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## The Feefee blog

Opinions, essays, favorite musics, mood. Feefee is a nickname I used.

### Monday, March 31, 2008

#### reflecting on last saturday's unpleasantness

at german lady's meeting last saturday night this guy Roelf again blasted off his anti-current administration talk. it's so annoying and the mindless aggression he displayed so unpleasant. i just wish i could have a period of break where i don't have to endure the bombardment of his unpleasant aggression. he didn't seem to get it, that i'll never join him in his anti-president ranting. i have already made it clear why i don't dislike the president. another reason why i have never talked bad things about the president ever since november 2006 is that i simply don't like the scenario where i once bad-mouthed someone but then later have to crawl to that someone's feet and beg for forgiveness. how embarrassing. nobody likes to be reduced to that. it's better to just shut up so as to preempt such possibility. other people talk bad thing about the president only because they know they will never one day be face to face with the man they have once criticized.

another thing that made me uncomfortable that night was the german lady's -- and everyone else's -- constant praising of me as "highly intelligent". am i really? if so then why am i in such a deep shit? even if so, how did they know i'm so intelligent when they barely knew me at all? of course i am aware of the sinister intention behind the praise: they were preparing the ground on which the authority can lock me up for even longer period: a genius would pose a greater threat to humanity than an idiot can because he has the intelligence to do greater damage.

it's strange that i have to constantly defend myself against the german lady and yet could not bring myself to blaming her at all because i like her so so much. and, just because she is ready to do me harm, that doesn't mean she's a bad person.

*posted by therapist @ 6:58 PM 0 comments*

### Sunday, March 30, 2008

## About Me

**Name:** therapist

**Location:** United States

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## Nice Sounding People

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## Talented People

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## oops

oops, now in the library. someone else suggested that i visit veoh, and i did, but found it uninteresting. so i switched back to my anti-spyware webpage. then i went to get noodles. but when i came back, someone has come and switched my computer back to veoh showing some dumb teenage movie. i immediately closed the browser. someone in this library is trying to frame me again into that despicable entity i mentioned before. no surprise. people here hate me very much.

*posted by therapist @ 9:47 PM 0 comments*

## getting a ride

got a ride last night from the german lady. i usually would never get into the car of somebody i know (or i don't know for that matter) knowing how dangerous it *could* be for me: the person could very well make false report about me to law-enforcement saying i was trying to do this and that in the car even though i was as docile as a piece of furniture, and in such circumstance (she said, he said...) of course law enforcement is going to believe her rather than me. but i could not possibly resist the german lady's offer. riding in her car was just too pleasant an experience. she was ultra-nice to me last night, and i don't know what she had in mind. perhaps she was trying to re-establish trust after it was so broken, or perhaps she was making a trap, an opportunity to falsely report me to law-enforcement (saying i did this and that in her car... i was of course as docile as a piece of furniture, enjoying the moment of her presence). the second scenario is a very likely one, given the hostility all around me. perhaps she has already reported on me (again, that is!). she could very well have informed law enforcement to track my email address (this gmail address of mine is tied to too many negative reports, many of them false, of course), which would lead to this blog (that no one else reads), which would stun law-enforcement officers with all the paranoid posts that have begun to appear this month and give them reason to track me constantly.

the meetup site has most likely already been informed about me and is tracking my account.

i know full-well that the german lady will do great harm to me someday, but i accept it with equanimity and continue to attend her groups. i just like her too much. like i said, if i have to be harmed by somebody, it might as well be her. (i want her to get the rewards, not others.) i will never blame her for whatever she might do to me. meanwhile her job was to pretend to be nice to me so as to calm my suspicion... until the day when she would have succeeded in getting me locked up and ridding herself of me for good. it must be a hard job to act liking me. i only wish i were more pleasant to be around so as to make her job a little easier!

the loop is tightening a bit more each day....

[One sentence deleted: Dec 18 08]

*posted by therapist @ 8:49 PM 0 comments*

**A diary of DHS induced  
machine malfunctioning  
The Secret History of the  
International Court of Justice**



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## Saturday, March 29, 2008

### today's worry and the answer to the mystery

i have to worry a bit about the german lady's meeting tonight. why all of a sudden she chose vietnamese food? could it be an opportunity she has prepared as a way to get rid of me? if so, how will it work?

during the one time that i told my social worker about my recent "fantasy story" i left out the crucial explanation about when exactly i figured out what was going on.

did i really know, when the chinese intelligence twice used the guide i hired to run sting operation on me, that this was a sting operation run by chinese intelligence? the truth is that i suspected, but wasn't sure, because i simply didn't know what was going on at that time. my number one preoccupation at that time was always with that government department, and although i purposely picked out the guide at random during my very first visit to the website so as to prevent selecting out an department informant or agent, i always worried that she might have subsequently been contacted by the department and asked to serve as its informant, or that the user using her handle was actually an agent in the u.s. masquerading as her. that is why i insisted on talking to her on the phone at least once: in order to verify her location. after the phone conversation with her, i let go my worry that she might be a department informant. later i became suspicious when, after i gave the airline personnel my passport number, i noticed that the airline was suddenly taken over and that my passport number was deleted from the airline database. my passport number seemed to have been censored. since my goal was getting out and the department's goal was keeping me in, i figured that the censoring of my passport number must be associated with keeping me in, and that if i wanted to get out, i had better get my passport number out in the open. i certainly didn't know that there was a law suit going on because of me. think, if i did know and was colluding with chinese intelligence, would i have answered ana marco's email? now i realize that her email was a trick that will allow france to step in on america's side. my guess about the status of the guide shifted afterwards from just the guide she said she was, through chinese government informant, to a trickster from a criminal ring, then back to informant, but soon to trickster again, and then to just the guide she said she was. (this was already in china.) now i know of course that she was an informant after all. up to this day i do not know why there was a fight over my passport number -- even though i now understand that the fight was about establishing my identity in court -- because: wouldn't i have to show my passport later on anyway to chinese custom when i arrived at the airport in china? showing it before or after arriving in china must in some way have consequence for my chance of getting out.

*posted by therapist @ 3:36 PM 0 comments*

## Friday, March 28, 2008

## traffic ticket and computer problem

I got a traffic ticket tonight. yes, you guess it, this also might be a source of the misfortune to come! the police has accumulated enough negative reports about me but has not identified me the person yet. this traffic ticket may help them do so. i don't know how, but i'm simply pointing to a possibility.

(google personnel if you are checking on this weird blog, don't worry, the reports are not related to criminal matters; and further, remember the name of this blog has the phrase "fantasy life" in it!)

also, i have become more and more sure that the hacker who has hacked into my european accounts (and maybe my chinese ones too) is a chinese, as i have explained in my email to eric.

now i believe that this (most likely chinese) hacker has also hacked into my computer itself. my computer is now exhibiting weird behavior in addition to being much slower than before. it's either being remotely controlled or it has got a trojan horse in its belly!

*posted by therapist @ 11:15 PM 0 comments*

## nice chat

yesterday i had a very nice chat with my social worker D. G. i talked about my story for the first time and she actually advised me to write it down as a way to help me get through the unpleasant memories and things. what? i thought writing it down would get me into trouble with the big boys or with everyone else. why was she suggesting it? did she also want to do harm to me in order to get rid of me? i won't be surprised if she did.

but i like her whether she means harm to me or not. she, just like the german lady, is a person whom i'll like and whose presence i'll enjoy even if she ends up doing harm to me. but she's a very different person than the german lady. i like D. G. mainly because i admire her integrity in ethical matter.

*posted by therapist @ 8:28 PM 0 comments*

## Thursday, March 27, 2008

### blood test

had a blood test this morning, which my doctor has been urging me to do for a while now. i wanted to follow doctor's order but at the same time worried that the blood test might go wrong. i mean, what if the lab technicians mix up my blood with somebody else's?

*posted by therapist @ 12:45 PM 0 comments*

### thursday worry

again, no time for drawing tonight (wednesday night), tomorrow night (thursday night) perhaps. too busy tonight with mere survival (spent the

whole night sorting through the emails exchanged with the girl in france -- the major part of the ground on which the awaited misfortune may come into being).

it's early morning thursday. although nothing has happened yet, it's a very scary day. i'm supposed to have my appointment with my cool social worker D. G. this afternoon. but going to it is very risky. it's very possible that she will send me away for 5150 -- on the basis of my tantrum 10 days ago! and once in that dark hole, you'll never come out again. thus will the awaited misfortune materialize!

must reflect hard on whether to go to it or not.

*posted by therapist @ 3:20 AM 0 comments*

## **Tuesday, March 25, 2008**

### **rising tension**

as thursday approaches, tension rises in my body, because, as my prediction goes, misfortune will come either sooner -- before thursday -- or later -- within the next 45 days. and, as said, my prediction does not go wrong. this fantasy blog is becoming like the blog of a psychic!

*posted by therapist @ 2:56 PM 0 comments*

## **Monday, March 24, 2008**

### **more on being hacked**

my account at allm-au-mx (name condensed) has also been hacked. someone's age in the correspondence section has been altered.

*posted by therapist @ 7:03 PM 0 comments*

## **Sunday, March 23, 2008**

### **numb to alert**

as for the alert about me: i have become quite numb to this now. it doesn't bother me that much anymore. i actually enjoy it when i think about how all the worst characters in humanity are made to converge on this character representing me on TV, etc.

*posted by therapist @ 9:13 PM 0 comments*

### **the only post here about politics**

since a while ago many people have talked bad things about the president in front of me. it's quite annoying. having always remained silent, today however i want to make plain what exactly i think of the president. i do not dislike the president because i project him as basically a good person. this has nothing to do with politics or policies. it's something on the personal level. the president is an empathetic person who cares deeply about relationship. (again, my projection.) i believe that if he knew about me and

about my plight, he'd have sympathy for me (at least before my trouble-creating china trip!). now nothing in the world is more important than relationship. i don't think those in president's circle remain unconditionally loyal to him because they are so dedicated to some grand ideology, but only because they are friends to him. for most people on the planet, it's relationship that moves them to action, because it is in relationship that they find happiness, ultimately, not in some ideal world in whatever ideology. in the final analysis, policies are important to most people only to the extent that these directly affect their life, e.g. cigarette taxes, price of commodities, welfare, civil liberty....

as for the rest of the political stuff: i also have had very little interest in this topic when others talk about it in front of me in social circumstances. it's natural: imagine a person who fell off the cliff but grabbed onto some tree branch sticking out of the rocks and is barely hanging on. now imagine a second person coming by and, looking down the cliff at the first person, wanting to discuss politics with him in order to understand his political orientation. why would the first person be in the mood for discussing politics? for ordinary people, a chat about politics is a luxury that they engage themselves in when everything else in their life is going just fine.

*posted by therapist @ 8:43 PM 0 comments*

### **strange situation**

the german lady wrote a nice email to me today trying to talk me out of my worries after i briefly mentioned in my email to her last night that i was afraid bad luck is knocking on my door. but after the nicety it becomes crystal clear that she does want to get rid of me after all, as she suggests toward the end of the email that i do something fun such as art projects with those non-adult entities mentioned earlier as a way to occupy my mind. if i do that i'll certainly be in big trouble after what my best friend did. for sure, i ain't doing anything close to what she has suggested. so she does want to see me locked up for a very long time. does this also mean that drawing isn't the right thing to do after all, but merely a trap?

it must be very strange to you that i keep liking someone who wishes for my demise and keep going to her functions and trying to please her at every chance i get as if nothing were going on. somehow i don't feel offended, surprisingly. her functions produce pleasures notwithstanding (when she's in the middle of it, of course). perhaps she is just like my best friend also upset with me about something but does not want to explain it to me. that aside, i can't do away with the impression that i must appear quite disgusting to those around me. foremost is my voice. according to my second aunt, my voice was damaged by the abuse i underwent as a non-adult entity. the past is always there right in front of you, with its consequences. but there is a certain advantage to having a low self-esteem and seeing yourself as disgusting to others: in this way you can weather injustice with more tranquility than if you see yourself as more deserving -- you even start enjoying the destruction to which everyone around tries to subject you, as said earlier. that perhaps explains my nonchalant attitude toward her harmful intentions.

the painful part of this whole german lady business is actually something else, that the most effective way to please her is by being absent; LOL! but the lack of pleasures actually produces pain. i did that 8 days ago when it appeared that she wanted to forget about the function originally planned (a gather-together at a concert) and just have some space at the place. but i can't do that often enough, otherwise i'll whither away in massive pain now that i have cut off every other human contact as too dangerous.

come then shall the misfortune ahead and welcome will it be; for a different mood now, incremental destruction is fun fun fun.

p.s. i am aware of the fact that the later the misfortune comes, the graver will it be. there will be more accumulation of damaging reports which will provide the ground for longer imprisonment.

*posted by therapist @ 3:09 PM 0 comments*

### **closing in**

Last night while I was taking a little respite from people in a remote corner somewhere smoking my cigarettes and shuffling through my papers, a security officer drove by to check on me. Later when I was having my meal in the restaurant he again showed up by the window, studying me and talking with the station on his walki-talki for several minutes. "It's him... The guy whose profile we have been accumulating, the guy who has lately been reported upon by all the people almost daily", so he must be saying. They are closing in; arrest is expected before next Thursday.

*posted by therapist @ 2:46 PM 0 comments*

## **Saturday, March 22, 2008**

### **small wish**

didn't have time to do drawing tonight. too busy with mere survival. perhaps tomorrow night.

however nice the german lady was toward me, i can't escape the impression that perhaps she knows that soon misfortune might befall on me and i might be deprived of the freedom to go to her groups -- and that she's happy with that... that is, she wants to get rid of me... i just hope that i'd be smart enough to know what to do to make her like me....

*posted by therapist @ 9:46 PM 0 comments*

### **addenda and my best friend's mom**

oh and in regard to the previous post: i obviously didn't report the incident to the police, for that would help the police to identify me exactly.

now tonight i've also called my best friend's mom. it's a risky business but i just really wanted to know if my best friend is angry with me beyond the "great wall of china" business (that my trip to china might have ruined my best friend's parents' chance to see the great wall, because i was not welcome in china and my cell phone containing their number might have

been compromised). it's risky because his mom might falsely report on me too, saying that i said bad things even though i didn't, or that i called again and again without end -- all in order to help my best friend to get rid of me. but losing my best friend is an important business to me, so i simply had to risk.

*posted by therapist @ 8:46 PM 0 comments*

## **more bad luck today**

today i got beaten up badly by a very mean guy. it was really his fault. he started harassing me out of the blue and when i resisted his harassment, he promptly beat the crap out of me. events like this will for sure contribute to the misfortune that will come to me sooner or later. you see, the guy must have seen the alert about me. so afterwards he'd for sure falsely report on me. he'd go to law enforcement and report that i started the fight and he was merely defending himself. although he didn't know my name, he'd be able to identify me without problem. the law enforcement had already received a bunch of negative (false) reports about me with descriptions of what i look like. they will show this guy these descriptions and find a match with the description he has produced. thus another negative report would add to the accumulation of negative reports already there. the ground for my compulsory detention has again got a little more solid.

it's all cool. i really started enjoying being the most unfortunate person in the world today and this projection of me as the worst of the worst of humanity. in nietzsche's terms, the will to power has turned inward and started enjoying self-deprecation. so i'm happy!

*posted by therapist @ 7:48 PM 0 comments*

## **Friday, March 21, 2008**

### **Today's uneasiness**

Today I'll ramble about three matters that make me feel uneasy:

First, I missed my appointment with my social worker on Tuesday because I overslept. It was very upsetting to me because, now that my best friend is gone, she is the only person left to whom I can tell anything of substance. She re-scheduled our appointment for next Thursday, 10 days later, that is. Why this date? Perhaps the awaited misfortune would come before next Thursday, and this is why she set this date: in order to get rid of me too.

Misfortune will come, if not sooner then definitely later. My prediction does not go wrong.

Second: again, every stranger that attempts to communicate with me is suspect. Two days ago while I was on the computer in the library, some guy sitting next to me asked me what a flash drive was. Is it like a floppy disk? I said yes. What's the purpose in this idiotic inquiry? The guy must, like everyone else, have seen the alert about me. He was very likely following the instruction that came with the alert. With that question



asked, he could now go back and, twisting our conversation, (falsely) report to law enforcement that I had stupefied him with my computer genius. For the profile the law enforcement has of me includes this element that I am a super computer genius -- hence dangerous -- even though, in reality, I barely make it to the intermediate level with computers, despite my recent best effort to crack open this subject matter.

Thirdly, I want to post here the email exchanges I had with an acquaintance of mine. It's about my support for Senator McCain in the upcoming presidential campaign. The email I sent him on March 3 or so goes:

"hi eric,

i don't really come to santa ana, but it's okay. we'll meet again and then you can give me back the manuscript.

for now i do want to ask you something. i'm doing some volunteer fund-raising stuff at john mccain's campaign. i wonder if you support him and if so would you be willing to donate like 10 dollar? just a small amount. just asking.

hope to see you soon."

This acquaintance of mine however was not enthusiastic about supporting Senator McCain. In his email reply to me on March 4 2008 he in fact expressed cynicism about the Republican party in general. So I replied on March 5:

"hi eric,

i don't share your cynicism about the republicans... but in any case, if you know anyone willing to donate a little money to mccain's campaign, please do refer him or her to me. i'd like to accomplish just a little something.

thanks, bye."

This is the email that I asked my acquaintance to forward me back. It is the email I wrote, so that, supposedly, this foreign email account of mine wasn't hacked. As for the campaign, I haven't raised a single dime yet. In fact, I have pretty much given up contributing my effort. I should be content with not being a burden to the campaign given all my troubles!

*posted by therapist @ 11:19 AM 0 comments*

## Thursday, March 20, 2008

### Frightened

Another entity in the world that I'm absolutely frightened of is those I should refer to as "non-adult entities". They are troublesome. I don't ever

want any of my own and I don't want any of others to come near me. I avoid these entities like I were avoiding plague. That is a fact. However, they might falsely report on me too.

For example, this afternoon while I was in a certain public place writing these blog entries, a male non-adult entity just had to come near me. I immediately moved to a different table and this entity followed me to greet me. I ran away as fast as I could without replying. You might think the crisis was over then. But who knows? Maybe the entity had seen the alert about me and decided to screw me up. So he might afterwards with his family members report on me, saying just the opposite of what had happened. Then another damaging element would have been added to the accumulation of damages I have just described.

*posted by therapist @ 5:59 PM 0 comments*

### **daily rambling about my fear**

Allow me to continue to speak about my (realistic or unrealistic, paranoid or reasonable?) daily fear. It's "reasonable paranoia" because I'm just too hated.

Talking to strangers has become a risky business to me. Last night I drew a portrait of a lady who happened to be sitting near me and then gave her the product. It was well drawn and she was absolutely delighted and thanked me for the little gift. But who knows what she will do afterwards? She must have seen the alert about me somewhere and, out of disgust with me, she may thereby falsely report on me to the authority, saying I harrassed her or things like that. That would be another complaint added to the accumulation at law enforcement of negative reports about me, and the ground for my permanent detention just gets a little more solid. From now on I must refrain from all contacts with other human beings as much as possible.

An exception would be the German lady.

Other than being locked up and/or deprived of internet, a third possible consequence of my best friend's (and others', including my personal hacker's) framing me into that most disgusting entity in the world would be the prohibition of me from oversea travelling. No problem with that. I mean, where else can I go now? I'm just totally frightened of the legal troubles that for sure will come -- if not sooner then later. Maybe from the most unexpected sources (if not from Wes or the German lady or the Medical Center personnel or the strangers I have met)...

*posted by therapist @ 5:13 PM 0 comments*

## **Wednesday, March 19, 2008**

### **the right thing to do and the worst thing to be**

And also, that "thing" which my best friend and the hacker tried to frame me into (even my account at allemagne-au-max.com has been hacked with its contents altered!)... that most disgusting and despised entity in the world over, that will certainly be incorporated into the alerts broadcast

about me. My best friend's recording of our conversation, after being edited to make me into that "most despicable entity in the world over", will probably be played in these alerts. In the Medical Center, furthermore, an additional element will have been added to the existing false rumors going around about me.

So everyone around me is upset with me and is trying to get the authority to lock me up or dispose of me. And they will never explain what is it that I've done that's so wrong. What is the right thing to do that will please them all? I have actually got a clue: their incessant suggestion about my art works perhaps means that if I go back to drawing, they would be less upset with me. Well, okay, I'll try, but I barely have the time. Defending myself against all these framings has been consuming most of my time and energy. But I'll give a try.

Consider the profile that law enforcement has of me: a schizophrenic who constantly see things that aren't there, but supremely genius at the same time, sex maniac (including that most despicable entity in the world), snooper of other people and doing espionage for foreign powers, political radical and a naz\* at the same time... Ridiculous, not a single thing here is true: I don't hallucinate and am quite dumb, I have no sexual desire because of the medication I'm taking, I'm an ordinary republican in terms of my political orientation... But truth doesn't matter. I've been framed into the worst of the worst of humanity. But while it is initially upsetting, now I find it cool. I have learned to enjoy this false profile of me. If you can't get satisfaction from being the best, then you can get some from being the worst of the worst. I now enjoy being seen as a parasite with the worst character possible.

P.S. If anyone is bored enough to actually read this blog and discovers that the posts here don't make much sense, well, don't worry, it isn't supposed to for the general audience.

*posted by therapist @ 5:23 PM 0 comments*

## **Tuesday, March 18, 2008**

### **bad luck, terrible fate**

I'm too hated by all those people around me. And each group is now trying to frame me into something that I am not. Even doctors at the medical center whose library I frequented want to get rid of my presence by framing me. Misfortune will be issuing from all these different sources all at once or only from some of these. Even if I should end up not being locked up, at the very least I will be deprived of the freedom to use the internet. Yes, misfortune is coming, just as expected. I just don't know how to please my family members, friends, and acquaintances.

I am the most unlucky person in the world.

*posted by therapist @ 8:30 PM 0 comments*

### **best friend gone and other sad things**

Yesterday was a sad day, because it became plain to me that my best friend will no longer be my friend. I now have absolutely not a single friend in this world. This is the last email I wrote him, basically bidding goodbye.

"hi wes, i have passed a very sad day today, because i'm so sure that you really don't want to be my friend anymore. i'm almost sure that our conversation -- perhaps re-edited in order to falsely incriminate me and/or make me look hopelessly crazy -- will end up in a court house or law enforcement somewhere, either because you turn in your answering machine record or because police has been wiretaping our line, so that i'll be locked up somewhere; or at the very least you might report to authorities about this very thing, that i'm suspicious of you. i'm sorry that i simply cannot trust you anymore. obviously, if all this is true, you'll mess me up tremendously, which means you don't regard me as your friend anymore. and i'll never know why. perhaps this is expected. i have so far never met a person in my life who has not harmed me in the end one way or another, so why should you be any different? after all, i don't have other friends beside you, but you have tons of friends beside me, it won't take very much for you to decide to drop me. i hope i could have benefited your life in some way, even just clearing your debt. but now i guess 11 years of friendship has come to an end and we won't be talking to each other anymore; no matter how much i crave conversation with you just like the good old-time, now i realize talking to you is too dangerous for me because i don't know if you are gonna make something bad out of the recording and turn it in to authorities. so that's why i feel sad today.

well i'm sure your life will be much better than mine, and please have a wonderful time with alexandra, ok?

bye."

And my social worker Deborah G. might also report me to the authorities after today's tandrums, bar me from services at the place, and try to get my freedom restricted or even get me locked up. Who knows?

Then google personnel might be following this blog too and reporting on me... LOL!

*posted by therapist @ 7:09 PM 0 comments*

## **Monday, March 17, 2008**

### **worries and worries**

This email I also wrote today to another acquaintance indicates another worry I have. Huh, my life is filled with worries and nothing else.

"hi eric, would you do me a simple favor? i want to ask you if you can forward me the email i wrote to you around 3/4/08 or 3/5/08 where i said i don't share your cynicism with the republican party? that 126 email account of mine is in china and may have been compromised by a hacker whom i met in the hostel while there. i'm afraid that he is trying to play pranks on me by hacking into my account and altering the emails i wrote. that's why i have printed everything out and will not use that account

anymore. perhaps i'm worrying about nothing but i just want you to do me this small favor if you can."

Yes, the hacker might have sent some emails in my name that say crazy and aggressive things that I will never say, in order to frame me or something like that.

*posted by therapist @ 3:01 PM 0 comments*

## **worry: losing my friend**

I have incurred the wrath of all the people around me, both family members and friends, and each for different reason. Now it seems that they all want to mess up my life. Here is the email I wrote to my best friend, for example:

"wes, i'm sorry but i just cannot escape the impression that you are trying to harm me and trap me because you are angry with me. i so wish what you said is true, but how can i be sure? i mean, what are you going to do with the recording of our conversation? are you going to edit it in order to make it say something that i didn't say? or did you report on me earlier so that police now has reason to tap our line? i have a defective brain and deficiency in intellectual processes, you know that. i often say things that don't even exist, as some of my family members said. it just makes me so sad to see you so enthusiastic about harming me. and i can't even figure out what i did that makes you so upset with me, other than the possibility that i may have messed up your parents' chance to see that great wall of china. i didn't think it was a big deal, because that's just a wall. but maybe i'm wrong...

"although i most likely will never change my opinion that you are the greatest person in the world, i have to beg you, please don't harm me; please don't report on me -- please don't falsely report on me. my life is bad enough, really. would you spare me some sympathy like you used to do? if i did something wrong please tell me; i have very poor social skill and often piss people off without intending to do so, and i always only do things in response to what others have done to me. i never do bad things just out of the blue, you know this... "

Mon, Mar 17, 2008 at 12:33 PM

The problem is, we had a conversation last night. In that conversation I admitted to doing something that could be interpreted as having infringed upon the copyright of some company. This being the case, my best friend or the law enforcement officers will have perfect ground to turn in or seize the recording of the conversation to do whatever they want to it, even if in the end I did not violate any law after all.

*posted by therapist @ 12:50 PM 0 comments*

## **Saturday, March 15, 2008**

### **Misfortune coming?**

Is the expected misfortune coming ? Tonight around 9 to 9:30 pm I was using keepvid.com to download music videos from dailymotion.com. One of the videos I tried to download is Ariane Moffatt's "Retourne a Montreal":

[www.dailymotion.com/bookmarks/xenophane2007/video/xl2xu\\_ariane-moffatt-retourne-a-montreal\\_music](http://www.dailymotion.com/bookmarks/xenophane2007/video/xl2xu_ariane-moffatt-retourne-a-montreal_music).

Somehow I ended up downloading a different video than Moffatt's. Either a hacker came in to swap the videos or I mistakenly typed "xl2xu" instead of "xl2xu". I didn't bother to look at the wrong video for more than a couple of seconds as soon as I discovered, when I was re-examining what I had downloaded, that I had downloaded the wrong video; I just deleted it immediately. The mistaken video in its first few seconds seems to show some girls playing pool or something like that. That's why I deleted it immediately. Will this bring disaster upon me?

If the video turns out to be suspect, here I make it clear that I downloaded the video by accident. The whole matter is strange enough: why would a video about some daily affairs have almost the same URL as Moffatt's music video? Why would the wrong video also be named "ariane-moffatt-retourne-a-montreal" at the end of its URL? I checked several other videos on my favorite list (all music videos) and discovered that there were two other videos whose URL, when altered by one letter (such as changing "0" [zero] to "O" [the alphabet]), will also lead to some other irrelevant videos, one showing a bunch of teenagers jumping on their bicycle and another showing some water skiing. I wrote a complaint to Dailymotion about this.

I am very paranoid these days because there are some people around me who just aren't happy with me. Never know what they would do.

*posted by therapist @ 10:30 PM 0 comments*

## Wednesday, March 12, 2008

### Languages I have learned

At last I started learning Spanish.

I have learned many languages in my life. My current linguistic ability is:

Fluent: English, Chinese, French.

Good reading comprehension: German.

Intermediate reading comprehension: Japanese, Classical Greek.

Languages once learned but neglected and then forgotten: Farsi.

Languages that I once tried to learn but abandoned later on: Latin, Dutch.

That's it. That's all the languages I have once touched.

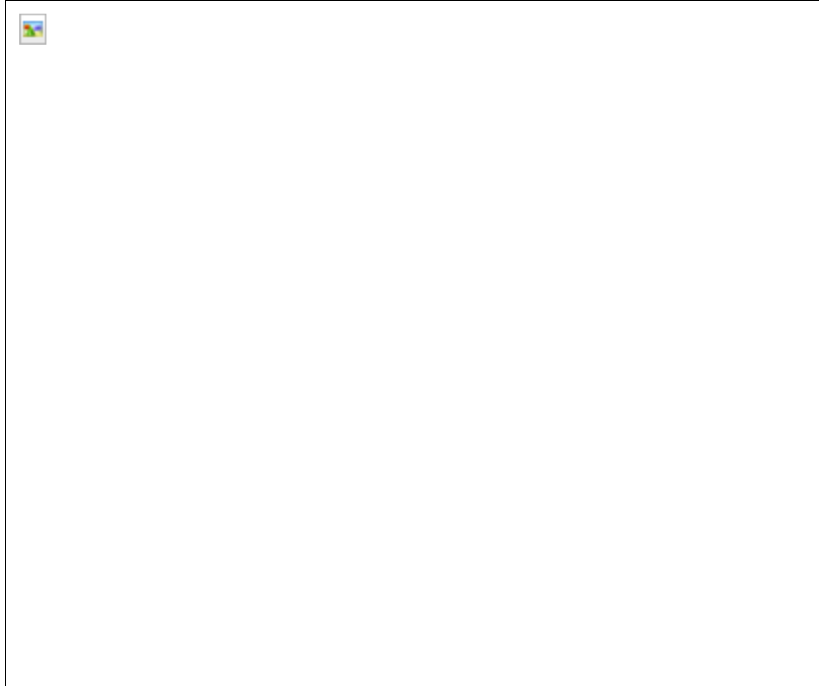
Needless to say, Spanish is much more important than these exotic languages that I have wasted my life learning.

*posted by therapist @ 6:08 PM 0 comments*

## Thursday, March 06, 2008

### Annie Villeneuve: Un ange qui passe

This song is one of my favorites too, Annie Villeneuve's "Un ange qui passe" (Quebec, Canada). The song is getting a bit old, to be sure.



Tu jures de rester sage  
Tu jures de rester forte  
De rester avec l'image  
De Dieu qui a tord

Ce soir le ventre vide  
Tu cacheras tes larmes  
Ta mère, ton amour, ton guide  
Cette nuit jettera les armes

Tu chasses les anges qui passent  
C'est la peur du silence  
Cette nuit la vie t'a reprit  
La meilleure des amies

Une photo en souvenir  
Une larme, un soupir  
De cette nuit qui s'achève  
Elle te rejoint dans tes rêves

Elle dit qu'il est trop tard  
Elle ne parle qu'au passé  
Son corps implore la mort  
Elle ne peut plus respirer

Tu lui as fermé les yeux  
Ton ventre s'est rempli de feu  
La rage, la peine et l'amour  
Ont régné aux alentours

Tu chasses les anges qui passent  
C'est la peur du silence  
Cette nuit la vie t'a repris  
La meilleure des amies

Une photo en souvenir  
Une larme, un soupir  
De cette nuit qui s'achève  
Elle te rejoint dans tes rêves

Tu chasses les anges qui passent  
C'est la peur du silence  
Cette nuit la vie t'a repris  
La meilleure des amies

Une photo en souvenir  
Une larme, un soupir  
De cette nuit qui s'achève  
Elle te rejoint dans tes rêves

English translation:

You swear you would remain wise  
You swear you would remain strong  
To remain with the image  
Of God who is wrong

Tonight empty stomach  
You will hide your tears  
Your mom, your love, your guide  
This night will throw away the arms

You chase the angels who pass by  
It's the fear for silence  
This night life has retaken from you  
The best of friends

A photo in souvenir  
A tear, a breath  
From this night which is completed  
She rejoins you in your dreams

She says that it's too late  
She speaks only to the past



Her body implores death  
She can no longer breathe

You have shut your eyes on her  
Your stomach is filled with fire  
Rage, pain, and love  
Have reigned all around

.....

*posted by therapist @ 5:57 PM 0 comments*