings of my interactions with the other “targeted individuals” are in: /FFCHS/. All recordings of my sessions with Dr P are in: /drP/. All recordings of my sessions with Dr R are in: /roach/. All recordings of my conversations with Dr G are in: /drG/. All recordings of my conversations with Oliver are in /oliver/. All recordings in other regards are in: /2012/, /2012b/, and /2013/.

In the following, many episodes from my life between 2011 and 2013 have been left unmentioned, mainly because they have not contributed in any way to the formation of the “Secret Society women”, the main subject matter of this narrative. These episodes can be grouped into the following: (1) SGI (Soka Gakai International), notably with Aric and Michelle; (2) Café de Paris meetup; (3) “Descubrimiento” on Interpals; and (4) Dr B. Meanwhile, the episodes with “Mirae” (a fellow “targeted individual”) and Dmitry are only occasionally noted – these didn’t contribute much to the origination of the scandal either. And so are the episodes with “Robin”.

### 2011

#### **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 at 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 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**

Counting discs this morning, between 6 and 7:30 AM. Not long into the counting, Windows Explorer remotely controlled (?) to malfunction, and so 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 the Gom Player and Quick Time to Windows Media Player.

Went to the 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.

## **February 17 (hospitalization again)**

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 being a danger to myself: perhaps they needed *more* instances of my being a danger to myself when I couldn't become a danger to others in order to solidify their new warning about me to diplomatic missions around the world. 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.

## **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.

Poisonous Friends, I  
Lawrence C. Chin  
Dec. 2020; correction, Feb., Jul. 2021; Dec. 2022.

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 once again posing a danger to himself...” 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. Cut my face, arm, and wrist.

I would later discover that, today, the Pyramid’s parents, Apolinar and Olivia, had put their house, “House 1630”, into some sort of Trust. A certain public notary, Gary Leemon, had ascertained that the true parents of the Pyramid had appeared before him to sign the Trust. Really? Something had happened in the Pyramid’s family today: it seems that the Monkey (Apolinar), 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, D. Higgins)**

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 the prosecuting team and the defense team 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, Dame Higgins 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 Web Hosting 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. Don’t know if this had anything to do with my (dormant) trial.

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 (Wes, recorder remotely frozen)**

With Dr R. I explained how I had developed resistance to not getting hysterical.

My conversation with Wes is recorded in: “[IMPbredstorerainwes\\_2\\_25\\_11\\_555-840PM.WMA](#)”. Then 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). The trial is not about whether he did kill the guy, but about how he was not acting. 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? On 2:21:10 or so Wes suddenly switched phone. He 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.

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 already dismissed, and the Monkey, etc., had already been ejected from the control center, this obviously can’t be true. My recorder was probably previously programmed to become defunct very soon. 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, to allow my brain to be “de-programmed” and become normal again.

But, then, we always have to wonder whether it was actually Homeland Security who had frozen up my recorder.

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 killing myself or killing 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.) 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. 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. Flipped over the trash can. Kicked it onto the street. 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 25<sup>th</sup> 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. Burned DVD 234. 8 PM or so. 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.

## **March 1 (Monday)**



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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 fitting 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. 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 US 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 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. Kicked over trash cans and a city newspaper stand. (All the wrong inferences!)

#### **March 4 (Thursday; Homeland Security?)**

Netbook remotely controlled (or so I thought) to freeze around 12:45 AM. 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. Missed La Cienega because I was too busy “explaining myself to Silbermond”. (I erroneously believed that the trial was continuing and that Stefanie Kloss 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. 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 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.”

## **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 not use the bus even for one day because I had to go to Best Buy to exchange the hard drive. 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 “Demon” 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.

Poisonous Friends, I  
Lawrence C. Chin  
Dec. 2020; correction, Feb., Jul. 2021; Dec. 2022.

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)**

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

Oliver called. And my recorder was remotely frozen around 6:18 PM. 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](#)”).

### **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.

Hanged out at the UCLA Linux Group. 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.

### **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**

Poisonous Friends, I  
Lawrence C. Chin  
Dec. 2020; correction, Feb., Jul. 2021; Dec. 2022.

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.

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**

Stayed home all day. Night. 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)**

Discovered that I got kicked out of the French Quarter Meetup. Recorder was remotely turned off when I called Wes on the phone. The recording file, “callwesrcrdroffiledamage\_3\_13\_11\_904-10AM.WMA”, is damaged and cannot be played on any media player. See the video: “nvid31311/100\_0011.MOV”. Cut myself on my left arm. Did Homeland Security do it again because they wanted me 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; new recorder)**

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!

### **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 kill xxxxxxxx people. 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.

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.

### **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)**

Poisonous Friends, I  
Lawrence C. Chin  
Dec. 2020; correction, Feb., Jul. 2021; Dec. 2022.

Conversation with Oliver on the phone.

### **March 25 (Wes)**

With Wes.

### **March 26**

Past midnight. Netbook froze while I was revising “schizo-part-3-43”. Yelled. Went out to kick a car. Didn’t cut my arm. The anger was directed outward.

At It’s a Grind. 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 others’ noise when I was recording myself writing.

### **March 28**

My camcorder died for the second time around 6:30 PM. 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.

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, 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.

Came to Golden West. Told that case managers were not available. At the Little Tokyo Cafe. No network coverage for my AT&T Go Phone.



Poisonous Friends, I  
Lawrence C. Chin  
Dec. 2020; correction, Feb., Jul. 2021; Dec. 2022.

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)**

Recording of the afternoon: “IMPtostrgjoearptwes\_3\_30\_11\_158-555PM.MP3”. At the storage. The message finishes on 2:51:50. Began telling Wes about wanting to move out on 2:56:00. Mood was much lighter after talking with Wes. But ever fearful of mood spoilers. Accidentally threw away the Kodak box with the rest of the garbage. The serial number forever lost.

My next recording: “leavstrgtohm\_3\_30\_11\_556-908PM.MP3”. Phone rang on 1:05:47 or so. 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”. 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. 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)

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*. Discussed with Wes the computer system to process audio recording, and then Via Voice (“IMPwesleavsmtohmreadpushkn\_4\_5\_11\_715-1050PM.MP3”).

### **April 6**

No one at the UCLA Linux Group.

### **April 7 (machine malfunctioning)**

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

Poisonous Friends, I  
Lawrence C. Chin  
Dec. 2020; correction, Feb., Jul. 2021; Dec. 2022.

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. 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)**

Called Oliver. Around 3 PM. Windows Explorer malfunctioned.

### **April 12 (Wes)**

Around 7:30 PM, called Wes.

### **April 13 (Wes; UN High Commissioner)**

Past midnight. Got through to the UN High Commissioner of Human Rights. Emailed them afterwards.

Called Aunt Eva around 12:40 PM.

Recording of the afternoon: "storieslacryhowbg7\_4\_13\_11\_353-530PM.MP3". At Stories LA. Crying, 12:00.

### **April 15 (Wes)**

At Stories LA again: "storieslawrtletwes\_4\_15\_11\_507-720PM.MP3". Called Wes around 6:45 PM (1:37:45). I talked about my letter to Mrs Clinton and my application to Guinness World Records. How it was not a good idea to write letters to the French government. The Russians broadcast the music "I know you are so lonely" and then the Pyramid showed up. *This is important*: by sending a letter to Mrs Clinton, I was providing Homeland Security with another opportunity to solidify their warnings about me and to continue to "investigate" me.

### **April 17**

Met Linda at the cafe next door to Vista theater.

### **April 18**

Poisonous Friends, I  
Lawrence C. Chin  
Dec. 2020; correction, Feb., Jul. 2021; Dec. 2022.

Called Linda around 1:11 PM. She was traveling the world? Obviously, my cut wounds had freaked her out.

### **April 19 (Wes)**

Called step-mother around 2:40 PM. With Wes: “sabordrawwessupl418pplcompln\_4\_19\_11\_552-831PM.MP3” (from 1:28:00 onward). Complained about other people’s noises: so upsetting. I cried. About Linda. Her friend: “She is traveling the world.”. She was clearly not an actress: not orchestrated. How I had overwhelmed myself with work. Hanged up by 1:46:00.

### **April 21 (Wes; my letter to Mrs Clinton)**

Entering UCLA library on 4:15:00. On 4:34:00, went upstairs to make xerox copies of my passport. Walked away on 4:37:00. Mailed out the letter to Mrs Clinton. Lost my passport inside the xerox machine.

This is a trick. Mrs Clinton, in accordance with the United States’ official position, would forward my letter to the Department of Homeland Security (a mentally ill crazy person writing letters to politicians). This time Homeland Security would say that I was justly placed on their watchlist because the scenario I wrote down in the letter simply wasn’t correct.

### **April 23**

“...647-935PM.MP3”: angered by children’s noise (46:30 or so).

### **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. The CIA was following their “standard operating procedure”: to never admit anything to the target and always pretend that nothing had happened at all.

### **April 25**

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.

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.

### **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. Went out. Then came back having to sleep without recording myself because the recorder was almost full. Extreme nervous tension.

### **April 28**

Came to UCLA very early in the morning. 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. Saw Dr R. Saw David by late afternoon, to ask him to help me with my netbook problem. It's determined that the keyboard was damaged.

### **April 29**

Netbook fixed. A woman said she was writing a book on twins. The coincidence was just so strange to me: I just saw a pair of twins four days ago. In Ackerman, 7 PM. 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.

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 (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.

However, I might have been correct (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 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 from 8 days ago.

### **April 30 (Wes)**

I talked to Wes in the afternoon: "storieslahow72bg73bgwesnoise\_4\_30\_11\_312-644PM.MP3" (from 57:00 onward).

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.

### **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.

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 some 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”)**

Children shouting outside on 1:04:00.

My conversation with Wes is recorded in: “storieslachatgreyinteldraw\_5\_3\_11\_459-806PM.MP3” (from 1:59:00 onward). 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 sort of 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 by-gone ICJ trial, Homeland Security probably *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? 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)**

### **May 5**

At UCLA. Netbook froze. I cut my arm.

### **May 7 (Wes)**

Conversation with Wes, recorded in: “wesbuyfood\_5\_7\_11\_455-624PM.MP3”.

### **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. 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. Was seen by UCLA student security. 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.

Poisonous Friends, I  
Lawrence C. Chin  
Dec. 2020; correction, Feb., Jul. 2021; Dec. 2022.

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 to solidify their new warnings about me in response to my letter to Mrs Clinton.

### **May 11**

Then recording of my afternoon: "5\_11\_11\_339-931PM.MP3": Dr R called (1:50:00 or so).

### **May 12 (Wes)**

My conversation with Wes today is in: "slpbustohm\_5\_12\_11\_437-8PM.MP3" (from 2:33:25 onward). I talked about my difficulty in writing out my "Secret History" and then what happened on May 10.

### **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. (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: a dangerous paranoid schizophrenic who wrote crazy letters to politicians.

### **May 17 (Wes)**

My conversation with Wes today is recorded in: "tomarketmissdrrozhes\_5\_17\_11\_532-805PM.MP3" (from 1:21:00 onward). Badly recorded.

### **May 19 (Dr R)**

### **May 24 (Wes)**

My conversation with Wes today is recorded in: "netsup425wes\_5\_24\_11\_348-702PM.MP3" (from 1:45:30 onward).

Poisonous Friends, I  
Lawrence C. Chin  
Dec. 2020; correction, Feb., Jul. 2021; Dec. 2022.

### **May 26 (Dr R)**

### **May 30 (Wes)**

Some highlights from my conversation with Wes today: “eatnotkebuswes\_5\_30\_11\_526-746PM.MP3”. (1) My erroneous conception: according to the evidentiary record, I was actually writing a story about twins (1:07:00). Or maybe, as noted, it wasn’t erroneous! (2) I should have been able to tell Wes the course of the ICJ trial as it happened. (3) About the CIA agent “Celine”: she had moved to the University of Colorado. What does CIA do now? There is nothing left to do. (Hardly!) (4) “As professor Nishiyama has pointed out...” (5) Oliver read my “Feefee and Valerie”.

### **June 7**

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”.

### **June 11 (Oliver)**

This day 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. Bipolar meetup.

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.

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?

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 saying 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. In reality, we have to wonder, 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 that I was a pedophile.)

Recording of the night: “hmkmu11bgnet\_6\_11\_11\_639-1116PM.MP3”: Talked with Oliver for a while, around 1:25:00.

### **June 13 (Wes)**

Poisonous Friends, I  
Lawrence C. Chin  
Dec. 2020; correction, Feb., Jul. 2021; Dec. 2022.

### **June 15 (Dr R)**

At Starbucks. Netbook remotely controlled to freeze (?). Dr R called. I cut myself severely on my left shoulder. Homeland Security operation? (Namely, there was probably a Homeland Security agent around to witness my act.)

Anger outburst continued throughout the rest of the week whenever computer malfunctioned (Windows Explorer not working, etc.)

### **June 21 (Wes)**

The recording of the night: "laundryrestauwes\_6\_21\_11\_612-826PM.MP3": With Wes from 1:26:00 onward. I mentioned how I wasn't going to the temple (Art of Living) anymore. We then talked about our readings and his philosophical ideas. Then his current circumstances and my plan to visit Oliver. Then my desire to go to Russia to find DGHTR. Then Alessandra. Then I described how, after I sent my letter to Mrs Clinton, 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" had to prove that I did have a twin brother. (Again, I might have been sort of correct here.) And Wes asked me if I was still recording everything. 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 it might have to start over again (!). (Loud buzz sounds throughout the recording.)

### **June 22**

Angry on 1:46:00.

### **June 23 (Dr R)**

### **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 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! (To include in their profile of me that I was also posting threatening messages on Internet forums and got banned because of it.)

### **June 27 (Wes)**

### **July 1 (Dr R)**



Poisonous Friends, I  
Lawrence C. Chin  
Dec. 2020; correction, Feb., Jul. 2021; Dec. 2022.

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: Homeland Security was about to include *this* also in their new warnings about me!

### **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?

### **July 6**

3:30 AM, my cPanel at Hostmatrix malfunctioned. It couldn't save the concluding lines of the HTML codes.

611 customer care persistently malfunctioned on 10 AM.

### **July 7 (Dr R)**

Saw Dr R on 3 PM: "smlibdrroachbiblestoriesla\_7\_7\_11\_1240-823PM.MP3".

Received a reply from Martin: I was banned from WinSCP forum because my simple message sounded like a spam. Bullshit! Homeland Security had instructed him to lie to me.

### **July 8 (Wes)**

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.

Talked to Wes today: "hmorthowes\_7\_8\_11\_437-943PM.MP3" (from 1:30:00 onward).

### **July 10 (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, living on disability, i.e. obviously mentally disabled and yet politically troublesome.

### **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

Poisonous Friends, I  
Lawrence C. Chin  
Dec. 2020; correction, Feb., Jul. 2021; Dec. 2022.

Schlanger that I was not a pedophile. (Or maybe I wasn't mistaken.) In any case, the man might have really been a Homeland Security agent, here to keep watch on a troublesome schizophrenic who might pose a threat to important politicians.

### **July 12 (at Oliver's home)**

Night. Oliver avoided listening to the recording of my conversation with Wes on December 6 2010. 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. 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.

### **July 13 (Valentine for the first time)**

Met Valentine together with Oliver. Valentine would be the point of origin for the whole disaster later on.

### **July 14**

Said goodbye to Oliver on 11 PM at Albuquerque station.

### **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.

My talk with Wes: "gryhndelmontemstrbbuyfood\_7\_15\_11\_232-838PM.MP3": From 5:10:00 onward.

### **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?

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?

### **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. Dr R called on 6:30 PM or so ("tolaundrorroache\_7\_20\_11\_436-735PM.MP3", 1:29:00).

Poisonous Friends, I  
Lawrence C. Chin  
Dec. 2020; correction, Feb., Jul. 2021; Dec. 2022.

## **July 21**

Saw Dr R on 3 PM (in “wrtsupl1ldroach\_7\_21\_11\_205-422PM.MP3”).

## **July 22 (Wes, Valentine)**

Talked to Valentine and Wes on the phone (in “helpletvalentinwes\_7\_22\_11\_434-927PM.MP3”). Dr R left a message.

## **July 24 (Wes)**

Talked to Wes on the phone around 8 PM (in “wesnetscanemile\_7\_24-25\_11\_801PM-118AM.MP3”).

## **July 25**

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

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. 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) and they would soon enter into their 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)**

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.

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.

Since, in the past seven weeks, I had written new letters to Mrs Clinton and Mrs Schlanger and Homeland Security had started a new investigation of me, we have to wonder whether, as it would happen later, Homeland Security agents had come to interview Karin about me today. Karin would then tell these thugs that I would get obsessed with her and then 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. She thus did a search for herself and found my website.

## **July 29 (Dr R)**

Saw Dr R.

## **July 30 (the Pyramid’s first visit, more of Karin’s visits)**

Poisonous Friends, I  
Lawrence C. Chin  
Dec. 2020; correction, Feb., Jul. 2021; Dec. 2022.

Talked to Oliver. Then, 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. From the search terms you can tell that the Pyramid was reporting the same thing as Karin: that I developed delusions about, and obsession with, her, and then wrote out a story and put it on my website. 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 story and puts it on his website. His current website is lawrencechin2011.com." And my victims would include public figures like M. Chertoff as well as private citizens like Karin and the Pyramid.

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. 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 Kiersten (soon to appear), the two had come together on September 23 the next year.

### **July 31 (Wes)**

Called Wes ("hmnwrtotho38wes\_7\_31\_11\_354-615PM.MP3") and talked about 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. In the case of Karin, this was because there was no legal ground for doing so. In the case of the Pyramid, she was probably relieved to discover that, on my New Letter of Petition, I didn't mention her name, but referred to her simply as "Ms ANG".

### **August 1**

Passed by the Law Library to catch the bus to go to Stories LA.

### **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 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.

This suggests that the Pyramid was really trying to report my website to the authority to ask them to issue a ban. This is her new idea after talking to Homeland Security and discovering my website on July 30. She looked up my website on 12:37 PM and then was telling the second person about it – a friend of hers – around 12:55 PM.<sup>2</sup> Together they reported the matter to some authority in the county government almost two hours later, but this authority figure, after looking at my “My experience...”, decided that there was no legal reason to ban it. 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.) Furthermore, we must wonder whether the Pyramid was doing this under Homeland Security’s suggestion: Homeland Security did not want me to post my story online for fear that, eventually, it might become evidence against Russia.

#### **August 4 (Oliver)**

Oliver called, 4 PM.

*Now a note about what’s coming.* 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 had become 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; meeting Valentine)**

The Pyramid visited my website again on 5:34 PM – my blockage of the Law Library’s IP address was apparently 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, she was still brainstorming for legal reasons to ban my website.

As for me: saw Dr R on 1 PM. Then met up with Valentine at MOCA on 4:30 PM. It’s my first time meeting him in Los Angeles. 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

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<sup>2</sup> Perhaps the long-hair guy that threatened me in the Law Library in February and March last year.

Poisonous Friends, I  
Lawrence C. Chin  
Dec. 2020; correction, Feb., Jul. 2021; Dec. 2022.

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.

### **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?

Talked to Wes, Valentine, and Oliver: "vietrestauwesval\_8\_6\_11\_638-853PM.MP3". Strange noise in the call with Wes on 51:20.

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 for legal reasons to ban my website. 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 perhaps related to the Pyramid's activities today.

Dezz – the Russian girl I found on Interpals – 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. The Russians certainly had the motivation to do this since this would further solidify Homeland Security's authority on me. (Recall what happened in December last year.)<sup>3</sup>

### **August 9 (Wes)**

Valentine called on 5:10 PM and I called Wes on 7:01 PM: "hmrwnet\_8\_9-10\_11\_501PM-207AM.MP3".

### **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, he looked up my external links page again.

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<sup>3</sup> We were chatting just fine on Interpals until one day she got suspicious and wanted to see my pictures. I set up a webpage with my pictures on it and sent her the link. After looking at my pictures, she merely said "You are Chinese" and never talked to me again. There were two possibilities here: either because she didn't like Asians or because she had seen the Homeland Security alert about me. In the latter case, she was getting suspicious because she wondered whether I was the guy on the alert she had seen before.

Poisonous Friends, I  
Lawrence C. Chin  
Dec. 2020; correction, Feb., Jul. 2021; Dec. 2022.

It's now getting obvious that Karin and the Pyramid did meet on July 30. Because the Pyramid wasn't able to find any legal reasons to ban my website, Karin and her friends had joined in the effort.

### **August 11 (Karin's bunch's visit)**

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.

### **August 12**

Saw Dr R on 1:30 PM.

### **August 14**

Past midnight (8/15), 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**

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.

### **August 17 (Dr R)**

Saw Dr R on 5:20 PM.

### **August 18 (Wes)**

Called Wes after 7 PM ("hmwrt\_8\_18\_11\_348-1031PM.MP3").

### **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.

### **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?

### **August 25 (Dr R)**

Poisonous Friends, I  
Lawrence C. Chin  
Dec. 2020; correction, Feb., Jul. 2021; Dec. 2022.

Saw Dr R. Asked about the difference between cognitive behavioral therapy and Dialectical Behavioral therapy.

### **August 28**

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

### **August 29 (Wes)**

Called Wes around 3 PM: “wkeatcallwes\_8\_29\_11\_155-412PM.MP3” (from 1:03:00 onward). The Secret Service never sent me a confirmation letter, perhaps because of the ICJ trial. The news was so strange, almost as if the ICJ trial never happened. Why did Russia shift its focus to China? How come the neocons were roaming around freely? The strange happenings at Department of Rehabilitation. The trial must still be going on. Then Wes uttered garbage about “New Secret World Order”. I got very frustrated.

### **August 31**

Severe anger tonight.

### **September 2 (Valentine, Chantal)**

With Valentine and Chantal in Venice Beach, ending up in Chantal’s home.

### **September 4 (Valentine)**

The “curtain affair”. Saw, with Valentine, “Crime d’amour”, a movie bearing striking resemblance to my story.

### **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?

### **September 8 (Wes)**

Talked with Wes on 3:52 PM, recorded in: “IMPwestophobynoise\_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 Will Durant’s presentation of Rousseau in *The Story of Civilization*. Then we spent the rest of the time talking about Rousseau and Machiavelli.

Then, provoked by children’s noise in the pho store.

### **September 9 (Dr R)**



Poisonous Friends, I  
Lawrence C. Chin  
Dec. 2020; correction, Feb., Jul. 2021; Dec. 2022.

Saw Dr R. Discussed treatment for Misopedia. “Flooding”.

### **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. Homeland Security continued their “investigation of me” and, after tonight, they would say in their new warnings about me that this mentally disabled, politically obsessed schizophrenic was also dangerous in the sense that he liked to throw bottles into school yard.

### **September 16 (Dr R)**

Saw Dr R. Argument ensued. Saw “Berkeley Mommy” on bus 2 in late afternoon. She was in fact *not* a CIA agent. I was mistaken.

### **September 22 (Wes)**

My conversation with Wes today is recorded in: “wesmachiavellitorestau\_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 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 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...” It had been 49 days since her last visits to my website. Was she looking for ways to ban my website again? Did something happen with Homeland Security such that they had to ask her to find ways to ban my website again?

### **September 30 (the Pyramid’s visit; Wes; Dr R)**

Today’s recording: “wkwesroachtickt\_9\_30\_11\_1012AM-718PM.MP3”. With Wes from 35:57 onward. I complained about Dr R – was she playing a prank on me? Then about the Truman Show in which I was trapped. If I point out the truth, people will call me crazy. Wes mentioned: what if Truman in the Truman Show was watching a movie about a Truman being trapped in a Truman Show? The conversation ends on 1:01:24. Then I saw Dr R. I discussed her possible trick.

I need to make an observation about Dr R here. Around this time she had noticed Chaya’s warning about me – but of course she wouldn’t mention it to me or ask me about it. (It’s not clear if Homeland Security had any role in this.) In any case, Dr R’s entire attitude toward me just 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, trying to ban my website, Karin and the Pyramid had reported it to some authority in the east coast.

### **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 the Art of Living Temple 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... 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). It seemed so much like the continuation of the evidentiary process. But now we must wonder whether this fat guy – who moved into Tian’s house not long ago – was in fact a Homeland Security “informant” here to falsely accuse me or falsely report me whenever possible so that Homeland Security could have more instances to “verify” that their profile of me was correct. Homeland Security had evidently slandered me severely to this man insofar as, from the first day onward, he always looked at me with such hatred as if he wanted to kill me.

### **October 10 (Wes)**

### **October 14**

1:30 AM. Laptop froze. Extreme anger.

### **October 17 (Wes)**

Talked with Wes while at Art of Living Temple. Recorded in: “templewesgart\_10\_17\_11\_720-1012PM.MP3”.

### **October 18 (Oliver)**

Talked with Oliver while at the UCLA library.

### **October 21 (Kiersten and Carolyn for the first time)**

The recording of the afternoon: “storieswrtvalkrstndnnrtochntll\_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, “Kiersten” – *who, along with the Pyramid, Karin, and a certain Dr P, was going to catalyze the following stalking scandal*. About Chantal’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 Putin was a nice person: my deluded idealization of him (1:31:00). Valentine

Poisonous Friends, I  
Lawrence C. Chin  
Dec. 2020; correction, Feb., Jul. 2021; Dec. 2022.

warned me not to talk about circumcision with Kiersten (1:36:00). In Kiersten'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. Kiersten 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 Kiersten'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) Kiersten 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. Kiersten and Valentine were then discussing 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, Kiersten on psychiatric medication on 6:00:00 (in regard to Laura?). Kiersten claims to have read Newton's *Principia* (6:07:00). Of course she was lying. Valentine was then going to take me to meet Chantal at House of Pies, and we said goodbye to Kiersten on 6:08:00. Inside House of Pies and meeting Chantal on 6:22:30. She was going to Mexico on Thanksgiving (6:28:30). My wrong impression of Kiersten 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 going toward Chantal's home, which we called the "Energy Cave" (7:18:00). Would pass the night at Chantal's place. At Chantal's place on 7:41:30.

### **October 23 (Wes)**

Talked with Wes around 6 PM. Recorded in: "mxrstauhmwes\_10\_23\_11\_446-754PM.MP3" (from 1:38:00 onward). We spent the whole hour talking about Marcus, critical theory, and the taming of the masses in advanced consumerist societies.

### **October 26**

Laptop froze up for no reason, around 2:30 AM.

### **October 28**

My netbook malfunctioned severely tonight, causing me severe anger so that Tian would soon throw me out. Did Homeland Security do it? I would in the next few days move to a new apartment in Koreatown.

### **November 2 (step-mother, Wes)**

Poisonous Friends, I  
Lawrence C. Chin  
Dec. 2020; correction, Feb., Jul. 2021; Dec. 2022.

Called step-mother. Talked with Wes.

### **November 3 (Valentine, at Kiersten's)**

Night. Went to meet Valentine at Kiersten's: "storieswrtovalkrstnhm\_11\_3-4\_11\_530PM-236AM.MP3". (Reviewed from 2:31:00 onward.) Valentine called me on 2:39:00. Met with him at Kiersten's on 3:43:00. Surprised, because, apparently, Kiersten was out and wouldn't come back. Felt deceived by "Parkman". About the Tiananmen Square Massacre. About where he met Kiersten on 3:57:00. I left Kiersten's apartment on 6:50:00.

### **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 Kiersten's home)**

Recording of the night: [krstenpartytohm\\_11\\_11\\_11\\_712PM-4AM.MP3](#): Reading about Dante's *Divine Comedy*. Night. Party at Kiersten's home. At Kiersten'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. 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. 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 Kiersten would show off hers on 4:39:00. And Valentine showed off his. Now Kiersten'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: Kiersten's friend "Jonas" turned 40 today (4:54:00). Everybody was showing more videos on 5:07:00. This was Kiersten's video.

Poisonous Friends, I  
Lawrence C. Chin  
Dec. 2020; correction, Feb., Jul. 2021; Dec. 2022.

### **November 11 (Valentine; Laura in the hospital)**

Landlord Tian called me. A check for me was mailed to his place. There were also other mails. I told him I would come pick up my mails the next day. Valentine took me to visit Laura in the hospital around 8 PM.

Recording: 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 Kiersten's party. About Chantal 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.

### **November 12**

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 I would look like their profile of me ("David Chin").

### **November 14**

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

### **November 23 (Dr R; Kiersten/ Carolyn)**

Recording of the afternoon: [drroach\\_11\\_23\\_11\\_116-527PM.MP3](#). Waiting for Dr R. Recording reviewed until 33:00.

Recording of the night: "atkierstencarolynval\_11\_23-24\_11\_754PM-1235AM.MP3": On the bus, ran into some woman (1:00). Came to Kiersten's apartment. Valentine came down to receive me on 13:00. In Kiersten'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). Went out with Valentine on 1:18:00. In a restaurant somewhere (1:32:00). Describing 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 Kiersten's home on 1:59:00. Learning some Italian (2:02:00). Reading Tacitus' *Germania*, which was found on Kiersten's bookshelf (2:14:00). Waiting for Carolyn and Kiersten to come home. Finished reading on 3:00:00. Kiersten and Carolyn finally came home on 3:10:00. About reorganizing Kiersten'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. Discussing Wes' personality traits on 3:20:00. Secrecy. Carolyn then prophesied that Valentine was here to "catalyze my life's purpose" (3:25:00). This is in fact true, since it is only by meeting Valentine that I would get to meet Kiersten, and it is only by meeting Kiersten that I would become the target of the largest vigilante enterprise in the history of humankind. But it's not clear whether the prophesy was correct by accident, or via the Macrospherians' programming. Note that

Poisonous Friends, I  
Lawrence C. Chin  
Dec. 2020; correction, Feb., Jul. 2021; Dec. 2022.

Carolyn then said: “Something will happen in a few months” (3:26:30). Indeed: within six months I would break off relations with Kiersten, thus provoking her to go after me in the most vicious manner possible. Kiersten’s grandfather lived in north San Diego county, and she was going there now (3:51:00). Kiersten left on 4:05:00. Recording reviewed until 4:26:00.

### **November 25 (party at Lenny’s house)**

Lenny’s part tonight is recorded in: “valupsetlenihouse\_11\_25-26\_11\_342PM-1248AM.MP3”: Went to Lenny’s home. (Reviewed from 1:00:00 onward.) I arrived at Lenny’s house on 1:20:00. Kiersten introduced me to her mother “Kathy” on 1:23:12.<sup>4</sup> 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). Kiersten’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). Kiersten noted that she was an investigator. Kiersten wanted a nickname from me for the investigator (8:53:00). Kiersten 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!)

### **November 27 (Valentine)**

1:30 AM or so. 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 wanted me to look crazy!)

Sabor. 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. Chertoff’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 coffee house. In Valentine’s car going home (7:17:00). About M. Chertoff’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.

### **November 28 (Gaurav’s visit)**

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<sup>4</sup> Kiersten’s mother’s full name seems to be Katherine Longley Johnson.

Poisonous Friends, I  
Lawrence C. Chin  
Dec. 2020; correction, Feb., Jul. 2021; Dec. 2022.

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: did Karin and the Pyramid, perhaps under Homeland Security’s suggestion, contact Gaurav and ask him to contribute to their complaining about my website to the authority?

### **December 2 (the Pyramid’s visit)**

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. Then, on 3:09 PM, a friend of Karin’s received a link to my website in her Yahoo account (69.233.0.59, us.mc819.mail.yahoo.com). (The IP address seemed to belong to sbcglobal.net in South Carolina.) Then, on 5:32 PM, she was looking at my web gallery. Then, on 6:08 PM, she clicked again on the link to my website that was sent to her. Now it has become ever more evident that it was indeed Homeland Security which had suggested to Karin and the Pyramid that they should report my website to the authority: if somebody in Russia was involved, it was evidently because Homeland Security was talking to the Russian intelligence about the matter. My website must be banned in order to prevent it from ever going into evidence in the International Court of Justice (just in case the ICJ trial was reactivated).

Recording of the night: “strbkwstwuclalibval\_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. Got inside his car on 7:55:00. Laura was in the car also. Dropped off Laura. Talking about Laura, how she was taking medication (8:21:00).

### **December 5 (Wes)**

Recording of the night: “wstwdwesuclalibwrt\_12\_5-6\_11\_436PM-1218AM.MP3”. 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. Buergethal (until 1:31:00). (4) In the end, Wes said “Truth will prevail”.

### **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?

### **December 11 (Annukka)**

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

Poisonous Friends, I  
Lawrence C. Chin  
Dec. 2020; correction, Feb., Jul. 2021; Dec. 2022.

3000 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 Kiersten 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)**

Recording of the night: “nottomustrbkvrmntwrtval\_12\_13-14\_11\_531PM-237AM.MP3”: From 5:50:00 onward. Valentine was talking in the background. He introduced me to Kim on 5:59:00. I met Kim for the first time. We dropped off Kim on 6:08:00.

### **December 15 (Wes, Valentine, and Kim)**

Recording of the afternoon: “wrtsabrstrbkvrmntvalkim\_12\_15-16\_11\_354PM-1259AM.MP3”:  
Arriving at Vermont/ Prospect, and it was raining. Starbucks. Came to Sabor instead of Stories LA on 28:00. With Wes from 31:00 (4:25 PM) 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 government would never let me obtain proof of the trial for fear that more conspiracies would come forth. He might actually be conveying to me the wishes of M. Chertoff! Me: But you can’t let Karin get away with this. (Reviewed until 1:09:00.)

Later, I came to the Starbucks on Vermont and Prospect. 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”. Told them about



Poisonous Friends, I  
Lawrence C. Chin  
Dec. 2020; correction, Feb., Jul. 2021; Dec. 2022.

Amber's party. 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). (Reviewed until 6:05:00.)

### **December 16 (Valentine, Kim)**

Argument with Kim in Starbucks (Westwood) on 3:50:00.

### **December 21 (Wes)**

Recording of the night: "smlibmi4callwescry\_12\_21\_11\_641-1147PM.MP3": Saw MI4. From 3:46:00 onward. On the phone with Wes from 4:02:00 onward. Cried. Wes' brother lived in Palmdale, and taught at Cal State Fullerton (4:13:00). Call ended on 4:15:00.

### **December 22 (break with Valentine)**

Valentine had finally set a date for his move to New York. Argument with him in Westwood.

### **December 23 (Dr R, Rolf)**

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... 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.

### **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 South Korea: 110.46.223.171, Seoul. 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.

Poisonous Friends, I  
Lawrence C. Chin  
Dec. 2020; correction, Feb., Jul. 2021; Dec. 2022.

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 (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. (She didn't want the CIA to convict her father.) Eventually, in September next year, she would become the cause of the second ICJ trial over me. 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 July 2014, when the Russia diplomatic service would file a confidential stalking claim against me on behalf of Ekaterina.

Talked to Wes: "saboroliwesstrbkvrmt\_12\_26-27\_11\_458-1217AM.MP3" (from 2:35:00 onward). On 3:28:00 I hanged up with Oliver and on 3:30:00 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)**

With Wes in Portfolio. Saw Mark (4:15:00). Wes was very embarrassed about meeting Mark, as if he, although he had never met him in person, had talked to him many times before.

### **December 30**

Past midnight. Inside K's meetups.