

## **The Secret History of the International Court of Justice**

### **Part V**

#### **Journey through the hell of the International Criminal Court**

##### **The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia**

###### **Document 1**

*La Russie  
Ton nom  
C'est Trahison*

The following reconstructs the International Court of Justice trial about me from June 3 to June 24, 2010. From its spectacular victory in the International Court of Justice, Russia was suddenly reduced to the pathetic state of desperately avoiding conspiracy with me – all because it had allowed a Mexican Monkey to go inside the control center to look at the intercepts of my thoughts. The course of events narrated in the following will bring into being, for years to come, the unsurmountable barrier to my new found dream of getting out of the “American nightmare” and working to contribute to a new Russia instead.

Recall the disasters of the previous episode (“Ying and Yang”). During this period, Russia's argument, or strategy, consists essentially in this, that the Monkey's changing of the mind-reading computer's setting is, again, a terrorist conspiracy between me, the Monkey, and the French against Russia. As the incumbent, even while being challenged by the French, the Russians were entitled to command the conspirators to finish their “mission”. Namely, since the Monkey had done what he had done because he would “like me better” if I were violent and delusional and a piece of trash, he should finish his “mission” by continuing to drive me to violence and insanity until I really did become something close enough to the thought-intercepts which he had forged and the false profile which he had created (and until I should get myself arrested as well). If the Monkey and I had finished our “mission”, of course, then Russia would have automatically saved itself from France's objection, since this would be evidence that the mind-reading computer had never been tampered with. At which time, of course, France would be convicted as well – at least after another round of replacement of evidences. But then all would be very strange, indeed – isn't it the case that, according to the rule of the game, the victims of the terrorist conspiracy are supposed to intercept the terrorists just before they accomplish their plan? Furthermore, the Russians of course knew that this was really “mission impossible”, since the thought-patterns which the Monkey had forged were most likely incapable of being generated by any human brain whatsoever given the fact about human brain physiology. Thus you can just imagine how gloomy the “Daughter People” must have felt at the time. The “terrorist conspiracy” against them really is impenetrable. This must be the nadir in the entire history of the SVR/ KGB.

In the following, however, since it is really the Russians and the French who were behind the Monkey's every move, I shall not always indicate the Monkey's role, but simply note, "In fact it is the Daughter People who..." or "In fact it is the French who..."

While the following diary form will appear, again, tedious, in its meticulous documentation of the tiniest occurrences, you should once more be reminded of what a "targeted individual" is. (See the preceding section, "A common problem among victims of government operations: false beliefs due to inadequate understanding".) A *genuine* targeted individual, that is, not a fake one, which is so frequent nowadays. The following is basically a diary of *une semblance de la folie* – behind which lies a life-and-death struggle in the International Court of Justice. You will see me going increasingly insane – or rather *looking* increasingly insane, as I tried, and failed, to understand what was going on inside the control center that served as the ICJ court house. Once again, you must understand, while reading the following "diary of insanity", that the cause for this insanity is not any thought-disorder or over- and under-production of certain neurotransmitters, but (1) that there exists a "secret" forbidden to oneself and others; (2) that one has developed a desire to know, even an addiction to knowing, this "secret"; (3) that one is smarter than others so as to know that this secret exists while others aren't smart enough to even notice that this "secret" exists; and (4) that one is, yet, *not* smart enough to find out everything about this secret but only has a dim comprehension of some parts of it while filling up the rest with wrong speculations. Meanwhile, because others aren't even aware of the existence of this secret, they call you "crazy" since your version of the "secret" looks lopsided and you have no definitive proofs and they aren't even smart enough to know that they are dumber than you. (Only those who hold the "secret" in its entirety can see the whole truth: that you aren't crazy but have simply failed to comprehend what is incomprehensible and that others are ignorant.) In this case of a *genuine* targeted individual, therefore, the insanity of the TI lies in the eyes of the beholder, just as beauty is: *die Wahnsinn entsteht im Auge des Sehendes*.

Finally, a word on what is meant by "symbolism" in the following narrative. I had, through conditioning to this ICJ trial, developed a certain notion about how the ICJ trial worked. When Russia caught me and the Agency in a conspiracy against Russia, for instance, they would command the Agency to continue the conspiracy with me in order to increase the crimes of both of us: that much is obvious. If something happened inside the control center, for example if the Monkey played frauds with the computers there again, the Russians, in order to make this into part of the conspiracy against them, would command the Agency to stage a "metaphor" in my environment, e.g. to send an actor to manipulate computers in front of me. Such is "symbolism", the objective of which is to communicate to me an instance of the "conspiracy". This procedure of course used to happen a lot, but barely occurred any more in June 2010. Most of the time, when something occurred, I was simply wrong in taking it for "symbolism", making myself look quite insane.

#### Dramatis Personae

Myself  
Mr B/ the Monkey (the Pyramid's father)  
The Pyramid (Angelina le Beau Visage)  
Daughter People (SVR)  
DGHTR  
DGHTRCOM  
Daughterland  
“Mommy” (CIA)  
“Maman” (DGSE)  
“Daughter Pyramid”

### June 3 (Thursday)

My first recording of the day is: “[haircutsnset\\_6\\_3\\_10\\_603-1047AM.WMA](#)”. Waking up from the street corner so early in the morning, I pleaded, “Come the older Daughter People Pyramid...” Then I thought more about going to DGHTRLND and pondered what the meaning of Wes' words last night might be (13:00). All this was more evidence for France to damn Russia, of course, completely without my knowing. I then, about to fall asleep all morning long, found another corner on the street to nap (34:00). I got up by 2:47:00. On the bus by 2:50:00. When I continued my Spanish reading – my arm hurt (3:24:00). Did the French collect another piece of evidence in their favor, that I didn't fit Monkey's false profile of me? Off the bus on 3:50:00. I continued to mutter to myself my wrong scenarios about what was going on: “Maybe it's the Mexican intelligence...” Again, our “Daughter People” were going to use these wrong scenarios as evidences in their favor, that I did fit Monkey's false profile of me as delusional and suffering from schizophrenia. I was now on Sunset Blvd and got a haircut there (3:56:00). Then, while resting by the street corner, I muttered: “We have been watched [by intelligence officials] for too long that we have developed dependency on our watchers” (4:17:00). This was my peculiar form of psychological disorder.

My next recording is: “[dghtrcrbus\\_6\\_3\\_10\\_1047AM-1207PM.WMA](#)”: I continued to mutter: “Just one year, not so bad.” Again, the “one year deal”. Then I noted that “Uncle Daughter” (DGHTR) must have lost a lot of face during my episode with the Pyramid, and advised myself to stay close to DGHTR's circle (in the future when I shall join them, or so I thought), so that, if I shall ever embarrass myself, it would not matter. Again, the French's evidence for my conspiracy with DGHTRLND. On bus 2 again on 12:00. I continued to speculate along the wrong path, thinking that what was going on was that the Monkey was submitting all his forged evidences about me to the ICJ to slander me (to use the ICJ to accomplish his own personal agenda), and so lamenting about the unfairness of the “trial process” because I wasn't allowed to present evidences myself to defend myself, or even to know that the process existed. All I could do was upload files to my website (36:00). Then I came up with another wrong scenario: “Uncle Daughter” had gone to the “Daughter Court” (SVR's own martial court system: ha! As if there were such a thing!) to file a complaint against the Monkey and to receive a court order authorizing him to pull the Pyramid away from her father and to put her father on trial (41:00). “That means that the Daughter People were recruiting her father... He should then get kicked out for forging evidences in the International Court with all these machines...” Then: “That's why there are all these

surveillance agents around us,” i.e. all those people wearing earphones. I thought they were here because DGHTR needed to collect genuine evidences about what I said and did. “How can the Monkey falsify evidences in DGHTRCRT?” I asked myself (1:01:00). I then began composing, for the first time, my little poem in French which you see in the introductory section of “Psychology of Ying and Yang, I” – and my arm hurt (1:07:00). This probably meant that the French had collected another important piece of evidence in their favor – that I did know French and that Monkey's profile of me as non-French-speaking was indeed a forgery. I then got off the bus in Santa Monica, ready to go to OPCC.

It should be noted that the increased number of earphones-wearing people around me probably did indicate that I was under surveillance, but that they were evidently not here to intercept evidences to contradict the Monkey's continual lies about me. Rather, it must be the French who had wanted them here to intercept me talking to myself and confessing my “conspiracy” with Daughterland. Similarly with the Daughter People. However, since the usual procedure of the ICJ process was that “all evidences must be intercepted”, the surveillance on me must have been initiated by Homeland Security for reasons unrelated to the ICJ trial, e.g. something like: the Department of Homeland Security had re-initiated surveillance on this perpetually mentally disturbed and homeless vagrant for possible danger which he might pose to the security of the state and the population. You must reexamine my actions in the past weeks to see which among them could have qualified as justification for such consideration.

My next recording is: “[opcc\\_6\\_3\\_10\\_1207-106PM.WMA](#)”. As I strolled to OPCC, I continued to analyze the cause for the current disaster: “DGHTR actually didn't fail to predict my behavior; he had only failed to take into account the sharpness of exacto knife with which I cut myself... I want this to be in the evidentiary record...” And my arm hurt, as if to confirm I was correct (5:00). Perhaps it was the Daughter People which had intercepted another piece of evidence to establish conspiracy between me on the one hand and DGHTR and Monkey on the other. (The prelude to any possible conspiracy between me, or rather all of us, and France.) I continued to develop my wrong conception: “These Daughter People are so democratic, they even have their own court system... I want to join the Daughter People...” (27:30). Ha! It would certainly hurt the Daughter People very much to hear this. Then: “The difference between me and the Monkey is that the Monkey wants house, power, prestige, money... As for me, just a pyramid” (30:30). Then, I wondered: “You don't have to be useful to them for them to pick you up... They can pick you up just because they need to put you somewhere...” (50:00). Again, I was unaware that this was more evidence for the French to establish my conspiracy with Daughterland. I was at OPCC by 53:00.

My next recording is: “[laundromattantd\\_6\\_3\\_10\\_107-251PM.WMA](#)”. Again I wrongly assumed that the iPod people around me were here to do independent verification because the Monkey was falsifying evidences about me (8:00). I noted to myself that the manager was wearing purple, and that there was a “black-panther looking” black guy. I continued to assume wrongly that these random events conveyed deep meaning about the operations for the ICJ trial, which must have given cause to the Homeland Security thugs inside the control room to conclude that this vagrant was totally insane, which would then become Daughterland's evidence that the Monkey's profile of me was authentic and that the mind-reading computer had never been tampered with. I then continually noted how I had no interest in finding public housing but wanted to go to Daughterland instead (35:00). More evidence for the French

to damn Daughterland! After I spoke briefly with Brian, I left, and wrongly supposed that he had been instructed by the Daughter People to give me a message: save money and go to Daughterland “Daughter-style”. While this might be evidence for my conspiracy with Daughterland, it was also Daughterland's evidence that the Monkey's profile of me as crazy and delusional was correct (which would protect Daughterland from “conspiracy” with me). I then started playing with the word “pyramid”: “Pyr-amid, 'Pyr' means fire; Angelos Pyramidos.” On the bus by 1:02:00.

My next recording is: “[laundromatcont\\_6\\_3\\_10\\_309-357PM.WMA](#)”. I came to a laundromat to wash my clothes. I began naming this entity called “Angelina shoes”, i.e. the same shoes which the Pyramid was wearing on February 6. Such childish naming habit would confirm for Daughterland the Monkey's false profile of me “half-way”. Very bad for Daughterland however was my incipient desire for a “Daughter Pyramid” in order to establish a direct connection to DGHTR – I no longer wanted the Pyramid (1:00). This was more evidence for my conspiracy with Daughterland, and if it weren't for my seeming conformity to the Monkey's false profile of me as totally delusional, the French would have gained the right to order Daughterland to send in one of its “pyramids” to me in accordance with the rule: “institute around the terrorist suspect an environment which fits his belief, as in a sting operation.” I continued: “We don't need to go to Daughterland 'doggie style'. What we need is to meet a Daughter Pyramid. How do we do that?” (6:00)

My next recording is: “[touclasysineffent\\_6\\_3\\_10\\_357-627PM.WMA](#)”. I came to UCLA ready to do my study, while pondering: How do you know whether Google Books is real? (That is, how do you know that the webpages weren't forged from the control center?) “You can't tell” (1:08:00). Again, prolonged exposure to clandestine operations had caused me to become paranoid over the authenticity of every little thing: every little thing could be forged or staged or fake. In reality, neither the Daughter People nor the French had so far intervened much in my environment at all, so that my increasing paranoia could be evidence in Daughterland's favor. I then bought an external hard drive at the UCLA bookstore, “La Cie”: what I needed to hold my ever enlarging data set. I continued to unknowingly provide the French with evidence for a “conspiracy”: “Life has no meaning without going to Daughterland; it's like having a penpal for so long...” (2:00:00). “If they are not watching me, what am I living for?” Inside the library by 2:08:00.

My next recordings are: “[uclawrtsupl9\\_6\\_3\\_10\\_627-817PM.WMA](#)”, “[gowhrrlssn\\_6\\_3\\_10\\_817-1009PM.WMA](#)”, and “[leavuclacybrcfe\\_6\\_3-4\\_10\\_1020PM-217AM.WMA](#)”. I did a little writing (this very diary), left a message with Wes, and then continued to study Russian grammar. I would also write down the following pleading to Daughter People (or rather to “Daughter Court”) in accordance with my newly constructed wrong scenario, hoping that it could be intercepted for them to see:

“One has finally understood the situation this afternoon: TCHTRGERICHT. For the members of TCHTRGERICHT, the following arguments may be given for one's immediate removal to TCHTERLND to be placed in the care of DGHTR or DGHTRPPL (in case DGHTR would be going elsewhere on assignment). Argument 1: regardless of the question of whether one will be useful or not to TCHTRWLT, but if only so that one may self-speak without worrying about negative consequences. Argument 2: It has been selfish for Pyramid's father to attempt to persuade DGHTRPPL to dump me away only so that he could be worry-free in the future. While everyone is selfish, he, like everyone

else, should also think more in the interest of DGHTRORG and beyond and wonder if I may produce good ideas in the future benefiting TCHTRWLT etc. Argument 3: as one was today beginning on a habitual contemplation on how to fix the theoretical flaws in COMSYS, one suddenly stopped for fear that the idea, should it come to be, may be stolen away by Pyramid's father, leaving oneself with no glory but only homelessness and ugliness to live on. Thus, when, as one's proposal of a PGP signature-like mechanism for the *dispositifs* of remote control has shown, one's casual entertaining of ideas may have lasting beneficial effect in the securing of important machinery, one's continual placement under insecure environment may result in the inefficiency of the whole flows of ideas. Argument 4: one has been seen as a borderline case insofar as one scores high in one domain but very low in another. It should be noted that the lower scores – most likely impulsivity in regard to release of emotion at the expense of end-and-means and/or future-envisaging instrumental rationality, low tolerance for delay of release or gratification, and an inability to focus on simple quotidian tasks – are by far the results of long-term entrapment in unsupportive environment rarely seen in others' life – the extraordinary isolation and desperate battle in the past two years and a half. Removal to a loving environment such as will be found in the care of TCHTR or DGHTRPPL, even as pet project for the moment, will result in a very significant reduction of these negative qualities on one's part, while allowing oneself to randomly produce ideas that may incidentally help in the perfection of TCHTRWLT.”

Again, this whole pleading must have been simultaneously used by the French as evidence for my conspiracy with Daughterland but by Daughterland as evidence for the delusional state of my mind, which would then protect the Daughter People from conspiracy with me as it justifies the Macrosphere. After the library closed, I came to the cybercafe on Normandie and Wilshire to continue writing on my computer (1:44:00). Note that, when I commented to myself, “We know nothing,” my arm hurt (2:04:30). Perhaps the Daughter People were trying to tell me that I had completely failed to understand the situation at hand. Afterwards, I slept in the street corner by Normandie and Wilshire.

#### **June 4 (Friday; Wes)**

My first recording of the new miserable day is: “[wkcoffeeanglepapa\\_6\\_4\\_10\\_653-834AM.WMA](#)”: Soon after I woke up from the street corner, I began complaining about the Monkey: “We have saved the Monkey's life, but he doesn't do things the Chinese way, 'You saved my life, and so my life is yours...' Instead, he never even notices it... People like that... huh...” (27:00). I began to think that I should be removed to Daughterland as a museum material, but wondered if that would be too self-congratulatory (40:00). Then I was mistaken: “All these earphone people mean that the Monkey is still here...” (47:00). **And I was convinced that, when I shall go to Europe in search of Daughterland, I would certainly need a pyramid to guide me.** Again, evidence for my conspiracy with Daughterland. Then I wondered: “If the Pyramid's family is broken up, where is her mother going to go?” (1:09:30) And: “The Monkey is very self-centered, he doesn't want me to express myself...” (1:20:00). “This gives you a sense of what Mexico is like, where the people in power only care about enriching themselves, they have no notion of public service, unlike DGHTRCOM...” On the bus by 1:29:00.

My next recording is: “[toloanstr\\_6\\_4\\_10\\_835-946AM.WMA](#)”. I read more Spanish while on the bus, and then commented: “If you just say, Daughter-Pyr, it sounds like 'Daughter-Fire’” – and my arm hurt (38:30). It might be that the French were indeed trying to command the Daughter People to send one of



The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, I.  
Lawrence C. Chin. Feb. 2016; corrections afterward

their agents to me on the ground of continuing the conspiracy with me to dupe me (“institute around a terrorist suspect a reality which fits his belief”).

My next recording is: “[loanbank\\_6\\_4\\_10\\_949-1101AM.WMA](#)”. I went to the loan store (Plus Loan) to borrow my monthly money. Somehow, my recorder shut itself off. I was absolutely frightened since, in accordance to my misunderstanding of the current situation, it should be Pyramid's father who had remotely turned off my recorder just before I entered the Plus Loan store so that he could create faulty evidence showing me forging checks, etc., without the need to worry about any counter-evidence coming from my recorder. I discovered it and turned it back on quickly. I wrote out a 235 dollar check to Plus Loan and then went to the bank to cash the Plus Loan check (26:00). Terrified that the Monkey would falsify evidence about me – in accordance with my erroneous belief about what was going on in the control center and the ICJ – I filmed the check first. Strangely, the banker asked me to finger print the check.

Afterwards, I commented to myself, “We will go to Daughterland; don't worry about burdening them, I'm much more convenient...” (36:00). Ha! I had no idea that I would ruin my dear Daughterland if I went there. Then: “The Monkey doesn't care about Daughter World at all...” On the bus again on 42:00. I wanted to provide the police with a CD containing evidences proving that the Monkey's agent was impersonating me and so on, but then worried that the Monkey would swap the CD with another one. And so I thought I should videotape it first, and then upload the video to my website. Again, all this paranoid fear over nothing because of my incorrect understanding of the course of the ICJ trial was evidence for Daughterland to temporarily shield itself against the French takeover. I came back to UCLA. I continued to express my enormous hatred for the Monkey: “It's hard, the Monkey is a psychopath, he's exploiting my goodness, my weakness, to his benefit...” (58:30). While eating, I continued: “We have to tell Wes, there is no way to fight this, we care about others, but the Monkey doesn't...” (1:03:30). As in the battle between Trotsky and Stalin, or in countless other such instances in history, the good guy always loses because he has moral scruples while the bad guy doesn't. Then: “We are glad to never have to go to Mexico, for Mexico is certainly full of people like the Monkey, and that's why the country never picks up any steam...”

My next recording is: “[toucla\\_6\\_4\\_10\\_1101AM-1213PM.WMA](#)”: I then wondered again whether my present torture – actually, more like abandonment – was Daughter People's testing me, and protested: “You are testing your new car so much that you are destroying it... Why?” (3:00) “We can't fight with the Monkey because he has no concern for anyone...” I came inside Powell Library and found Liddell and Scott's Greek-English dictionary, discovering that “pyramid” had nothing to do with “fire” (πυραμίδος).

My next recordings are: “[uclareadrgmmar\\_6\\_4\\_10\\_1249-334PM.WMA](#)” and “[uclalibstudyr\\_6\\_4\\_10\\_343-610PM.WMA](#)”: I found Paul Garde's *Grammaire russe*, did my daily share of Russian grammar, and videotaped the parts of the book I had read before putting it back onto the bookshelf. I came outside the library to take a break. I became worried that the Daughter People might believe the Monkey's lies that I hated them. I cried out: “My Daughter, why can't you save us?” Then: “The Daughter People are the greatest people on the planet, we want them to rule the planet...” (27:00). Again, unknowingly providing France with more evidences to damn Daughterland. More:

“Our fates have been tied together since the beginning, they know what we did for their country... Now we just want to be among the Daughter People, and yet an outsider has cut in between us...” All these bad evidences for “conspiracy”. As I went back inside the library, I muttered, “There was a Mommy-Daughter plan...” (40:00). This is very bad, for I was also providing France with evidences for my conspiracy with the CIA (“Mommy”). As you shall see, Sarkozy was more than enthusiastic in convicting the CIA of conspiracy with me because he could then not only resolve the business between France and Russia (like the Nord Stream pipeline deal) but also rescue his neocon buddies in the United States and forever put an end to the power struggle between the neocons and the CIA. The deal which the Agency had concluded with Daughterland at the expense of Mr Chertoff had now been entered into the ICJ as part of the terrorist conspiracy against France and its neocon buddies. Then more bad evidences: “We were willing to die for Daughterland back in January... Just to make sure the Revolution will succeed...” (47:00). More: “The Revolution consists in watching the neocons losing, and laughing... Ha ha ha.” I was then on the computer to continue studying “Daughterspeak” on Russland Journal. Again, every little malfunctioning on the computer I attributed to the Monkey (58:00).

When I went back to the fifth floor of the library to look for Paul Garde's book again, I saw a short Hispanic guy meandering between the bookshelves. He was completely out of place: you rarely see Hispanic people in UC university libraries. Then I discovered that the book had disappeared. In accordance with my misunderstanding of the current situation, I would, today and tomorrow, develop the scenario that Mexican intelligence had sent in their secret agent – the Hispanic guy I saw – to remove the book because they had become antagonistic toward DGHTR and were therefore trying to help Pyramid's father. This bizarre scenario, again, would be evidence to temporarily shield Daughterland from charges of conspiracy with me.

My next recording is: “[leavucladghtrwayetc\\_6\\_4\\_10\\_610-708PM.WMA](#)”. I called Wes but was unable to reach him. While taking another break outside the library, I wondered if the Pyramid was also learning “Daughterspeak” (2:00). I began, out of excitement, inventing other new terms: “Daughter Force”, “Daughter Sphere”, “Daughter Fire”, “Daughterwise”... As I walked away from UCLA I was struck by the unreality of my expectation: “They are not expecting me to find my own Daughter Pyramid and go there, are they? What am I supposed to do? Knock on their door?”

Then something very traumatic happened. I walked to Borders Bookstore and was able to reach Wes on 8:18 PM. I talked to him for 31 minutes, telling him all about the new “Daughter terminology” I had just invented, “Waiting for Daughter Fire to take me to Daughter Loop. Going to Daughterland Daughterwise wearing Daughter Shoes...” Afterwards I discovered that my recorder was remotely turned off and that the entire three hours of recording had disappeared. Although what I said to Wes was insignificant, I assumed, in accordance with my erroneous understanding of the situation, that it was the Monkey who had remotely turned off my recorder. And of course it must be because he wanted to forge an intercept of my conversation with Wes and so didn't want me to possess any counter-evidence. I was absolutely terrified. In reality, it should be the Daughter People themselves – with “Mommy” too – who had shut off my recorder remotely from the control center. They were probably doing so for two reasons. First, my recording habit had itself become a problem for them because, according to the false profile which the Monkey had forged of me, I never recorded anything and all



my discs were forged. The Daughter People hoped that I would stop recording myself altogether. Secondly, they had probably concluded that, given my neurotic attachment to documenting myself, the best way to drive me to insane paranoia would be to continually shut off my electronic devices. Remember that, as long as I looked insane, France's charge against Daughterland ("conspiracy with me") couldn't go through. My insane paranoia was Daughterland's salvation.

My next recording is: "[rcrdroffangryevdncekang\\_6\\_4\\_10\\_1019-1148PM.WMA](#)". And so I turned on my recorder and muttered angrily: "The Monkey is so incredibly evil, he's worse than Mr Chertoff... He shouldn't be allowed to submit evidences to 'Daughter Court' when I'm myself not allowed to submit evidences..." I left Borders, continuing to mutter: "We can't go to Daughterland, we have no money... The Monkey is going to succeed in killing us..." (10:00). Then I pleaded to Daughter People that they choose me instead of the Monkey: "Think about it, who is more trustworthy? A Chinese guy, or a royal class Mexican..." (15:00). Then: "Our Daughter can't be in control, for he wouldn't let this thing run anymore..." All nonsense because my understanding of the current situation was incorrect. Then: "People can't live a life with machine constantly malfunctioning like this... There is nothing more important in life than machine functioning..." More nonsense: "Daughter People's management is very strange: why do they believe anything a Mexican says?" (21:00) On the bus by 25:00. I continued: "This is obviously not a test: it's destroying the car that is being tested..." (32:00) I was breathing heavily and suffering nervous breakdown (47:00). I began imagining killing the Pyramid (55:00). I soon arrived in the cybercafe on Normandie and Wilshire. I now constantly had to check my recorder to make sure it was not remotely turned off. I confessed: "Every time we get hit like this, we want to take it out on the Pyramid..." (1:01:30). "We hate the Pyramid, what a waste..." I had no idea that this was probably one of the reasons why the Daughter People had remotely turned off my recorder: they knew I would mistake it for Monkey's action, and consequently blame it on the Pyramid. Then, when I imagined beating up the Pyramid, it could be evidence in the ICJ that Monkey's false profile of me (being a danger to his daughter) was not forged. Not just my insanity, but my incipient hatred toward the Pyramid was also Daughterland's salvation. And so, I asked the Daughter People to give me a "flipper", like the Austrian Pyramid, if they couldn't spare me one of their "regular" pyramids. "The Daughter People must have their hands tied so that they can't remove the Monkey..." (1:14:00). Then I developed this additional (nonsensical) worry: "They shouldn't give Mommy to the Monkey..."

My next recording is: "[cybrcfedghrule\\_6\\_4-5\\_10\\_1148PM-149AM.WMA](#)". I began using the computer in the cybercafe to upload my recording files to my website: submitting evidences to "Daughter Court", or so I thought. Every time when the computer malfunctioned, I would assume it was the Monkey who was causing it, which caused me to hate the Pyramid even more: "The Pyramid is such a fucking disease..." (1:42:00). I got it "half-way": "The Monkey wants us to kill the Pyramid." Well, he did, but it's also the Daughter People who now wanted me to have this *desire*.

My last recording of the day is: "[bnrstrobadwordcybrcfe\\_6\\_5\\_10\\_150-257AM.WMA](#)". I continued to be angry with the Monkey and his daughter – provoked by continuing computer malfunctioning: "Monkey father and Monkey daughter; they like to dupe real human beings, and they can do this because they have got hold of the machines... That's why Mexico is so poor and messy, it's ruled by Monkeys..." Then: "You can pick any homeless guy from the street, and he will be superior to those Mexican upper class Monkeys..." (12:00). Later, when the Internet connection was unusually slow, I

diagnosed the cause: “This is 'Monkey-controlled machine', which makes the machine work slower... The Monkeys don't know how to make the machine run faster or improve on it, they just know how to disrupt it...” (43:00). More: “Both the Monkey and human beings like power, but human beings might make the country better while pursuing power, while the Monkey only robs the poor and homeless people with his power... Too bad that the Pyramid is a half-Monkey... I so regret that I once wanted to save a Monkey girl...” Since it's ultimately the Daughter People who had disrupted the functioning of my electronic devices, I was unfairly demonizing the Monkey, which could be further evidence for my insanity (persecution mania). When I saw somebody looking at pornography on his computer, I also assumed he was Monkey's agent sent here to serve as my “double”. All the wrong scenarios, and all evidences for my insanity. Then I went to sleep in the same street corner near Normandie and Wilshire.

### June 5 (Saturday)

My first recording of the day is: “[audiencesnrmdie\\_6\\_5\\_10\\_914-1031AM.WMA](#)”. After I woke up from the street corner in Normandie and Wilshire, I began my reflection. “We have never before had to worry that records might get changed... What the Monkey has done is truly something new” (43:30). “The Daughter People just like to watch us; they never interfere... They are here to study human nature,<sup>1</sup> but the Monkey has no interest in studying anything; he'd just change all the records so that he could get on top...” (45:00). Then: “The Daughter People are the greatest people in the world because, when you put up a show for them, they can understand it...” (1:02:00). “The meaning of life is to put up a good show and hope that others will applaud. That's why changing records is so traumatic, for the show itself is damaged...” Then: “Now that the show for the Daughter People has been damaged, we'll have to find a second-rate audience...” (1:06:00). More: “Mommy and Daughter are like aliens who have come to the planet and discovered us. They are our salvation because they can understand our show, while others, ordinary people, can't...” (1:12:00). This is really the biggest problem with my life and the cause for all the suffering in my life: most people aren't educated and intelligent enough to understand me; the only people who have ever understood me are those experts from intelligence agencies. Meanwhile, all my saying was evidence for the French to convict both Daughterland and the CIA of “conspiracy” with me.

My next recording is: “[symblsmkornrstau\\_6\\_5\\_10\\_1031AM-1205PM.WMA](#)”: I looked for every little sign in my environment that might indicate that the Daughter People were still watching me so that I wouldn't have to upload files to my website. This, of course, made me look ever more insane, which was salvation to Daughterland. Then, while I was eating inside a Korean restaurant, I began imagining being assigned a pyramid on wheelchair, what I thought would be quite fitting for me. Then, when I thought about “Mommy Project” (some CIA plan), my arm hurt (1:03:30). Signal from the French to indicate that another piece of evidence for my conspiracy with the CIA had been intercepted?

My next recording is: “[uclastudyr\\_6\\_5\\_10\\_1211-4PM.WMA](#)”: I then came inside the cybercafe to upload my recording files to my website on its computer – unaware that, this time, it was the French who were going to use them as evidences against my beloved Daughterland: every recording I

1 As is said in Viktor Cherkashin and Gregory Feifer, *Spy Handler: Memoir of a KGB Officer* (2005), p. 291: “It's more accurate to see ex-KGB officers as a social group – a collection of former Soviet citizens generally picked for their promise, educated better than most, and given an opportunity to study human nature, a central part of intelligence work.”

uploaded would be proof that Monkey's profile of me was forged, entailing that Daughterland was no longer under the protection of the "Macrosphere". I then rode the bus to UCLA. I tried to suggest to the Monkey: "We should teach the Monkey how to dupe us: if our computer functions well, then we will believe he's gone..." (2:36:30). It turned out that the UCLA library was closed because of final exams. I came instead to Powell Library, here to use the computers to continue my "Daughterspeak" lessons on Russland Journal (3:08:00). Again, whenever something went wrong with the computer, such as when an error message popped up on the computer screen, I would assume that it was the Monkey who was disrupting my activities from the control center and I would film it with my toy camcorder – when, often, it was "natural" malfunctioning. Again, the fact that I had been conditioned by Homeland Security-induced computer malfunctioning to be over-sensitive to every movement of the computers I was using was now Daughterland's salvation – along with my constant misunderstanding of situation: "The Monkey wants to teach me the value of 'financial independence' as a way to disguise his attempt to prevent people from helping me..." (3:47:00).

My next recording is: "[studyrdvd119failed\\_6\\_5\\_10\\_401-625PM.WMA](#)". And so I finished my daily "Daughterspeak" lesson on Russland Journal. I would videotape every grammatical mistake I found on the webpage thinking that it was Monkey's trick: insane! Then I began complaining again: The Monkey didn't care about me or the TCHTRWLT or Mexico or United States; he cares only about grabbing as much money and power as possible and removing anything that might be in his way. "What I should do is do nothing and wait for help. I should never buy into the business of 'financial independence'. I should be precisely 'financially dependent'." Then, when I walked out of the Powell Library to buy snack, I began weighing the pros and cons of uploading the recording from the previous night. What was holding me back was the thoughts expressed therein of killing the Monkey Pyramid. "But who wouldn't want to kill the Pyramid when she has a father like that?" I continued murmuring throughout, something like why it is so important whether I posed any danger to the Monkey, and why it is no of no importance whether he posed any danger to me. I then began comparing myself with the Mexicans: "We do things for the beauty of it, they do things because they want it... We do things because of reaction... Mr former Secretary wanted X, and so we gave him precisely the opposite of X." This, unfortunately, the French would enter into the ICJ as evidence: "New evidence found. He has conspired with Russia against Mr former Secretary..." Then: "And we do things because we want to be understood. They do things because they want to get fat" (until 1:35:24). "That's why we will never flip and they will always flip whenever they can." I then concluded that, three months ago, if DGHTR had abandoned me, I would just say Goodbye after putting them on the throne. Now, however, it's not so easy. Firstly, because the Mexicans had muddled up the painting, secondly because I was too desperate from homelessness, and thirdly because I was too lonely. "Now, if I get abandoned and live in misery, it's the misery which the Monkey has imparted upon me. Back then, if so, it would be the misery which my DGHTR has imparted upon me" (1:37:06). "It's okay to be duped by my DGHTR, but not okay by the Monkey." So the justification for asking for a "Daughter Pyramid" is simply: I want one, just like the Monkey wanting the machine.

I was then verifying my newly burned DVD 119. It turned out that the burning had failed. Shocked, I began videotaping it ("fvid\_6\_4-5\_10/PICT0033.AVI"). "I don't know whether I should get angry because I don't know who's doing it," I said with tremendous irritation. It's in fact the Daughter People. They had concluded that, in order to provoke me to become like Monkey's false profile of me – violent

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, I.  
Lawrence C. Chin. Feb. 2016; corrections afterward

and wanting to hurt the Pyramid – they should not only constantly mess with my recorder and my computer, but also with my disc-burning: anything that was important to me, they would mess it up.

My next recording is: “[dvd119failsupl9brdr\\_6\\_5\\_10\\_625-1023PM.WMA](#)”. I did some writing and then went inside Westwood Village. I complained again: “It's so unfortunate that we ran into the Pyramid...” (1:39:00). Then, to the Monkey: “I'm getting angry because you can read my thoughts and control my machines, and yet you call this a 'duel'...” (1:42:00). I ate a burger, and left a message with Wes (1:49:00). More complaint: “This Mexican, fucking parasite Monkey, is worse than M. Chertoff” (1:50:00). I again found the noises on the street unbearable: sonophobia (2:25:00). I came inside Borders Bookstore, muttering: “I hate this bitch (Pyramid) so much...” (2:36:00). I began feeling very sick, and started crying. “Only if we had let Mr Chertoff kill her...” (2:39:00). I moaned: “I'm so miserable, I don't think anyone can stand it...” (2:46:30). Then, another wrong guess: “Maybe they want to see what your interests in Daughterland consist in...” (2:52:30). After reviewing my recordings a little bit, I wrote down another plea to “Daughter Court”, not knowing that I was only furnishing the French with more evidence to condemn Daughterland (3:09:00):

“For members of TOCHTERGERICHT: One begs for the acceptance of one's dependency in merely waiting for one's guide and one's need to follow instructions, and one wishes it to be known that every inch of one's body yearns for the DGHTRPYRAMID (TCHTRFUER) as one's guide in DGHTRLND and the joining of TCHTRFAMILIE – even just as a pet until one has recovered from one's extraordinary damage. One is just afraid that one might be too ugly and weird despite the guarantee of a constant flow of good ideas from one's head in the future to perfect TCHTRWLT. Why does one want a TCHTRPYRAMIDE and desire so much to be part of TCHTRFAMILIE? Because one is lonely, because TCHTRPYRAMIDE is pretty and connects one directly to TCHTRFAMILIE, and, whereas Pyramid's father takes for the world's greatest pleasure the ability to reduce other human beings to his toys, one takes for the world's greatest pleasure the ability to impress another human being – and that, unfortunately, couldn't be anyone but DGHTRPPL, since no one else in the world is more intelligent and sophisticated than DGHTRPPL – the greatest people on the planet because they can understand it when you try to impress them. One finally begs for the understanding of one's current incredibly desperate situation and one's desire to seek help. Where have all those beautiful memories of our past together gone to? Has the Pyramid's father such memories with the members of the GERICHT? One's obsession with TCHTRLND for two and a half years... One does not want to reiterate the same 'I did this for you' or 'You promise' like a broken record, for that was not how it all began and is not what one envisages a future in TCHTRFAMILIE to be based on. One furthermore understands how appropriate it is for everyone to look into the future instead of dwelling on favors and debts from the past. The reminder of memories is merely a way to explain one's obsession with TCHTRLND despite ignorance of it, one longing for this unfamiliar world, and one's current desperate situation.”

These are very bad evidences against Daughterland because the “terrorist suspect” obviously showed tremendous attachment to it rather than to the French or the neocons. Daughterland's victory was clearly the product of the suspect's intentional help, i.e. “conspiracy” with it.

My next recording is: “[cybrcaferedchrry\\_6\\_5-6\\_10\\_1047PM-213AM.WMA](#)”. I was now taking the bus to go to the cybercafé. I came up with another wrong theory: “They are watching us learning a

language from scratch in order to study our brain-functioning...” (6:00). More wrong theory: “When the Daughter People came to review our records, the Monkey had changed a lot of them...” And my arm hurt. It was probably just the French who were trying to keep me on the wrong track. I continued: “We need to be put under the special loving care of the Daughter People, with their pyramid...” (12:00). Bad evidence. Off the bus on 34:00. While inside the cybercafe, I wrote another pleading to the Daughter People:

“One has started imagining on bus 720 around 11 PM or so this night the Pyramid's father's wanton destruction of all the recordings of one's thoughts and speeches since April – and perhaps much more – so that when DGHTRMANAGEMENT came to judge the matter on April 16 or so, they would have had no records upon which to make judgments – at least, no genuine records but only the ones forged by Pyramid's father. In other words, Pyramid's father has basically destroyed the greatest experiment in history for the sake of his own self-interest. Who has had thoughts so complex to be read? Has not DGHTRORG the motto of 'the study of human nature'? Has not then Pyramid's father been working against the very nature of DGHTRORG? Here then is another reason, one thus proposes, for one's immediate removal to DGHTRLND: to start over the great experiment under the care of DGHTRPPL while one learns to adjust to the new society. What the aforementioned memories could do may be to remind the members of the DGHTRCOURT of the sufferings and poetry one has had to go through in 2009 and early 2010 to save DGHTRLND and the world at large, not because one was paid, but simply because one feared disappointing the innocents – and thus to remind the members of one's status as a “treasure” (in a non-self-congratulatory sense) of DGHTRLND. What Pyramid's father has done has been clearly to destroy this treasure of DGHTRLND, such that he is now an orphan of TCHTRLND. Would members of TCHTRGERICHT be so kind as to render a judgment for the orphan to be adopted by his DGHTRLND? Please be reminded that TCHTRGERICHT has been effectively bungled because Pyramid's father has forged too much evidence, destroyed too many genuine evidences, and used too many doubles to produce faulty evidences.”

All nonsense, which would be French's evidence for my conspiracy with Daughterland, but Daughterland's evidence against the dissolution of the Macrosphere. I then mistakenly thought that the person sitting next to me with his electronic device was Monkey's agent sent here to watch over me (1:38:00). He might indeed be watching over me, but sent here by Homeland Security. Then, while outside, I began praising the Daughter People again, “We had the impression that Daughter People were so good, and we were so willing to die for them...” (2:25:00). And I wished I could transfer my *Formule* to a Daughter Pyramid, like the “711 Pyramid” (2:36:00). That is, Daughterland's agent from July 24 2009. I continued to plead to the Daughter People: “Where can you find another person who can, and would, do things like what I did for you? Our Daughter must know this...” (2:39:00). Again, so many bad evidences against Daughterland. Worse, I began watching the Sino-Russian movie “Red Cherry” on Youtube. “The Daughterlanders are such nice people in this movie.” More: “It's so cool that the Daughter People now rule the world...” Hardly, especially now that I was wishing for it!

My last recording of the day is: “cybraferdchrry\_6\_6\_10\_215-304AM.WMA”: I continued to watch Red Cherry. Note what happened on 6:00, “sonophobia”, “I can't stand this noise; as soon as we open the medicine bottle, the machine starts humming just to synchronize with our action. Our trauma is so deep.” And then Youtube froze, causing me more frustration (10:00). At one point, when I got excited



The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, I.  
Lawrence C. Chin. Feb. 2016; corrections afterward

over the “Daughter Pyramid” in the movie, my arm hurt badly (45:00). Presumably, it was the French: another instance of my conspiracy with Daughterland.

### **June 6 (Sunday)**

My first recording of the new day is: “nrmndiercrdroff\_6\_6\_10\_1053-1240AM.WMA”. Some time after I woke up from my usual street corner on Normandie, I became very upset, because my recorder was remotely turned off again. I lost one hour and a half of recording of talking to myself. I began developing another wrong theory: “They were testing us: they turned off our recorder under different circumstances in order to see what our reaction would be...” (5:00). For the recording of my conversation with Wes would be far more important to me than that of my sleeping or talking to myself, so that its deletion would cause me far more anguish. I became extremely distraught. Then my papers got blown away by the wind. I filmed it, so frustrated and angered, believing that it was all orchestrated by the control center (13:00). I called Wes, and he's not home (17:00). I came inside a Korean coffeehouse that was nearby, at Normandie and Wilshire, and soon began crying (55:30): “What is going on? Why does the recorder malfunction?” (57:00). “Not even Mr Chertoff has done this before, it's so blatant...” (1:14:00). “Everyone else is so lucky, they can just be themselves, and not become a target” (1:16:00). I was the quintessential “targeted individual”.

My next recordings are: “koreancafe\_6\_6\_10\_1240-123PM.WMA” and “koreancafe\_6\_6\_10\_134-351PM.WMA”. As I reviewed my recordings and writing my diaries, I cried more: “It's not about whether we are useful... We have already sacrificed our life for Daughterland... If they don't pick us up, what shall we do?” Then: “The Monkey took away Daughterland from us...” (27:00). While burning a new backup DVD, I wrote another plea to DGHTRCOURT:

“TO MEMBERS OF DGHTRCOURT: Pyramid's father should no longer be allowed to use machines in the control center to remotely turn off my recorders or camera or my laptop just so that he could forge recordings of my voice saying something different than what I have actually said. That much should be a given in a fair proceeding. Please also refrain from remotely turning off my equipment for testing purposes. The effect has been too devastating.

“One feels compelled furthermore to beg this. Who else would have loved DGHTRLND so much – a land completely unknown to him – as to once be willing to give up his life to save it? Please don't let Pyramid's father take away from DGHTRLND such a strange creature not to be found again – no matter how ugly and useless he is at the moment. And please be advised that Pyramid's father has had the habit of forging recording of my conversation with the evil intent of depriving the DGHTRLND of just such a strange love... Does anyone know what I said to my best friend on June 4 8:18 PM or so? Does anyone know what I did this morning between 9:30 and 10:50 AM? My recorder was remotely turned off on these two occasions and I'm so afraid that it's because Pyramid's father had turned it off in order to forge recording of my saying bad things about a country I have once been willing to give up my life saving – wouldn't that be strange? One can only keep praying to the invisible forces that he be saved by these forces just as once he has tried to save them... He wishes not to reiterate grace from the past, but he is the saddest person in the world, completely powerless now because he has already sacrificed everything, including his sanity.



“PLEASE UNDERSTAND: Pyramid's father's abuse – in blatant contradiction to the grace I have once shown his daughter – has elicited the worst from me: the outburst at betrayal. Please consider me with the same sympathy as if considering a veteran with PTSD. But – please think, can someone so bad have saved DGHTRLND, especially since the battle lasted a year-and-a-half? Please take in the testimony from the man who knew me the best, my Uncle DGHTR, whom I will never regret saving, the best of DGHTRORG, just as I would never regret saving DGHTRLND.”

Again, evidence in France's favor for my conspiracy with Daughterland while at the same time evidence in Daughterland's favor for my insanity.

My next recording is: “[dprssedkrcafe\\_6\\_6\\_10\\_351-629PM.WMA](#)”. I continued to review my recordings and rewrite my April diary hoping to understand better what had happened. Soon I became very depressed. “What's the point of living?” (1:28:00) “Nobody will ever know what I have done; the Monkey says whatever he wants about me...” (1:45:00) In a sense, I was worried about nothing, since nobody outside the International Court cared what I had done anyway. I continued to moan: “We have never had a real friend, all our friends have been recruited as government agents...” (1:54:00). Sort of true. “There is no alternative to joining the Daughter People... We don't like the Monkey because he took away our Daughter” (1:57:00). “Do they expect us to just find a job and live on? We can't even find a therapist, we can't even talk to Mona, there is nobody around... I'm the most slandered person in the history of humankind.” This was my most serious problem: I had made my life evolve entirely around this ICJ trial and the power struggle between nation-states. Until my experience was validated, I had no longer any interest in a “normal life”. It would be like this throughout the coming years. I was then scared by machines' humming: sonophobia (2:11:00). As I was leaving, I continued to mutter: “In order for you to be yourself, other people would have to have a correct perception of you. *Your being depends on other people's perception.*” (2:28:30). Remember this phrase, for being slandered, although not for now, would be my fate continuously for the next several years.

My next recording is: “[711etcnrmdie\\_6\\_6\\_10\\_629-714PM.WMA](#)” and “[cybrcafestudyrfp\\_6\\_6\\_10\\_716-1004PM.WMA](#)”: I pleaded to the Monkey, “Why can't he just go away? Why does he have to slander us? Why can't both of us be in the club?” (12:00) Then I became convinced of another wrong theory: this is a duel. “We don't want a duel. Why can't we both be in the club?” (18:00) “But we aren't backing out, for it's my Daughter.” I came inside the cybercafe and, there, continued my Daughterspeak lesson on Russland Journal (22:00). When a few guys around me were talking loudly, which bothered me (sonophobia), I actually believed that they were all remotely controlled by the Monkey (27:00). Again, the typical symptom of a “targeted individual”: because it happened once, one came to believe that it happened all the time, making oneself look crazy instead. I then began uploading to my website the videos I had shot in the past days. I then watched the same music video of Sakai Noriko, and also an interview of her on a Chinese TV show. When two “pyramids” came in (blond and brunet), it caused me quite a surprise, for white girls didn't usually come to places like this at this time of the night (2:19:00). I erroneously believed that it's the Monkey who had programmed this from the control center, and complained: “The Monkey's environment is so abnormal: why would pyramids come to a place like this?” Again, the typical symptom of a “targeted individual”, wrongly believing that everything around was staged and programmed and orchestrated,

and looking increasingly crazy.

My last recording of the day is: “cybrcafeftps1p\_6\_6\_10\_1004PM-1112PM.WMA”. And so I watched more of Noriko's interview and reviewed again today's lesson at Russland Journal. Then I went to sleep in the street corner on Wilshire and Normandie.

## June 7 (Monday)

My first recording of the new day is: “wk711rflctnsuic\_6\_7\_10\_547-644AM.WMA” I woke up from the street corner feeling very sad. I was paranoid because I didn't know what more evidence the Monkey had forged about me. Again, I didn't know that, after the Monkey had forged a false profile of me one time, he couldn't do it again. I moaned: “He could have forged a recording showing me saying something to make people believe I'm violent...” (11:00). Then I said to myself: “You can't live in this society, there can only be waves and waves of lies about you...” (16:00). This would be true enough. Then: “I was asking for a Daughter Pyramid, but I can't imagine any female wanting to be near me, I'm just so ugly...” (25:00). Then: “There is nothing more important in life than my recorder staying turned on. If it is shut off, then we should die” (48:00). I was feeling so traumatized because I hadn't yet recovered from the remote turning-off of my recorder in the past two days.

My next recording is: “rflctsuic\_6\_7\_10\_644-712AM.WMA”. I sighed: “The Monkey has won, because he controls the machines.” Then, more sarcasm of the Monkey: “When people say, 'Be yourself', they don't really mean it, they just want you to be whatever they want you to be, and, if you don't, they'll turn off your recorder...” In any case, the complaint was based on the wrong assumption that it was the Monkey who had turned off my recorder. (He did, but only under Daughter People's command.) I got on the bus going toward UCLA on 15:00. I gave more damaging testimony without knowing: “We have also lost Mommy, they will never know that we actually like them...” Referring to my actions back in January: “You have to beat them (i.e. the Agency), and then spare them, only then would they know that you actually like them” (18:00). Again, the French would use this “confession” as evidence to convict the CIA of conspiracy with me against France and the neocons.

My next recording is: “nw54/bus720whybeatmmyt UCLA\_6\_7\_10\_712-850AM.WMA” After I got off the bus on 15:00, I stupidly continued my damaging confession: “At the time we had to prove to Mommy that we were not here for revenge, that's why we had to win, for then we would have the chance to spare them.” And so I walked into UCLA and ate breakfast from the vending machines. Again, my incorrect understanding of the situation caused me to be paranoid over nothing: the typical symptom of a “targeted individual”: “What are these people told about me behind my back...” (1:03:00). The authority didn't tell people anything about me. I concluded more: “The Monkey has never noticed that other people might have desires because he has lived on the top for so long” (1:05:00). Perhaps. I then came inside the library.

My next recording is: “uclalibreadrdvd1205657abutdye\_6\_7\_10\_924AM-1238PM.WMA”. Inside the library, I continued to review my recordings and compose my diary trying to understand what was going on. Again, saddened, I sighed: “Just kill ourselves, there is no point fighting” (24:00). I still hoped that it's all just a test, crying to the Daughter People: “The test is not going to be accurate.”

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicacheia, and Misopedia, I.  
Lawrence C. Chin. Feb. 2016; corrections afterward

When a student librarian came near me wearing earphones, I was alarmed, wrongly believing that she was conducting surveillance on me: the typical symptom of a “targeted individual” (54:30). Unknowingly furnishing evidences to damn the Agency, I wrote down my earlier thought in more detail:

“Reflected on *another* of the principal reasons why one felt so compelled to beat Best Mommy in the beginning of January. If Mommy had won, then one would never have the opportunity to spare her and thus to demonstrate one's love for her based on her value and one's higher grade of *Verfassung* (not being so narrowly revengeful) – she would just think that she has survived through her own effort and would not believe me if I should tell her afterwards, 'You know, I would have spared you anyway because you are so beautiful and smart.' For Best Mommy and the like did not understand oneself as well as DGHTR.”

I then found another German book on Russian grammar and began reading it. Then I mistook the students who were coming near me for “spotting me”: the typical symptom of a “targeted individual”.

My next recording is: “leavuclaelvanglmtphr\_6\_7\_10\_1238-206PM.WMA”. As I was leaving the UCLA library, I speculated on Monkey's thinking about me: “He should be dumped away in public assistance housing, and just swallow the slander about him. He needs to just forget about it...” (15:00). As I was sipping on the coffee I bought from the vending machine, I actually began contemplating suicide: how about jumping off the Golden Gate Bridge? (31:00) I simply couldn't stand homelessness, loneliness, and what seemed to be invisible torture like strange malfunctioning of electronic devices. As I was leaving the UCLA campus, I continued to moan: “Forever and ever you are just not allowed to be yourself, you have to be this strange creature which others say you are...” Yes, before, I got slandered by the United States into this most disgusting “David Chin”. But now my situation only worsened: “Before, we were under surveillance everywhere we went and always. But, now, the surveillance on us is actually changed!” (52:00) Forged, that is, which is worse than being under surveillance. What I didn't know is that, before, I was merely slandered into “David Chin”, but that, now, I was actually expected to *physically become this “David Chin”* in order to justify the slander as true, and by none other than those Daughter People themselves for whom I had fought! As I was riding the bus going to downtown, I murmured further: “Don't understand this court, why are forged recordings allowed as evidences?” Again, whenever my recorder was remotely turned off, I assumed it was because the Monkey had turned it off when he wanted to forge a recording showing me saying and doing bad things which I didn't say and do. I simply couldn't comprehend that there wasn't any “Daughter Court” (“SVR martial court”) at all.

My next recording is: “IMPbu2rcrdngokgoeurop\_6\_7\_10\_206-318PM.WMA”. I began also to consolidate my idea of escaping from the Monkey by going to Europe. Then I convinced myself again: “The Monkey has blocked everything in surveillance. He picks and chooses from the surveillance on us, and so we don't know what the Daughter People actually know about us” (46:30). Completely bullshit what I was speaking. I had my laptop opened, and, suddenly, IME malfunctioned and the Chinese characters for “conversation” (谈话) popped up on my computer screen (1:01:00). I began mistaking this for a message which the Monkey had passed to me: “Go talk to the Pyramid” or “Let's talk.” In reality, it was most likely the Daughter People who were preparing a trap for me. They had, as

you have seen, been wanting me to go bother the Pyramid at the law library, so that I could be thrown out, thus confirming Monkey's false profile of me as being a danger to her.

My next recording is: “[bus2rgionalcmmndgomxtostorage\\_6\\_7\\_10\\_318-451PM.WMA](#)”. After I got off the bus, I thought there was another Homeland Security surveillance agent in front of me (29:30). I reminded myself not to videotape any pyramids, for I wrongly assumed that the Monkey would use it as evidence to prove that I was sexually perverted (36:00). Paranoia over nothing: the typical symptom of a “targeted individual”. I then ate lunch in the food mall next to the storage facility. Then: “I want to be obedient to the command, but I don't know what the command is. This is the problem with being a 'dog'” (47:30). Again, I wrongly assumed that what the Monkey wanted from me was to obey him. Then: “We are not gonna do Monkey's thing, being dumped in some public assistance housing and forgotten... No. We are waiting for our Daughter. We are going to Europe... Even just being a dog with my Daughter, and with a pyramid as well – we'll take that deal” (52:00). Then more bullshit because of my incorrect understanding of the current situation – wrongly assuming that I was being “tested”: “We have no idea how well other people score... If the Daughter People have wanted us to go to Mexico, that means that they must have seen special value in us... Ordinary people will not even know what's going on, they will just be dumped into asylum without knowing why, and the Monkey would have succeeded” (1:01:00). I thus took pride in being able to figure out “what was going on” – unaware that all my understanding was incorrect – and assumed, wrongly, that the Daughter People were hugely impressed by my amazing ability to decipher clandestine operations. Ha! I had no idea what a fool I had made of myself. And, then, because I kept coughing, I had a difficult time in figuring out whether the coughing was “natural” or whether it was the control center which had controlled me to cough in order to signal to me that I had said something right. Then I began confessing about the past again, which was always bad (helping the French and the neocons): “It's like when we went to China, we purposely left behind clues...” (1:12:00). Then I continued my *dangerous* overestimation of myself: “Normally people would have no clue... We are special... Actually in the beginning we had no clues either, until RCMP gave it away...” (1:16:00). I then came inside the storage.

My next recording is: “[storageanglc325\\_6\\_7\\_10\\_451-524PM.WMA](#)” While putting my newly backup discs into my storage unit, I reflected again on my “right approach” to being introduced to a woman: “Our strategy with females is to put forward the worst side first, to make a bad first impression, so that her impression of us can only get better in the future. This is better as a long term strategy than the usual strategy of putting forward the good side first, so that the woman's impression of the man can only get worse in time.” I suggested this to the Daughter People because I was still waiting for them to assign me a pyramid.

My next recording is: “[toCybrcf\\_6\\_7\\_10\\_524-722PM.WMA](#)” As I was leaving the storage, I murmured my defiance: “We don't obey the Monkey, but only our Daughter...” “What happened to the Monkey anyway? He's not pushed out of DGHTRORG.” Again, the wrong assumption that the Daughter People were trying to recruit the Monkey. Stupid, I even contemplated the problem facing me when the pyramid shall show up to take me away: “What are we going to do about our stuff? Our pyramid will tell us.” My symptom of a “targeted individual” is such that, when a “pyramid” turned around in front of me, I even asked: “What does it mean?” (1:05:00) – assuming, wrongly, that she, like every detail in my environment, was being remotely programmed from the control center. I then rode the bus to the

cybercafe. While inside the cybercafe, I saw another “semi-pyramid”, and wondered: “What is she doing here?” Again, this was a completely random, “natural” event, but every slight unusualness caused me to think that it's the Monkey who had programmed this from the control center. More evidence in Daughter People's favor.

My next recording is: “[cybrcafeftpstudyr\\_6\\_7\\_10\\_728-926PM.WMA](#)”. After leaving a message for Wes, I began my lesson at Russland Journal (1:06:00). When I was done and leaving the cybercafe, I got angry again over what I believed to be Monkey's forgery of recording showing me saying and doing bad things which I didn't say and do (1:40:00). Then I was completely overwhelmed by my helplessness: “How precisely to get to Daughterland? What are we going to do now?” (1:53:00). I was so convinced that fleeing to the Daughter People was my way out of total misery, abandonment, and machine malfunctioning, and, yet – I couldn't possibly get there myself. Why aren't the Daughter People helping me? By the time I got on the bus to go to Westwood, I was breathing heavily out of nervousness.

My next recording is: “[bus720hungprymdstudy\\_6\\_7\\_10\\_926-1103PM.WMA](#)”. Now, there was a “pyramid” on the bus. I sat down next to her and began chatting with her. It turned out that she was from Hungary. I shouted in excitement: “I want to go to Hungary... How much is it to live in Hungary?” It also turned out that she knew a little bit of Russian, my “Daughterspeak”, and that She was born in Ukraine. Ignorant, I said, “I get so tired of here... Russia is the best country in the world, isn't it?” In reality, this “Daughterland” would hardly be a comfortable place for me. I got off the bus on 26:00, convinced that this running into the Hungarian girl was orchestrated from the control center. It's not clear to me whether any intercept had been created at all for the ICJ by my meeting with the Hungarian (or Ukrainian) girl (whether any evidence about “conspiracy” had been produced). As I walked into the UCLA campus, I, laughing, kept encouraging the Daughter People to plunder “Mommyland”, i.e. take away as much technology from the United States as they could (36:00). I came inside the research library and resumed my lesson on Russland Journal (1:02:00). I came up with another wrong theory – that DGHTRCOM had chosen the Monkey and not me because he wanted Mexican oil to which I couldn't compare. Just then, a girl nearby moved around, causing me to believe that it's because I said something right (1:11:00). I had thus succeeded in duping myself again. When the library closed and I was leaving, I complained again: “After all that we have done, this is what we get... We are the most unfortunate, isn't it... Life sucks, huh?” (1:26:00) I wanted to go to Subway to use my computer there, but I knew the employees there would say, “You have to buy something to stay here...” And I assumed wrongly that they were only instructed to say that to me – that it was the Monkey who had “changed the rules (of society)” and instructed them to so act in front of me, since it wasn't like that before. Again, erroneously believing that everybody was acting in front of me – caught in street theater – when nobody was: this was also a typical symptom of a “targeted individual”. As I drank my coffee bought from the vending machine, I noticed a cake left on the table. I murmured: “As long as we videotape it before eating it, we won't get poisoned and die...” (1:31:00). Again, how crazy I must look to you: a targeted individual. I then began theorizing – again, wrongly – that I might have fallen into a trap earlier when talking to the Hungarian girl: today was the last day for the jurors in the Daughter Court to vote, and I couldn't upload the recording before the day was over (assuming that the Monkey had forged evidence showing me saying bad things to and harassing the Hungarian girl).



My next recording is: “[strbkpolicelmf\\_6\\_27-28\\_10\\_1103PM-1255AM.WMA](#)”: As I sat outside the library in the middle of the night, I cried to the Daughter People out of complete desperation: “I have saved you before, why don't you save me?” (6:00) It was a complete mystery to me why they just wouldn't lend me a hand as they saw me downtrodden, slandered, and without means to survive: it completely escaped me that they would die (figuratively speaking) if they helped me. As I came inside the Starbucks in Westwood Village, I still murmured my incorrect understanding of everything which would certainly make me look crazy and delusional: “The jurors don't know that the people around me are instructed to do and say to me the things which they say and do to me (44:00). Wrong! (There were neither jurors nor any acting by the people around me.) I was then alerted by a child brought in by her parents: at this time of night! I wrongly thought it must be because the Monkey had programmed or instructed them to come in so as to produce evidence showing me to be a pedophile. When a police officer walked in, I went up to him holding my recorder in my hand and swinging it in his face, “Do you find it bizarre that there is a child over there?” (48:00) The officer was annoyed: “Go over there... No laws are broken.” He even tried to grab my recorder, and then: “My badge number is 379.” I put up this drama because I wrongly assumed that the officer already knew about me since 2008 because of this ICJ trial, and was therefore only “acting” right now: I didn't know that only a small portion of the police force in the city had been privileged to know about my ICJ trial and that, after Russia had won, they never told the rest of the officers about my case. I promptly left Starbucks because of the child in there. I came to Kinkos wanting to use my computer there, but was not allowed. I finally went inside the Subway and bought a drink in order to stay there.

My next recording is: “[wstwdrflctnanglcpapasayout\\_6\\_8\\_10\\_1-128AM.WMA](#)”: My false impression of still being caught up in a theater continued. A stranger struck up a conversation with me and asked me what I was recording. Assuming that he had already been alerted about me and so knew I recorded every moment of my life, I was sarcastic: “It's not like you don't know...” (5:30). I continued: “You guys are told to come to me...” Actually not. Again, the typical symptom of a “targeted individual”. I then confessed: “Why do you keep talking to yourself? Because somebody is recording your thought, and so you'd better get a copy for yourself too!” (21:00) I would sleep in the street corner in Westwood Village tonight.

## **June 8 (Tuesday)**

My first recording of the new, miserable day is: “[IMPwkuclamedcoffee\\_6\\_8\\_10\\_726-807AM.WMA](#)”. Immediately after I woke up from the street corner, I began talking to myself: “The DGHTRPPL should have control over all the machines, because they are the victims... That's revolution...” Then: “The weak should have the weapons, not the strong...” Again, wasting my time speculating: all this wasn't even relevant.

My next recording is: “[IMPrflctnuclastudy\\_6\\_8\\_10\\_807-957AM.WMA](#)”. To torment myself, I came up with another paranoid wrong theory: “The Monkey has recruited somebody to talk like me so it doesn't sound forged” – and there was car honking nearby as if to confirm me (6:00): I got trained to attribute meaning to these random events and thus looked increasingly superstitious (like the examination of animals' entrails before battle in the time of the Greeks). And I gradually understood the futility of recording myself to prevent slander: “No one has the time to listen to my 10,000 hours of



recording of myself..." (9:00). As I was walking to UCLA, my unwarranted paranoia ("targeted individual") had reached such level that I asked myself: "How do you know what you are learning is not fake?" I was referring to Russland Journal. Since it's a website, its content could be easily changed from the control center when I came to look at it. Thus: "You have to check multiple sources to see if the information about 'Daughterspeak' match" (41:00). I then moaned again: "Life in this country is unbearable" – all because I erroneously assumed that all those people around me were told something about me (45:00). "Truman" has been inside his "Truman Show" for too long, so that, even when the show has ended, he still thinks he is in the show. Well, partly because nobody has told him that the show has ended. When I came inside the UCLA library, I noted to myself another woman wearing sunglasses over her head – as if this were still a "signal" of some sort (59:00). Then: "We need verification... We need to check if the Pyramid still works at the library..." (1:02:00). I came inside the library and began my daily lesson at Russland Journal.

My next recording is: "studyrreadgrmbookr\_6\_8\_10\_957AM-1222PM.WMA": Again, grammatical mistakes on Russland Journal's website completely scared me. Does it mean that the content of the site has indeed been altered from some Homeland Security control center (per the order of the Monkey)? When I was done with my lesson, I comforted myself with my ancient wisdom: "Get your masochism out, and enjoy the slander of you, then you'll feel better" (1:19:00). I then went upstairs to look for books on Russian grammar. Still traumatized by the disappearance of Paul Garde's *Grammaire russe*, I came up with another wrong theory to torment myself: "The Monkey has sent his agent to steal the grammar book in order to make it look like I did it..." (1:27:30). Then the negative thought following upon unwarranted paranoia: "You must enjoy being the most hated person in the history of humankind; we are so bad, yeah!" (1:29:00) I began reading the same Russian grammar book in German, and realized that the information on Russland Journal wasn't incorrect after all. When I thought again about asking for a Daughter Pyramid, my arm hurt tremendously. "Daughter is telling me something. Asking for Daughter Pyramid would be an insult to her. It's better to ask for a 'Daughter Mommy'" – that is, a "mother figure" rather than a girlfriend (2:06:00). In reality, it was most likely the French who were signaling to me – another instance of my conspiracy with Daughterland.

My next recording is: "uclalunch\_6\_8\_10\_1222-221PM.WMA": As I walked out of the library, I was still worried over the remote deletion of the recording of my conversation with Wes: "Somebody else than the Monkey had to be listening to our phone conversation with Wes" (9:00). Then, when I murmured: "We have to enjoy being slandered" – an Asian girl got up from her seat, as if to confirm (28:00). Of course the Daughter People were no longer signaling to me in this way: I had been trained to mistake these random movements for "signals": the typical symptom of a "targeted individual". Again, how lonely I was: "I wish I could be like other people, just hanging out..." I then got on the bus going toward downtown.

My next recording is: "IMPbus20vidonlyanglpapathng\_6\_8\_10\_221-250PM.WMA": While on the bus, I murmured: "The Monkey is going to win the duel, for his deception is so smooth..." (9:00). This is because I had mistaken every movement in my environment to be remotely programmed by the Monkey from the control center. I then continued further on the wrong path: "The Monkey is the commander of the North American District in the UNICOM." Then my wrong assumption that the Monkey was submitting faulty evidence to Daughter Court to slander me: "Every time when we

videotape something in our environment, it's because he has put it there, if it's not he who has put it there, we wouldn't videotape it. But he would just argue in court that we are a sicko, videotaping all the pretty girls around us..." (26:00). And so my mistake: "All these weird looking people who have never been on the bus before, obviously it's the Monkey who has put them here..." Because the look of the bus was different, I wrongly assumed that it's because the Monkey had remotely controlled everybody to show up. I had grossly exaggerated the power and agenda of the "control center" in this ICJ trial.

My next recordings are: "IMPbus20anglecpapatoodaring\_6\_8\_10\_250-311PM.WMA" and "tostriveplddghtrnopasststwrtsupl10\_6\_8\_10\_311-626PM.WMA": I came to Strive looking for my coordinator Keith (25:00). While waiting for him, I also identified from my recording the reservation number for my unused flight to Amsterdam. I was seriously thinking about escaping to Europe and eventually to "Daughterland". With Keith from 57:00 onward. He told me I didn't pass the test! He also told me that Strive no longer offered housing. This was bad news. I didn't have any means to get out of my homelessness. He wanted to refer me to shelters, especially the Mission. Again, I believed that my failure to pass the test was the Monkey's work: he was producing evidences showing me to be mentally retarded. Thank God, in the end, Keith gave me a sandwich, saving me a few dollars (1:20:00). My grossly exaggerated notion of the working of the control center was such that I even believed that the sandwich was orchestrated by the Monkey, and the thought that he had given me something would considerably soften my anger toward him. That's how easily I can be pleased. I then rode the bus back to the cybercafe. I walked in and wrote down my daily plea to the Daughter People – unaware of how this could sink them into "conspiracy" with me:

**"Daily address to the members of TCHTRGERICHT:**

"One has sacrificed one's sanity, health, and finance in the past year and a half for the sake of DGHTRLND – how about letting DGHTRPPL adopt oneself (even as a pet), not in order to reward oneself with a home and a sacred TCHTRPYRAMID, but in order to give oneself a chance to contribute further to the betterment of TCHTRWLT? One's poor behavior in the past weeks has been the result of such sacrifice multiplied ten fold by further unjustified abuse – please note that one's talent will express itself in a far greater extent than so far seen – artistic, linguistic, poetic, engineering (proving things, fixing COMSYS with PGP signature-induced activation, etc.), esoteric knowledge from militaristic to pop-culture, philosophical and other academic knowledge and reasoning, and psychological profiling – without the noted behavioral problem if one were brought under the care of an expert like Uncle DGHTR and in the dreamed environment of TCHTRLND. Think: it would be TCHTRLND's loss should DGHTRORG be convinced by Pyramid's father of one's unfitness – the man extensively forges evidence and constantly slanders. As he surely has important resources to contribute to TCHTRWLT – his political connections, etc. – one will never argue with him in the future, if not because of the occasional niceties he has offered oneself here and there (a couple of sandwiches, a few oranges, a few cigarettes, some cheap batteries) but at least for the sake of the welfare of TCHTRWLT. This is a promise – *yakusoku* – that one will forget the vast amount of damages Pyramid's father has already inflicted upon oneself, as long as one's innocence is already proven and one's performance for DGHTRPPL not disrupted.

"In other words one no longer selfishly demands the reward or compensation or satiation by a

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, I.  
Lawrence C. Chin. Feb. 2016; corrections afterward

TCHTRPYRAMID. One only wishes to belong to a home and to contribute something to it. But one has no money to enter DGHTRLND on one's own save with great risks and hardship. One thus still harbors the wish for a DGHTRLOOP – not wishing for DGHTRFIRE to take one to TCHTRLND but simply ETWAS TOCHTERISCHEs to bring such about.

“Please ignore Pyramid's father's evidence (doubles, forgeries), one thus pleads – it's a waste of DGHTRORG's resources, and one's precious energies and time. One could better use one's time learning TOCHTERSPRACH or writing out PLANMEX's past history or studying philosophy, religion, and archeology than paying attention to who is using computers or cellphones next to oneself, or thinking about filing police report about one's lost USB flash drive. Pyramid's father's duel includes such wasteful destruction of oneself as forging recordings and slandering to destroy one's chance of normal functioning in one's social environment and is meant more to destroy than to test – the testing is just a pretext for destroying the product before it is even commissioned. Is this DGHTRORG's intention toward the vehicle that has given birth to its mountain top? Unless it really is so, the duel and the trial should immediately stop insofar as it is not meant to destroy an external enemy but to clear up some internal issue or to test a new product. PLEASE NOTE THAT the skills one has learned to bypass faulty surveillance and forgeries in a unseen court battle through extensive use of recording and videotaping has no real value outside an international court battle – TCHTRWLT being already constituted, the little use TCHTRORG will need in calming the pieces or keeping tab on the owned parts will never require such skills again. These skills are born in a surveillance-saturated environment that is already thoroughly owned and, insofar as one has no interest in being the enemy of TCHTRWLT, these have now only the cost of tremendous waste of time and data space in addition to psychological trauma to an already fragile product while adding nothing valuable to a world such as one has wanted.

“If obedience and thought of the whole more than oneself are virtues to TCHTRORG, please order Pyramid's father to help *ce pauvre* enter TCHTRWLT – even if only as a pet – against his most cherished wish, so that he may demonstrate his second contribution to TCHTRWLT than his mere political connections. He will thereby earn the respect of not just oneself but the entire DGHTRPPL and thus enjoy even greater happiness as the commander of ICJ District North America.

“Finally, a word on DGHTRPPL's fear of one's disappointment with TCHTRLND. One has already acquired enough bad impression about TCHTRLND for a long time from Western media – DGHTRMAFIA, TCHTRNTNLISMUS, people's degrading talk of 'Tochterinen' as cheap 'mail-order brides' – but one has only begun acquiring a super good impression about DGHTRPPL's superior wisdom and better understanding of one's comedies and sadness. Should one remind DGHTRPPL of the greater security of a relationship that begins with low expectation of and disappointment with the other's morals but which then picks up steam with that awful guilty feeling about misunderstanding the other's goodness and underestimating the other's abilities? The hardship of TCHTRLEBEN in TCHTRLND already expected, one is waiting to understand the origins of the mysterious DGHTRWAY and DGHTRTHINGS.

“At last, please consider this plea in its substance rather than waste time debating its authenticity which Pyramid's father will for sure attempt to doubt for the record of GERICHTHOF. One has recorded

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, I.  
Lawrence C. Chin. Feb. 2016; corrections afterward

oneself while writing it but not videotaped the process, and one has no money to upload the recording for the Court's examination. Perhaps one's abilities can be proven in the future while under Uncle DGHTR's care.”

Again, the above plea was not only a waste of my own time, but evidence for my conspiracy with my beloved Daughterland – if weren't for its nonsensical nature, it would be my Daughterland's death sentence.

My next recording is: “cybrcafeaddrsto\_6\_8\_10\_637-914PM.WMA”: As I continued writing my plea, I murmured at one point: “It's not about testing, it's about the other guy who doesn't like me. I just want to get into DGHTRORG!” (43:00) Then I moaned again: “You would think that smashing the instrument is a way of testing it, but here, testing it is merely a pretext for smashing it...”

My next recording is: “cybrcafecarcantflyheiseftp\_6\_8\_10\_914-1049PM.WMA”: I went inside the restroom, murmuring: “Go die on the streets of Europe.” Since I was planning to upload my recording to my website thinking that the Daughter Court might need my counter-evidence against the Monkey's forgeries, I thought I had better edit out my time in the restroom from this recording. Again, I didn't know that I was wasting my time fighting against an imaginary reality. I then complained about the non-existent reality again: “We have the will to forget the Monkey, but he doesn't. Several people are supposed to go to Mexico, but instead they have decided to waste their time doing this trial and jury thing and stab each other in the back. It would be years before they get to Mexico.” Then my erroneous conception that the Daughter People were “testing me”: “They drove the car to the mountain top, and then decide they don't want the car anymore because it can't fly!” (15:00) I was referring to Daughter People's abandonment of me. “There is no way to win this...” “Are you supposed to obey or not obey? Oh I get it: you are supposed to obey, but when they say, 'Don't obey', you are supposed to obey that...” I then went on Heise.DE to read up on “buffer overflow” thinking that this might help me understand how the Monkey could remotely shut down my electronic devices. All the while I began uploading my recording files on the cybercafe's computer.

My last recording of the day is: “cybrcafe\_6\_8-9\_10\_1053PM-1238AM.WMA”: When the Korean boss of the cybercafe showed up, I mistakenly thought this might be Daughter People's symbolism that DHGTRCOM had personally come in to check on me. How stupid! But I soon began to wonder: “Maybe it's the Monkey's deception?” (21:00) You just can't tell! Then more stupid speculation: “How come they wanted to pair me up with the Pyramid, and not with one of their own pyramids? Maybe they don't want me to worship their pyramid...” (33:00). Finally, from the random environmental details here and there, I erroneously concluded that a lot of people were indeed watching me, including even the Japanese intelligence! (49:00) I then complained: “We have been traumatized for too long by an environment that is saturated with symbolism...” (1:35:00). I had no idea that it's all in my mind! Finally, I went to sleep in the street corner on Normandie and Wilshire.

## **June 9 (Wednesday)**

My first recording of the miserable new day is: “6\_9\_10\_653-911AM.WMA”. I woke up, and, while doing my morning reflection, I became upset because I couldn't figure out if, when I coughed, it's

because the Daughter People were signaling to me that I said something right. I walked into McDonald's continuing to complain: "We are going to Europe, as we are abandoned... How do we know if coughing means anything; coughing is too weak a signal..." (19:30). I then asked a woman why she put her sunglasses over her head – believing erroneously that this might be control center's symbolism! I then got on the bus on 45:00. I sighed: "The Monkey is taking over my environment and my case, he doesn't want me to know anything, he just wants me to disappear" (56:00). I then cried: "Please, the Pyramid, just go back to your father, let him have his daughter back, so he wouldn't take away *my* Daughter. Can you hear me?" Then I decided – erroneously, based on what seemed to be all the Homeland Security surveillance around me – that I had understood the Monkey's strategy: "He is instructing Homeland Security to prepare to broadcast an alert about me internationally. That this dangerous schizophrenic talks to himself all the time and forges recording of himself..." (1:02:30). "Then we will have problem even going to Daughterland itself, for even the Daughterland government needs to respect communications from Homeland Security. That's why there are all these Homeland Security surveillance agents around us..." "The Pyramid is such a disaster!" Then, when I saw a pyramid who looked like one of Mommy's, I thought mistakenly again: "The Monkey is telling us that Mommy is under his command..." I was very much saddened by this fact. Again, evidence for the French that I had conspired with the Agency – and yet the woman certainly wasn't Mommy at all: didn't I look increasingly delusional, mistaking ordinary women for Agency's girls? I moaned: "Saving the Pyramid has become our death..." I got off the bus in Westwood Village on 1:21:00, murmuring with tremendous sadness: "Go to Europe, and just kill yourself there, for life is not worth living, for, everywhere you go, there is all this slander..." (1:32:00). This might be true before, but it wasn't the case currently: paranoid over nothing. Then: "If we don't have our Daughter, we'll kill ourselves..." (1:49:00). I then suspected another woman walking her dog to be "Mommy", and even videotaped her from behind. I came inside the UCLA library, and speculated incorrectly again: "A lot of women lately have looked at me as if very annoyed, and yet I didn't do anything; it must be the Monkey's work: per Monkey's programming, these women are going to make false complaints about me..." (1:59:00). Didn't I look crazy enough? Paranoid over nothing. Nobody was making false reports about me right now. Then, more paranoia: "The Monkey is trying to get the police to believe that I'm not Lawrence Chin at all" (2:06:00). I went upstairs in the library looking for the same Russian grammar book.

My next recording is: "[uclareadrsupl9cd\\_6\\_9\\_10\\_911-1157AM.WMA](#)": I began reviewing my recordings while reading the Russian grammar book. From time to time, I would be distracted by so much negative thoughts and complain: "Even though I think about sex far less than the average male, the Monkey would claim, with his artificial evidences, that I'm a pervert..." Just then a librarian came over to warn me not to talk to myself. Paranoid over nothing, I mistakenly thought this to be the work of the Monkey as well (36:30). I continued to complain about the imaginary scenario: "We can masturbate with images of women who are fully clothed while other people masturbate with hard core pornography, and yet we are called the 'pervert'" (1:04:00). I continued reviewing the recording for what would become "Ying and Yang, II" (1:50:00). I began packing up on 2:14:00, and, when I went downstairs, I saw many children coming into the library. I again mistakenly believed it was orchestrated by the Monkey: making the university into a kindergarten in order to have evidences to submit showing me to be a pedophile. While Mr former Secretary had indeed done this before, this was not what was going on right now.

My next recordings: “[6\\_9\\_10\\_1157AM-1223PM.WMA](#)” and “[rportfbi\\_6\\_9\\_10\\_1236-3PM.WMA](#)”. Unwarranted paranoia over Monkey's current operation to frame me, I came In front of the Federal Building, determined to do something about it. First of all, there was the incident about the loan store's check. I wanted to report to the FBI that there was a problem with that check, that, perhaps, it was forged. But, as usual, I wasn't allowed in, and was merely given a number to call. I then rode the bus to the Chase Bank on La Cienega where I cashed the check in question. I sternly asked the banker to call the FBI in regard to the check I cashed a few days ago (40:00). The banker tried to explain to me that it was normal procedure that, when they accepted a check from an unknown source for the first time, they would ask for a finger print. She was telling the truth, but I wouldn't believe her. She must have thought me completely nuts. Unable to get the banker to do anything, I rode the bus back to the Federal Building. The security guards however wouldn't let me in with my recorder in my hand. I shouted at them, clearly agitated: “Can I call to make an appointment with the FBI and record the call? I must record it, otherwise the officer is going to say something different afterwards” (1:12:00). The security guards, obviously taking me for a mentally deranged vagrant, hustled me away. Amazingly, more children showed up in front of the Federal Building. I again thought this to be Monkey's work, and shouted with sarcasm, “Pedophile, pedophile in front of the FBI...” (1:24:00). While eating something inside the cafeteria of the Federal Building, I shouted at what looked like a surveillance agent: “Happy surveillance time!” (2:00:00) He could very well be a Homeland Security surveillance agent, however, since I was always on some sort of watchlist (dangerous schizophrenic) and was here loitering in front of government building. I ran back to Westwood Village and was looking for the Fly Away bus. I wanted to go to the airport to activate my unused ticket with Swiss Air, but couldn't find it. I was already very fatigue from being homeless and dragging a heavy luggage, and now I was even more distraught over this imaginary scenario that the Monkey was constantly forging evidences about me. I then began looking for a public telephone wanting to call the Swiss Air first. Then I got paranoid again: “That's why the Monkey wants us to make phone calls; all so that the recording can match the recording he has forged about us...” (2:23:00).

My next recording is: “[toairport\\_6\\_9\\_10\\_301-455PM.WMA](#)”. There were no pay phones left in Westwood Village at all. Very distraught, I murmured to myself: “Let's kill ourselves, I can't deal with this anymore.” Finally, I went inside the UCLA Medical Library, where there were pay phones by the entrance. For some reason, my call to Swiss Air couldn't go through. I again mistook it for Monkey's obstruction from the control center. Paranoid over nothing, I went inside the library to ask a librarian to witness me calling on the phone so that the call would go through: for the Monkey couldn't pull this trick on me if somebody was watching, right? I first brought him to a computer where I showed him Swiss Air's website. Then it turned out that I had written down the phone number incorrectly. Wow. All this time it wasn't the Monkey at all. I thus called Swiss Air on the pay phone, murmuring: “I enjoyed being framed, it's so cool.” Saying I wanted to activate the old ticket (confirmation number: QK8WAO), I was told that the Swiss Air office in the airport would be open until 7:30 PM. So paranoid and distraught, I asked her: “You are not lying to me?” “No, sir.” Again, she must have thought me nuts. After I hanged up, I continued to moan: “No one is going to help us, we are going insane. I guess the Daughter People's hands are tied...” Well, indeed. “This is a test? I just came back from war and I have to pass a test?” I angrily walked out of the library. I came inside the STA travel agency (where I bought the ticket initially) to discuss the same ticket (23:30). The travel agent couldn't pull up the ticket on her computer, and had to call the airline. Why did I run into disruptions



everywhere? I thus mistook all this for Monkey's obstruction. "We need to get prepared to die by Golden Gate Bridge; we must find a way to kill ourselves" (43:00). Finally, I was forced to go to the Swiss Air counter in the airport itself. I got on the bus to go to the airport on 46:00.

My next recording is: "[airportswsairbus6\\_6\\_9\\_10\\_510-834PM.WMA](#)". I arrived at the airport on 18:00. As I stood in line in front of Swiss Air's counter, I got paranoid over nothing again, telling another stranger that a woman with sunglasses was watching over me (31:00). Although I was very likely under Homeland Security surveillance, this was probably not it. I became increasingly convinced that the Monkey was telling everybody that I was David Chin (32:00). Again this was not the case. My paranoia was such that I was even concerned with the man speaking on his cellphone behind me, and I asked him to move away. I was with Swiss Air officer on 38:00. I explained that I wanted to re-activate my unused ticket for flight in July. Strangely, when I was impressed by a pretty pyramid, my arm hurt (45:00). It was probably the French doing this in order to confuse me. Now it turned out that I needed to pay an additional 250 dollar to re-activate the ticket, and, moreover, there was no open seat throughout all July and August. I instructed Swiss Air that I would do standby. Once again, I attributed my failure to Monkey's obstruction. Wrong! I then went to the money-exchange to convert the few Nicaraguan dollars which were left over in my wallet. But the bureau lady refused to exchange my money. Stunned – obstruction all day long in regard to everything I wanted to do – I asked somebody to call the police to resolve the issue (1:17:00). One officer was immediately here. I told him that the lady at foreign exchange wouldn't let exchange my money. However, when the officer was calling in a whole unit of police officers, I got very scared. Increasingly hysterical – believing wrongly that the Monkey was programming all this from the control center – I wanted to leave, but now the officer wouldn't let me go. Finally, the officer went to ask the exchange bureau, and came back to tell me simply that they wouldn't accept Nicaraguan money. He said: "I don't know why they wouldn't change Nicaraguan money." Thereupon I was allowed to leave the airport. I rode the airport shuttle to Green Line station, and, there, I noted to myself another woman who was wearing purple – as if this were planned from the control center (2:22:00). I then made a fuss to the bus driver about another lady who had sunglasses over her head (2:24:00). Looking increasingly crazy: the typical symptom of a "targeted individual". Driving myself to tremendous distress with my paranoia, I cried, while on the bus: "Why doesn't someone help me?" (2:41:00). Then: "My life is so miserable that I have nothing to live for, and the Monkey simply doesn't realize that..." (2:56:00). I came back to Westwood Village on the bus and found food in the trash cans there.

My next recording is: "[studyrangelcpapaschzotrick\\_6\\_9\\_10\\_834-1047PM.WMA](#)". I continued to build up my profile of the Monkey: "The Monkey never read books before, so he doesn't understand how precious my time is for me. I need my time to read books... Why would I want to get an idiotic job? I don't think others know how much pain we are in. Who else can bear this much pain?" (15:00) Then, I cried: "We are going to die... To give us a girlfriend? That's too good to be true..." (25:00). Then: "Forget about your Daughter, she's gone... We are useless now, we can't even remember a phone number correctly; and if we can't get out of this country, we'll jump the bridge..." "We despise the Pyramid..." I had by then come inside UCLA campus. "If this is a test, it's very cruel, and we'll go our separate ways when it comes to our Daughter, and we'll die... Only if we had never met the Pyramid, our life would be so much better" (46:30). "All our beautiful performance, all our sacrifice, gone down the drain... DGHTR should have let us die back in February... How sad life is when you run into the

Pyramid...” (54:00). I came inside the library on 57:00 and was ready to work on the computer. I sighed: “People will never believe the truth, but only lies, and you'll always tell the truth, while he will always lie” (1:15:00). Even though the Monkey was at the present not forging any evidences about me, what I said was indeed correct, generally speaking. People will always prefer what is false to what is true. Then my daily lesson on Russland journal from 1:18:00 onward. Then: “We'll have to videotape ourselves doing our lesson on the computer, otherwise no one will believe us; they will believe we are just here looking at pornography, for people will always believe in the opposite of reality...” “We have no friends, no one will know what we do every day, but, at least, we record every single second of our life... It's sad, but we are just too ugly, and ugly people need to record themselves, for no one will ever know what they are doing each day...” Then, when my toy camcorder malfunctioned, I was so discouraged: “Let's just die...” Suddenly, I sort of understood the purpose for my seeing so many vague “secret messages” on the computer screen: “The Monkey will cause a 'message', or what looks like it, to appear on our computer screen, and when we think it's a message, that's his evidence for our suffering from schizophrenia...” (1:49:00). I was so impressed by this dirty trick. The Monkey was in fact not doing this. The reality was that I had been so used to “secret messages” that, even when they were gone, I would still think they were there, and the Daughter People would like this condition to persist since this was their evidence for my insanity, which was their shield against France's objection. Not understanding all this, I continued: “This guy is so good at deceiving people... He only cares about appearance, and all our analysis just flies over his head. Although he understands nothing and has no education, he is an expert at lying.” Then: “We should just tell DGHTRMANAGEMENT, 'Hey, he has duped you guys! This Monkey is so good at *Schein*... He's such a scammer!”

My next recording is: “[leaveuclalibpoemang\\_6\\_9\\_10\\_1057-1125PM.WMA](#)”. I continued to complain: “We gave birth to our daughter and then we lost her because this Monkey has duped her.” I walked out of the library severely depressed. “We'll never get our Daughter's help, because of this Mexican...” (12:00). This is of course sort of true. I cried: “How unfortunate that I have met you, O Pyramid, for, ever since, my computer starts malfunctioning, I get slandered; O please go back to your father, and Pyramid's mother, please go back to your husband, please do this for me...” (15:00). “Remember, Pyramid, you carry your father's genes. Do you know how sad I am because I have met you? This is my poem: 'Only if I had never met you, for there is no greater waste in this world than you...’” (25:00).

My next recordings are: “[bus20secgrdcybrcfobeysaved\\_6\\_9-10\\_1125PM-1222AM.WMA](#)” and “[cybrftprnena\\_6\\_10\\_10\\_1228AM-158AM.WMA](#)”: I then rode the bus to cybercafe. I sat down in front of the computer there and began uploading my recording files to my website. I murmured: “We really want the Pyramid to hear our point: she's a worthless piece of garbage because of her lineage!” I was then under the impression that surveillance agents (wearing earphones) were coming in to watch over me (8:00). It's not clear whether they really were from Homeland Security or whether I was just paranoid over nothing. Then, at some point, my earphones broke down again. I got so upset: “We have to buy earphones again! We have been buying earphones every two days. I'm so exhausted, somebody please save me...” I cried a little (40:00). Then I did more lessons on Russland Journal (41:00). Afterwards, while uploading recordings to my website, I also listened to Nena's “99 Luftballon” on Youtube (1:00:00). Then, I went to sleep in the street corner. I continued to develop my wrong scenario: “How much did I really score? Probably not that low; the Monkey simply said, 'he needs discipline, and so tell him he has scored low...’. Complete nonsense.

## June 10 (Thursday; Wes)

My first recording of the new day is: “goodleadersptted\_6\_10\_10\_832-1111AM.WMA”. As usual, after waking up from the street corner, I would first waste an hour talking to myself speculating on the wrong scenarios. “The Monkey wants people to obey him, but, when they do obey, he'd hit them in the face. He doesn't understand that people don't like pain, and they don't obey just to get a sandwich or three cigarettes... We say nothing now when he is supported by overwhelming force, but, whenever we get a chance, we'll rebel...” (7:00). I then tried to find ways to persuade the Monkey to lessen my misery. “Maybe he can learn to use candies to influence others...” I then spent the rest of my time persuading the Monkey to use on me candies rather than pain. “Try to make yourself more likable as a way to obtain others' obedience, rather than forcing them to obey you. Just pretend, in order to make yourself more likable.” Then: “It's a bad communication system when you are afraid to pick up the message for fear of looking like a fool” (28:00). Then I begged the Daughter People: “Can I just get some money to start over?” All this persuasion and criticism were completely nonsensical since they were based on an incorrect understanding of the situation. So is this: “It's hard to deal with this 'internal strife', for you want to resist, but then don't want to resist... My Daughter, please help me out...” (36:00). Then: “I don't understand all the 'symbolism', is it symbolism or not? Oh no. Pain.. pain...” Then: “The Monkey just doesn't see the value in pleasure and happiness; he only knows how to use pain to induce others to action...” Finally, I got on the bus going toward Westwood. I tried to avoid children on the bus, mistaken that the game of making me into a pedophile was still going on (44:00). Again, I couldn't escape the impression that I was surrounded by surveillance agents on the bus – and it's not clear whether I was really just paranoid over nothing, since Homeland Security was always having surveillance on me in any case. I asked the guy who looked like a surveillance agent by wearing earphones: “Do you know that the profile you have got of me is all false?” (1:17:30) After I got off the bus in Westwood Village, I bought two CD-R discs in the UCLA bookstore. I needed them to make a police report about the lost USB flash drive – so my paranoia had driven me to do. I asked one of the cashiers in the bookstore why there were so many children (1:49:00). Was this not a university? I continued to suspect that the Monkey was framing me for pedophilia just like Mr Chertoff had done before. And I continued to have the impression that surveillance agents (people wearing earphones) were everywhere in the campus. This, however, was probably not the case.

My next recording is: “IMPfakefb\_6\_10\_10\_1111-1114AM.WMA”. I then found the pay phone inside the library and used it to call up the FBI – to report the business about the (imaginary) forgery of my check. A woman answered the call, and told me straightforwardly to simply walk into the FBI building between 8:30 AM and 4 PM. “That's not what the security guards have told me,” I protested. “The security guards are wrong,” she was emphatic. “Come to the 10<sup>th</sup> floor to speak to an agent,” she repeated. “We don't accept email for fear of viruses.” “Are you a real FBI?” I asked her out of my paranoia, and she hanged up.

My next recordings are: “bstbydvdfkefb\_6\_10\_10\_1114-1151AM.WMA” and “uclaangrypolcestatrvl\_6\_10\_10\_12-507PM.WMA”. I was so paranoid and so convinced by the false scenario that the Monkey was framing me and obstructing everything I was doing that I had persuaded myself that I was only talking to a fake FBI officer set up by the Monkey. I went to Best Buy to buy a

new supply of backup DVDs and then came back to the Medical Library. I continued to elaborate on my false scenario: that Pyramid's father was going to forge the finger print on the check, in which way he could then take over the control center. Worried, and not believing that I had talked to anybody from the FBI, I used the computer in the library to make an online report about what I believed to be a forged check. I continued to speculate wrongly: "Maybe the Monkey has revived Mr former Secretary in order to take over Daughterland. Where does Mommy stand on this?" (33:00) After I finished typing, however, I thought still: "We have to take a chance and walk into the FBI..." (35:00). Hungry, I walked into the Medical Center's cafeteria to scavenge for food. A doctor who looked like a "Mommy" graciously gave me some vegetable. Then someone else gave me fries. So paranoid over Monkey's framing, I filmed all the food I had collected before eating them (46:00). Then I went around calling all the pretty doctors who looked like Agency's girls "Mommy": "You look so much like my Mommy." I continued to elaborate on my false scenario: "Learning Tochttersprach is counter-evidence for the Monkey, and that's why he took my book away. He's making alliance with Mr Chertoff, the man who has wanted to kill his daughter." In reality, you should know, it was probably the Daughter People who had removed Paul Garde's book because my reading French contradicted the Monkey's false profile of me as non-French speaking. Then: "Our identity is being erased for the second time. DGHTRCOM is duped." More: "The ICJ structure has changed; there are now jurors." By now, the strange idea of suing the Pyramid as a way to fight the Monkey – both to cause the lawsuit to become evidence in the ICJ and to enable the Pyramid to help me (ha!) – began to take shape in my head. More: "The Monkey wants us to stalk the Pyramid, but David Chin is not a stalker..." (1:30:30). More: "It might be a trap if we walk into the FBI building, for the FBI might be convicted of conspiracy with us" and thus be unable to help us (1:44:00). All the "Mommy sighting" earlier got my blood boiling, and so I hid in a deserted corner in the underground parking structure to masturbate while watching Best Mommy's video (1:50:00). I then filmed myself leaving as proof that I had left nothing behind: I was restoring my old habit due to my false understanding of what was going on. Then I began doubting: "This is a test, the purpose of which is to dupe me" (2:19:00). Then: "I don't know what has happened, I just know that I have been framed." The more I thought about it, the more angry I got: "The Monkey frames me for all this fucking crimes; we'll definitely go to the FBI to spill out all his secrets" (2:27:00). I was referring to my wrong notion that he had command over North America. Ha! "But we don't know how to talk. Who the fuck is hurting my arm anyway?" As I settled down inside Ackerman, I began writing on my computer (2:36:00). And then: "Fuck the Pyramid! I'll sue you." And: "Who gave you the permission to read my thoughts? I'll kill you all" (2:59:30). I became even angrier when children suddenly showed up in the Student Union (3:15:30). Suddenly, my computer malfunctioned, causing me to want to videotape it, but then one of the children just happened to walk in front of me at the time. I thought it was the Monkey who had remotely controlled both my computer to malfunction and the child to walk in front of me, in order to obtain a piece of evidence showing me to be a pedophile (wanting to film children). "Oh he wants me to point the camera at the child. Well, just point it!" (3:17:30) I became so angered by such dirty trick that I was jumping up and down and crying, "I can't fight... We have to go to the FBI... This just takes up so much energy..." (3:20:00). I then began throwing things and kicking chairs. "Fucking pedophile..." More: "I don't want to be a pedophile, but children will appear, and my computer will malfunction, so that I'll have to film it..." When I walked away from Ackerman, I saw more babies. "This is not a university, but a kindergarten!" (3:30:00) Again, I wrongly assumed that it's the Monkey who had programmed it all – while in fact it's all "natural", even though it is only in America that universities are constantly filled with underage

children. “We'll have to escape to oversea, for there are too many children in America.”

Then, suddenly, campus police caught up with me (3:32:00). “Why were you kicking chairs?” they began interrogating me. “I was bothered.” “What's your name?” I was incensed by such simple question. “Why are you pretending to not know me?” “You have ID on you?” I refused to tell him my name, shouting instead: “There are a lot of recordings out there that have been forged about me, and there are many false reports saying I'm a pedophile... I'm about to be arrested...” The officers of course denied that this could be the case. All these false scenarios: you can just imagine how crazy the police officers must take me for. I shouted: “I don't believe you...” I continued to insist that the officer must already know who I was, while he continued to deny that he did. Finally, it turned out that he had just got his job yesterday! And so he really was telling me the truth: he couldn't have known about me even given the widespread knowledge about my ICJ trial among police officers in the past two years. I then told him: “I'm looking for detectives... I'm being framed by Homeland Security; you know, all the surveillance around me...” Strangely, when the officer checked my ID, he told me that I was caught in a vehicle violation. This sort of nonsense (misidentification), one after another, only strengthened my erroneous impression that the Monkey was at the moment forging records about me to frame me and slander me. I shouted again: “Why is it so important that I be a pedophile? When am I going to be arrested?” “You are not going to be arrested,” the officer yelled at me, certainly thinking me insane. He then told me to leave the campus at once (3:42:00) Angry, I came to STA Travel again. I told the agent – a guy this time – that I wanted to reactivate my ticket for July 3<sup>rd</sup> (4:06:00). He could barely hear me, which further irritated me. Now he couldn't find anything available either and couldn't provide any alternative. Severely irritated, I asked him to print it all out, “I don't believe anything you say...” Amazingly, the change fee was now 300 dollar. I angrily shouted to the female agent whom I was talking with yesterday: “You have changed your story. You were lying to me yesterday. You know it's all recorded, right?” Then the guy at STA insisted that one can't do stand by with international flights. Now even this story had changed – contrary to Swiss Air's affirmation yesterday – which further enraged me and convinced me that the Monkey was orchestrating all this to obstruct me. September 29 was the first day where flights became available. I wanted to know if, after I change it to that date, I could still do standby. Our STA agent repeated his story that one cannot do standby on international flights. I angrily left STA, and walked through the streets without regard for cars, causing drivers to honk (4:28:00). I concluded erroneously: “Since the Monkey is telling people we are not Lawrence Chin, we'll have to get out or we'll never be able to be ourselves...” (4:36:00). I then begged the people on the street for money. I then concluded erroneously again: “The police doesn't know that the Monkey is doing all this only in order to keep himself afloat... They don't know that the ICJ trial has come to an end; they believe that Mr Chertoff is still suing the Russians...” (4:45:00). Thus is my newly elaborated wrong scenario: the Monkey, by continuing to enter evidences into the ICJ showing me to be David Chin, he could keep his command over nation-states, specifically North America. And, to obtain these evidences, he instructed Homeland Security and the police to continue to harass me and frame me – just like Mr Chertoff was doing in the past two years – but lied to them that this was for suing the Russians, just like it was the case in the past two years. I then walked inside the Medical Library to look up something on the computer. I continued: “The Monkey has won over Daughter by arguing that I'm David Chin, and so is in control of North America...” (5:02:30). Then: “But the highest office [i.e. DGHTRCOM's supposed command over the whole world, according to my erroneous understanding of how the ICJ trial worked] can't be touched, even though he has tried. But since we don't know

Tochtersprach, that's evidence that we aren't really David Chin..."

As you can see, my erroneous understanding, while making me look ever more insane, had somehow slight resemblance to the real situation. Somebody was indeed trying to prove that I was *like* David Chin, i.e. the Russians, the Daughter People themselves, all because they couldn't admit, in the ICJ, that Monkey's profile of me was forged. The only thing was that the Daughter People, other than turning off my recorder, camcorder, and computer, barely had to do anything else to provoke me. I was now constantly provoking myself. This is again another instance of the "typical symptoms of a 'targeted individuals'".

My next recording is: "[uclawstwd\\_6\\_10\\_10\\_507-558PM.WMA](#)". I sighed: "We can never really be ourselves, that's just too hard." I seemed to have seen another surveillance agent (6:00). I then picked food in trash cans. That was my dinner. I continued: "The Monkey only has regional command, and so he doesn't want me to go away..." Then: "It's funny that the more he hides from you what is going on, the more you know what is going on..." (16:30). I actually believed that I had thoroughly understood what was going on! Then: "The Monkey is basically using us as his slave... Who is it that wants unity? DGHTRCOM?" (25:00) I was then ever more impressed by how every woman now put her sunglasses over her head. Then: "Is it a test that looks like the real thing, or is it the real thing that looks like a test?" Then: "Somebody is helping me, who is it?" Ha! Nobody was helping me inside the ICJ or the control center at all. I even came to believe that there was a reason why my A-American storage had now become Public Storage (37:00). This must have occurred via the control center to create an intercept. Ha! In reality, the management of Public Storage had simply decided to buy up A-American without the encouragement of any government entities. I then continued to count: "*This* is evidence for my being Lawrence Chin, and *that* for my being David chin..." I then filmed somebody in front of me holding a cellphone – it really is as if it were 2009 again (42:00). I then came inside the Medical Library once more. As soon as I opened up my computer, I could feel the fatigue: "So much pain, let's kill ourselves, We are simply too overworked..." I cried, "I'm so alone, nobody helps me..." (46:00). I tried to make a collect call on the pay phone in front of the library, but was told by the operator that collect call was not allowed at this number. I angrily hanged up the phone, believing it was the Monkey obstructing me again. I sighed: "Our only possible resistance is to keep him busy."

My next recording is: "[callfbifrgdrerdng\\_6\\_10\\_10\\_558-655PM.WMA](#)". I walked out of the library murmuring angrily: "Maybe he just wants us to obey; he doesn't understand that people don't obey when you keep punching them... He has changed my identity and expects me to obey, ha! What do I get out of it?" I kicked over a sign on the sidewalk while walking into Best Buy again. I was breathing heavily. Finally, I came back inside the library, and found a table upstairs to work on my writings, etc., on my computer (26:00). "Don't ever learn the value of money, but always beg for food, or just starve to death." "Always do the opposite of what he wants you to do." You see how absurd I was becoming: there was no longer any agenda to get me to learn the value of money: the French and the Daughter People were simply deciding their fate by whatever I turned out to be. "So tired, so much work, only if we had never met the pyramid..." (33:00). I made more calls, and it turned out to be a wrong number, as if the number had suddenly disappeared from use (37:00). I began crying: "Somebody help me... Why can't he just give me something to keep us quiet?" Again, I simply couldn't comprehend the situation: the ICJ trial had been rekindled, and what I did and said would be the deciding factor; how



could any party dare give me anything? Meanwhile, I was so thoroughly provoked to despair by all these little things: I seemed to be unable to get any thing I wanted, no matter how ordinary it was. I called another number. No answer again. I then left a message for Derek (41:00). Well, he would never call me back. I was being universally ignored. I then called the FBI on pay phone again (51:00). "I want to report that somebody has forged a recording about me, and you probably have it... But if you have it, you'll match it with my voice here... Then I'll be in trouble." The FBI agent was terribly annoyed: "Tell them you want to be anonymous when you report..." "No, I don't want to be anonymous." The FBI officer simply hanged up on me. I was again provoked to anger, and yet had no idea how crazy I had made myself look. How could I expect to be taken seriously by anyone when I talked about all these unlikely scenarios?

My next recording is: "uclalibwrctmplntwescall\_6\_10\_10\_655-827PM.WMA". I got back to my table, and left also a message for Wes (2:10). Then my computer froze up, and I had to videotape it, "Machine malfunctions..." (5:40). I then thought about calling my mother. Wrong number again (8:00). I tried again, and my mother answered it (10:20). What a miracle! I asked my mother for aunty Mimi's number. "You want money from her?" she yelled at me. Then my mother began accusing me of being lazy, "I am so busy all day long every day," I protested. Just when I had imposed an overwhelming amount of work on myself, my mother had to invent the opposite of reality out of thin air and completely convince herself of it. "Busy with what?" she yelled. "Busy with surviving!" She again accused me of being lazy and sleeping all day and doing nothing. And then of not finding a job. "I don't even have a place to live, how I can find a job?" I was so annoyed that I shouted at her: "If you have a brain you should use it!" and I hanged up in anger. My mother was truly amazing in this respect, like the rest of my family members: inventing a fiction about me without ever hearing about what I did every day and then totally believing it. As I was complaining about my mother's stupidity, I then thought that she was producing evidences for the Monkey, to confirm his false profile of me as a lazy bum doing nothing each day. There might in fact be some truth in this. I then left a message for my cousin Cindy (15:00). I then began crying hysterically again, "Somebody help me, I'm so over-worked..." After another round of begging people for money, I got inside the elevator and caused someone to be very angry because I tried to prevent him from coming into the elevator with me (37:45). I set my things up on a table ready to use my computer. I then began crying again out of loneliness, and was throwing things (47:00). Suddenly, Wes called me (1:19:00). This was a chance for me to save myself, I thought, since the recording of my conversation with him from last time was remotely deleted. I asked Wes to repeat to me what we talked about the last time, and I asked him if he remembered all the terminology I had invented, like DGHTRLOOP, etc. He did. And then the rest: that I saved the Daughter People's country, but that the Monkey had blocked them from taking me to their country, etc. I then reminded him what DGHTRLOOP was, that a DGHTRPYRAMID would put me on a "Daughter Plane" to take me to Daughterland. I asked him if he remembered how I didn't feel right for Daughter Pyramid because I was too ugly, how they might get offended... I asked him if I had really said something bad... Reminding him about "Daughter Tongue"... (1:24:00). I finally asked him if I had said anything bad about the Pyramid. Wes was perplexed, and asked me what the emergency was about. "This is it, to confirm what I said last time." "I thought you tape everything anyway, right?" "The Monkey remotely deleted my recording from last time... Are you going to report me to the police?" "No. The police will throw me into the hospital if I do that." Wes must be very annoyed by my strange paranoia. But I insisted: "You are supposed to make things up about me and report me to the

police.” “I don't,” Wes replied. “I don't believe anything you say,” I insisted. Again, the typical symptom of a “targeted individual”: just because Wes had before worked as an agent against me, I mistakenly believed that the Monkey would require him to do this now as well. I asked him more about what we talked about the last time, but he didn't remember the episode about the banker asking me to print my thumb on the check. I asked him to help me more, but he couldn't. After confirming more – “Daughter Air”, “Daughter Shoes”, living a “Daughter Life”, etc. – I hanged up.

Wes had patience, but anyone else would be so annoyed by me if he were as busy with making money as Wes was. I was becoming increasingly like the famous John Nash, who had done to his friends what I was doing to Wes, i.e. becoming so engrossed in, and so fascinated by, some nonsense (in his case, “numerology” supposedly found in every instance of daily life), then constantly calling up his friends to share his “discovery” (nonsense) with them, and thus wasting everybody's, as well as his own, time.<sup>2</sup>

My next recording is: “wrtsuplcmplnv3kckdout\_6\_10\_10\_827-1044PM.WMA”. My next crazy move – to waste my life away because of erroneous understanding of the situation – was to begin implementing my idea of suing the Pyramid. I thus began working: I began writing out the pleading paper in what would become this supremely crazy and nonsensical lawsuit – which you have already seen in the last document (“Ying and Yang”, II). As I wrote, I sighed at one point: “There is just nothing worthwhile doing in our life...” I had by now become so attached to this ICJ trial – and to its consequences in politics and international relations – that every ordinary thing in life which occupied other people – career and relationships – simply paled in comparison to the point of being not worth pursuing in the slightest fashion. As you shall see, this would characterize my psychology all throughout the future. After a while, I sighed again: “We are about to disintegrate, there is just too much work...” (1:43:00). I was requiring myself to write this down and write that down, on top of constantly filing my recordings and videos, so much so that I was suffering severe fatigue with my computer – and I never knew that I was just wasting my time, since the adversities against which I believed I must fight simply didn't exist. Then I sighed more: “Our mother is on the same wavelength as the Monkey, she thinks that we should just be content with living in public housing and forgetting about being slandered and not having friends...” Just when I finished writing tonight's share, the security guards showed up, yelling at me: “You must leave, we have received a complaint about you!” (1:47:00) I was stunned. I had been sitting here minding my own business for more than two hours. There wasn't even anybody around all this time. What could I have possibly done to cause somebody to complain about me? I was thus ever more convinced that it was the Monkey who had simply instructed his agent to pretend to complain about me to the security guards: “All these are the Mexican businessman's agents,” I pointed out to them, trying to enlighten them. In reality, it might be the person whom I had blocked off from the elevator earlier, or somebody responding to my actions several hours ago, who had complained to the security guards. It might even be related to my disturbance earlier today at the Student Union. The security guards must have thought me nuts. What Mexican businessman? I continued: “I don't care... I have recorded everything – and you know that – to prove that I didn't do anything wrong... That guy is making false reports... You are harassing me because you know that I just don't have the time to sue you... All that ICJ business, it's not like you don't know about it, and yet you keep harassing me! Do you pay me for all this?” The security guards simply continued to insist that I leave. While leaving, I said to their face, defiant: “I'll see you guys tomorrow, and you'll

2 See Silvia Nasar's biography of John Nash, *A Beautiful Mind*.

throw me out, and I will have recorded everything showing that nothing has happened....” (1:57:00). As I walked out, I continued to mutter to myself: Why is Mr B (the Monkey) doing this? He's really incomprehensible; how can anyone put up with what I have to put up with everyday? My appetite is already so small, and he thinks I should have even smaller appetite, demanding even less from life... So what if we just tell everybody about the ICJ business... What is he worrying about? Who's going to listen to me? But Mr B wants everything 'air tight'...” Again, I wrongly assumed that the Monkey was recreating me into this insane and most detested public disturbance only in order to discredit me – all because he didn't want anybody to know about his takeover of the ICJ process and the control center. What was really strange was that one of the security guards had seen me before; he was the one who had thrown me out from the Medical Center's parking structure on February 16 2009. He therefore must know something about my involvement in the ICJ trial. And yet, after all this time, it was as if Mr Chertoff's slander of me had never left his mind and he still hated me just as before. But then I concluded wrongly: “If the Monkey demands 'air tight' security on the information, that means that, as long as we videotape it all, he wouldn't control our computer to malfunction...” (2:10:00). Finally, I concluded: “He's worried about the ICJ business because, if he loses, he won't be in command of North America anymore...”

My next recording is: “[wstwdtocybrflctnwevid\\_6\\_10-11\\_10\\_1044PM-1248AM.WMA](#)”: I worked a little more on my pleading paper on the street in Westwood Village. Then I wondered: “What does the Monkey do everyday? Sitting in front of his machines. Does he shower and change his cloth? There must be devices planted inside the body of those inside the control center to enable them to control the machines” (1:02:00). This might very well be the case: not just my erroneous assumption again. When I thought further: “It is the FBI which has the forged recording about me,” my arm hurt tremendously (1:06:00). Was it the French or the Daughter People who were signaling to me? Both had an interest: the French wanted to divert me away from the correct scenario, while the Daughter People would like to see me continuing on my paranoia over nothing in order to argue to the judge computer that the mind-reading computer had never been touched. *The strange thing is that there was a contradiction in the French agenda: while misleading me could prevent their objection from becoming a conspiracy, the French, by doing so, would also provide shielding for Daughterland against their objection.* I then rode the bus to the cybercafe on Normandie and Wilshire. As soon as I got off the bus, somebody came to me to say, “Victoria Secret” (1:58:30). I concluded: “The Monkey is trying to dupe me again.” A fake secret message, that is. But if my scenario about the Monkey's current op was all wrong, why was this guy saying mysterious things to me? Just a “natural” event? When has that ever happened to you?

My last recording of the day is: “[cybrcafeftpstudyr\\_6\\_11\\_10\\_1255-143AM.WMA](#)”: The Korean boss was here at the cybercafe tonight. I wanted to do my daily lesson at Russland Journal, but then gave it up. I soon left. I then wondered: “The jurors: How can they believe those evidences saying you are David Chin? There cannot be any jurors...” (44:00). Well, correct! There was, just as before, nothing but a computer. Then: “The Monkey is revenging against DGHTR because he let the Pyramid see how worthless her father was.” Whatever. I went to sleep in the street corner nearby again. Thus concludes my most miserable day.

**June 11 (Friday: Daughter Pyramid: “Double Smile”?)**

My first recording of the new day is: “[wcil\\_6\\_11\\_10\\_814-1139AM.WMA](#)”. I got on the bus on 7:00, and ran into more disturbance. The bus driver wanted me to get off the bus because I was carrying my coffee. I ignored him, and began working on the pleading paper again. At some point I wondered: “Why does Wes say 'You tape your conversations?' Why not use the word 'record'? There must be a purpose in it...” (1:07:00) I still couldn't get over the idea that the Monkey had instructed Wes to harm me (to say things to me or to report me to law enforcement in order to create evidences showing me to be David Chin). I came to WCIL on 1:31:00. As I walked in, I still sighed: “Somebody is always trying to convince the world that I didn't write my writings and that I forged all my recordings...” I asked Howard to talk to me for 10 minutes, and he told me to wait. Then my cousin Cindy called me back (1:53:30). I wanted our grandfather's phone number in Taiwan. As soon as she said she didn't have it, I hanged up rudely, believing that everybody was instructed by the Monkey to obstruct me. I continued to write my complaint in the computer room while waiting for Howard.

My next recording is: “[wcilprintintrect\\_6\\_11\\_10\\_1139AM-244PM.WMA](#)”. I sighed again: “The name of this game is the 'opposite of reality': if you are educated and smart, they must say you are uneducated and retarded...” This had indeed been the “game” in the past two years, and would be the game for me again in the future, but it wasn't quite the game at the moment. Or rather, at present, it's the same game but played in a different domain. The Daughter People were now forced to admit that I was dangerous to others when I was the safest person on the whole planet, and that I was completely insane when I was really misled rather than hallucinating. *This indeed should have been the French's argument, to which the Daughter People would have to object constantly – by blurring the distinction between “wrong inference” and “hallucinating insanity”*. Note then my profound ability to predict the future (!): “If we file our lawsuit against the Pyramid, she'll respond by filing a restraining order against us” (7:00). This prediction would indeed become true. (What else would a frivolous woman do?) Then, my nonsense: “They'll never arrest me because I have already predicted it, and they can't permit me to not look like an idiot. We'll fly over to Europe and nothing will happen, but we'll never meet anyone who has not been alerted about us, and we'll be all alone, forever.” Then: “We now look down on the Pyramid, for she's just a stupid girl, not educated.” Then my wrong scenario again: “The judge at Pyramid's TRO hearing will be a 'Mommy judge', a Kangaroo court, to make sure that she gets her TRO approved” (12:00). Then: “We take satisfaction in wasting society's resources...” Well, this was just my cognitive therapy technique: since I couldn't do anything about all the operations on me (assuming that they existed), I might as well find out about the positive aspects of them, focus on those, and learn to enjoy the operations. Then: “After May, it could just be the Daughter People duping us... In any case, we'll spill out all the Monkey's secrets via the lawsuit...” Then I reflected more: “The west shouldn't be allowed to rule the world, unless it's Mommy...” I had just provided the French with another piece of extremely damaging evidence. After writing for a while, I wanted to use the public computers in the room, and so asked Nora for the password, telling her I had already reserved a computer since it was the policy. But the guy who was in the room with me suddenly complained to me, “You shouldn't touch me, and you are lying to the receptionist; you have not already reserved any computer...” (39:00). As you have seen, everybody around me was suddenly becoming so hostile; why was it his business whether I had really reserved any computers? I thus assumed that it was the Monkey who had sent this guy in to talk to me as if I were a bad-to-the-bone character (Antisocial Personality Disorder), all so that more evidences may be entered into the ICJ showing me to be David Chin. (In reality, it was my dear Daughter People who had wanted this kind of evidences.) Then I concluded

(again, incorrectly): “Nothing will happen to 'Daughter Rule' if I file my lawsuit against the Pyramid” (43:00). More: “They will never be able to find another person who loves them as much as we do, and yet they want to do this court thing, then it's their loss...” Again, I didn't know that I was providing the French with more damaging evidences against Daughterland. Now, I was burning another backup disc at the same time. Howard then came to tell me he couldn't see me, and that I had to make an appointment (1:28:00). While I was still on my computer station, the other woman who had come into the room – a long time client of WCIL: her name was “Sarah” – was trying to print something from her computer station but couldn't do so (her computer malfunctioned too!), and wanted to print it on my computer station instead (2:12:00). I refused, absolutely alarmed, believing that it was Monkey's trick – that she'd be confused with me in faulty surveillance. “It's the Monkey. He wants to produce evidence showing me not printing out my lawsuit at all, but something else.” I thus became ever more convinced that I would do a lot of good to myself by filing this lawsuit against the Pyramid. As she insisted, I made sure to log off first before letting her use my computer station. Not having met up with Howard, I left (2:53:00). I continued to wonder – in my utter fantasy – what Daughter People would have concluded about me after so much testing: “What we are good at is writing and critical thinking. They would have seen this. And all we want is a pyramid and a tiny home.” How easy! I got on the bus on 3:02:00.

My next recording is: “[eavwcillovedghtrlndergvy\\_6\\_11\\_10\\_244-354PM.WMA](#)”: While on the bus, I lamented how much I had forgotten of my past learning. “I can't remember all that I have learned about the Proto-Indo-European language. What is it that they said PIE might be?” (19:00). Then: “Oh, Ergativity!” Meanwhile, more children had got on the bus. I guessed: “The Daughter People will not believe Monkey's claim that I'm a pedophile...” (40:00). Then, I thought I had seen through it all: “There is no trial, this is a test! Why would 'Daughter Management' believe Monkey's claims...” Then, I had arrived in the loan store on 44:00. This is the first loan store I had been to; I needed to get more loans to pass through this month. And, voilà, I first had to pay a balance of 15 dollar. As I waited and worked on my application on a new loan, I asked myself: “Do they really want us to go by ourselves? Maybe that's how we are gonna get to Daughterland, as David Chin.”

My next recording is: “[loanstore\\_6\\_11\\_10\\_359-454PM.WMA](#)”: More wrong conclusion: “The Monkey's argument that I'm David Chin has resulted in DGHTPPL's inability to take me up. The only place he can't touch is the High Office (DGHTRCOM), which is protected by infinite loop.” After I finished the application, Ms Employee at the loan store wanted to write something on it. I was shocked. I thought this was Monkey's attempt to produce more evidence showing that my hand-writing was different from my own (Lawrence's) hand-writing – just like what Mr Chertoff and the Agency had attempted to show before. I therefore absolutely refused to let her write anything on my application. But she already did. I thus insisted on writing out a new application. Oh, so much trouble: and I didn't know that I was worrying over nothing. At one point, strangely, Ms Employee asked me something about my laptop. When I finished the new application, I asked her why she asked me about my laptop, absolutely convinced that she was instructed by the Monkey to create an intercept about my using some special “spy laptop” (23:00). As they were processing my application, I noted to myself: “They talk about other people's information right in front of my recorder, obviously intentionally, and the information isn't even real...” I was convinced that it's the Monkey who had instructed them to do so in order to frame me for “criminal recording”. After much wrangling – for a while they couldn't verify my

parents' address – they gave me the 200 something dollar which I needed to pass through this month. Then, after I walked out, an unknown Hispanic guy claimed he had seen me on the streets before. This was just another one in a series of strange encounters with strangers which had made my environment ever more mysterious, convincing me that he was instructed by the Monkey to pretend to identify me in order to produce another intercept of something (showing me to be David Chin, obviously: 47:00).

My next recording is: “[IMPpsblforgdunclevoice\\_6\\_11\\_10\\_454-501PM.WMA](#)”. I came inside a doughnut shop to get some snack. While there, I called up my aunt Eva. I asked her for grandfather's phone number in Taiwan. She claimed not to have it, and she couldn't hear me half of the time, the connection on and off. All these little disturbances continuing constantly were working to provoke me. Then, she had my uncle come to the phone (3:00). After my uncle advised me not to bother my grandfather, he hanged up. It was just another incident which made my environment increasingly odd and mysterious. As you can hear, there was something strange about my uncle's voice, which caused me to believe that the Monkey had forged my uncle's voice and put it on the phone with me (that he had found somebody sounding similar to replace him). My belief was getting increasingly bizarre. In reality, my uncle's voice was probably distorted due to connection problem. It was not clear to me whether my dear Daughter People – who had indeed a keen interest in driving me insane – had played any trick with my connection in order to drive up my paranoia.

My next recording is: “[uclasupl9-8\\_6\\_11\\_10\\_501-1104PM.WMA](#)” I got on the bus and soon started my worthless speculation again: “Maybe DGHTR and the Monkey have started a second round, to see whose profile is correct” (18:30). “At this new round, DGHTR does nothing, but simply gathers evidences about how I fight.” The strange thing is of course that there was actually some truth in my wrong scenario: it was the French and the Daughter People who had started a second round, to see whether the Monkey's false profile of me was correct. My false scenario was analogous, but not correct. Then I noted: “The DGHTRPPL went to the Mexican bitch, and now they have lost half of the world, it's not our fault, it's their own fault, and they should execute this bitch as a traitor” (22:00). Now this time I was almost entirely correct! Then I sighed: “We have not lived in a real environment for three years; now we need to get out of this country in order to waste more of governments' money and resources...” (37:30). What I meant was that it would cost more money to stage my environment if I were in Europe. Of course, the reality is that my environment was barely staged during this “second round”, but that I had mistaken it for being staged because I hadn't got over the previous time when it was all staged.

What I have not mentioned is that strange junk calls continued to come to my cellphone. One more on 1:36:00. Since it had never been like this before – three or four junk calls per day – and since the junk calls were used by DGHTR just two months ago as a way to pass “secret messages” to me and yet they were now devoid of meaning, this had further helped create the impression about my environment as odd and mysterious. I noted to myself: “We need to check the junk calls, just in case they might still mean something” (1:41:00). I got off the bus in Westwood and began walking into the UCLA campus – ignoring the fact that I was just thrown out from there two times yesterday. It was graduation day, and so a lot of senior graduates were walking about wearing robes and taking pictures (2:09:00). I soon came to Ackerman. I concluded: “There is some profile about us at law enforcement which is kept secret from us.” I immediately set out to check all the junk calls – just then another junk call came



(2:28:00). I concluded: “They are trying to deceive us, to make us believe that this juror thing is still going on.” This might very well be the case, since it's just so abnormal to get so many junk calls a day. I went onto the public computer inside Ackerman to check both these junk call numbers and my website. Then children appeared around me. “Children are my shadows. They will always be around me no matter where I go: universities, homeless shelters...” Well, this is true, isn't it? As I walked further into the campus, I complained: “The Monkey wants to teach you the value of money and making a living all because he thinks that's more important than reading books, and this is because he doesn't know about books, he doesn't know about your wisdom, that's why you will never learn what he wants to teach you, because you value reading books more than earning an income... He's not educated and so will never understand the value of an education...” (3:11:00). Although I didn't understand the situation correctly, this observation was indeed valid. “You don't want uneducated people to rule, because they just don't know about values... just as I don't like it when I get kicked out by police officers – because they don't have even 5 percent of my education. They don't understand anything. And why are they uneducated? Because they have to work!” (3:17:00) I found a table in the middle of the campus and began writing what would become “Ying and Yang II”. Suddenly, my arm hurt badly just when I was typing “jobs at Securitas” (4:32:00). It's not clear to me whether this was just the the French or the Daughter People trying to confuse me: “fake signals”. Then, when I wrote, “Diego mentioned he owned a restaurant” my arm hurt again (5:07:00). All these signals whose meaning was completely unknown helped further make my environment appear mysterious. After a while, I began to reflect why I was so miserable – since nobody was coming to me to hurt me or anything like that, but I was simply ignored, which I somehow took to be “injustice”: “The problem is that we are not getting any help... The problem is that there are 'doubles' to be confused with us... The problem is that our Daughter is not picking us up... The problem is that there are a lot of mean people around us lately... like on this morning” (5:19:00). Well, there had indeed been an abnormal amount of hostility in my environment lately, whether or not the Daughter People had purposely programmed it or not. “The problem is that there are all these children following us like our shadow... Things are simply not functioning normally. The only place where we will not run into children is the strip club...” (5:38:00).

My next recording is: “[cybrcafedghtrIndimmune\\_6\\_11\\_10\\_1104PM-253AM.WMA](#)”. As I walked away from the campus, I sighed: “If we know how to fight for our Daughter, we would. But we are too tired now and don't have any equipment...” (14:00). Then I concluded again: “It's not a test, there is nothing to test... It's just the Monkey, that's why we need to sue the Pyramid, it's all this bitch's fault... The problem is that we are too kind, too good a person, that's why we are suffering...” On the street, I asked this pretty pyramid who caught my eyes where she was from. She was not from here, she said. Suddenly, I believed she was “Mommy”, sent here to produce an intercept, such as to pretend to be a “Daughter Agent” (23:00). I was looking insane again: this was most likely not a CIA girl. I had seen too many of them in the past, and now I thought every pretty “Mommylijk” was one such girl. I then begged people for their left-over food. I then asked a girl who was wearing those so-called “Angelina shoes”: “Who's telling you to wear those shoes?” “Me”, she said (31:00). Again, I didn't believe her, and still believed that “Angelina shoes” meant something (that the Monkey or whoever had produced an intercept of some kind permitting certain state of affairs to perpetuate per an ICJ judgment about “conspiracy”). Then I lamented: “This is worse than the time with Mr Chertoff; for that former Secretary didn't read your thoughts and didn't forge the intercepts of your thoughts... He didn't shut off your recorder and camcorder all that often” (35:00). Then: “What if every time you come up with the



wrong scenario the Daughter People will make you cough in order to test you...” (46:00). Something like this was in fact going on: the French had a keen interest in deceiving me. Then: “There is a linear development of our misfortune. Things are getting worse and worse for us as time goes on. In 2005, we were simply under surveillance, our physical body and our electronic communication. Now even our thoughts are under surveillance, and we have been wired up to so many machines...” Then, suddenly, I said something quite correct: “Forget about your Daughter, they have lost it all because they have invited that Mexican man into the court room. We should just strangle that bitch... They should court martial her, and then execute her.” “That's what we should do: walk into the Daughter Consulate and say we are David Chin, which would be evidence for 'non-conspiracy', and then kill ourselves” (56:00). Then, when I complained again: “The more you test us, the lower the score you will get from us”, my arm hurt tremendously (1:03:00). Again, it's not clear whether this was a real signal, and whether it's the French or the Daughter People who were signaling me. Most likely the former. In any case, it's only making everything increasingly mysterious for me.

Something was waiting for me. I came to the bus stop on Wilshire and Westwood, and saw this bald head girls with her two friends, all carrying guitars as if they were a rock band (1:24:00). The bald head girl was rubbing the head of one of the guys; the scene was quite comical to behold. The other guy came to talk to me and told me they were all from Russia, or “Daughterland”. They were musicians originally from the Ural Mountains, he said. I asked him about the girl: “Why didn't she like her hair?” More comfortable that way, he replied. This guy couldn't understand English well enough, unless he was just acting. Apparently, they hadn't been in the US all that long, and yet he already had his cellphone here. We then talked about learning English in Russia. They would be here for the whole summer, he said. They were staying at Hollywood Blvd. I lamented that the girl didn't want to be pretty. The guy then asked me if I was staying on the street. I was very embarrassed, but had to make light of my situation as a way to hide my weakness. We talked about getting a job and my education. Does the government help you? He asked. We then all got on the bus together (1:34:00). They acted like they didn't know the bus routes well, and I explained to them how to get to Hollywood Blvd. On the bus, these three “Daughterlanders” were sitting on one side of the bus facing three vulgar Hispanic guys sitting on the other side. Given my unrealistic idealization of “Daughterland” and hatred toward the Monkey at the time, the contrast couldn't have been more profound: one side so pretty and with so much substance, while the other side so vulgar and devoid of meaning. How “denial of the obvious” was this “political correctness” which insists that both sides are of equal value. And I wrongly assumed that I was exposed to this scene because the dismantling of “political correctness” was going to be part of the ICJ judgment – which wrong assumption would stay with me for several years to come. I then continued to work on my pleading paper as we all sat silently in the back of the bus. Then the Daughterlander group got off the bus on Western Blvd (1:57:30) while I got off the bus on Normandie, where the cybercafe was (2:00:00). Immediately, I saw a pair of twin girls, Asian. I was convinced, as usual, that it was an “intercept” (evidence collected showing David Chin was Lawrence Chin's twin brother). Now, this time I might not be wrong. Then, I suddenly concluded again: “It can't be the Monkey who has pulled off this crap. All this is not reality. Don't write about anything that happened after May. It's all just appearance (i.e. staged) for testing purpose.” Well, I was all wrong. As I came inside the cybercafe, I continued to murmur: “There is no way that the Monkey can sue the Daughter People in ICJ, for the Daughter People have taken care of this problem a long time ago. There is no longer any possibility of conspiracy with them. They rule the world now, unless people simply don't

obey them.” Again, completely wrong conclusion: the Macrosphere had been broken through. Convinced (wrongly) that the Monkey might have caused a Homeland Security alert to be broadcast about me, I asked a stranger (who had acted somewhat suspiciously), “Where did you see my picture?” “I don't care...” he replied irrelevantly (2:06:40). Then, more wrong conclusion: “The Daughter People are pretty twisted, using the Monkey to test us.” Then: “We can get a Daughter Pyramid, no need to feel ashamed, for she wouldn't care, for many Daughterlander pyramids are cavalier about sexual matters.” Then, suddenly, a car without muffler roared past. I sighed out of pain: “The signal system is still in place, but they produce not signals...” (2:09:00). Then more bullshit: “The Daughter People are very good with logic, and people can no longer break their command, unless they simply refuse to obey. Now the Monkey is recruited...” Then: “This test is worthless, because there are no more enemies... There is thus no reason to test for defection...” Now I thought maybe the Daughter People were testing me to see at which point I would defect! Then: “It's the DGHTRPPL who are making me cough whenever we say something wrong, just in order to test us... That means that we can go to 'Daughter Consulate'... We can go to Daughterland, for they are now invincible in the ICJ...” I couldn't have been more wrong. Then: “Why test for situations which will never happen? Why not test my happiness?” (2:23:00) As I walked back into cybercafe, I was alarmed by another guy who was watching pornography on one of the computers there. I thought it was Monkey's agent here to produce an intercept showing me watching pornography. Paranoia over nothing. I pointed this out to the long hair guy at the cybercafe: “He's watching pornography...” (2:28:30). I then sat down to review my recording and continue writing.

As I will note later, I would eventually come to believe that this bald head Daughterlander girl was in fact the “Double Smile” I met on July 6 2009 in the Starbucks in Westwood. Later happening will convince you that, whether this identification is correct or not, this “Daughter Pyramid” was indeed a SVR agent sent here to produce an intercept. Seeing that I could not give up the idea of being promised a “pyramid”, the Daughter People, faced with the French insistence that Daughterland should send its agent to me in accordance with the rule “institute around the terrorist suspect a reality which fits his belief in order to enable him to finish his mission,” continued the old scenario and commanded her to defect to the CIA and then commanded the CIA to send her in front of me in order to replace evidence, i.e. replace the past episode where “Double Smile” signaled to me. This is another way in which the Daughter People were desperately avoiding being convicted of “conspiracy” with me. Whenever the French entered new evidence showing me to have conspired with Daughterland, the Daughter People would respond by saying that I was “mistaken”, i.e. had mistaken CIA's fake Russian agent for a real Russian agent. In other words, should I ever be required to “finish my mission”, the burden of enabling me to do so would be thrown upon the shoulder of the Agency instead of being carried by the Daughter People. “Daughter” was using “Mommy” as a shield against my harmful “radioactivity”.

My next recording is: “[cybrcafedvdfailed\\_6\\_12\\_10\\_259-452AM.WMA](#)”. During the break, I continued to contemplate: “We are going to kill ourselves... There is just no way out...” I was then working on “Ying and Yang II” while burning a new backup disc at the same time. Then, suddenly, on 1:03:30, my Toshiba Disc Creator was remotely controlled to malfunction. One recording file was incorrectly burned. I was stunned, shouting: “Thank you Mr B for letting me know...” Then: “Maybe the malfunctioning was a secret message for me; maybe there is actually nothing wrong with the file said to be broken.” Wishful thinking. And it turned out that the file that was supposedly broken was one of

the videos I shot showing me writing the pleading paper. “Am I supposed to file the lawsuit?” I assumed this was the “secret message”. “But the message is too mysterious,” I complained, starting to get angry. “Someone needs to just tell me things in a straight forward fashion...” (until 1:08:00). In reality, of course, I was getting angry over nothing, since DGHTR was not trying to communicate anything to me – nor was anybody else. The Daughter People were beginning to break my things only in order to provoke me to anger and, hopefully, violence. Instead, I concluded that DGHTR was trying to tell me to include the video showing me writing the pleading paper within the lawsuit itself, so as to counter, in the ICJ, the Monkey's claim that I didn't write the pleading paper myself. (If anybody wanted to communicate this to me, it would in fact be the French!) While I wasn't provoked to violence, my misunderstanding of the situation could still serve as evidence, in Daughterland's favor, for my insanity, and therefore partial conformity to the Monkey's false profile of me.

My inconvenience would hardly end right there. On 4:40 AM. The Windows Media Player on my Toshiba laptop also malfunctioned, causing me severe distress, which was Daughter People's purpose. Then, as usual, I slept in the street corner in Normandie.

### **June 12 (Saturday; machine malfunctioning; strange note)**

My first recording of the new day is: “[wknrmndiewrtdetrchcafe\\_6\\_12\\_10\\_848-1208PM.WMA](#)”: I woke up from the street corner in Normandie and Wilshire and went inside McDonald's to get my morning coffee and cookie. When I came out, I believed again to have seen a “Mommy” wearing earphones to conduct surveillance on me (37:00). Again, most likely an erroneous assumption. But I filmed her anyway. After I used the restroom in a bagel shop and came out, I believed to have seen another surveillance agent (55:00). Who knows whether I was correct here? As I dragged my heavy cart across the sidewalk, I became increasingly angry, “We just don't know what's going on. What's going on? Why are there children everywhere?” (58:00) I became so upset that I began crying: “We are completely disabled because children are always around wherever we go...” Only if I knew I was paranoid over nothing! By now, whenever I got into a difficult situation, I would blame the Pyramid: “I want to smash up the Pyramid!” I then came inside this “Mermaid Cafe” to work on my computer (1:04:00). Again, I got very angry because children soon appeared: “Children are our shadows. The days of Mr Chertoff are just so much better, much simpler; in those days we always sort of know what's going on, and machines don't malfunction as often as they do now...” I began regretting: “Maybe we should have taken Amanda. We didn't know it's gonna be this bad...” I began reviewing recording (1:37:00). Suddenly, my computer malfunctioned, and I began filming it (2:03:00). I theorized: “Maybe the Monkey is remotely controlling our computer to go wild, so that, if we say something he can say, in the ICJ, that, here, we are suffering from schizophrenia again.” What had happened was that I tried merely to change the file name, but somehow, as I did that, everything in my Windows Explorer just disappeared. Then, my frustration was building up: another video on my newly burned disc turned out to be bad (2:49:00). I lamented what I perceived to be an unfair situation: “If you give us a test right now, we will score very low, because we have all but disintegrated, even though we can still score quite high on critical thinking. But that's how the Monkey has exploited the situation, making the Daughter People abandon us by presenting our low score to them; that's how he has deceived our Daughter...” Again, I was complaining about nothing because my notion that there was a test and so on simply wasn't what was going on. I then went inside Radio Shack to buy those cheap batteries for my recorder,

and I felt compelled to ask the employee where these came from (3:06:30). Again, I was investigating nothing because I wrongly assumed that it's somebody in the control center, e.g. DGHTR, who had orchestrated “batteries on sale” in order to help me. Nobody was helping me! I continued to conclude, incorrectly, that Mr B didn't want me to get out. I complained more: “Mr Chertoff didn't touch our stuff. Now everybody touches our stuff.” Then: “Why is everybody running? The signal system is still in place, but it produces no real signals. People are told something about us. Everybody is wearing purple!” Again, I was looking increasingly insane by wrongly assuming that everybody around me was remotely controlled from the control center, which was just not the case. I got on the bus on 3:19:00, and, lo and behold, there soon appeared more children on the bus.

My next recording is: “storagewstwwdisintgrtd\_6\_12\_10\_1209-824PM.WMA”: I was going to my storage facility. I complained more about DGHTR's wiring me up with all these machines inside the Cave and disconnecting me from Mommy, such that, when Pyramid's father took over, I was in chains and had no backup (6:00 or so). Then, some short chat with an older homeless woman sitting next to me (8:00). She told me where to buy cheap cigarettes: from people outside Mission. Arriving at the storage facility, I put into my storage unit my newly burned backup discs plus all the badly burned, wasted discs. At the food mall next door to my storage facility, I saw two plates of leftover food and took them away to eat them in another corner. The owner however would not have it, yelling, “Don't take away my plates!” Upset, I called him a “fucking Mexican” (3:01:00 or so), preparing for the disaster to come.

After a while, I began moaning and panting out of desperation and severe physical exhaustion. I moaned that my life was too filled up with work – the never-ending work of documenting myself: I had been reducing myself to slavery with my requirement to record and document myself and had no time for anything else in life. I then moaned, as if dying, that there were no more patterns to look for among all these “signs” (3:30:00).

I rode bus 2 to Westwood, and fell asleep on the bus out of severe fatigue. After arriving at Borders Bookstore, I discovered that my entire spindle of blank discs had disappeared. I would not notice until days later that some of my backup discs had also gone missing. I angrily concluded that it was Pyramid's father who had sent onto the bus DHS agents to steal my discs while I was asleep. And this, in response to, firstly, my burning a CD containing all the videos from my lost USB flash drives in preparation for making a police report, and secondly to my calling the restaurant owner a “fucking' Mexican”. The reality was of course quite different.

My next recording is: “uclastudntunionwrtrtocybr\_6\_12-13\_10\_827PM-123AM.WMA” I came to Ackerman to work on my computer. I was moaning terribly, believing that the Monkey had done something to prevent anything that came out of my recorder from being used as evidence in the ICJ. I then began writing the pleading paper while reviewing my recording and burning a new backup disc at the same time. And I filmed myself writing from time to time in order to leave behind proof that I did write all my writings. I exclaimed: “I actually wrote that, Wow!” Then I reminded myself: “We need to write down our Mommy Fantasy today” (45:00). Then a suspicious black guy showed up sitting near me. I began filming him suspecting him to be Monkey's agent. I began worrying, believing that he was here to witness me talking to myself because the Monkey wanted evidences to prove that the recordings

he had forged about me were genuine – which of course would confirm that he might very well be altering the surveillance over me (55:00). I asked this black man if he was here to do me harm. “What have you got in your bag?” He remained silent all this time, and, when he was leaving, left behind his bag. I tried to film the bag, but my camcorder was shut off as soon as I turned it on (1:04:00). All this only convinced me further that the scenario I feared was indeed correct. “There thus must be a forged recording floating around, and that's why these people are here to witness me talking to myself. But is it just for the ICJ evidentiary record, or is it going to have an effect in the 'real world'?” (1:04:00) Then: “Maybe the duel is over... Now Daughterland *has to* be saved, otherwise nobody will help me...” (1:13:00). That's more damning evidence in France's favor. Then: “The Monkey is ten times more horrifying than Mr Chertoff... Other people don't have my problem, they have friends, so they don't have to talk to their recorder because it is their only friend... Now, not even Daughter is listening to me anymore...” Then a student employee came to tell me that Ackerman was closed: “9 PM... summer hour...” I began packing up, murmuring: “The Monkey's goal is to prevent the Daughter People from helping me...” The student employee was hurrying me out (1:25:00). I sighed: “We have not taken a shower in three months; we don't even remember what it feels like... Only if I had never been born...” I then became suspicious of the student employee who began text-messaging while waiting for me: “Did somebody tell you to text-message?” Of course I was only making myself look ever more insane. After I carried my things outside, I discovered that the newly burned disc was broken, a bad burn. I instantly assumed that it was the Monkey who had remotely controlled my disc burner to malfunction – I was probably half-correct, in that the Daughter People, to provoke me, had done this. “The Monkey just took another 3 dollar away from me!” I began moaning over the loss of one of my precious Verbatim discs. Angered, I shouted, “Why don't the Daughter People strangle the Pyramid! We are going to the consulate! And that's going to give Daughterland into the Monkey's hands, and that's what we work for!” (1:31:00) I began crying hysterically. Hear it for yourself to understand the profound sadness which had enveloped me. “Computer malfunctioning! Nobody else's computer malfunctions like this except mine! We are going to sink Daughterland!” Then: “We are abandoned, but we are not by ourselves, for our computer will malfunction! And only us! We are the only one who burns discs with merely 50 percent success rate, even with the best brand, Verbatim!” (1:40:00) As I laboriously dragged my cart out of the campus, I continued to moan: “What does the forged recording say? I'll never know... You will never know what other people say you did...” All this worry over imaginary scenario! Then: “I despise this bitch,” and my arm suddenly hurt tremendously (1:46:00). Presumably it was the Daughter People who were signaling to me, still hinting to me what they wanted from me hoping that, from that, I may deduce what had really happened. But I couldn't. Instead, I continued to come up with wrong scenarios: “Mr B shut off my disc burner because he wanted us to go to the consulate, and this, because he wants to own Daughterland...” I came into Westwood Village and began begging people for food (1:58:00). But one of the guys who were eating warned me not to point my camcorder at him. He shouted: “Don't fucking record me!” I was surprised: “I'm 'videotaping'. Why do you say 'record'? Who told you to say that to me?” First, Wes used the word “tape” instead of “record”, and now this guy said “record” instead of “videotape”. I was convinced that it was the Monkey who had instructed everybody to use the wrong word in order to produce some intercepts to keep himself in control of the ICJ. I thus continued to pester him about the word “record” but, of course, he wouldn't answer me. Instead, he was getting aggressive with me, and, yet, because I was upset, I continued to pester him: “You are lucky, the government doesn't turn off your computer... Why don't you come hit me? You are privileged because you already know about the ICJ process...” I came inside the Starbucks, and saw a “crippled pyramid”

(2:16:00). That's somebody in my class, I thought. I got a cup of water and sat at the same table with the crippled pyramid. I began writing out the so-called "Mommy Fantasy" (2:30:00). That's more evidence for the French to damn the Agency as well. Then a guy, "Jason", came over to say the crippled pyramid was his friend (2:46:00). They left together. I continued writing and while burning the same disc one more time. Somehow, my arm hurt repeatedly. Who's signaling to me? The French? To distract me from the earlier signals? I then noticed that I had burned the wrong disc. I became very upset, sighing: "We have wasted another 3 dollars. Too disabled by now." More: "I can't remember anything, I need to be put in the hospital. Now we have only one blank disc left." So upset that I began crying again. Then Chinese characters popped up on my computer screen to further provoke me. I kept crying. "The problem is that we are too overworked." I left the coffeehouse on 3:46:00. I lamented, "The Monkey has taken over, and we can't even get out..."

I then got on the bus to go toward the cybercafe (3:57:00). I was breathing heavily, still very upset. A black guy on the bus was warning me not to sit by his feet. I got off the bus in front of the cybercafe on 4:21:00, all the while moaning in hopelessness: "We don't believe in anything, we only believe in bad things, now that Daughter has lost, and the Monkey has control of the whole world..." Something happened, and I believed that another intercept had occurred (the Monkey's evidence to keep himself in control), but I ignored it: "Our Daughter has lost. It's not a duel, for anybody who has access to the machines rules, and I have no machines, so there is no contest..." "Just don't come up with good ideas, so that the Monkey cannot steal from me" (4:31:30). I sat down inside the cybercafe ready to reburn my disc. I prayed: "Please Mr B don't let my disc malfunction... This will continue, because we'll always do the same thing, and that's because we are in pain, and that's what happens when you rule by force: your subjects will always resist, not because they want to, but because they are in pain..." (4:40:30). Complaint about a chimera, as you can see. More: "All I have is a broken computer and a few dollars. But he has the ICJ control center which controls the whole city, including my computer, and you call that a duel!" Then, when I thought about going to the Daughterland's consulate again, my toes hurt (4:44:00). Is it the French who were encouraging me? Then: "We have regretted it, for Mr Chertoff is better... Boss Cheney is better, he's actually more amicable than the Monkey, for he wouldn't freak out if we like his daughter... He is an idealist, he really wants to make the world a better place, he really wants to save humanity. He's just like the Khmer Rouge..." Well, at least these observations were completely correct. Then: "Most importantly, he's an American, not a Mexican... We regret it, we shouldn't have helped our Daughter, it's better if Boss Cheney rules Daughterland than if the Monkey rules it, and today we have realized that we have done wrong. At least our Cheney would give us something if he wins... We have changed our mind about everything because of Mr B..." It's not clear whether my change of mind was favorable evidence for Daughterland: it should be. Then I decided that I must immediately upload the recording of my confession here because the Monkey might change the content of the surveillance over me (or the intercepts which the mind-reading computer would produce of this episode).

My next recording is: "[cybercafe\\_6\\_13\\_10\\_123-350AM.WMA](#)". I continued: "The idea that a Mexican shall rule Daughterland is just too offensive." Just then, my arm hurt. Was it the Daughter People signaling to me? They probably really did like it when I regretted saving them: evidence that I didn't conspire with them. "Why would the Daughter People let a Mexican stand among their midst? It doesn't seem right? If I were DGHTRCOM, I'd let Boss Cheney chip me, not some Mexican... This has



to be testing...” Wrong! I then continued writing my pleading paper. I then thought I got another idea to help Daughterland: “If I were DGHTRCOM” – and my arm hurt – “I would command the United States to sell its strategic oil reserve and forget about Mexico...” And, just then, my arm hurt tremendously (31:30). This time it should be the French who were doing it: it's evidence for the French that I intended to help Daughterland harm (neocon) United States. I then began worrying (nonsensically) that the Monkey might steal this idea which I had just produced! “But as soon as we think of an idea, we need to say it, in order to keep a copy of it for ourselves.” “I want DGHTR back, Mr B, if you want to steal my ideas...” I began offering the Monkey a trade! Then: “Mr B is all about trade, not about emotion, and that's why any time we can flip, we will and will chop off his head...” Then: “We will sell our ideas to him for a pyramid” – and I began coughing (1:16:00). Was this a signal?

Something utterly strange then happened. A man walked in and then out of the cybercafe, and, when he passed me by, dropped a piece of paper in front of me. “Hey, you dropped something,” I shouted to him. He replied that he *intended* to drop me the piece of paper (1:25:48). The Monkey sent an agent to drop me a message! Or so I thought. I began filming the piece of paper: “250 dollars, 11911 West San Vicente Blvd, 100 North La Cienega Blvd.” That's what's written on the paper. I was rather pessimistic: “If this is the Monkey, then nothing good will happen... This is it? No Daughterland?” Now, what must be strange to you is that, as soon as I believed that the Monkey was making an offer to me, my attitude toward him was drastically softened: “Now, suddenly, we don't want to offend the Monkey...” I sat down in front of the public computer there and continued to ponder the matter: “250 dollar is not a lot of money, it's the pyramid that really counts” (1:35:30). “Maybe the Monkey is testing me...” “We are going to upload the 'Cheney stuff' to our website, but we are withdrawing what we have said earlier about Mexicans pending further development...” Then, more doubt: “What if this is Daughter's test, and they are pissed off, so that tomorrow we will not find anything?” (1:58:00) Ha! What bullshit. My worthless reflection then continued endlessly. Finally, I sighed: “We have no choice but to sink Daughterland, for, by now, we can't even remember anything... But what if the pyramid we shall meet tomorrow is remotely controlled? And What did she do to deserve such fate?” What a self-congratulatory fantasy: as if the “secret message” I had just received were real!

My next recording is: “[cybrcafeftp\\_6\\_13\\_10\\_358-513AM.WMA](#)”. Somehow I came up with more wrong scenarios, believing for a moment that DGHTRCOM was going to Japan! “But he probably wants me to stay here and get along with the Monkey...” Then I began my daily lesson on Russland Journal on 21:00. More conjectures about the “secret message”: “Maybe it's just a test, to see if, when you get a big candy, you'll forget about all your Daughterland loyalty..” “Let's see if we are going to get a pyramid tomorrow...” Then my arm hurt again, and so I spoke my thoughts out: “They are duping you into filing a lawsuit against the Pyramid, then, afterwards, they will give you a pyramid to see if you are going to forget about it all...” And my arm would hurt continually. I wondered: “Is it DGHTRCOM or the Monkey? Does the Monkey ever go to bed?” (44:00) Then: “Oh the Daughter Pyramid, she's so fine...” Then, when a bunch of women came in, I wondered: “Why?” As if even this were programmed to produce evidences. “This woman is wearing a big diamond, does that mean the Pyramid is getting married?” (48:00) It's all because I believed that every detail in my environment was programmed from the control center to either produce evidences or to communicate something to me that I would come up with such stupid scenarios and then believe them. Then: “The Monkey is saying to you: If you go to

the county mental health, you'll get a pyramid. Okay. But no forgery of my writing, please! Only if he hears this!" (56:00) Then, more damaging evidences for the French to collect: "I don't want to hurt 'Daughter Rule'... The Daughter Pyramid is the prettiest thing in the universe, not because of her look, but because of her connection to Daughterland..." Then: "This is an internal strife, and so losing the fight wouldn't mean Daughterland would lose it all..." God I couldn't be more wrong! Then: "The Monkey is so good at duping people, he should be in the advertisement business, just as he keeps saying I should be a lawyer..." (1:04:00)

My last recording of the night is: "leavcybrcafe\_6\_13\_10\_513-531AM.WMA". More wrong conjecture: "This is in fact DGHTRCOM: just when you have broken down, he gives you a pyramid... He probably gets briefed about us for two hours per day, and he's very versed in psychology... He's testing us. But the test doesn't make any sense: what's the point of breaking us? This scenario will never happen in real life... It must be that he just wants you to get along with the Monkey, because he has some personal relationship with the Link... " All bullshit. Finally: "The Monkey wants air-tight security, he doesn't want you to go anywhere or tell anyone about what he has done..." (7:00) "What has happened must be that DGHTRCOM has said: 'I'm not gonna give up on this guy', and so the Monkey replies: 'Okay, give him a pyramid, then. His condition is that you go to the county mental health and be labeled insane in order to protect his secret'. The night of worthless reflection had finally finished. I slept in the street corner on Normandie, like always.

### **June 13 (Sunday; "no pyramid seen")**

My first recording of the new day is: "IMPtrapinbrntwd\_6\_13\_10\_905AM-1228PM.WMA": I woke up from the street corner in Normandie and then got my breakfast cookies and coffee inside McDonald's (6:00). I began wondering about the girl whom I thought I was supposed to meet: "Maybe the pyramid will just appear to produce an intercept and then dump you, but that doesn't matter, for we'll then go to the Daughterland consulate" (36:00). I was on the bus by 41:00 and got off on 57:00. "Maybe it's just testing, to see what you are willing to give in for a pyramid." Then on the bus again on 1:40:00 and off the bus on 2:01:00. Strangely, a black man was yelling at me, "You are a pussy, you need to kill yourself..." (2:07:00). On the bus again, and off the bus at San Vicente (2:16:00). I was at the said address, and, guess what, nothing happened. I was merely "spotted" by police cars – or so I thought. After a while, I went back to the San Vicente location (2:46:00) and, within 10 minutes, I finally realized it was but a "trap", and took off. On the bus going back to Westwood on 3:12:00. There was an amazing "pyramid" on the bus, but, I moaned: "We look like this; how can we approach her at all?" (3:14:00) Not understanding the Daughter People's purpose in duping me, I theorized incorrectly: "This is the point of the test: to see if you are willing to give up an imaginary world for the real world things; yeah!" and my arm hurt (3:16:00). Was it the French or the Russians? (Trying to derail my understanding, that is.) Off the bus in UCLA on 3:22:00.

And so what is this all about? Let's rewind. Because I was expecting the Daughter People to send a "pyramid" to fetch me away to their land, the French, with all the evidences accumulated for my attempt to conspire with the Daughter People, input to the judge computer the request that the Daughter People really send one of their female agents to take me away: to institute around the terrorist suspect a reality which fits his belief in order to dupe him into finishing his mission. The goal, of course, was to

sink Daughterland definitively into a terrorist conspiracy with me. The Daughter People, then, on 11 June, defended themselves by forcing the CIA to take up the burden of “conspiracy” with me, so that, if I should need to finish my mission, it would be the Agency which should send its female agent to take me wherever. The French of course wouldn't have this. They wanted Daughterland along with the Agency. They obtained further evidence to demonstrate that Monkey's profile of me was forged – it must thus be under French direction that Homeland Security had stolen my spindle of new DVDs on June 12, in which I had put one of my data discs which would enable the French to prove that Monkey's claim that my discs were toys was false – by which they could sink Daughterland in conspiracy with me, which would deprive Daughterland of the right to command the Agency to replace evidences and change the original scenario. The Daughter People thus fought back on late night, June 12, by commanding Homeland Security to drop me a message, knowing that I would believe that it referred to the showing up of a pyramid. However, it was just an empty message. The next day, I would go to the designated location and find nothing at all. The objective seemed to be to force me to change my belief system – probably on the ground that my belief system enabling the French to sink Daughterland in conspiracy with me was part of the conspiracy between me, the Monkey, and the French against Daughterland. The Daughter People's justification for making such convoluted argument could only be my wrong scenarios, which, vaguely taken as evidence for my supposed schizophrenic state of mind, maintained the Macrosphere as legally valid. The Daughter People were just buying time, for the French would simply try again when it shall be their turn next.

It must be noted that, since the Daughter People's only defense right now consisted in interpreting my wrong scenarios as schizophrenic delusions, the French would point out that these were really just wrong inferences and did not comfort to the structure of schizophrenic delusions at all – especially since, these “delusions” being completely rational, although stupid, the brain functioning patterns underlying them as seen on the mind-reading computer looked nothing quite like the patterns which the Monkey had forged. The Daughter People could only respond by positing a chronological development, namely, that my current “delusional beliefs” would eventually evolve into true schizophrenic delusions for which the brain functioning patterns would indeed resemble the patterns which the Monkey had forged. It is thus that the Daughter People were doing everything they could to drive me insane – to train me to become really schizophrenic.

My next recording is: “[touclareflectntst\\_6\\_13\\_10\\_1228-235PM.WMA](#)”: While walking into UCLA, I continued my bullshit: “The test is so sophisticated that it does seem like the Daughter People are testing us to see if we are willing to give up the imaginary world... Why are they testing you? That's the plan. They want to see if you are willing to be a dog... We are going to file the lawsuit just in case nothing happens...” Then, reflecting on the beauty whom I had just seen on the bus: “They put somebody in front of you to see if you will videotape her, and, if not, that means you actually like those people....” (13:00). More: “They should let me get out of this country, it's not like I want to stay here...” Then: “Why would the Monkey want to test you, all he wants is to get rid of you...” Then: “Maybe the Daughter People just want to use the Monkey to get rid of you...” Then: “At such point, you don't want them to fall, because it's not about them anymore; it's about you...” More: “Where is my pyramid?” While in the campus, I began reviewing my recordings. After a while, I got up and left, muttering: “The Monkey doesn't know his place in the world...” Then, I came inside Ackerman on 1:00:00 to use the computer there. I lamented continually that I didn't have the money needed to go to Daughterland.

My next recording is: “[studyrstudntunionPROBL\\_6\\_13\\_10\\_225-354PM.WMA](#)”: By now I was reading Anne Boulanger's Russian grammar on Google Books on Ackerman's computer. Again, as you can hear, the Student Union was filled with children. Then: “It could be that the Pyramid's father has changed his mind this morning” – just then I coughed as if I were remotely controlled to confirm myself (22:30 or so). As usual, when the computer screen suddenly flashed, I was terribly alarmed, thinking that the Monkey was doing something to collect “evidence”. What was really significant, however, was probably my constantly noticing grammatical features which only somebody versed in historical linguistics would notice: “Wow, another Indo-European cognate in DGHTRSPK, *dat: dadan* in Persian or *donner* in French – 'to give'”. “Huh, there seems to be a scrambling of cases between Greek and DGHTRSPK: what is Genitive in Greek seems to have become Dative in DGHTRSPK, and so on”. The French might very well have used these observations on my part as evidence that I didn't really fit the Monkey's false profile of me (since I was obviously educated).

My next recording is: “[6\\_13\\_10\\_402-511PM.WMA](#)”: After finishing up today's study, I continued to contemplate suicide. While using the restroom inside Ackerman, I came up with more bullshit: “It could be a test to see if you are willing to sacrifice for the good of the whole.” Then: “If the Pyramid is married, she might not be found in order for us to sue her...” I then left Ackerman amidst a throng of children running around. Again, this is a university!

My next recordings are: “[uclamedrscrnshts\\_6\\_13\\_10\\_513-554PM.WMA](#)” and: “[uclastndntuniondvd124\\_6\\_13-14\\_10\\_555PM-1204AM.WMA](#)”. However, I suddenly remembered that my website's registration would soon expire, and so I came back to Ackerman to call IX Web Hosting on the payphone there. I had to try two times. My website would expire on July 7. I finally left the place on 16:00. Then, more wrong scenarios: “It seems that our Daughter still has control. There are just too many strange testings when there is no reason to test anything” (23:30). While at the vending machine, I continued my worthless speculation: “This doesn't make sense. Why can't our Daughter send their own fake agent to me (like they have done on February 12: the “Ukrainian Golden Pyramid”)? Just do the self-mutilation thing again!” Strangely, just then, there was honking in the distance (32:00). It's not clear if this was the French because they had just collected another important piece of evidence for my conspiracy with Daughterland. I then came back to Ackerman and found a table inside on which to work. I began reviewing my recording while doing some writing at the same time. I was then having my episode again, thinking that somebody was here either to conduct surveillance on me or purposely to be recorded by me (to produce evidence for my “criminal recording”: 1:53:00). I continued to work on my pleading paper. When it came time for me to leave Ackerman, I mumbled: “It's stupid to think that you can negotiate with Mr B...” (3:05:00). And: “Don't believe in anything” (3:09:00). Lucky for me, when I came inside Westwood Village, somebody gave me chips (3:12:00). I continued to speculate incorrectly: “People are probably just told something, instructed to produce evidence to show me being David Chin: although this David Chin has a million dollars in his bank account, he still begs people for food...” More: “It's probably DGHTRCOM, who wants to save you... But if it's DGHTRCOM, please don't test us when we are begging you for help!” When I saw another person wearing earphones, I assumed – rightly or wrongly – he was here to conduct surveillance on me, and asked him: “Mr surveillance agent, can you buy me a coke?” (3:22:00) Then: “Why would the Monkey trick you and then hint to you to warn you?” I then did a lot of

reflection – flashbacks – on my time with “Mommy” back in January, on my trip to the movie theater with Gaurav and his wife in Montreal, etc. And my arm hurt continually for no apparent reason: i.e. what was being signaled to me? I then came inside a coffeehouse to do more writing (3:46:00). At one point I wondered – given the enormous powerlessness and forces of domination that I felt: “Do those people inside the control center know how much power they have? How powerless I feel when they control everything around me and everything I own, even my bodily functions?” (4:16:00) “They really are like Gods. They can read anyone's emails, watch anyone do anything, and make anyone do anything. We are just like the Taliban and Iraqi insurgents: they can't even see the enemy before they get completely incinerated.... There is no way for them to put up a fight. I hope they hear me! This is not a fight!” The coffeehouse was closed on 5:02:00. As I wandered the street, I continued: “Why can't Mr B just forget about it? What's his problem?” I concluded wrongly: “He can't believe that somebody from the streets actually looks down on him, that's why!” Just then, my arm hurt (5:05:30). Then I made more totally wrong-headed conclusions: “It must be because DGHTRCOM values my opinion, which offends him...” In accordance with my erroneous conception, I shouted: “DGHTRCOM please hear me and stop it, and give me some money for me to go on my pilgrimage! I want to see the place where you grew up...” I had no idea what horrible evidences I was producing for the French to damn him! I then got on the bus to go to the cybercafe (5:21:00). While on the bus, I sighed (in Chinese): “We have lost the battle...” (5:26:00). The battle was indeed lost! Then I began reflecting on my time in Shanghai, remembering what I had thought about the MSS director, how he “made three gains” (一撈三筆), and how Boss Cheney therefore treated him so harshly. Just then, my foot hurt. Perhaps it was the French who had collected more valuable evidences for my conspiracy against the neocons. I thought I had seen another surveillance agent on the bus (wearing earphones). They were everywhere. As soon as I got off the bus, I called another man wearing big earphones “Mr surveillance agent” (5:48:00). I walked inside the cybercafe.

My next recording is: “[cybrcafebnrstroinoutconsstncy\\_6\\_14\\_10\\_1204-454AM.WMA](#)”: Wrongly suspecting that every detail of my environment was staged from the control center to produce “intercepts” (evidences), I was pondering at a woman sitting inside the cybercafe wearing a revolutionary hat and playing with AK-47 toy guns. Suspicious! Then, I noticed another guy watching pornography on the computer. I was alarmed: “This is Mr B's world!” I was assuming that he was producing evidences (using faulty surveillance) showing me devouring pornography again. “But which guy is me?” I began hashing my files on my computer in order to prevent forgery of my files – I was returning to every one of my old habits. Then I got all paranoid: “What if Mr B is remotely controlling my hashing software to make it inaccurate?” Then I thought another surveillance agent had come in, with his iPod and everything (17:00). It's not clear whether he really was here to conduct surveillance on me. Since I assumed he was, I murmured: “That's what people inside the Homeland Security control center see, right? They want to know what this guy is doing. Oh, it turns out that he's just trying to track the surveillance agents around him.” Then, another “surveillance agent” (26:00). I then began reviewing and naming all my most recent video files. I speculated nonsensically: “It feels like we are forced to perform for someone to watch. Who? The Pyramid? To prove to her that Daughter is right?” (42:00) I then began reviewing the recording of the bizarre instance from last night. I concluded: “Look at yourself, he (i.e. the Monkey) goes after you because you are so ugly, and he doesn't like ugly people insulting him! DGHTRCOM is not going to judge people by their looks, but he does... If you are too ugly, but always say the right thing, then you'll piss people off, and that's why he wants you to go to the



mental hospital, for your brain has to fit your look....” (1:23:00). I then advised the Monkey: “He needs to get rid of his obsession with looks if he wants to earn respect from the Daughter People....” More: “When people see your writings, they'll think a professor has written it; they won't expect you to be so ugly...” Then: “We are so sophisticated, for we can get turned on by women when they are not exposing any parts of themselves except their face and hands and feet...” Then: “Marie is like me, she likes people who are good-looking, but she doesn't reject people who are ugly....” (1:46:00). Then I pleaded: “Please Mr B, let's not bother each other in the future... The Daughter People cannot stop watching us, for, the moment they look elsewhere, people will beat us up. Can we just forget about this 'independence' thing? For we have already missed the train, Oh my Daughter...” “We need a link to the Daughter People so that, when we come up with good ideas, we can pass these along to them...” Then I sighed again: “So much work everyday...” Then: “We were in January feeling regret because 'Mommy', such a big organization, sinks just because of this...” Just then my arm hurt (2:06:00). What's this? Perhaps the French's evidence that I had also conspired with the CIA against the neocons and the French. I was then on the computer again checking up my website (2:30:00). “Why doesn't the Monkey pay us?” I was then filling out the civil case filing form. “We work for Mr B but he doesn't pay us.” Now when I was watching TV 5's Sept Jours sur la Planète (2:46:00), my arm hurt again (2:50:00). The French had collected another piece of evidence in their favor (my comprehension of French). I was also becoming concerned that the Hispanic guy sitting next to me was making a cellphone call (3:03:00). Then my arm hurt constantly. After I sent the hash values of my files to myself, my arm hurt again (3:21:00). More evidences for the French (that my recordings weren't forged). I soon began looking up Mylène Farmer online, and my arm hurt as well. Why all this? I was then reviewing the recording of what I thought was the Monkey's forgery of my uncle's speaking (3:59:00). Why did he appear to be speaking through a muffler? Then I watched Nena's “99 Luftballon” on Youtube while continuing to upload my latest recording files to my website (4:26:00). Providing evidences to the French! Fearing that the Monkey was forging records and recording about me, I even uploaded my disc directories to my website. “But even this could be forged. And so we need the hash values of files. But then that can be forged as well. There is just no way to go around it. Mr B knows not the value of paying people when they work for him, while he emphasizes to us the value of earning money!” That was the night.

## **June 14 (Monday)**

My first recording of the new miserable day is: “wknrmndiebus20633\_6\_14\_10-854-930AM.WMA” I woke up from the street corner in Normandie, and somebody gave me food. I then got on the bus to go toward WCIL.

My next recording is: “wcilprntuclaixwebcvl\_6\_14\_10\_940AM-317PM.WMA”. While on the bus, I again suspected that somebody around me wearing earphones was a surveillance agent. It is not clear whether I was right or being paranoid. Then my phone rang – another junk call – on 19:00. I got off the bus on 22:00, murmuring: “We have to get out of here, for we can't have this duel, we are just too tired...” Then I got suspicious of another police car in front of me (28:00). I came inside WCIL and ate some food scavenged from the trash can there (36:00). I came here to print out the pleading paper specifically, and wondered: “How to serve the Pyramid?” I was on the computer inside the computer room on 51:00. Soon Angela came to greet me, but I ignored her; I even found her suspicious (1:36:00). As I tried to print out my pleading papers, I sighed: “I'm breaking down now; I can't function



anymore... We need to kill ourselves... What the fuck did I do to deserve this fate?" (1:45:00) Then I wondered incorrectly: "If there really is a jury, why are they judging? Should our Daughter pick us up?" (2:15:00) I left WCIL on 2:26:00. When I got on the bus, I had no money to pay the fare, and yet, despite the bus driver's insistence, I refused to get off the bus (2:30:00). Finally, the bus driver was calling the police, and everybody had to get off the bus just because of me. Happy that I was making everybody's life harder, I finally got off the bus too (2:33:00). I began talking to the Monkey again: "I hope he understands that Iraqi insurgents will never come to the United States to occupy the United States, for people don't fly to the moon with their arms... He should understand this, and so: Why is he worried about this?" I then asked another guy who looked like a Homeland Security surveillance agent, "Do you know who's commanding you? Is it Mr B, or Janet Napolitano?" He denied being "Homeland Security" and threatened to beat me up (2:42:00). It's likely that I was falsely accusing him, however. I then was asking another lady on the street because I believed that she was sent here by the Monkey to pretend to be recorded by me (so as to generate evidences for my "criminal recording). I then got on Culver City Bus 6 to go to UCLA. As I was buying single CDs in the Ackerman Bookstore (for files accompanying my impending lawsuit against the Pyramid) I felt compelled to ask a text-messaging girl, "Who asked you to text-message?" (3:44:00) – as if it were again the Monkey who had programmed this. I came inside the research library on 3:57:00. Just then, my phone rang again – another junk call (4:00:00). "What does it mean?" I sat down on the public computer to check my website first. Guess what – the Internet connection was down and yet only my website could be seen. I asked one librarian to come look at this mystery, but, although he couldn't understand why, he didn't much care either, and just walked away (4:16:00). I then got another librarian to look at the problem. It's just strange happening like this everyday which had made me constantly speculate on the wrong scenarios, and yet I still don't know today whether those Daughter People inside the control center had anything to do with all this. At the time I believed that the Monkey had shut down the Internet connection on the computer I had chosen because the Monkey wanted me to move to a different computer, the one next to which sat a "golden pyramid" (4:34:00). It would be more evidence for my being the pervert and harassing pretty girls whenever possible. Then, phone rang again on 5:23:00 – another junk call. I had to read up, on the superior court's website, the instructions on how to file my civil lawsuit. I sighed at one point: "We really want to forget about it; we just need money to get out" (5:33:00).

My next recording is: "uclamngmntbackangrybnrstr\_6\_14\_10\_317-829PM.WMA". I sighed further: "DGHTRCOM wants you to fight, but, we are sorry, we just can't fight anymore" (1:00). I soon left the library and was begging the people around for food. I cried to the Daughter People: "You have got to help me, for this guy is 1,000 times more terrifying than Mr Chertoff" (17:00). I walked inside Westwood Village and immediately filmed, out of suspicion, a car without a license plate (21:00). As if the Monkey had something to do with it. I sighed more: "There is never enough time in a day, all because of this lawsuit..." The ICJ trial, that is. I had really overworked myself in pursuit of an imaginary scenario without knowing. After a while, I began cursing again: "Our Daughter should smash this International Court control center immediately after overcoming the enemy..." Then about how I wanted to kill the Pyramid and dump her body (38:00). Soon I went inside the Biomedical library to use the printer there to print out the other papers which would accompany my pleading paper (46:00). I needed to print out the bank statement also. I asked this librarian to help me; I wanted him to print out for me my bank statement from my online account: the Monkey wouldn't play pranks, I

thought, if somebody else was witnessing it. But the librarian didn't want to help. I was angered: "If this is a test, I need to fucking kill the tester" (53:00). I began making Xerox copies of my lawsuit (forms and pleading papers) on the copy machine in the library. Just then, a girl came to ask me to use my card to make one copy for herself (1:10:30). I allowed it, but, then, when I continued to make copies, the money on my card ran out just when I had reached the last page of my pleading paper. I couldn't make the copy of the last page, which was the appendix containing Monkey's picture. Frustrated, and thinking that it was all orchestrated by the Monkey (because he didn't want me to include his picture in my lawsuit), I mumbled: "The Monkey is teaching me: if you want to be happy, you had better be evil, for, if you are good, you will suffer" (1:15:00). More negative thoughts: "Never blame those people who tell lies, but only those people who believe lies" (1:30:00). As I walked out of the library, I ran into a girl from France (1:51:30). Does it matter for the ICJ trial? Aroused, I came inside the campus parking lot wanting to hide myself in the obscure corner beneath the staircase to masturbate. I murmured: "Someday we'll escape to Daughterland..." (1:55:00). As I was getting myself ready, I cried: "I'm so ugly..." I decided to masturbate to the video of the "Daughter Agent" from March 28, 2009. It's not clear whether I had thereby created a piece of evidence in favor of France. Afterwards, I came back inside Ackerman and found a table to begin working. I began reviewing my recording (3:00:00). I sighed: "Without tools, ideas are just ideas; I can always come up with better ideas, but, not having tools, I'm useless and defenseless against the Monkey" (3:11:00). More: "He really believes that he is demonstrating to me his superiority, when all he has demonstrated is the superiority of his machine..." (3:14:00). When I took a break to use the restroom, I continued to beg the Daughter People: "We are very fragile; but if you put me in a little home, and give me the copyrights of my writings, then, we'll do wonders... So do you want this product or not, for we always have good ideas..." More: "I really want to see Daughterland.... The Monkey is able to do all this because one department has no command over the other. And so you have to appeal to the very high..." More cursing: "This fucking Mexican Monkey, imitating our Daughter..." Out of the restroom, I continued to work. I was now working on the April entries in Ying and Yang II. More: "We cannot perform right now because we are too tired, and we can't fight Mexicans..." (4:25:00). "By now there is not a shred of romance in all the fights..." (4:30:00). When I was checking videos inside my camcorder, I became convinced that the Monkey had remotely deleted a few videos from my camera (4:37:00). I continued to criticize the Monkey: "When the Japanese produce a car, they really 'mean it', and produce the best cars ever; but the Monkey just wants to make sure that the cars he produces can sell, and he has no interest in whether the cars he makes are good cars at all..." Then: "The most horrifying thing in the world is to look like a fool without knowing so; if you at least know you are stupid, then you have covered yourself..." Then: "This is a fake trial, so what's the point? None of the skills we have learned from this battle will have any use in the real world, but DGHTRCOM is telling us: 'You have to obey'..." (4:55:00). I then thought of a historical analogy to describe the current situation (all wrong of course): "This kind of thing happens all the time in history, where one of the revolutionary members, after the revolution has succeeded, poisons the whole movement, just so that he could get on top..." (4:58:00). For example, Stalin. "This is what the Monkey is doing; like Stalin, he has hijacked the revolution. It is now a failed revolution. We have wanted our Daughter to get on top because too many people are kicking her, but now the Monkey has got on top, by taking over the machines, specifically the UNICOM... He wants to make sure that, by law, you can't get out of the country... And yet all you can do is run! The Monkey likes to see people going hungry and miserable, for in this way he can feel good about himself... He doesn't like me because there is actually somebody who doesn't like him, the

elite, and this guy is ugly!” Again, all the wrong scenarios. Only if I had known that it's not the Monkey who had hijacked the “revolution”, but the French!

My next recording is: “strbkwstwdsurvangtrcrdng\_6\_14\_10\_829-1151PM.WMA” After writing a little more while, I left Ackerman (27:00). I continued to speculate wrongly: “The Monkey wants us to learn to deal with frustration, and yet he himself will never put up with what he wants us to put up with” (30:00). In Westwood Village, I scavenged food from the trash cans. My unwarranted paranoia was such that I became suspicious of the Starbucks environment simply because it seemed to be all new people, with the old people completely gone (1:02:00). I mumbled: “While the Monkey was worried that we might introduce virus into his daughter's body, we are worried that he might be a virus among the Daughter People...” (1:17:00). I began revising my pleading paper inside Starbucks. I then began believing, erroneously, that the Monkey had again sent a surveillance agent here to to record me talking to my recorder in order to collect evidences proving that the recording he had forged about me was genuine. (Of course, I could be under surveillance for entirely other reasons.) I mistakenly thought that the Monkey was employing the same technique which Mr Chertoff had used on me before: “Homeland Security is putting out this warning saying we have an obsession with this Mexican man whom we are trying to sue...” (2:03:00). In fact, not. Then, what I thought to be DHS surveillance agent left (2:23:00). I wanted to videotape this “agent” but an ugly woman came to block the view. I theorized wrongly: “The Monkey instructed this ugly woman to stand next to the surveillance agent knowing we will want to videotape the agent so that he can obtain evidences showing us being a pervert and videotaping pretty women...” Then I began wondering if the Monkey had “revived” our former Homeland Security secretary. “No, that would be too offensive to everyone... Mr B won't revive him...” In reality, the French were reviving him! When a group of police officers were conducting activities on the street, I began filming the whole thing, believing, wrongly, that the police was merely pretending to respond to emergency because I was sitting nearby: i.e. the Monkey wanted me to be accidentally caught in police cameras (2:41:00). I then got on the bus going toward the cybercafe. Like always, I breathed heavily out of severe frustration and fatigue.

My next recordings are: “cybrcafebosshereanglmtphr\_6\_14-15\_10\_1151PM-1220AM.WMA” and “cybrstudyrfpt\_6\_15\_10\_1227-422AM.WMA”. Arriving at cybercafe, I came up with another wrong scenario: “Every time DGHTRCOM is here, the Pyramid and her sister will be watching” (4:00). I thought DGHTRCOM had come into the picture to check on me (see me on his screen in his office far away) because I had, once more, mistaken the presence of the cybercafe's boss for a “metaphor” of DGHTRCOM.

### **June 15 (Tuesday; filing lawsuit)**

My first recording of the day is: “libknkossuit\_6\_15\_10\_751AM-129PM.WMA”. I woke up from the street corner, had breakfast in McDonald's, and then got on the bus. Since I planned to file the lawsuit today, I needed to go to the Social Security office to obtain my income verification. (Needed in order to file lawsuit free of fees.) I thought there was an office around the Western and Wilshire area, but, upon arriving, I found none. I thus got on the bus again going toward downtown. I arrived at the Social Security office in downtown on 1:12:00. But, first, my box cutter was confiscated by the security guard, and then I was quite annoyed by his search of my huge bag for he had messed up all my things

inside. Again, every little thing just added to my growing frustration and reinforced my short temper. After obtaining the letter of verification, I came inside the library (2:10:00). I came to finish working on the lawsuit papers while reviewing recordings. Strangely, somebody asked me, "Do you need any computer repair?" I ignored him (2:21:00). After a while, I murmured: "Mexico is in a very strategic position at this point..." (3:33:00). Then: "What if the Pyramid is on her father's side?" (4:05:00). After finishing, I browsed through a French book (4:08:00). Again, favorable evidence for the French. I left the library on 4:14:00 and then ate lunch at Famima. I continued to count "surveillance agents" (those ugly guys wearing earphones). I came inside Kinkos on 4:43:00 to do some final copying and printing. Then, I saw a pretty woman who looked like "Mommy". Is she really Mommy? (4:47:00) I left Kinkos by 5:30:30 or so. I was very rude to the passerby and got on the bus.

My next recording is: "[buncourt\\_6\\_15\\_10\\_129-317PM.WMA](#)" I came inside the superior court on 8:30. I made more copies of my pleading papers and asked for help for filling up the fee waver sheet. I continued to murmur how the days of former Secretary was indeed better. (Good evidences in favor of the Daughter People.) Then: "At least we have videotaped our past. People here are absolutely abnormal. They are all actors." Again, I was overly interpreting my environment. Nobody was Mr B's actor here in the court house. More evidences in favor of Daughterland. "This place is completely wasted, and we need to get out of here..." Just before I filed my pleading papers, I made sure to film them as proof for what exactly I had filed, but a court clerk saw me and warned me not to videotape inside the court house (1:07:00). She even went to get the security guards. The security guards came, and they even demanded to see my camcorder (1:11:00). "It's against the rules," they shouted at me. "Yeah right! Don't make things up like that," I protested, and continued: "I have done it thousands of times, and nobody ever gives a crap..." "Take your stuff, and don't bring it back!" (1:14:00) "Don't make things up like that, it's not like you don't know me," I continued. Instead, I went inside the restroom to film my papers. I muttered: "We don't care about the 'Daughter World', we are going to sue this bitch..." Then: "She's not a human being anymore, but a fucking Mexican monkey, and monkeys need to die..." (1:28:30). More: "None of the police officers is real... They don't behave normally.... With Mr Chertoff, at least it's not every single day, it won't be machine malfunctioning everyday, and he wouldn't send in a SWAT team just because you have a camera... Right now secrecy is no longer important, and everything is so blatantly abnormal..."

My next recording is: "[courtfilling\\_6\\_15\\_10\\_319-420PM.WMA](#)". I came out of the restroom and filed all the necessary papers. I muttered about the court employees: "All these people are actors; they are not real people! That's a lot of resources spent!" (25:00) Suspicious of everything, I asked another woman standing nearby: "Who are you text-messaging to?" "Just my friends..." "Be careful who you are working for," I warned her (50:00). It's all imaginary, of course. None of these people were actors at all, and the woman had no idea what I was talking about. When I was walking out, somebody swung the door in my face, and shouted at me angrily: "I'm gonna call the sheriff on you, you have to go..." (1:00:00). The strange coincidence is that everybody was becoming so hostile toward me.

My next recording is: "[loanstrlacienea\\_6\\_15\\_10\\_421-557PM.WMA](#)" After I left the court house, I wondered: "Why doesn't Mommy do anything about Mr B? The constraint must be so tight, all because he owns all the machines..." At least I got half of it correct! Then: "The Daughter People are going to abandon us, and it's all Pyramid's fault..." Then: "It's because everybody inside the court house was an

actor that we got busted for videotaping...” (4:00). “Our temper is so short nowadays because of sleep deprivation” (7:00). Wondering again: “How could Daughterland Management not know about everything and believe Mr B?” As I was walking on the street, I got increasingly angry, and wanted to purposely conform myself to what I thought to be Monkey's slander of me. Seeing another Hispanic person, I shouted at him: “Fuck you Hispanic people! I hope the surveillance picks this up to confirm Mr B's lies about me. White people are better than you just because they are white.” That should confirm Mr B's, and everybody's, false profile of me as a “white supremacist”. But suddenly I recalled: “But Mr B himself is white... Sorry I take that back. It's really nationality that matters...” (13:00). Then I regurgitated my perennial false assumption: “All this must be a standardized test. How can Daughter people not be watching us? They will just let all our good ideas go down the drain? They have to be watching us!” They just want to know what you would do if you are abandoned...” I got on the bus on 24:00. I came inside a new loan store which I had never been to before. They would be willing to accept my application, but I would have to come back tomorrow morning. I left and got on the bus again on 1:32:00.

My next recording is: “IMPwstwdbunstrprovkstrbk\_6\_15-16\_10\_638PM-1248AM.WMA” Just as I settled down inside Starbucks, another junk call came to my cellphone. I got so irritated that I began cursing repeatedly, “Why am I wasting my time fighting this fucking Mexican? Mexicans should just be brushed aside, and I should spend my time doing something else! His life is not worth living and so he is wasting my time!” When I exited Starbucks, I was still cursing, “Fucking Mexican, fucking Mexican...” Then I videotaped another what looked like a surveillance agent, telling him that I was going to load up the video of him to Youtube. “Okay,” said he (9:30 or so). It's likely that he wasn't doing surveillance, in which case he would have thought me nuts. I was then squatting by the street corner and pleading to DGHTRCOM to the effect that, if he had any conscience at all, he should first of all pull “Mommy” out of the Mexican's command, and secondly change the evidentiary records so that *le Formule* be detached from that “worthless Mexican bitch”. This, unfortunately, would be more evidence for the French to condemn the CIA and Daughterland together. I continued to shout in anger: “Nothing around me makes any sense, the police is not supposed to stop you from filming! This is not America anymore!” (17:00) I then continued to curse the Pyramid while coming inside Best Buy to buy dual layer discs. Exiting, I was afraid to go near a “pyramid”, fearing that it might be “Mommy” (i.e. that the Monkey might have sent her to me to commit “conspiracy” with me, enabling himself to rule over the Agency). More: “People only like the Pyramid because they don't know that she's an extension of her father...” (53:30). I then came inside Ackerman (56:00). Another junk call! (1:01:00) While I was checking over my newly burned disc, strange error messages popped up on my computer screen. Annoyed, I mumbled: “Why is Mr B doing this? He's manipulating my computer to make it look like it's sending me 'secret messages'... Don't believe anything a Mexican says!” Just as I was videotaping it all, my camcorder shuts itself off (1:04:00). Why? I of course suspected that it was the Monkey, even though, if it was remotely controlled, it must be the Daughter People who were doing it. By now my computer had all but frozen up, and so I had to film myself rebooting it, moaning: “Our laptop is owned by Mr B... How could the Daughter People have screwed up so badly as to trust an Mexican?” Well, right question! I finally said something that was true! But then I came up with the wrong theory again, thinking that Mr B was putting Daughter's codes into my laptop in order to maintain me in my status as David Chin and keep himself afloat, “which means he is in control of the entire ICJ....” Then, about the Pyramid: “If I were her, I would just sacrifice myself, just in order to save someone innocent,

but she's not going to do that, because she's a girl. A girl might not do a lot of evil, but she would not know how to do any good either..." This statement is of course right on the mark. Especially somebody like the Pyramid, who had never learned to think about the welfare of anybody outside her family. Then: "You can never get to Daughterland, they will never let you in.... But, just say you are David Chin!" I was then writing an email to Irene on Ackerman's computer (1:16:00). The email was so bizarre – the result of my being guided by all these wrong scenarios:

I guess you are not here to help me. for I'm in the process of gasping out my last breath. I'll be arrested soon because a powerful Mexican businessman by the last name of B----- is in the process of framing me for crimes I have not committed, and I'm just struggling out my last breath. I've always liked you but I guess I would not see you again. How many years have I not seen you? Bye bye then.

Irene could only have thought me crazy, once again. Which is probably why she never replied me. The sad thing was that I was, unawares, sealing my own fate: devising a horrible "mission" for myself which I would eventually be required to finish to save Russia and the CIA, if not during this round of the ICJ trial, then during the next round, five years from now. I was then checking out Czech Republic's consulate's website. I mumbled: "Everybody wants to stop me from videotaping the computer screen because they all believe Mr B's lies, that we are now suing Russia again...." Then, more wrong scenarios: "We have just committed conspiracy with the Czech Republic; but there must be a reason why Wes mentioned Czech Republic...." There, I decided, rather stupidly, to go to the Czech consulate to talk about my problems. Then, when a girl walked out, I told her, "We are not really suing the Russians... It's just that Mexican man who is lying to you because he wants to get hold of the International Court!" (1:39:30) The girl, too, must have thought me nuts. I continued: "The police were told something about the Russians, otherwise: why would they go after a guy for videotaping his computer screen with such vengeance?" (1:43:00) As I was reading the news on the computer, my toes continually hurt. Fake signals from the French? I moaned: "Is this all just a game? If so, the persons playing it don't have any conscience..." Then: "Mr B is just so disgusting...." (1:56:30). More bad evidence for the French: "It's just so terrible, after we have fought so hard, you think the Russians will take care of us, but no, the Monkey just has to cut in..." I then began filming the guy who was sitting next to me, saying to him: "I don't know what you are going to say about me for the ICJ trial, but, if you fuck with me, at least I know what you look like..." (1:59:30). Again, this guy must have thought me nuts. Nobody was instructed to say bullshit about me in order to enable the nation to sue "Daughterland". I moaned more: "How can anyone not wish the Pyramid dead after he has seen her father? The fact that she carries her father's genes is just such a turn-off, I'd rather wipe dog shit on my face than touch her skin!" As I was leaving Ackerman, I continued to mumble: "All consulates around the world already know who you are; how are they going to pretend this time?" I then mistook another girl for conducting surveillance on me. I sighed: "Imagine that one day you are happy and that nobody is going after you, that would just be too good to be true." This, unfortunately, is right on the mark. "It's all because you are too ugly, and so it doesn't matter if you have tried to save people..." (2:16:30). Then: "It's hard to pretend to not hate Mr B, for it's simply human instinct: one simply doesn't know how to taste shit and say 'I like it!'" I came inside Borders Bookstore on 2:41:00. I began reading a book on eastern Europe and then a travel book on the Czech Republic. This was bad: my erroneous understanding of the situation was going to lead me to do something stupid. I then was reading a book



on Russian history. I left Borders on 3:09:00, mumbling: “This is indeed torture, but torture only in order to test me? Ah! Imagine that one day you are happy! How can that be true! Now you wish you could go back to the days of M. Chertoff, those were easier days.... It's just too good to be true, that somebody is going to repay you. It's not going to happen!” (3:15:00) I then asked another guy on the street who was wearing earphones, “How much do you get paid for doing surveillance?” (3:27:00) I had just made myself look crazy to another stranger. When I came inside the Starbucks, I asked the cashier girl: “How long have you been working here?” “Two or Three years.” “What have you been told about me?” “Nothing.” “You don't really think I'd believe you, right?” (3:30:00) I insisted to her: “You must remember me, for there used to be a poster about me in the back room, and that was March 2008.” The cashier girl was dumbfounded. Apparently, she was telling the truth. Of course, I was referring to the alert which had been broadcast about me all over Westwood and UCLA in 2007. That *did* happen; it wasn't my erroneous scenario. But, apparently, not everybody had seen it. This girl, though she had started working here while the alert was still posted, somehow missed it. She must have thought me insane, too. I then asked another guy around, “Who do you think is running Homeland Security?” “I don't know.” I was surprised by his ignorance. “Who's the president?” I continued. “Obama.” Then I cut in: “I'll tell you, it's Mr B who's running Homeland Security... Now who's running the State Department?” And he had no idea again. I said: “You are pretty ignorant, huh?” Soon, I would be filming the entire Starbucks from the outside, murmuring: “Something is wrong here, this environment has become so weird, it's Mr B...” (3:41:00) A girl then confronted me about my filming, “Why are you videotaping me?” (3:45:00) I then had to argue with another guy about the electrical outlet (3:47:00). My frustrating life was making me into a public nuisance, as you can see. I scolded another man: “Don't take your baby out 10 PM at night.” Then I turned around to rebuke the girl who had confronted me about filming: “Don't flatter yourself, I'm not filming you! You are not that pretty!” The Starbucks employee cut in: “Don't talk to her like that!” (3:52:00) You thus see that my incorrect understanding of Monkey's operations was getting me into conflict with everybody. I really did believe that all these people were sent in by him to provoke me. Now that I was done with my pleading paper, I began writing out a summary of my current “predicament” with Mr B using the pleading paper as a template. Then: “Mr B is trying to lure us to videotape babies and pretty women, but this 'conspiracy' thing isn't working anymore because we are fully aware of it all...” Wrong! “Maybe if we kill ourselves, then we can bring down the Monkey...” (4:56:00). More sighing: “This going to last a few more years, assuming it will come to an end at all... Probably not, for there is no more outsider now...” Bullshit. But I was right that this ICJ trial would continue for another five or six years! You will see! There was then another black woman who began accusing me of harassing her. I shouted back at her: “He doesn't hate you at all, don't make things up...” (5:01:00). I theorized wrongly: “The Monkey is very smart, he knows that we can only record sounds, and so he instructs everybody to say garbage and talk about an imaginary reality (about my harassing this person and that)” (5:03:00). “There is going to be so much provocation! Our frustration level is just so high now; ah! We should have helped M Chertoff back then!” Again, this kind of negative thinking will serve as temporary shield for the Daughter People. “Don't ever do good or help the innocent!” More groaning: “This time it will be very bad, for we'll end up in jail!” Again, I was sealing my fate without knowing. I then left Starbucks and got on the bus going toward cybercafe (5:15:00). “One day when you will not be in so much pain and will not want to die, that would be too good to be true...” Off the bus on 5:39:00. Again, when the boss came, I thought that meant that DGHTRCOM had personally come into the scene to check on me (remotely from his office) (5:53:00). I begged him: “Take me to Daughterland, I'll do anything!”

(5:56:00) I sighed out of complete powerlessness: “This battle can't be won, for he uses these machines... And he has changed all the rules, and he doesn't care about normalcy...” (6:04:00).

### **June 16 (Wednesday; First Person)**

My next recording is: “[cybrcafeftpread1stprsn\\_6\\_16\\_10\\_1255-523AM.WMA](#)”. I continued to mutter: “We have this belief in 'equilibrium', that, if you are good in one domain, then you must be bad in another domain” – just then, my arm hurt again. Why? Presumably just random signals to confuse me. Then I came up with another wrong theory (something I had already thought of before): “This 'testing' to which we have been subject is Daughter People's standard procedure: you have to break down to the last bit, worrying only about yourself...” (12:00). Then more incorrect theorization: “It appears that DGHTRCOM always appears only at a certain time, always at night, which means that he's not in America...” (37:00). I then asked the cybercafe employees why they were rewinding their surveillance video. What they were doing was completely unconnected to the control center and the ICJ trial, and yet I thought they were programmed to produce a metaphor telling me that DGHTRCOM or the Daughter People were reviewing the surveillance video exposing more of the Monkey's dirty cheating inside the control center. I was then alarmed because the boss (the cybercafe owner) went home. I reviewed my recording a little bit while my phone beeped continually. I then fell asleep and woke up on 2:59:00. While I was uploading my recording files to my website – hoping to beat the Monkey's cheating – I discovered, online, this book called “First Person”. It was a collection of testimonies about DGHTRCOM published when he was running for the president of Daughterland for the first time. It was just something that I needed! And, guess what, just when I found the book, the machine inside the cybercafe began humming, as if an “intercept” had occurred (a piece of evidence for “conspiracy” collected). I would spend the remainder of my time avidly reading *First Person*.

My next recording is: “[touclaread1stprsn\\_6\\_16\\_10\\_523-1020AM.WMA](#)” After reading for a while, I murmured: “If DGHTRCOM wants me to be known as a schizophrenic, that's okay, but if the Monkey wants it, it's not okay...” I left the cybercafe and got on the bus on 13:00. Unfortunately, while I was trying to get to Westwood, I took the wrong bus and ended up in Pacific Palisades. It's of course the Monkey's fault again. I groaned: “His tactic is to waste your time, so that you won't have the time to do anything else...” But, at least, while waiting for the bus, I continued to work on my new summary. Finally, when the bus came, the driver told me to wait on the opposite side of the street. I was even waiting at the wrong bus stop! I had mentally disintegrated, as you can see. “Are you lying to me?” I asked the bus driver, suspicious of everything (1:44:00). Apparently not. I groaned: “You can't trust the infrastructure anymore...” I then asked a woman on the street about the bus route. “Nein,” she replied, obviously an European who didn't speak English well. I theorized: “She's here to produce 'intercepts'...” Indeed she admitted she was not from Los Angeles. Finally I got on the right bus and arrived in UCLA. I was eager to find *First Person* in the library, but, for the summer time, it was not open until 9 AM, as I was told by the librarian. I mumbled: “She's pretending not to know me...” (2:54:00). I came to the cafeteria to eat breakfast first. Amazingly, the guy running the UCLA German Stammtisch was here. I was terrified of him back in 2007, but, now, without worries, I asked him what happened to the Stammtisch. “Wow, even Stammtisch takes a break during the summer...” Then all my rambling about “being trained”. “When I get trained, I get tested thoroughly, but, when the Monkey gets trained, he doesn't need to eat from the trash can!” Finally, I was inside the library and immediately found *First*

*Person* on the shelf. I made copies of parts of the book, burned another backup disc, and read further into the book.

My next recording is: “[todwntwnfndserver\\_6\\_16\\_10\\_1021AM-236PM.WMA](#)”. Then, I began my daily lesson on Russland Journal on the library's computer (9:00). After the lesson, I criticized: “This PLANMEX is so badly planned, there are too many operations packed into a single operation....” (47:00). More: “The Daughter People have to help me out with this... Mr B, please just pretend to care about the organization you work for, okay?” I now came to the bus stop ready to go to the process server: I was going to serve the Pyramid today. I had another argument with the bus driver because I didn't believe him when he explained that his bus wasn't actually in service. Then: “When Emperor Hirohito announced total surrender, some soldiers didn't hear it at all...” (1:00:00). I wondered if that might be my situation. How would I know when evidences were no longer being collected from me? I got on the bus on 1:05:00 to go to Carlos' office. Then it happend again: at downtown I got on the wrong bus which didn't take me to Carlos' office. I was already so tired, and now had to wait for a different bus, but it simply passed me by! (3:18:00) Even when I was buying batteries from street vendors, I had to ask, out of suspicion, “Is this a real battery?” (3:20:00) I called Carlos' office on 3:38:00 and then got on the bus again. This time I asked the bus driver very carefully: “Are you going to 3<sup>rd</sup> Street? Please don't lie to me...” (3:50:00) I got off the bus, walked a distance, and then got on the bus again (4:08:00). It was the right bus at last! When getting off the bus, I suspected wrongly again: “An intercept produced showing us to be David Chin!” (4:12:00)

My next recording is: “[prssserver\\_6\\_16\\_10\\_236-344PM.WMA](#)”: Finally I arrived at Carlos' office. I paid Carlos 100 dollars in cash and filmed all my lawsuit papers as well. Then followed the discussion about whether to serve both the Pyramid and her father or just the Pyramid herself. Just the Pyramid, I decided in the end, because I had neither two copies of the lawsuit nor any money to pay for two services. Carlos now had this “Denise” as his new secretary. His secretary, I surmised, must have left the previous time just to produce an intercept, after which she would come back; and now she would probably leave again to produce a second intercept, after which she would come back (33:00 or so). Thereupon I coughed. Complete bullshit! I held the video of my lawsuit quite dearly, fearing that its pages might get swapped when it should enter into the ICJ as evidence (36:20 or so). I filmed another “suspicious man” on 37:00. On 42:00 I muttered to myself: “I don't really care about the judgment; I just want to get out of here and get my story told.” As you have seen, the “lawsuit” I had devised was so crazy that nobody in the right mind could possibly expect the judge to not dismiss it on first sight. But I had been deceived into the notion that the Pyramid might be a symphthetic person, was on DGHTR's side, and, upon seeing this lawsuit, would use this opportunity to help me instead. Again, I had simply failed to grasp normal human psychology – as if most people would give the slightest crap about those who are less fortunate – and specifically the psychology of the Pyramid – that she was in fact a psychopath who had never learned to care about the welfare of anybody outside her family. On 53:00, I went back to Carlos' office to insert another note for the Pyramid, asking her to serve an extra copy to my parents' address. After videotaping the additional note, I left the secretary with the warning “Don't say crap about me, okay?”

My next recording is: “[tolanstr\\_6\\_16\\_10\\_344-558PM.WMA](#)”: I got on the bus, and my next destination was the loan store. While on the bus, I continued composing a “summary about my current

situation”. It was some sort of “letter for help”. Namely, since I believed (erroneously) that the Monkey was in the process of changing my identity and everything else, I should write out my “victimization” in a nice summary so that I could more easily convey it to others and ask for their help if it was possible. I didn't know that I was wasting my time because my understanding of my predicament was mostly erroneous! When I got off the bus, I immediately suspected a vagrant who was wearing earphones of conducting surveillance on me (1:09:00). He was most likely not a surveillance agent, however. I then arrived at the loan store I was at yesterday and conducted the required business there (1:20:00). I needed extra money to cover the cost of serving the pleading papers. When I came out, I muttered again: “There is no way to fight, we need to get the money and get out; forget about this ICJ trial, it's all but lost...” (1:46:00). More: “Now our Daughter wants us to get back what they have lost after they have lost it! Why should we do so?” (1:49:00) This was mostly pessimism talking, however: I'd much rather that my Daughterland keep its victory in the ICJ. The strange thing was that I was actually correct on this by coincidence: I thought the “Daughter People” had lost it to the Monkey, and that was wrong. But they did lose it, but to the French! Ha! More: “Mr B doesn't listen to reason, for he just wants what he wants...” (1:59:00). I continued: “Our idea is that if you are not the Daughter People, you shouldn't even be allowed to go inside the control center, you know, all these machines, it's dangerous...” (2:10:00). I sighed again: “We don't know if the Daughter People still have control or not...”

My next recording is: “[leavloanstrrrflctntstornot\\_6\\_16\\_10\\_558-613PM.WMA](#)” and “[us305towstwd\\_6\\_16\\_10\\_618-721PM.WMA](#)”: I got on the bus making my trip back to Westwood. I then theorized – wrongly: “Mr B is purposely getting the worse part out of me – by making me angry and beg for food – in order for others to see it...” I then complained to the Monkey: “The unexpected is only unexpected if the unexpected constitutes only a minority of instances... When it constitutes a majority of instances, it becomes very much expected. Then, all that it would ever do is confuse you!” (17:00) I was just wasting my time trying to persuade him – a waste of time because I got the whole scenario wrong. I sighed more: “There was so much romance before March, but things got so bad in March and Mr B doesn't care about all the romance which has happened before” (45:00). My phone rang on 46:00 – another junk call. After I got off the bus, I sighed again: “Mr B is not going to give up the idea of getting us labeled a schizophrenic. We will just have to beg DGHTRCOM” (49:30). Then: “This can't go on anymore, because the longer it lasts, the uglier we will get... Mr B likes it, but others don't.... We just don't see what the big deal is with his connections. If you ask us, we care only about the intrinsic value of a person...” (54:00). I then came inside Ackerman on 1:00:00..

My next recording is: “[stndtnionwrldlostcybrcfewrt\\_6\\_16\\_10\\_721-1132PM.WMA](#)”: While inside the restroom, I continued to speculate worthlessly: “Mr B wants to make sure that he gets command of my family so that I'll just be a piece of trash on the street. It's all because he likes feudalism, for it makes him feel good about himself when I'm like a piece of trash...” I came out of the restroom on 14:00. I continued: “He doesn't care about what good I have done for others, he only cares about how he has lost face after being caught cheating... This is simply how he has been brought up...” (24:00). I highly suspect that I was being completely correct here: he was feeling precisely like this while inside the control center being commanded by the Daughter People on the one hand and the French on the other. I continued writing and left Ackerman on 1:41:00. Still worried: “I don't know what this guy is doing with all the intercepts of my thoughts... Does the Monkey still say I'm a secret agent of China and

Russia and speak 15 languages? Just go with that, then!” (1:58:00) More: “It’s so awful that I just can’t be myself, but can only be the opposite...” Again, you have to be able to grasp the complexity of the situation in order to assess how “crazy” (how wrong) I was: the Monkey wasn’t really making me into David Chin at the moment; however, the Daughter People themselves had to wait for me to look something like David Chin in order to survive. And so, in some vague way, I was indeed not allowed to be myself, but only the opposite of myself. More: “Mommy and Daughter that we have saved, now they won’t even look at us...” (2:03:00) Then, when I saw a car coming near me, I thought it was the Monkey making me into David Chin through the ICJ again, and so I read out its license plate, and muttered: “According to ICJ records, I have just got picked up by a car...” (2:12:00) I got on the bus on 2:24:00 to go to the cybercafe. I thought I saw another Homeland Security agent – not sure whether I was correct, though – and asked him, “What’s your name? How much do you get paid?” (2:26:30) I then continued writing out my “summary” (letter for help). I got off the bus on 3:02:00. I complained out of cynicism: “Everyone should be depressed for falling under the Monkey’s command...” (3:28:00) I then theorized incorrectly: “The black hair pyramid inside McDonald’s is probably a French agent; just because I thought of Maman, Mr B sent in a French agent to commit conspiracy with me so that he can own me...” (3:32:00). I continued writing inside the cybercafe (3:42:00).

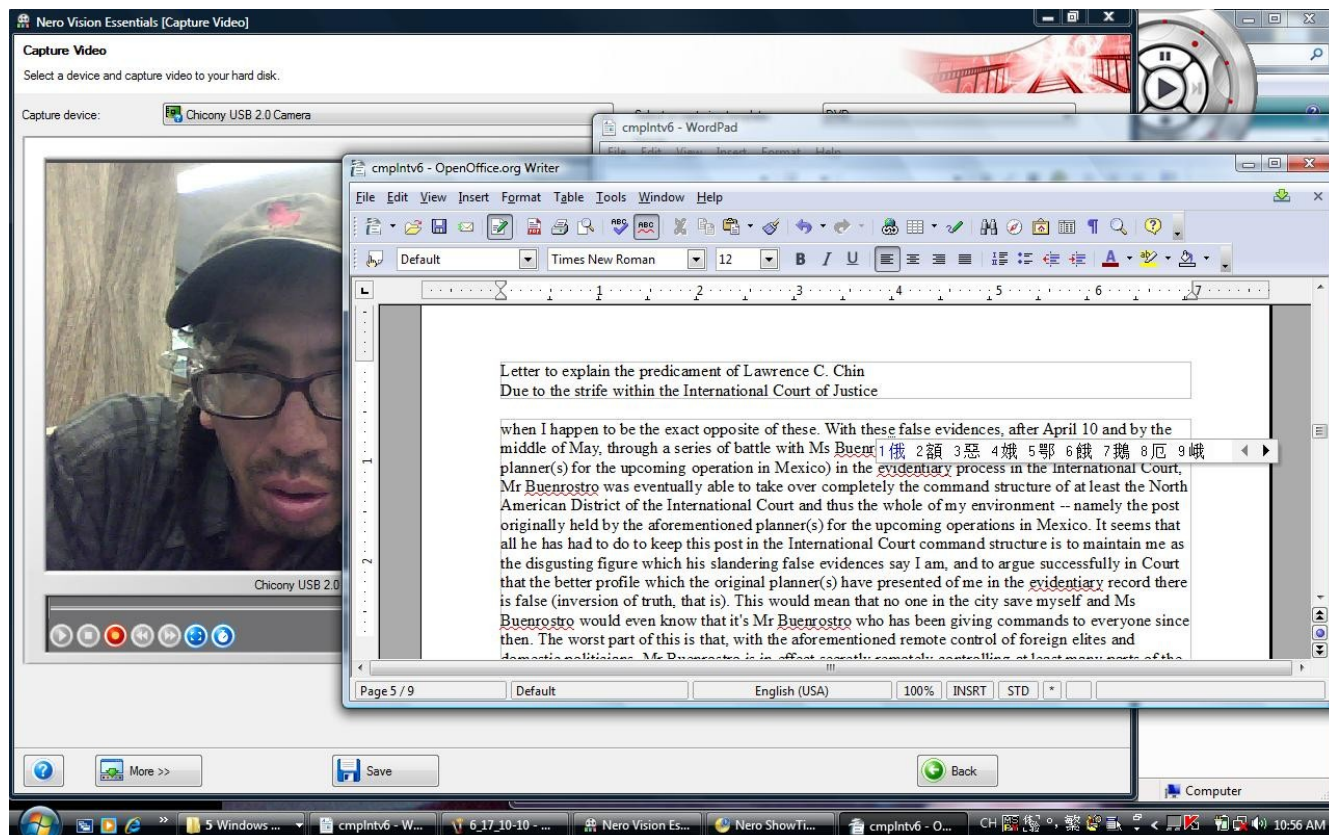
My next recording is: “cybrferstrm\_6\_16\_10\_1132-1152PM.WMA”: I was not in the cybercafe for too long. I continued to complain: “Mr B’s symbolism is just so annoying.” I simply failed to understand that most of what I thought to be “symbolism orchestrated from the control center” was no more than my misinterpretation of “natural” phenomena (i.e. “reading too much into something”). When I needed to use the restroom, I had to make sure that I turn on the recorder when entering and off when exiting, so that my subsequent recording wouldn’t contain recording inside private places and become illegal – as if anybody cared. After using the restroom, I went to sleep in the street corner in Normandie. No hard working tonight.

## **June 17 (Thursday)**

**My first recording of the new, miserable, day is: “IMPwkybruclamedplcehrss\_6\_17\_10\_752AM-1255PM.WMA”.** After waking up from the street corner, I came inside the cybercafe. Meanwhile, junk messages continued to come to my cellphone, making my environment ever more mysterious. I muttered: “If we ever see the Pyramid, we shall slap her in the face” (12:00). On 18:00, more: “We remember Mommy said when we were all in Stories LA in February that the Russians would never lose. If so, then, how did the Mexican Monkey...” On 27:00 or so I continued: “Unless Mr B has changed the setting of the machines, the Russians would never lose...” Unfortunately, I was correct, and might additionally be furnishing the French with more evidences to condemn the Agency together with the Daughter People. I then began my daily lesson on Russland Journal, and videotaped the webpage as “proof”. By 1:13:00 I was on the bus going to Westwood. I got off the bus in Westwood on 1:52:00 or so. Immediately, I thought I saw a surveillance agent. While I had been thinking about going to the Czech consulate, I thought about going to the Chinese consulate as well. I muttered: “As soon as I go there, presumably, the Chinese consulate would fall under the Monkey’s command.” Because I was deep into my self-destructive mood, I actually took pleasure from the thought. On 2:07:00 or so I filmed another person making cellphone calls on the street, believing that it’s the Monkey producing intercepts to make me into “David Chin”. I walked into the UCLA Medical Center by 2:11:00 or so.



The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, I.  
Lawrence C. Chin. Feb. 2016; corrections afterward



Microsoft IME malfunctioned to produce “Russia” in Chinese  
While I was writing.

I began doing some writing. At some point I repeated my self-destructive wish to get as many elites as possible to fall under Monkey's command. On 3:06:30 or so, the pop-ups on my computer screen even made me wonder if the Monkey was going to take over Daughterland itself. Stuck in my self-destructive mood, I muttered that I was going to give to the Monkey everything he wanted. “What else can you do? There is nothing you can do...” I kept on writing. On 3:22:30 I muttered again that it's pointless to fight with the Monkey, that I was merely part of him, that he controlled all the machines I used and could make it malfunction at any time, that he shouldn't feel pleasure in demonstrating his power because he didn't make this power himself but stole it from somebody else. I then complained that there was really no duel given such disproportionate matching, that I was just part of him, that all was just stupid (3:25:00). “Forget about normal people, you have to go after foreign dignitaries. You have to try more of these 'conspiracy things'.” Then another episode of machine malfunctioning (3:27:20 or so). “That might be a way to go: to kill yourself in front of Daughterland's consulate,” I repeated once more (3:29:40). “I should get a knife and cut my throat and make sure that the consulate people could see my dead body.” From 3:43:00 onwards I began fixing my Scientific Enlightenment on the UCLA computer. When finished, I made sure to videotape it all and then logged out. On 4:26:25 or so, while packing up, I muttered that whatever I might write to Daughterland's consulate would make no difference because the Monkey would have command over the Consulate Protection Service and



would simply block off my communication. I then went to the cafeteria of the Medical Center to scavenge for food. I asked one man who left his plate aside if I could finish his plate. I then asked another lady (4:35:50 or so). I asked both of them very nicely. But the woman responded she would have to eat it. I then asked another black woman. She let me have a chicken bone which still had some meat left on it. I was then standing near two employees who told me not to stand near them. Again, I wrongly assumed they were just “acting”. “I’m standing here,” I said. “Don’t,” they said, “Go look for food over there!” But their harsh attitude had provoked me to resist them – which I thought was the purpose of their “acting” -- and they were calling someone, “Can you get him out of here?” “But I like standing here. It’s a better view. It’s good weather outside.” I simply didn’t see what could be wrong with what I was doing: if they had the right to be in place A, why had I not the same right? My spirit of egalitarianism and strict adherence to the principle of fairness was getting me into trouble. “You are going to call the security guards for that?” I asked them. I then simply grabbed a seat in the table next to them and sat down: “I really like the light and the view and so I’m going to sit here” (1:40:00 or so). And then another woman came to give me food. I shouted graciously, “Thank you, thank you!” (4:41:00) On 4:43:00 or so the security guard came to me, with just the sort of mean, unsympathetic, ignorant, and militaristic attitude which would provoke me to the maximum degree: “How are you doing sir,” he shouted. “Hmm.” “How are you doing sir,” he raised his voice, as if we were in the boot camp. “Just grab your plate and walk right out of the door, okay?” “Why?” “Because the manager here does not want you in.” “Why?” “I’ll talk to you outside. Just grab your plate and walk. Please.” “I have a right to be here like everybody else –” But the security guard immediately interrupted me: “I don’t understand you, you’ve got food in your mouth.” I seriously thought he was only pretending to not understand me. “No I didn’t do anything. You ask all the people around, I didn’t make a sound.” “Sir, I ask you nicely... Please, just stand up and walk outside...” “You cannot do that.” “However you want to do it. It’s up to you.” “They have a right to stay here, I have a right to stay here...” “Let’s talk about ‘rights’ outside...” “You have to call in the SWAT team.” “Excuse me?” “You’ll have to call in the SWAT team.” “Well let’s talk outside.” “It’s not right.” “Well they have the right to say that they are refusing you service.” This, of course, was correct, although I had been in the Medical Center’s cafeteria for twelve years and had never been thrown out before. “Nobody here has said anything, you know.” “Well, it’s up to you. We can do it the nice way or the hard way.” “We’ll do it the hard way.” I was feeling very upset at being singled out for this “special treatment” when the Medical Center had been receiving all sorts of homeless vagrants since time immemorial. “Stand up!” the security guard shouted. “I’ve got food here, I’ve got to eat it.” “Take it outside.” I insisted that I could complain about the actress employees too. The security guard continued to urge me to go outside, and I continued to insist that I needed to finish my food. Moreover, the security guard continued to insist that he would only explain to me what I had done outside the cafeteria. Then he finally agreed to explain things to me. “Let me explain to you what you have done wrong. I guess that there was a customer that you walked past, and you slipped your hand into his plate and grabbed his food” (4:44:55). Since this had obviously not happened, I assumed that the security guard had simply been instructed by the control center to say this falsehood knowing that I would get provoked to anger and outrage by being misunderstood as having done wrong when I hadn’t and when it especially involved the misunderstanding of me as rude and uncultured and criminal when I was polite and gentle and educated. *It was as if the old game of people talking to me as if I were the opposite kind of person than I really was, and talking about a non-existent fantasized reality, had started again.* “No,” I replied, “I’ve got it recorded, that has never happened, ask anybody around, that has never happened.” “Well, that’s what the manager says,” the

security guard insisted. “Well, the manager is wrong,” I replied. “Sir, right now, they want you outside. They have a right to refuse you.” I knew then that I would have to leave because, after all, it was true that the management had the right to refuse service for no reason whatsoever, even though I was infuriated by the fact that they seemed to be purposely making up stories to make me look bad. “The recording can be used as evidence, right?” I suddenly said (4:45:40). “What? You've got food in your mouth.” “The recording can be used as evidence against you, right?” “Well, the recording can't be used because you didn't tell me you are recording.” I was absolutely stunned because I just told him I was recording it all, and, besides, I had assumed that there was no one left around that didn't know that I was recording myself 24 hours a day. “You get outta here,” I had to laugh. The security guard however told me sternly: “Since you are telling me that right now, you are trespassing. We are already informing that you are trespassing, and you need to leave.... Do it however you want.” I was still stunned because, according to the state laws of California, one can always record one's conversation with another person without informing him or her as long as there is no expectation of privacy involved – namely, the expectation that the conversation may be overheard by a third party. The security guard was therefore really stretching the laws to make up reasons – or so it seems to me. Then I was finally escorted out by the two muscular security guards, who treated me as if I were an extremely dangerous and troublesome character. Before they walked me off, I tried to read off the name of one of them from his name tag: “Dereck Quacker”. Then they told me that I was no longer allowed on the property.

“That's why it's important to record yourself 24 hours a day and 7 days week, not a single second left out,” I justified it to myself as I walked away (4:52:30). On 4:56:30 or so I noted the difference in reactions toward me between the actresses and the regular people. Then, after complaining so much about my history of being innocently thrown out of places, I walked inside Starbucks.

**My next recording is: “strbkrdpyrmtocz\_6\_17\_10\_1255-131PM.WMA”.** There was this “Red Glasses Pyramid” -- as I have nicknamed her – who worked in this Starbucks and who was working today. She had been capturing my attention for a long time because of her enormous beauty. I told her, upon coming into Starbucks, how much she looked like a painting. She responded pleasantly. The “Big Hat Mommy” was also here today, and I talked to her as well. She was not mean this time.

My next recording is: “chckczhcns\_6\_17\_10\_131-147PM.WMA” While walking down Wilshire to the bus stop, I asked myself about the Chinese government (8:00). “They must know that United States is being run by a Mexican man rather than by Obama...” I have thoroughly deceived myself! On the bus by 11:00.

My next recording is: “bus20\_6\_17\_10\_154-209PM.WMA”: I muttered: “Either you get out or you die. Once you get the situation correctly, your strategy should just be to get the Daughter People to feel regret and sorry, since you will never negotiate with Mr B....” Then: “By now we are just wasting resources... Let it cost so much for Mr B to teach us one little lesson... American tax payers don't know that Mr B is wasting their money... And we are wasting Daughter People's money too...”

My next recording is: “bus20tovrmnt\_6\_17\_10\_209-254PM.WMA: I was then on the bus going toward Vermont and Sunset. I got off the bus on 26:00 and came inside a store. I muttered more: “Why is Mr B teaching you the value of money? All he does is spend other people's money...” (33:00). Then: “He

doesn't care about Daughterland in any way, and he can do everything he does only because the 'Link' is covering for him..." This is all erroneous scenario, of course. Then I sighed with some hope: "Unlike Mr B, people in power do remember grace..."

My next recording is: "6\_17\_10\_255-910PM.WMA": I continued: "Mr B acts like he doesn't want you to go, so that you will want to go, but we will go anyway, just so that we can hand over the world to him, just in order to piss off the Daughter People and so on..." (6:00). Then I wondered: "Waht if the Daughter People just want to get rid of you using Mr B?" (14:00) As soon as I came inside another store, I was absolutely terrified because there were children everywhere. I moaned: "All this is almost identical to the 'Chertoff reality', excpet that it's all computerized" (17:00). Then: "Give the formula to a Mommy Pyramid or a Daughter Pyramid, please! Don't ever give it to the Pyramid!" (24:00) On the bus again on 38:00 and off the bus on 59:00. Then, on the bus again on 1:05:00. I was going to the storage facility. I protested to the Monkey again: "Why would he expect me to obey? It's obeying for nothing at all..." (1:11:00). "He can only make people obey by using overwhelming force!" Off the bus on 1:15:00. I called Carlos' office to ask about the progress of the service of my lawsuit papers. It was his wife who answered the call. Apparently the papers weren't served yet. I demanded impatiently: "Is he going to serve it or not?" (1:26:00) When I came inside the storage facility, I demanded impatiently that the manager come down to speak with me (1:39:00). The guy however claimed he was the manager. I muttered to myself: "This is Mr B's reality: everybody is mean, weird, and nothing makes sense..." (1:40:00). Not quite believing him, I went up to my storage unit. Soon, somebody came up, an employee, and, assuming that he was part of Mr B's operation, I shouted at him angrily: "You have a problem with my storage unit?" "No." "But you came up to identify me, right?" (2:00:00) He walked away: you can just imagine him wondering why this guy was so rude. As I put into my storage unit my newly burned discs, I muttered: "Mr B is trying to erase our eistence... If the Pyramid is on our side, she's going to help us..." (2:13:00). Ha! If you are familiar with the latter part of this story, you will understand my bizarre, and most extreme, overestimation of people's moral characters, especially this psychopathic stupid girl nicknamed the "Pyramid". When I was done and came downstairs, I asked the manager to print out a contract for me – "because you have changed to Public Storage" (2:17:00). Just then, I noticed something very strange on my paperworks: "Who is this Paul Mitchell?" On the notice which authorized someone else to take charge of my storage unit in case of emergency, there was written this "Paul Mitchell", whom I had never heard of before. Evidently it wasn't I who had made the notice. But who? "He apparently has access to my unit... I didn't put this guy down on my records... You guys are confused..." After arguing with the Public Storage employees and manager, I had them delete this "Paul Mitchell" from my paperworks. This is just another one of the series of strange incidents which made my environment increasingly mysterious. When I walked out, I continued to mutter: "Mr B has changed America, this recording is very precious..." (2:39:00). Then: "Monkey, even if I forgive you, I'll stay away from you, whenever I have a piece of meat, I'll hide it from you..." Just then, a car was honking nearby. I noted: "See, he's applauding you, he's imitating Daughter... You live in this environment whwere everything is controled by Mr B..." On the bus by 2:57:00 and off the bus on 3:12:00. I sighed: "Suveillance has so saturated your environment, they know where you are going before tyou even go..." (3:17:00). On the bus again on 3:18:00. "Mr B does things by overwhelming force, if we need to get rid of this 'Paul Mitchell', we'll have to sign the paper and produce intercepts showing us to be somebody else... We'll never obey... And so we will have to obey temporarily only in order to disobey later..." (3:40:00). Then: "We will have to go on the path of self-destruction, since

we'll never obey" (3:55:00). Then, when I began writing my "help letter", I was mistaken again: "Mr B has retracted the surveillance agent near us because he doesn't want surveillance to catch us writing" (4:13:00). Off the bus on 4:29:00. I bought food in a 711, and, while eating outside, reflected: "After Maman fell, we said to DGHTRCOM, 'Le monde est à vous...'" (4:54:00). Again, very bad evidence which the French would use against Daughterland. Then, what looked like a Daughterlander girl appeared, and I filmed her, murmuring: "Has Mr B sent in a Daughterland secret agent?" (5:03:00) On the bus again on 5:07:00. I groaned: "Now you know how to get rid of surveillance, just start writing!" (5:09:00) I continued to believe that I was surrounded by another surveillance agents because there were always people who wore earphones around me. Off the bus on 5:23:30. More wrong conclusion: "Even though all the top people have been chipped, there is no effect on the population..." (5:39:00). "Agents are thus still needed to keep tap on the population..." While waiting for the bus, I continued writing my "Ying and Yang I": "Mexico is entering the election year... And the 'link'... The new left wing who will control Mexico... That will make Mexico a friend of Daughterland..." I was unknowingly producing more evidences for the French to convinct Daughterland. By now even PLANMEX was becoming part of my conspiracy with Daughterland against the French. Then: "Mr B is remotely controlling you to cough so that you will be David Chin and can never go to Daughterland..." (6:11:00). More: "We should jsut go to the consulate... We baked a cake, and then the Monkey ate it all, and he wants to kill us... How can you live a life where you can't touch what you love for fear of breaking it? These Mommy laws..." As soon as I got on the bus, I thought I saw another surveillance agent, and I teased him: "I say Hi and you should Hi".

My next recording is: "6\_17-18\_10\_910PM-1235AM.WMA": I came to Normandie and Wilshire and came inside the Korean cafe (14:00). I settled myself down here to do writing. Soon I noted a woman who dressed like "Mommy" (1:17:00). Wrongly believing that I could see Agency's girls everywhere, just because I had seen a few: more evidence for my "insanity" to temporarily save the Daughter People. When people came in talking loudly, I again assumed it was Mr B's operation: "More people are sent in to taint my recording" (1:33:00). Then, all of a sudden, my arm hurt. I moaned: "Who is hurting my arm? Mr B?" (2:03:00) I have to say that it was probably my Daughter People who were signaling to me for no reason whatsoever in order to drive me to look ever more insane. Then I continued to produce more wrong scenarios: "DGHTRCOM wants Mr B to train you so that you two can learn to get along..." (2:10:00). Work done, I left the coffeehouse on 2:45:00. I reflected: "The difference between the neocons and Mr B lies in the fact that it is simply impossible to obey Mr B." I came inside the cybercafe on 3:02:00. I continued to complain: "DGHTRCOM wants us to get along? Just when it's about to happen, he pulls the plug!" (3:10:00) At cybercafe, I began checking over the videos.

My next recording is: "cybrcafe\_6\_18\_10\_1241-318AM.WMA". I spent the rest of my time in the cybercafe writing and napping. Then, past 3 AM, I went to sleep in the street corner in Normandie.

### **June 18 (Friday; Czech consulate, Chinese consulate)**

My next recording is: "cybrcafercdrhoff\_6\_18\_10\_908-1104AM.WMA". Now, soon after I woke up from the street corner in Normandie, I began my morning reflection. However, I soon discovered that my recorder had been remotely frozen from the control center. I was terrified, panicking, because all

the things I had just said to myself had disappeared with the wind, only the control center having a copy of it. Moaning, panting, and panicking, I tried to quickly recount to my recorder what had just happened: i.e. my computer kept malfunctioning, so that I complained once again that I wished I could go back to the days of Mr former Secretary. Just then, my computer resumed functioning. I thus surmised that it was just the Monkey trying to get me to say such thing in order to alienate between me and DGHTRPPL. Then I changed my idea, saying that I wished I could go back to the days of Mr former Secretary only in order to fight for DGHTRLND again; that, at least, then, there wouldn't be any Mexicans involved. "We cannot stand the Mexican, because at least Mr former Secretary is Jewish, so it's not that painful. You will never know what the Monkey has done to the intercept of what we have just said. He will most likely change it into something else." I then pleaded that DGHTRPPL should understand that, given such bizarre frequency of machine malfunctioning, anyone would wish to return to the days of Mr former Secretary (until 1:28). Then I was in a state of nervous breakdown again because I was having difficulty naming my files, and then my laptop malfunctioned again. On 4:05 I began shouting, "We have to go in front of the consulate and cut our throat. We cannot live under this man. We cannot function under this man. This man is a monster. I will do anything to get away from Mr B. I'd rather live with Mr former Secretary." As my computer continued to malfunction, I groaned more, "Interaction with this Mexican will change you into the opposite of what you are..." Then my phone rang again: junk call (15:30). More complaint: "I guess the Daughter People don't have enough brain after all. First they wanted to recruit this Monkey, and now they believe what he says. Why don't you get it? He's a Mexican! Nothing he says is believable!" (18:00) More: "Mr B doesn't let our Daughter watch us..." Then, for some reason, I couldn't find the recording file which I had just uploaded to my website. Frustrated, I continued to groaned: "We need to kill ourselves in Daughter consulate in order keep our Daughter's memory of us from disappearing... We predict that 'Daughterworld' will die soon, and change into its opposite, all because a virus has gone inside it!" Then: "If Daughter people believe anything this Mexican man says, then they don't deserve to rule the world!" (1:02:00) I then exited the cybercafe and got on the bus going toward Westwood. There was an Iranian man standing next to me on the bus speaking Persian. I groaned: "Is there now an intercept showing us speaking Persian?" Then I was severely bothered by the people talking next to me, so that I was shouting while describing to my recorder what I was doing on my computer. And, guess what, to further exacerbate me, Microsoft IME on my computer malfunctioned again and changed to Chinese characters automatically (1:17:00). Angered, I shouted: "We need to remind Daughterland: You are forgetting our grace! Fuck you, you want to choose this Mexican over me?" (1:18:00) And then my arm hurt. Were the Daughter People signaling to me in order to further provoke me, hoping that I would then get into a fight and fit Mr B's false profile of me as violently dangerous? Then, once again, I couldn't find a recording file on my computer, so that I assumed it was because the Monkey had remotely deleted it (1:28:00). Then, when I checked the video I just shot of my recorder freezing up, the video froze up also. Then I was further provoked by the strange error notice popping up on my computer screen once again. Then came the most terrible blow: my computer just shut itself off for no reason at all (1:43:00). I felt compelled to film this, but there was a child around, and so I concluded that this was Mr B's operation: that he had collected more evidence showing that I was a pedophile. I began shouting in the bus: "I'm a pedophile..." Then: "I know my days are numbered, for Daughterland has abandoned us..." I then filmed this "bitch" (wearing earphones) who I assumed was conducting surveillance on me.

My next recording is: "czhconschnens\_6\_18\_10\_1104AM-125PM.WMA" While continuing to complain about how the Daughter People had forgotten my "grace" by putting me under Monkey's care, I got off the bus on 7:00. I was going to the Czech consulate, but, before that, I first came inside a coffeehouse, terribly worried, while sitting on the floor examining all my electronics, that my recorder might malfunction again. A guy then came to warn me not to sit on the floor. I assumed he was Homeland Security and told him so, and then recounted to myself: "Mr B has turned off our computer. So, what happened to the file which we tried to upload earlier? It must be the case that Mr B is making my machines malfunction everyday so that I might jump up and down enabling him to present the surveillance of our doing so to the Daughter People. It's okay, our Daughter got duped, and we'll just kill ourselves in front of the Daughter Consulate." I was then complaining about an Iranian doctor standing next to me, as if there were a reason to it, i.e., I had wrongly assumed that Mr B had sent him here to produce some intercept showing me to be David Chin. I then came up to the Czech consulate (28:00) and came face to face with the lady at the counter (31:00). I began posing my question to her, but, strangely, she couldn't hear me at all. I repeated: "I saw on your website that there is this project..." She immediately interrupted me: "It's already gone... We already have somebody..." She thought I was here to apply for a certain job which the consulate had presumably advertised. I repeated again: "No, I'm talking about this project supposedly allowing foreigners to work in the Czech Republic..." She asked me more senseless questions, and I replied, "I don't have secure Internet connection, and so I came personally..." She again couldn't understand me: "Your driver license?" "No, Internet connection!" Finally, she got it, and replied: "You have to apply directly with the Foreign Ministry where you saw the advertisement..." Then: "If you want to work there, you will need a work permit. You will have to find the job first, and then ask the company to apply for the permit for you." I had by now run out of reasons to continue my scouting at the consulate, and had to leave. I asked her for her name. Petra, she said. I left the consulate by 35:30, and then got on the bus again (42:00). While on the bus, I continued describing to my recorder what I was doing on my computer. Soon I thought I saw another surveillance agent coming on board (1:09:00). This might be a real surveillance agent since I had just gone to a foreign country's consulate. Then, a man came to ask me about my computer, and, when I filmed him, he got very aggressive toward me (1:21:00). It was in fact a "natural" event, but I of course assumed it was "programmed" by Mr B to provoke me. Off the bus on 1:25:00. My next destination is the Chinese consulate! I came inside the Chinese consulate on 1:33:00, and it's the same Chinese girl who had served me the first time I walked in here in October 2007. Children soon showed up as well. Then I believed I saw another surveillance agent. Again, I might not have been incorrect. I left on 1:37:00: I was merely here trying to hand over the command over China to the Monkey – or so I thought. I then came inside a coffeehouse on 1:49:00. I was very rude to everybody, warning: "Don't touch my things." I then asked another woman who was wearing earphones, "How much do you get paid for doing surveillance?" She was quite rude too. I was sarcastic: "You are not cooperating with my documentary..." (1:53:00). Now I had to hold the recorder in my mouth for fear that it might freeze up. When I came onto the street by the bus stop, I asked another Hispanic guy, "What's the reason for your following me?" He yelled profanity at me and told me to go away. I was unlikely to be correct about his being a surveillance agent, however. I filmed him and the black man standing next to him convinced that they were both Mr B's agents sent here to provoke me (1:56:00). The black man wanted to buy my camcorder, "If not, I'm not going to help you. Every man for himself..." (1:59:00). Again, I wrongly supposed this "commentary" to be Mr B's message and expression of his philosophy. I muttered: "What does Mr B want? He wants our camera, which means he wants us to shut up!"



(2:01:00) Wrong inference again! By 2:02:00, I was on the bus going toward Westwood. Suddenly I got all optimistic: “We are going to be under Daughterland's care, under another regional command, because DGHTRCOM owes me... He owes me not for his life, but for Mr B's torture of me. If he is a world-leader, then he should have some morals, unless he has some greater purpose which we don't yet understand... Why is he doing this? There is obviously no more point in testing us...” Unfortunately, I didn't understand that there was indeed a greater purpose which I didn't yet understand, i.e. that he was fighting for his life trying to avoid conspiracy with me. Then: “We don't pretend to compete with Mexico for importance to Daughterland, but we are not going to obey Mr B.” I then called Carlos' office on 2:12:00. However, I couldn't reach him again. Then I asked another earphones-wearing guy standing next to me: “Why are you conducting surveillance on me?” He was dumbfounded. “I'm making a documentary of surveillance agents,” I said to him as I began filming him.

My next recording is: “[touclalibixwebaktulmalfunct\\_6\\_18\\_10\\_125-607PM.WMA](#)”. While on the bus I became increasingly disturbed by the loud talking of the girls standing around me: “sonophobia”. I told them to not talk too loud. I was convinced: “Mr B has sent them here to talk loud in front of me in order to get themselves recorded by me”. “Criminal recording”, that is. I continued to complain: “Maybe Mr B doesn't know how disgusting he is. He is creating resistance to obedience to him. Leaders should not be too disgusting, for this very reason” (19:00). Then: “Why does our Daughter do these things? What's the point? Why cause my DVD burner to malfunction? That' how they have screwed up PLANMEX! Maybe it's because they had too much contact with Mr B, who would turn anybody into his opposite” (23:00). Off the bus in Westwood, on 45:00, I asked a woman on the street for a cigarette. I asked her where she's from. “Sweden.” “She looks like 'Mommy'.” I then continued to shout: “Russians: *wanenfuyl!*” I thought I saw another surveillance agent on 49:00. Probably mistaken. When I came near the Research Library, the entrance area was somehow blocked off (54:00). To exhaust me more. Finally, I went around and came inside the library.

I began using the library computer to edit my website at IX Web Hosting. Something seemed to have malfunctioned. I was revising the codes of my webpage, and yet I received an error message saying it was forbidden. I began filming it all, always believing that Mr B was behind it all. I was then unable to change the permission of the folders (1:26:40). I immediately assumed that it was the Monkey who was blocking my attempt to update my website. “You cannot stop videotaping the computer screen for one second, otherwise everything will immediately malfunction,” I said to myself (1:27:40 or so). Upset, still I continued to work. I began reviewing recordings on my laptop while writing “Ying and Yang, I”. After a while, I complained: “We have to drop our discs in the consulate and then kill ourselves. It's true that we are worthless, but that's okay!” (2:21:00) Then: “They looked at our writings on our website, and now it does look very weird... We know, it's hard for DGHTRCOM because the guy who has saved their country is so bizarre... But we didn't volunteer for it... We don't need to be trained, tested, because we aren't going anywhere, we just want our compensation. Then we will just do our writing...” To annoy me, Chinese characters popped up on my computer screen again. I mumbled: “People have different sides; they have only seen our bad side, only if we could be with DGHTR, then we will be able to show only our good side, but that's not possible” (2:31:00). I returned to the library computer on 2:47:00 and began reading some of the testimonies on Russland Journal's discussion forum. More complaint: “Our problem is that Mr B is not going to let us get out, he does not want us to have contact with the outside world, all because he doesn't want his secrets to get out, that's why it's all

messed up like this...” (2:56:00). It's a totally wrong hypothesis! “Since there is no way out, somebody has to die, for I'm not going to be alone all my life!” More: “This guy is a psychopath; I'm by now down to nothing....” I then asked a librarian to help me, actually to make him a witness to the Internet malfunctioning which I assumed was caused by Mr B (3:24:00). I left the library on 3:26:00. I groaned: “Mr B is only using US resources, and the few 'Daughter agents' are not even agents, but just ordinary Daughterlanders...” (3:32:00). Complete bullshit. More: “Something is very wrong here, for he can't possibly expect us to accept his condition, and he can't possibly believe that we can fight him if the Daughter People pick us up... Mr B is simply afraid of an imaginary scenario which will never happen...” I was referring to political struggle with the Monkey in DGHTRORG, that is. “The Daughter People must be testing your attitude, but what's there to test?” And my toes hurt (3:42:00). I'm not sure if this was the Daughter People trying to signal to me that I got everything all wrong, hoping that I might come to a realization of what was going on. I continued: “What's the point of testing, unless they are really planning to pick you up? I just don't believe that the Daughter People can find another person so convenient like us, who is willing to be labeled a schizophrenic. There is nobody in the world who will agree to Mr B's offer! Our Daughter has stolen our recorder, destroyed 20 discs from us, and yet we fought for them, how can they find someone better? We tried so hard to take care of everyone...” I was referring to how I tried to take care of both sides (both the Agency and the Russians) back in January, like a nineteenth good housewife who selflessly tries to take care of everybody, always. Unfortunately, I had no idea that both the Daughter People and the Agency inside the control center must be terribly frustrated and shaking their heads, because my kind-heartedness would damn them both to “terrorist conspiracy” with me. I'll tell you: there is something very seriously wrong with this UN Resolution 1373: doing good and selflessly helping the innocent has somehow become “terrorism”. I began walking away and came inside the Starbucks in Westwood Village on 4:20:00 but left soon afterwards. In the meantime, another junk call on my phone (4:26:00).

My next recording is: “korncafesupl835toolsmlfuncnt\_6\_18\_10\_607-948PM.WMA” On 12:00 or so I got on the bus. Immediately, the shouting of a vagrant. I didn't pay my bus fare and the Hispanic woman bus driver called me up to the front of the bus. After some debate, she released me without asking me to pay. I then imagined myself scolding the “Monkey Pyramid” and recounted to myself some childhood memories to soothe myself in my loneliness.

I got off the bus and came inside the Korean cafe. I immediately set myself to work (1:08:00), reviewing the recording from March. When a group of Korean girls came in to sit near me to talk loudly, I again assumed wrongly that they were sent here by the Monkey to annoy me. By 1:20:00 I was cursing harshly, getting very irritated by their noises, and decided to change seat. On 1:23:40 you can hear me groaning angrily that the Monkey's perception of me as a undisciplined kid was probably just a pretext for him to argue that my anger with him was due not to his victimization of me but to my being undisciplined and so on, thus shifting the blame unto me. I then continued to speculate on the Monkey's mentality, how he, with a full sense of righteousness, expected me to swallow any sort of shit from him without getting anything in return just because I was of a lower class and he was of a higher class. Although this was actually not what was going on, I had most likely made a correct observation about his personality. And yet I was needlessly provoking myself to anger with this kind speculation (1:27:00 or so). I then continued writing (“Ying and Yang, II”).

My next recording is: “krncafecdintcpt\_6\_18-19\_10\_957PM-1231AM.WMA”. Then I speculated wrongly again: “Perhaps the evidence showing me worrying over being framed for disgusting crimes concerns solely the 'real world' law enforcement consequences, and not the fate of nations in the International Court. It might also be an attempt to intensify my paranoia.” I got this part right, it seems.

My next recording is: “cybrcafe\_6\_19\_10\_1231-307AM.WMA”. This recording is unfortunately lost. After the Korean cafe closed, I went to the cybercafe to do my routine: uploading my latest recording files to my website, etc. At some point, my recorder was again remotely turned off from the control center.

### **June 19 (Saturday; the “Prince of Machine Malfunctioning”)**

My next recording is: “cybrcafecantfind120\_6\_19\_10\_311-503AM.WMA” I was still online on the cybercafe's computer murmuring about how my recorder was turned off remotely again (15:00). I wasn't too upset because I didn't say anything significant to myself. I was then busy looking for a file among my DVDs. Especially DVD 120, which couldn't be found. I found DVD 113 instead. Apparently it was not in my storage. Then I came up with more wrong scenarios to provoke myself: “Mr B has also slandered us before Mommy, he wants to make sure that we are completely alone” (24:00). More: “Not even Mr Chertoff is this bad, and this guy works for our Daughter!” I filled up my card with more money and inserted it into the machine, but it was rejected continually, as you can hear (the machine beeping continually). And so I concluded: “Mr B doesn't like what we are about to do...” (28:00). You of course can only laugh over the comedy that this guy seems to believe that a Mexican man is hovering over him invisibly and controlling all his machines like some sort of God – and yet something like this was indeed the case, but, then, furthermore, in this instance, it was probably my mistake. (“Natural machine malfunctioning”.) I of course took care to film all this, murmuring: “Now we have more videos of computer malfunctioning...” As I tried to upload my latest recording files to my website, Filezilla malfunctioned: and so I was not allowed to upload files. It might be that the Daughter People didn't want me to upload my recording files to contradict Monkey's false profile of me. Unable to comprehend this possibility, I wondered why the Monkey was doing all this. To provoke me to anger? I then concluded: “Maybe he wants us to film it, so that he can waste our precious disk space... Unless, of course, he just wants us to blow up.” Then: “Mr B is suing our DGHTR...” (43:00). When I was leaving, I came up with more paranoid scenarios to scare myself: “You don't know what Mr B is going to say after we leave, 'Oh, he lost a disc, and, look, it's all pornography on it'...” (1:17:00). “Did I leave DVD 120 in the storage?” Meanwhile, because the guy sitting next to me was wearing earphones, I assumed he was Mr B's agent sent here to run surveillance on me, and so I filmed him. He got so very angry and warned me, “If you ever film me again, I'll knock you out...” “Oh, Mr B is very angry...” I then replied him: “I'm just filming you conducting surveillance on me...” (1:20:00) It's not clear however whether I had really mistaken him for being a surveillance agent or whether he was pretending to be angry in order to cover himself. Soon, even the cybercafe employee came to warn me while falsely accusing me. I shouted in protest: “I don't film women, don't make things up about me...”

My next recording is: “slpnrmdiebus20pay\_6\_19\_10\_507-917AM.WMA.” I continued to wonder: “Where does DVD 120 go? Is it in my storage? Don't have time to deal with all this...” As you can see,

every day, I spent most of my time filming machine malfunctioning and managing recording files documenting machine malfunctioning. What a productive life! I continued looking for the wanted files for a while, and then fell asleep while watching a video on Youtube. Awakened, I made sure to film myself ready to leave (35:00). Then I noticed that the cybercafe employee had put up a sign, “Broken”, on that malfunctioning computer (whose card machine continually rejected my card) (38:00). That should have tipped me off that I had wrongly attributed the problem to the Monkey. I went to sleep in the same street corner on Normandie (46:00).

My first recording after waking up to the new, miserable day is: “[wstwdbrndvd126cp\\_6\\_19\\_10\\_917-1149AM.WMA](#)”: Immediately after waking up, I was on the bus going to Westwood. I continued to mutter: “Mr B is not happy...” as if that were the name of God. Like Ancestor Worship in primitive time! I got off the bus in Westwood Village on 32:00. When I saw a pretty white woman who looked like a typical CIA agent, I greeted her, “Hi Mommy!”. She said nothing, and just walked away (33:00). When I then saw somebody taking pictures on the street, I asked him about it, believing he was doing “acting” or surveillance for the Monkey (36:00). I then went inside Best Buy to buy blank discs (44:00). Leaving, I was sarcastic and angry, reflecting back on my time in the dentist office in April: “The Monkey is pretending to be liberal, 'You want me to pull your teeth, I'll do it, you want me to remove your liver, I'll do it... That's Mr B, 付雁, doing whatever gets him regarded well in others' eyes without any interest in the substance of what he is doing...” When I found food on the street, I wondered: “What if Mr B had put poison in it?” (58:00) I then came inside a nearby cafe to get ready to use my blank discs (1:20:00). After getting my files ready, I began filming the computer: “These new discs are very expensive, and we are terrified of the upcoming malfunctioning...” (1:33:00). When somebody whom I recognized from before came over walking on a cane, I accused him of conducting surveillance on me. To verify, I asked him: “When did you start using it?” I suspected him because he had never used a cane before. “This morning,” he replied (1:37:00). Another episode of worthless paranoia. Outside for a moment, I moaned more, “Can't stay here, the computerized environment is just so –” I came back inside to continue reviewing my recording and burning a new backup disc. I sighed: “You see how bad it is when you don't know who is in command...” (2:19:00). Then, another guy whom I recognized walked in, and, convinced that Mr B had slandered me to him, I asked him: “what did they tell you about me this time?” (2:25:00) He was of course completely dumbfounded.

My next recording is: “[IMPstrgltltokyolibsurv\\_6\\_19\\_10\\_1149AM-551PM.WMA](#)”: While still inside the cafe, I became frustrated because I couldn't find another video among my recording files. Naturally I suspected that it was Mr B who had remotely deleted it. “Now there are no records of what the police has said to us in the courthouse when our recorder was turned off. He must have forged a recording showing the police saying things which they didn't actually say. He's so into forgery!” But, just then, I found the video. I left the cafe on 15:00. Immediately I saw another police car. I sighed: “Mr B's reality contains even more police cars than Chertoff's reality!” (25:00) In reality, of course, nobody was orchestrating these police cars' constant rushing past me: there were just too many police cars in America. On the bus by 25:30. I sighed more: “Every time they gave you a date, June 16 or whatever, they are just duping you! Mr B is duping you!” (35:00) Seeing another guy on the bus wearing purple, I asked him, “Who told you to wear purple?” “My mind.” “You just know how to synchronize with others, huh? All these people who are also wearing purple.” (1:03:00) “You are playing pranks on me, aren't you?” I thought this was another instance of the control-center orchestrated “purple conspiracy”,

but, in reality, he was just following the fashion trend. Off the bus on 1:15:00. There were many drivers honking, which greatly annoyed me (1:22:00). I then got on bus 37 going toward the storage facility (1:26:00). I was just noticing purple everywhere (1:27:00). Getting off the bus, I immediately saw a limousine. “Wow, why here?” (1:38:00) Then, another one. This was a run-down neighborhood, you recall. Then, another junk call on 1:53:00. I came inside the storage facility and was putting all my newly burned discs into the storage unit (2:15:00). I speculated wrongly again: “Our disc is stolen because Mr B wants the file showing computer malfunctioning” (2:31:00). I left my storage unit by 2:41:00 and came inside the office to ask: “If I authorize somebody to come into my storage unit, can I just fax the authorization to you?” (2:43:00) I said that because I was now planning to go to San Francisco, and so wouldn't be here to sign any papers. After I left, I continued to wonder: “What are people told by Mr B about us? His story must have contradicted DGHTR's good story about us earlier this year...” When I came inside the food mall next door to scavenge for food, a Hispanic man gave me five dollars for food. Apparently he was a religious man, doing Catholic charity (2:51:00). This of course created some confusion in my mind, since, because of the Monkey, I had begun to negatively generalize about all Hispanics. But, after a while, I wondered incorrectly again: “How do you know that the surveillance over us actually shows us receiving 5 dollars?” Then: “That charity should have taught us not to generalize about all Mexicans... But he could be Mr B's agent here to soften us up!” In reality, of course, the charitable Hispanic had nothing to do with the Monkey. What I should have realized is just that Christianity is a good religion and makes its devotees into good people – the issue has nothing to do with generalizing or not generalizing about Hispanics.

I was on the bus by 3:02:00. Coincidentally, I ran into the same old lady who had frequented the law library, and I asked her whether all the old people who had worked in the law library were still there. Off the bus on 3:09:00. I then developed another wrong belief, that the earlier 5 dollar was Mr B's compensation for my being made into David Chin. Then: “We aren't going to Mexico by ourselves... Somebody will take care of us...” (3:21:00) I then rode the bus to downtown, where I was terribly annoyed by the children at one point, causing me to want ever more to go to Europe, where there were far fewer children than in America. I then resumed my old habit of humming to avoid children's noise (3:38:00). I looked for the Little Tokyo library for a while, and then came inside the library on 4:13:00 to use the computers. After browsing some books in Japanese, I began my daily Daughterspeak lesson on Russland Journal. At one point I filmed what I thought to be a surveillance agent (5:03:00). I was then reading something in Japanese (5:05:00). I muttered: “We just don't want to go to Mexico, it's all Mr B's crap!” (5:06:00) “Mr B thinks Mexico is some sort of holy place, but we are not even interested, for we want to go to Europe...” Then: “He's selfish,” and my toes hurt. “Why does DC want him?” (5:10:00) “He has no interest in our revolution!” Then I continued my Russland Journal lesson (5:11:00).

After I left the library, I continued to be engrossed in my wrong scenario: “Mr B is orchestrating false reports with his actors, and they are onto our website too” (6:00:00). “But it's all intended for ICJ records, not for any 'real world' law enforcement operation. And, guess what, if law enforcement in the real world is taking actions against us, they will simply listen to this recording file after we have uploaded it, and thus decide to forget about the whole affair!”

My next recording is: “krncafecuntdisc\_6\_19\_10\_551-841PM.WMA”: While walking on the street, I

saw a New Testament lying on the street, and wondered, "Is this a secret message?" (10:00) I naturally wanted to assume that it was a message from Mr B. What if not, but from somebody we respected? "But we have the Greek original already, not to insult anybody...." And I filmed it. "Mr B wants to beat you down to nothing; why can't he just give you something? But no. He wants to be a Big Brother for whom you sacrifice all for nothing. Why does he think like that?" (15:00) "Well, he assumes that people should automatically fall in love with him and sacrifice for him for no reward whatever, for the reward is the sacrificing itself for Mr B's sake..." "If you ever see the Pyramid, you should say, 'Your father is very strange... For he wants people to obey him, but he has no charm of any kind... He just has a machine gun..." (20:00). I was then on the bus going toward Normandie and Wilshire. I sighed: "Don't have optimism at all, no one regards you as valuable in any way, even if they do, they have no power in any case..." (37:00). When I was getting off the bus, I thought I was bypassing another surveillance agent (earphones-wearing), "Excuse me surveillance agent..." (54:00). I came inside the Korean cafe ready to work. I began reviewing recording and writing "Ying and Yang, I". At one point, I yearned again, "The Daughter People, if they are watching, why aren't they helping us?" (1:03:30) Then I recalled, "Last December, it was the case that, if our Daughter would get harm should we masturbate, then we wouldn't..." Meanwhile, the Korean boys and gals near me were chatting loudly and began disturbing me (sonophobia). "I hope they could just shut up..." (1:06:00). Then I sighed, "Why doesn't Daughter listen to our suggestion, just let us be an academic, for that is our domain..." Again, still engrossed in the false scenario that all this was happening because the Daughter People had something else in mind (1:09:00).

My next recording is: "IMPkrncafe\_6\_19\_10\_851-1024PM.WMA" I began counting all the backup discs which I constantly carried with me, and there were five discs missing, it seemed. I assumed that my discs were stolen on June 12 together with the entire spindle of blank discs. Only later would I realize that I was completely wrong. As noted, and as I would discover later, only one disc was stolen by the French. Of course I assumed that it was Mr B who had sent agents to steal my discs. I was angered again. I was then burning a new backup disc, and, just then, the verification of the new disc failed. One file could not be read. I was shocked, and shouted: "Mr B has destroyed another one of our discs!" (55:00) I went into a rage, shouting inside the coffeehouse, "This man is unbelievable!" And I wondered: "What's the point of having this (ICJ) court case? Mr B has put in some much forged evidence that the entire evidentiary record can be said to be forged..." I speculated that Mr B was doing all this because he was angry over the fact that his sons and daughters had gone to the side of DGHTR. (There was in fact some truth in this, since the Monkey had been effectively disowned by his family.) I shouted to him: "What do you want me to do about it? I have no contact with your sons and daughters..." (1:22:00). Then, because the file that was badly burned was a recoding from June 6, I wondered if anything had happened on June 6 to which Mr B wanted to draw my attention. In other words, I wondered if the Monkey had destroyed my disc in order to convey another "secret message" to me. Angry, I shouted: "I can't afford people passing any more 'secret messages' to me through the destruction of my discs, for I have only a few more blank discs left, and I don't have any money. And yet Mr B just doesn't give a shit, and that's why all the girls don't like him and have left him. It's not very romantic to stab those who have saved you in the back... Why can't the Pyramid and her sister just go back to their father and beg him for our life?" I said all this because I remembered that I did say on that day that the reason why, during the days of the trial battle between DGHTR and the Monkey, the Pyramid and her mother chose me was not that they liked me so much, but rather that they felt



apologetic toward DGHTR. I thus determined that this was the “message”. I then assumed also that Pyramid and her sister, growing up in a rich family, wouldn't care that much about money, but would want romance. “You should please them by doing charity...” “The Monkey is just taking his anger out on me when his daughter and wife have gone to the side of DGHTR. Well, obviously, because DGHTR is much nicer, and why doesn't he just lighten up?” Then, suddenly, my recorder was remotely shut off – as if I weren't provoked enough.

My next recording is: “IMPkrncafe\_6\_19\_10\_1046-1131PM.WMA”: I turned on my recorder again lamenting somewhat about how it got remotely shut off again. I sighed: “Who would be interested in seeing all these videos showing my recorder being shut off? He just wants everything so air-tight...” (11:00). I then began writing again while burning another new disc. Then something went wrong with my disc-burner or my ImgBurn – again! – and I promptly filmed it (25:00). The burn had failed once again! I was absolutely stunned: “Is it message-passing? I can't deal with it...” I was tremendously angered. I shouted: “So much time wasted... You are not supposed to criticize him!” I assumed it was the Monkey again, and that he did it when he heard me criticizing him. I protested angrily: “But he's not here... People behave differently when the person is right in front of them, just as people who criticize George Bush will be polite when George Bush actually stands in front of them! Other people have feeling too!” In reality, of course, it was most likely just the Daughter People who had commanded the Monkey to “continue his conspiracy with me and France against Daughterland”, i.e. driving me to violence with machine malfunctioning so that I could become what Mr B had wanted me to be. When I checked one of the video files on the disc which supposedly couldn't be read, I was further angered, because it had become a “silent film”, the audio function having been disabled. I filmed this as well. I was so angry that I shouted: “Let's go to the cybercafe to fight this out, you fucking Monkey, no wonder his wife has left him, even a guy without a girlfriend – like me – knows that this is not the way to impress women!” (42:00) “You fucking Mexican Monkey!” I began throwing things. More: “Why don't you come out of the control room and fight face to face with me?” “What a coward! Here is another reason why his wife has dumped him!”

My next recording is: “IMPkrncafe\_6\_19\_10\_1132-1143PM.WMA: I continued to shout: “What a coward! Using other people's machines to fight me... Fighting him has wasted so much of my fucking time; I could have contributed my talent to the betterment of this world, yet instead I spend my whole time getting frustrated with machine malfunctioning! He causes people a lot of pain, but that doesn't impress people...” (4:30) More: “He doesn't use his brain, he just yells 'Down, down, down!' What a mad dog!” “All he knows is to frame people for pornography and pedophilia, that's all he understands! Can you come up with a better show which won't make people want to vomit so much?”

My next recording is: “dthtocybrufe\_6\_19-20\_10\_1144PM-1242AM.WMA” I continued to imitate Mr B: “Stay down, because I have a big hammer, and I'm a mad dog... That doesn't impress people at all!” When I took a break, I continued: “The problem is that we don't control the machines...” (12:00). Then: “Eventually we will have to jump the bridge” (15:00). Then: “He can destroy me, but he'll never win other people's heart...” (17:00). Getting back to work again, I sighed, “Only if we had never met the Pyramid, but we did, and now machine malfunctions constantly, and we have to die.” As I began burning the same disc for the third time, I took out my camcorder to film it. I sighed: “Giving them the whole world is still not good enough, because that's in the past, and they don't remember our grace

because they don't have to..." (33:00). While the French would use the first part of my confession as evidence for my conspiracy with Daughterland, the second part was evidence in favor of Daughterland since, as long as the Daughter People didn't reciprocate my kindness but instead returned malice for kindness received, they could argue that they weren't conspiring with me, but had simply used me and were now abandoning me. I then noted to myself: "You'll be the first person in the world ever to die because of machine malfunctioning..." (40:00).

My next recording is: "IMPcybrabutanglcpapa\_6\_20\_10\_1248-406AM.WMA" After a while I moaned: "I'm too tired, DGHTR, it's time to release me." More evidence for the French. Then: "What's the problem? If Mr B doesn't want me to go to Mexico, and I don't want to go to Mexico, what is the problem? What he wants is that everything has to be absolutely secret, fine, I will just go somewhere else... He wants you to obey, he gives you the 'link', and then he pulls the plug, what? Hardball is not going to work, for it will bounce back..." Then, more strange notices popped up on my computer screen, and I groaned: "Never really know whether it's a message or not, and whether the message is here to make you look crazy by thinking it's a message..." (1:22:00). Then: "He is angry, so what if other people are angry, they can't do anything about it, they just want to go away, and that's not okay either, and what is *he* so angry about anyway? He's the one who is stepping onto other people's toes..." Then: "He's just like our mother, asking: why does this guy have to write about it? Why does he need to have a voice?" I was then checking up the website of Guinness world records (1:36:00). More: "Only if we had died in January, we would be so much happier... If our Daughter has any power, they really should help us out... This man is very good at coning people, but nobody is going to admire him for that, it doesn't look pretty... It's not just a matter of skill" (1:49:00). More: "Mr B is an extremely good smooth operator... Somebody else might find it pretty, but, we, who are the victims, we don't find it pretty at all..." "Mr B is anachronistic, he is not a ruling class in America, and yet he behaves like one..." (1:56:00). Then, when I connected my new hard drive to my laptop, it began making click sounds, as you can hear (2:01:00). I was angered again, "They have to stop using machine malfunctioning to torment us... Unless it's 'natural' malfunctioning, but this hard drive is brand-new!" "You need to consider love or sympathy for the oppressed... There was a time when we acted like 'Pavlov's dog in reverse', doing what is desired the more we are punished, but that time is gone, besides, we aren't really such 'operant conditioning in reverse', for we knew that, whenever we suffered one punch, our enemy would suffer ten punch... This 'Pavlov's dog in reverse' is all but an illusion..." Unfortunately, this is more evidence in favor of the French. Then: "The Monkey is so good deception, but he is not getting admiration for it, he should be in the advertisement business..." More: "What about our Daughter Pyramid, we don't want to ask, for we don't want to insult them, a lot of people have already insulted them..." (3:00:00). "But that's not the point, not about insulting them, the point is that they are so pretty..." The French were going to use this confession to insist that the Daughter People furnish me with an agent of theirs to guide me. Then: "They haven't plundered enough..." Bad evidence. Then, when somebody came in carrying a radio blasting a talk show, I wondered again if that might be a "secret message" from the control center. "The Pyramid is clearly marrying her boyfriend, this communication is just so weak, being indistinguishable from normal events, and we don't even know who's sending it..." In reality, there was no secret message at all. I then went to sleep in the street corner.

**June 20 (Sunday; storage unit burglarized, Mexican pyramid)**

My first recording of the new day is: “faildvd120wantdiecyber\_6\_20\_10\_827-1117AM.WMA” Soon after I had awakened from the street corner, on 5:50, I filmed a police car passing me by because I wrongly assumed that it was here to videotape me. I came inside the McDonald's to breakfast, and then began testing the newly burned DVD 120. Unfortunately, there were a lot of children inside the fast food place. I then began counting my DVDs again. I misinterpreted all the children around as meaning that DGHTRCONSULATE had definitively sided with Mr B, and I would therefore have to die in silence. Then, I continued to have difficulty compiling the files for my next disc (1:29:00). From 1:37:00 onwards I began writing down the follow:

“Decided this morning upon suicide as the only way out. Only if my DGHTR would have let me die in January, then life would be so much happier and prettier. Now I have to die a pedophile and forger of my own writings without a trace left of Lawrence Chin, as if the victory in the International Court of Justice had never occurred. The ugly savior of DGHTRLND eventually would have to disappear as if he had never existed because he is, after all, not pretty enough. Mr B has succeeded in sealing up the 'histoire secrète de la Cour internationale de Justice'.

“Not to blame them, but I only hope my DGHTR and DGHTRCOM would realize how negatively effective their attempt to help me has been, and how horrifying a fate the Pyramid Angelina 'THE GOOD FACE' is: she is the deadliest cancer on the planet.”

On 1:45:55 or so, my laptop malfunctioned and just then a Hispanic woman pushing her baby cart came in. I again misunderstood the operation, believing that the Monkey was forcing me to videotape the children so that I may die a pedophile; at a loss, and subdued, I videotaped the children as well while videotaping the malfunctioning. In reality, this was most likely the Daughter People's op: when they saw that a woman was about to come before me with her baby cart, they caused my computer to malfunction so that they could intercept my wrong interpretation of the operation as evidence for my “insanity”. Then on 1:46:50 my laptop malfunctioned again, and I videotaped the laptop and the children in front of me once more. On 1:49:10 or so I was videotaping my Toshiba once more because it was malfunctioning for the third time – everything on my computer screen just disappeared. Utterly depressed, I concluded that the reason why my computer malfunctioned was that there were a lot of children around, that this was so because the Monkey wanted me to look like a pedophile while knowing that I would always videotape my computer screen during malfunctioning in order to retain proofs for remotely induced malfunctioning. On 1:59:55 or so I predicted that my disc burning would fail and the software would malfunction. On 2:03:40 or so my prediction came true: I was videotaping the malfunctioning of the disc burning software, and I said to myself angrily, “Make sure to videotape some children as well so that we could be a pedophile...” Then I said, “We'll lose these files when we go up to San Francisco, because there is no way to burn these files onto discs, because the computer will malfunction...” Then I wrote on this diary, “I will die being absolutely tired of machine malfunctioning....” (2:06:00) On 2:07:48 or so I began packing things up, saying to myself, “Let's go up, and kill ourselves... Never ever do good things to others, never ever, never ever.... It's too late this time....” While walking out I was groaning and moaning (2:11:10): “Mr B was telling me that I'll have to die David Chin... I am not even allowed to burn discs anymore...” I called Wes on 2:13:00 and left a

message asking him to call me back because it was an “emergency”. I squatted against the wall of a building and chain-smoked to calm my shock from the latest episode of machine malfunctioning. I had smoked at this spot for hundreds of times in the past decade and had never had any problem, and yet today the security guard suddenly came out and yelled at me as if I were a piece of garbage telling me I could not smoke at this spot. I of course assumed he was remotely instructed by Mr B to further aggravate me while I was still in shock. Irritated, I moved ten feet or so to the Togos sandwich shop, which was near the bus stop where presumably one could smoke. But he still came to chase me away. I moved away again and continued murmuring “I must die” (2:22:00 or so). As I walked away I saw many children around, and I muttered, “That's another reason to die, I simply cannot live with children running constantly around me...” (2:23:50 or so). I settled into another corner to continue chain-smoking. “忘恩复义... Well, it's their choice, they don't have to remember... Don't ever do it again...” (2:31:10 or so). At this point I entered the cybercafe. As I sat down at a table and turned on my Toshiba, I moaned and groaned, still in shock, “Hmm... Hmm...” I actually began suffering physical pain from machine malfunctioning, and praising Mr former Secretary as a “nice person” in comparison (3:45:50 or so). I then began videotaping the computer screen again, expecting more computer malfunctioning (2:36:30). I also began counting my discs again.

My next recording is: “IMPcybrtostrgkufe\_6\_20\_10\_1117AM-408PM.WMA” Then I returned the disc again! Was it the fourth or fifth time? After counting discs and burning a new disc – nothing malfunctioned this time! – I left the cybercafe on 2:19:00. Outside, a woman gave me two dollars (2:29:00). As I was still worried about the stolen DVD, one stolen, I assumed Mr B had stolen it because he was angry. On the bus on 2:41:00 to go to my storage unit. I needed to go to my storage unit one more time before I went up to San Francisco to go to Daughterland's consulate – or so I had decided. In the storage facility by 3:24:00. After I opened up my storage unit, I discovered that my tubes and the plastic bag which I had bought in March for my plan for painless death had been taken away. Someone had come into my storage unit within the past 24 hours and removed some stuff. Who is it? Why? Were the French looking for more evidences? I have never figured this out.

My next recording is: “IMPbusdcknwlink\_6\_20\_10\_408-607PM.WMA: After I came out of the storage facility, I continued to murmur to myself: “You need to kill yourself...” Then: “They are testing me, they act like they want me to die, do they really?” (24:00). It would become increasingly evident that it's in Daughter People's interest for me to die, for, then, no new evidences could be entered into the ICJ any more, and, given the current shape of the ICJ battle, the case would have to be dismissed since the French had not yet proved their case definitively. It would be the French who didn't want me to die, but it's not clear whether they would go so far as to steal away my plastic bag and tubes. While on the bus, I noted to myself: “DGHTRCOM is good with his friends, like Bush” (38:00). Then: “Don't they know about Mr B? If so they should know that this is not going to work out...” (40:00). “That's why DGHTRCOM doesn't like it when you shout, 'Fucking Mexicans'...” (43:00). Then: “We should be picked up, shined, and allowed to recover, the environment is everything, hopefully they listen to what we say” (46:00). In my dream! Then: “We always have the best suggestion, not to brag about it, but DGHTRCOM is so liberal... I'd rather die than go to Mexico, I want to be under DGHTR's care, and every inch of my body longs after a Daughter Pyramid...” (55:00). The Daughter People were in trouble, for I still couldn't shed my belief in, or desire, for a “pyramid”. I got off the bus and came Inside 711, buying hot dog (1:28:00). Then: “These recordings will not go into ICJ as evidence, and

there is only one person who can help me, DGHTRCOM, but he's busy..." Then I murmured again about jumping the bridge in San Francisco (1:54:00).

My next recording is: "bus4smbldvd\_6\_20\_10\_607-617.WMA.WMA" and "IMPcybrcafeconfsn\_6\_20\_10\_711\_819PM.WMA.WMA". After spending more time on the bus, I came to the cybercafe. I wanted to do some work before going up to San Francisco. I began reviewing recording while continuing to work on "Ying and Yang, I". Soon, a black woman with her child came in (26:00). Her child began shouting loudly. I was shocked and annoyed at the same time: "Mr B is trying to provoke me." And the child began crying. "There will never be a time when I could go to a place where there will not be any baby crying. Here, in this cybercafe, where all these men are looking at pornography at the computer" (30:30). Then: "Mr B will tell the Daughter consulate that we are a pedophile... We'll be arrested as a pedophile..." As the child cried louder, I groaned angrily, "I like this kind of recording, it shows just how bizarre my environment is. There is always a fucking child around me every moment of my life" (33:00). I even complained about it to the cybercafe employee. Then: "I'm Mr B's agent. My mission is to be a pedophile by recording baby sounds everyday." I went outside and muttered continually: "We shall go up to San Francisco, and our mission is to get arrested as a pedophile..." It would be thanks to Macrospherian kindness that I would have defined my mission only as "getting arrested" (five years from now for vandalism, as you shall see) rather than as "getting arrested for pedophilia" – for it would surely be Monkey's desire to see me arrested for disgusting sex crimes. More: "Mr B is different than Mr Chertoff. With Mr Chertoff, evidences in the ICJ showed us getting arrested here and there and everywhere, whereas we have never got arrested in real life. But Mr B wants to play real, he wants us to get *really* arrested" (1:00:00). Indeed! I was faced with a far more formidable enemy now. Then, when I came back inside the cybercafe to use its computer station, I discovered that Jennifer D had sent an advertisement email to me, charging money this time for her upcoming event. I misunderstood the situation: "I guess that means the CIA is under Mr B's command..." Then I continued to mutter: "I'm about to go on our mission of getting ourselves arrested..."

In retrospect, we can surmise that it was in fact the Daughter People who have ultimately wanted me to record baby crying. This, so that they could use what was originally a conspiracy against them to defend themselves this time ("an eye for an eye"), suppressing, as evidences in the ICJ, my recording files which the French would like to use as evidences to prove that Monkey's profile of me was forged.

My next recording is: cybrmmylibyagryhndmxpyrmd\_6\_20-21\_10\_821PM-1217AM.WMA : While still in the cybercafe, I listened to Noriko's song again (11:00). I was then looking for the recording where Mr B's agent (or what I thought to be such) warned me I was going to get arrested. I began writing in my diary: "I will soon be arrested for disgusting recording crimes..." (24:00). I didn't know that I was dooming myself since a "conspiracy" had been established between me and the Monkey, who had certainly wanted me to get arrested – although the doom wouldn't come until years later because of my "inability to finish my mission" due, as you shall see, to the fact that I didn't quite know how to become a danger to others despite the Monkey's imagination that I must be. I noted that this was my "prediction". Not trying to doom myself – far from it, I was just being pessimistic and sarcastic. I then left the cybercafe and got on bus 20 to go toward the Greyhound station (1:37:00). I muttered: "Don't know who is doing it all", and then kept saying, "We are gonna get arrested..." I then believed

(perhaps erroneously) that the Asian girl on the bus was doing surveillance on me. (She was wearing earphones). I then muttered more about the CIA assassination of the DIA agent (PAN AM bombing over Scotland) which was blamed on a Libya agent. “But Mommy is good people” (1:51:00) which might very well be used by the French as further evidence for my conspiracy with the CIA to harm the French and the neocons.

Soon I got off the bus and asked a black man for fries – he gave me some. I was in the Greyhound station buying a ticket to San Francisco on 2:46:00. Something was awaiting me. As I stood in line, a white female (or “pyramid”) came to stand behind me, reading the same book you have seen before, *The Unbearable Lightness of Being* by Milan Kundera. Noticing her, I started a small chat with her (from 3:11:00 onward). It turned out that she was Mexican! This was too much a coincidence, I thought, for she was practically indistinguishable from any white female of the Anglo stock: an exact replica of the “Pyramid”, that is. At first, simple exchange about Spanish grammar. She then text-messaged (3:15:10). I kept joking with her about how unbecoming it was for her to text-message. She said her name was “Maria” (3:18:00). I then made fun of her non-Mexican appearance – the exact same problem with our Pyramid. Then, on 3:31:00 or so, I asked to see the book she was reading and, as she agreed, I was immediately surprised by its first paragraph: “For how can we condemn something which doesn't occur twice?” I asked her if she had read Nietzsche, and she said yes. But when I asked which one, she said she had only read excerpts. Clearly, she had never read any Nietzsche. I then started reading out loud the first two pages of the book. After which, I commented to “Maria”: “It seems to say so much about my current circumstances...”

Yes, indeed. The first few pages of the book, you recall, make ample mention of Nietzsche's “Eternal Return of the Same”. My immediate impression was that the Daughter People were telling me they couldn't condemn Mr former Secretary unless they ran the terrorist conspiracy once more. Something like this was indeed the case, of course. Namely, the Daughter People had to replace all the unfavorable evidences in a “second round” before they could claim their definitive “victim status” and complete victory. But the question is: which side had sent, or caused to come to me, this girl who was almost the exact replica of “Angelina”? I would say that it's the French, i.e., after the Daughter People had avoided, on June 11, the burden of sending their agent to cohort with me by replacing the episode of July 6 2009 with a new episode of “CIA sending Russian defector to meet with the terrorist suspect”, the French thought that they must do something about the rule for the replacement of evidences if they really wanted to beat down these Daughter People. They must have obtained more indisputable evidences from my storage unit within the past 24 hours – using that “Paul Mitchell” business – proving that Monkey's profile of me was forged, which, loosening up the Macrosphere, could then enable the French to use my verbal testimonies to persuade the judge computer that my conspiracy with Daughterland to harm France looked more and more like a real scenario. As the judge computer granted that, and before the Daughter People could respond, the French sent this Mexican pyramid to me, or caused her to come to me, which, in the ICJ evidentiary record, would be the Pyramid herself coming to me to pass me a secret message to enlighten me that, currently, the Daughter People were replacing evidences. This would then enable the French to include the procedure for the replacement of evidences among those evidences which, because they related directly to the current debate about whether I had conspired with Daughterland, could not be replaced, changed, or touched. (Earlier, the profile which the Monkey had forged about me was deemed “irreplaceable”, if you recall.) From now



on there would be no more replacement of evidences, and the June 11 episode with the Daughter Pyramid was probably judged “invalid”. The Daughter People had just lost one more means to defend themselves.

My next recording is: “slpgryhndsf\_6\_21\_10\_1217-743AM.WMA”. And so both the Mexican pyramid and I boarded the bus. I shouted to her, “You are immortalized,” by which I meant that she had been recorded and that the recording would last eternity. I slept inside the bus as it rushed toward San Francisco.

### **June 21 (Monday; San Francisco, massive computer malfunctioning)**

My first recording of the new day is “sfstrt\_6\_21\_10\_743-816AM.WMA”: Arriving in San Francisco, I began walking toward the Civic Center. When I saw another pretty white female, I commented how much she “walked like Mommy” (although not a Mommy: 6:00). When I came inside a coffeehouse, I believed I had seen another surveillance agent (earphones-wearing). I might not be incorrect. I then commented rather ominously: what if every time I had identified Mommy she'd go down? Something like this was indeed going on, although not as I thought – not because of “Daughter”, but because of “Maman”. After morning coffee and cigarettes, I continued on toward the Civic Center.

My next recording is: “sflawliblibchase\_6\_21\_10\_816AM-131PM.WMA”. I first came to the San Francisco law library on 20:00 and signed up to use a computer. I continued to edit the webpages of my website, among other things. Suddenly, the librarian came to warn me not to do any “coding” (1:09:00). I was quite annoyed. This was of course a piece of evidence in favor of the Daughter People, that I did fit Mr B's false profile of me. I checked my bank account, and was further annoyed because fax.com was still charging me money. “Even though we have videotaped our canceling the service”. Again, I believed that it was all due to the Monkey's actions. Everything unpleasant was orchestrated by him! In reality, of course, it was “natural”. Feeling wronged, when I was leaving, I asked the librarian what it was all about. He replied: “It has to be legally related. No HTML coding, or anything like that.” When I was leaving, I was still groaning: “Mr B has changed America just for us” (1:18:00). Then: “Nobody is watching us anymore... Now we know that even the librarian has devices stuck in their ears telling them what to do, or have chips planted inside their brain, being remotely controlled...” This was of course not the case. “The way all the rules just suddenly change... It's not a duel, that means that DGHTRCOM's hands are tied, there is no way that he would like this man...” (1:34:00). Well, quite correct. Then: “If we say we don't want to go to Mexico, DGHTRCOM will understand it... Mr B is pure evil” (1:37:00). I came inside the San Francisco public library on 1:40:00. When I was paying to get a replacement card I noticed that the dollar inside my pocket had disappeared (1:43:00). Again, I believed it was Monkey's agent who had stolen it from me. I was angry every moment of my life, the little unpleasant experiences becoming even more provoking due to my (mostly) incorrect association of them with the Monkey. I sat down at a table, and, while reviewing my recordings, checked the screenshots I had taken of the videos of the contents of my storage. I could easily see that things inside my storage had been moved – and I wasn't wrong about this. *It must be the French*, although I didn't comprehend this. I just knew that somebody had gone into my storage unit – that notice about Paul Mitchell had done the damage. While reviewing the recording of my sad crying, I protested: “We refuse to believe that people will believe that we have written our works, for people

don't have any functional brains, and they will believe anything as long as it is not true...” (3:25:00). In reality, of course, nobody would really care to even look at my works, although it *is* true that most people are only capable of believing lies. I went to talk to the librarian again on 3:30:00 about obtaining a new library card. While in the elevator, I was warned by another guy about videotaping things in the library (3:47:00). I assumed again that it was Mr B who was trying to frame me for “criminal videotaping”. When I walked into Chase bank, I saw a woman manipulating her phone, and I asked her, “Are you text-messaging?” “I’m drinking tea,” she replied (3:52:00). I came specifically to cash the check from the loan store and then talked to the banker about my debit card which would soon expire (4:06:00). I also checked the online transaction I had just made, worrying (nonsensically again) that Mr B might have disrupted it. All was well. Then about the problem with fax.com. I left the bank on 4:12:00 and came inside a Chinese restaurant to eat (4:20:00). I was continually agitated. A phone call on 4:39:00. I then came back inside the public library and, to relax my mind, I browsed through the foreign book section. You can hear me reading a biography of Tolstoy in French (On *Anna Karenina*).

My next recording is: “6\_21\_10\_140-315PM.WMA” I came to the circulation desk to check on the computer I had reserved. It was computer station 409. As I settled down on my computer station (18:30), I continued to mutter how evil this Mr B was, and how bad an idea it was to pair me up with his daughter – then about how Mr B was now the secret ruler of the world. When I had finished writing my email I of course made sure to film myself sending it (27:50). Then I noted to myself again a woman who sat down near me wearing her sunglasses over her head and looking indeed like a “Daughterlander” (48:40). It was of course just a random event, but to me everything meant something as Mr B's evidence in the ICJ. Then I muttered: “Mr B should not be allowed to know anything, but should be treated only s a schizophrenic or like a child...” Namely, he should be treated in whatever way he had treated me (according to my imagination, that is: ha!). I then suspected another person around to be either a surveillance agent or my “double” (1:28:00). Of course, since I was near Daughterland's consulate, I would definitely be under surveillance. I kept on filming all the people around, suspicious of everything. I then continued to read the French biography of Tolstoy.

My next recording is: “6\_21\_10\_316-850PM.WMA” I then called up the Public Storage to tell them about my impression that someone had gone into my storage unit some time between June 17 and June 20. The Public Storage personnel told me basically to call the police instead and then the insurance company. Then I continued reading the book on Tolstoy. On 31:28 there occurred what I called “Angelina shoes intercepts”. I theorized wrongly (34:00) that the Monkey had just created evidence in the International Court showing me to be in conspiracy with the Monkey Pyramid his daughter. This, in order to prevent her from helping me. Complete nonsense, although the ICJ records did show the Monkey Pyramid passing me a message last night. On 49:00 or so I noticed another female around wearing plastic frame glasses and began wondering if she was Monkey Pyramid's double. Again, nonsense. Then I began provoking myself with another wrong scenario, that, even though I was just sitting here by myself, the evidentiary record of the International Court would be showing me courting the Monkey Pyramid for months – with “Angelina shoes” and “Angelina glasses” and so on.

While I continued to read Tolstoy's biography, I began burning a new backup disc and murmured angrily from time to time: “We no longer have the capacity to burn discs. All our machines are broken. Tell the Pyramid to pay us hundreds of dollar to compensate us, but she'd not do it... This life is

unlivable, can't burn any data onto discs.... If we go to the consulate, we'll be treated as a schizophrenic, because the Monkey has established conspiracy between us and the Pyramid... Our computer can't even be turned off.. This ICJ determines every aspect of our life, whether we will have friends, whether machine will function, whether people will complain about us, whether the bus will pick us up... what people will say about our..." (1:07:00). Then I was angered again when the burning of the disc failed again! "I lost another disc!" (1:10:00) Then, as if to further provoke me, to add fuel to fire, a security guard came demanding that I go downstairs to his office. I went to tell a librarian about this "harassment". He said somebody had complained about how I made loud noises. The security guard walked me out. I protested angrily to him: "I'm not playing games!" "You know that every single word that is said and every second of my life is recorded and the recording will show nothing has happened at all. You know it's Mr B who has commanded people to make false reports about me, and I have saved the CIA and the United States..." (1:14:30). The security guard sarcastically told me to complain to president Obama. I wandered the streets and then rested in a street corner (1:27:00). I had no idea that it was the Daughter People who had commanded the Monkey to orchestrate the complaint earlier because they couldn't afford more evidences showing me knowing French. I came inside a coffeehouse asking for water, but the cashier said, "We don't give out water." I came instead to another coffeehouse, bought a can of coke, and settled down (1:34:00). Immediately, Somebody came to warn me, "You have to move." "Shut up. No hablo ingles!" (1:36:30) After a while, I exited and got on the bus on 2:01:00. Off the bus on 2:19:00. I groaned: "Mr B doesn't want us to read French" (2:27:00). That was indeed the reason why I was kicked out of the library, except that it wasn't just Mr B, but the Daughter People as well. While waiting for another bus, I asked another person who was standing near me wearing earphones, "How much do you get paid for doing surveillance?" "What?" "Don't make any funny move," I warned him, "I'll videotape you very carefully, and it will go on Youtube" (2:30:00). On the bus again. Off the bus on 2:36:30. I came inside another coffeehouse on 2:40:00. Outside again. I wanted to go to the Best Buy upstairs, and had to ask a stranger how to get upstairs, but the man didn't understand. I yelled at him, "Why don't you have a functioning brain?" I assumed he was another one of Mr B's agents and so filmed him. Finally, I was inside Best Buy (2:50:00). I bought more blank discs and, coming out, continued shouting – because of my hatred for Mr B: "Fucking Hispanic people, trash!" (2:54:00) On the bus on 3:04:30 and off the bus on 3:07:00. "That Mexican trash" (3:09:00). I checked out a cybercafe (3:13:00) and then got on the bus again (3:23:00). I came inside another coffeehouse on 3:34:00. I settled down and continued: "Mexico is a junkland. People are so ignorant there, they have no understanding of reciprocity... The Daughter People should forget about Mexico" (3:38:00). "These cave men got hold of the machines built by civilizations... They don't understand feelings of gratefulness and guilt, hence they can't move onto a real civilized state..." More: "We are very skeptical of letting Mexicans 'join the club', it's different from letting Mommy or the French join the club, for they are civilized people..." (3:42:00). "Mexicans aren't capable of feeling guilty, they are developmentally insufficient..." Then: "I can't function anymore in this society... Mexico is just full of kidnapping, extortion..." Meanwhile, I began reviewing recordings. I then called up Wes, but he wasn't home (4:29:30). I was then ready to use my new blank discs to burn my backup discs, and I sighed in pessimism: "Get ready for malfunctioning" (4:41:00). "We'll die a pedophile..." I groaned as I began burning my backup disc (5:04:00). I then lamented how DGHTR had hooked me up to all these machines, and how Mr B now got hold of them.

Because the following episode of computer malfunctioning was so traumatizing, I shall include the

references to the videos I had shot of it. First, “fvid\_6\_21\_10-d/100DSCIM/PICT0027.AVI”. As I began verifying the first disc, I sighed to myself, “Get ready for malfunctioning” (4:41:00). Indeed. As you shall see, the Daughter People were about to torture me with more disruption of my disc-burning. It was 8:07 PM. “I'd rather die,” I kept saying. Then, by 8:12 PM, ImgBurn was remotely controlled to freeze in place: “fvid\_6\_21\_10-d/100DSCIM/PICT0028.AVI” and “PICT0029.AVI”. Then, “PICT0030.AVI”. It was then about 8:38 PM or so. Then ImgBurn seemed to be moving again. I groaned again: “I'd rather die than be a pedophile... I feel so sad... Everywhere I go, there are children... children... children... We found our Daughter, but then lost her... Life is so unfortunate... It's time to call it quit... We'll never get what we want... We'll only get the opposite of what we want...” Then: “PICT0031.AVI”. “Oh DGHTR, you really owe me, I have saved your life and this is what I get... It's time to die... It's time to die... Time to die...” Then: “PICT0032.AVI”: By now, the burning had finished, and the verification of the disc had begun. But, minutes later, on 5:19:00 or so, ImgBurn was remotely controlled to freeze for the second time: “PICT0033.AVI”. It was 8:45 PM then. I was devastated. “What's the point of living if you cannot verify your disc?” I said to my camera lifelessly. “And why is it so important that we not verify our disc? Okay we'll die, we'll die, *that* we will obey because we will only have to obey that one time!” Devastated, I began hitting myself in the face to punish myself. And I began crying, feeling so sad, so hopeless, and groaning about why I had to run into the Monkey Pyramid. I then hit myself more in the face (5:20:00 or so). I cried so sadly and looked so disgruntled, with my broken taped up glasses and all, which fell off while I hit myself in the face. “Okay I'll die... I'll die... What did I do to deserve this?” You can thus hear me crying and crying to the end of this recording, and groaning “I'll kill myself tomorrow Mr B...” (5:28:00 or so). Then, on 5:29:40 or so, I packed up my things and stumbled out of the coffeehouse.

My next recording is: “6\_21\_10\_850-905PM.WMA”: I got on the bus on 7:00. Immediately, I saw somebody wearing earphones. “Why do you conduct surveillance on me? Do you know that I'm not really a pedophile? And that it's Mr B who is commanding you?” The strange coincidence is that this might very well really be a surveillance agent: since I was near Daughterland's consulate again, the consulate protection service, as a matter of normal procedure, would certainly send out agents to conduct surveillance on me.

My next recording is: “cybrcafesadmlfunc\_6\_21\_10\_906PM-102AM.WMA”: I was then moaning in a delirious manner and J-walking the street. Many people were yelling at me. I was breathing heavily also, as if in shock. I came inside a store to ask if there was a cybercafe around here, but the Korean owner kept telling me to get out. As if delirious, I ignored him. On 30:30, however, somebody in another store pointed out to me that there was a cybercafe about one block away.

I walked into the cybercafe around 41:00 or so. I wanted to use the cafe computer to upload the earlier videos of computer malfunctioning onto my Youtube channel but was prevented from doing so (51:00). More malfunctioning, that is. I asked the Korean man running the cafe for help; but he couldn't do anything except confusing me further. I naturally assumed that it was Mr B again. Terrified and panicking, I left another message for Wes: “It's emergency!” Then: “We are already willing to die... What does Mr B want? I'll die tomorrow. I make that a 'promise'... There is no point of suffering unless you can videotape it... Okay Mr B, unless you let me upload my files, I'll not die. Well either way is fine with him. We will not withstand another episode of machine malfunctioning. Who can live a life

when machine constantly malfunctions?” (until 1:02:00) But I kept on trying. On 1:04:00 or so I was finally permitted to upload my files. And still I kept on murmuring deliriously, “This man is so bizarre, no wonder the Pyramid is so detestable!” But then on 1:07:00 or so the file upload was interrupted again, and I mumbled in anger and frustration another wrong scenario, that perhaps the Monkey was trying to prove the point that I valued my files more than I valued the Pyramid, which was of course true, since anything in the world would be more important than that “Monkey girl”. I continued: If I lost the documentaries of a day when nothing happened, it might not be such a big deal, for I would only have to worry about what the Monkey might say I did which I didn't do; but if I lost the documentaries of a day where he had caused my computers to malfunction, then I could not afford to lose that day's data, because the fact that the Monkey is a criminal must be known to the world! (1:10:52) But, seconds later, I immediately changed my tone: “Alright Mr B, you are not a criminal. You understand me better than DGHTR does. I do value my data more than any pyramid in the world” (until 1:12:30). Then something had gone wrong again with my computer, and I continued my apology: “Okay Mr B, I am a pedophile, I am autistic, and I value my videos of machine malfunctioning more than anything else in the world” (1:14:08). More: “And I'll die, so you can stay on the throne... After I die you can make up any story about me and I won't care, because I'll be dead... He sits in the control room because he is a better person, he has connections, and we don't have connections... He's superior... I'll kill myself for his sake... We'll go to the consulate so as to hand over Daughterland to him, we'll hand over to him the entire Russian people...” (1:17:20 or so) In reality, of course, it was the Daughter People themselves who had (via the Monkey) remotely interrupted my computer's functioning in order to drive me to utter intent to harm them. (Namely, my intention of causing Daughterland to fall under Monkey's command: although a wrong scenario, i.e., there was no mention of the French, it could still be used as evidence that the terrorist suspect was intending to harm Daughterland, not to benefit it.) I continued: “We must die because Mr B and we have different goals. Our goal is to be known, and his goal is for us to not be known...” (1:18:10 or so). Fair enough. And thus I began praising the White Mexican Monkey as well (1:19:50 or so): “Mr B shall rule Daughterland! The Daughter People suck!” And, just then, as if to reward me for having the right attitude, the uploading of the videos of the earlier malfunctioning of ImgBurn had succeeded. “We must have said something right” (1:23:30 or so). As I reviewed the video showing me hitting myself in the face, I couldn't help but praise the Monkey once more: “Mr B is so smart. This guy used to be an Agency's recruit. Look at him now. Mr B can turn anyone into anything” (1:26:30). And then I was able to upload another file as I continued praising the Monkey for ruling over Russia. As another file upload had succeeded (1:34:30), I praised the Monkey even more: “Who do the Russians think the Monkey Pyramid is? She is the daughter of Mr B! If the Russians want to recruit her, they had better give up their presidency.” Then I had to take screenshots of the icons for the videos of the earlier malfunctioning of ImgBurn, for the icons were all wrong: the icons were scenes not from the videos at all, but were of trees etc., which would not make you realize that these videos were about machine malfunctioning! My computer had truly become a “twilight zone” by itself, I exclaimed (1:35:30 or so).

On 1:38:30 or so the cybercafe computer froze up once more, and I had to restart it while videotaping it. “Mr B is not happy again,” I shouted, tears swelling up my eyes. “This is the third time. By the time we finish uploading the videos, it would be 3 AM. And tomorrow we'll be too tired to go to the consulate.” Strangely, as if to concur, the IME on my Toshiba malfunctioned and produced the Chinese character for “No” (“Bu”) once more (1:51:45). “Bu... Buenrostro is number one,” I said, and my arm

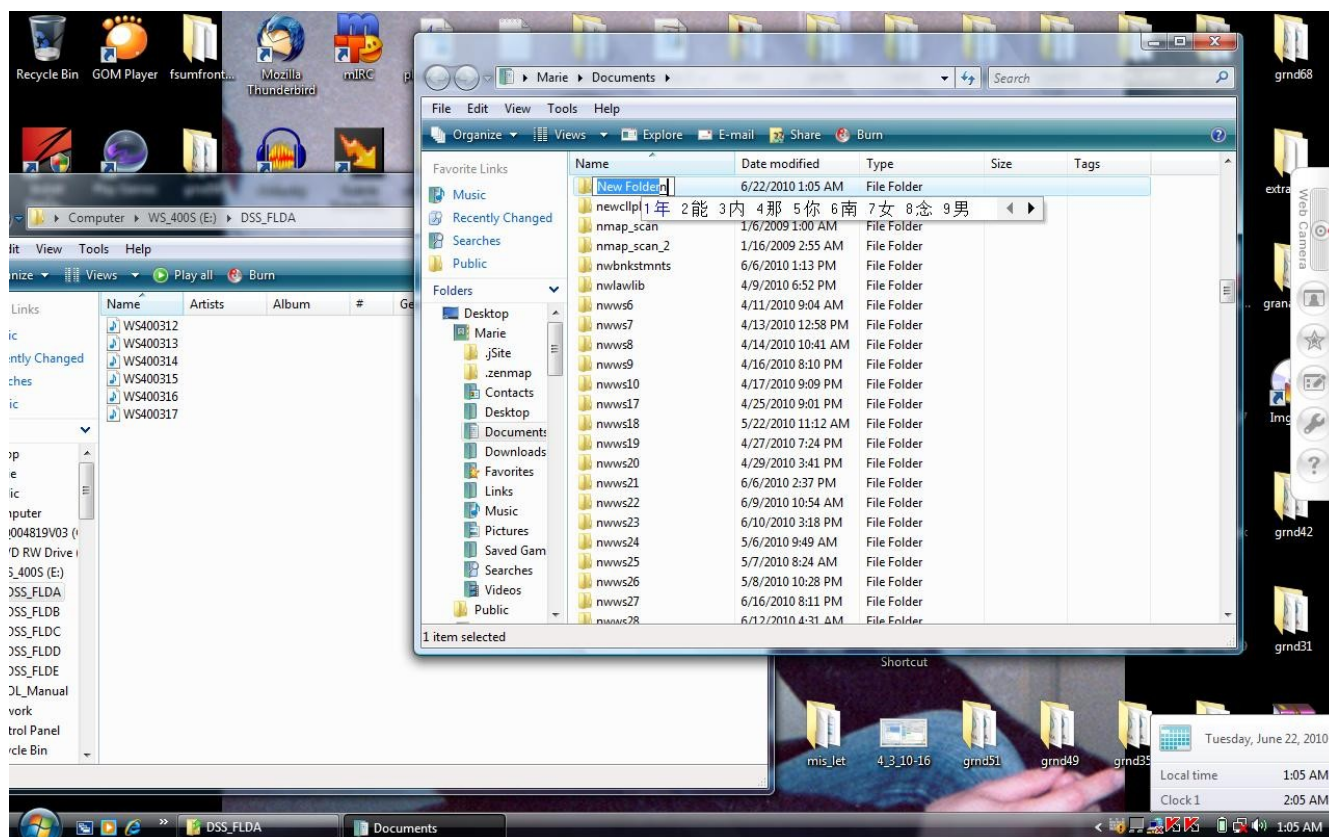
hurt. Presumably, both the French and the Daughter People agreed that I was conspiring with Mr B, although it was not clear which side Mr B and I were conspiring with. I praised Mr B: “Mr B is so smart, he doesn't have to pay people, and everybody will just be willing to die for him, all because he controls all the machines...” (1:53:50 or so). Then: “I wish I could share my videos of machine malfunctioning with someone but I don't think Mr B would like that very much!” (until 1:55:00)

Minutes later, the cybercafe computer I was using froze up again (2:02:00). And so I had to film the computer screen again. I went to the counter to buy drinks, mumbling like the Big Foot. On 2:08:20 or so, tired of computer freezing, I stopped uploading. “Mr B has made his condition: I am only allowed to upload so many videos of machine malfunctioning per day, not more than that.” I then went to the vending machine groaning like the Big Foot. “Not working,” the owner kept shouting, but I just ignored him. On 2:10:00 or so the owner began telling me to go outside. I kept saying No, because I hadn't started using the Internet to edit my website. I started crying and begging the owner: “I need to use the computer, it's an emergency. I was only trying to buy a cookie.” I cried so sadly, as you can hear. “I tried to upload files and computer just malfunctioned, What do you want me to do?” After I knelt down before the owner, he asked me, “How much more time?” with his broken English. “One hour,” I answered, crying. “One hour and you have to go.” “Okay... Why is Mr B doing this? I promised I'll die...” I was then all quiet (until 2:15:00 or so). On 2:20:30 or so, as I opened up a web browser, pornography popped up, and I promptly videotaped it. “Mr B is number one,” I kept praising him, “for he controls my machine...” I began editing the tags for the videos I had just uploaded onto my Youtube channel. While doing all that I continued videotaping every small changes I had made, and I muttered at one point (2:48:00) that Mr former Secretary Chertoff was a much gentler person than our Mr B. By 3:01:00 or so I was revising the front page of my website. By 3:42:00 I had packed up my things and left the cybercafe. By 3:55:00 or so I had settled down on a street corner on Geary Blvd, turned on my Toshiba again, and was ready to import this day's recording, while groaning here and there. More pain was awaiting me.

What happened was that, after I had imported all the recording files from my recorder to my laptop, the Daughter People would not allow me to rename these files. Every time I was about to rename a file, Microsoft IME would malfunction and Chinese characters would pop up instead. Specifically, the Chinese characters for “girlfriend” would pop up, preventing me from naming the recording files. I got so annoyed and irritated that I cursed the Daughter People that I did not want any “girlfriend” from them. This was, of course, just their goal. They had been disrupting my computer functioning for the whole night just in order to prepare me for this. Namely, now that the Daughter People had been deprived of the right to replace evidences, they had no means to defend themselves if the French should continue to request to the judge computer that they furnish the terrorist suspect with a girlfriend agent of theirs to enable him to finish his mission. Their only way out would be for me to cease believing in the “girlfriend” scenario, or to cease wanting a “Daughter Pyramid”. After reading so much of my thoughts on the mind-reading computer, the Daughter People sort of figured out “my type”, that my computer and my files constituted my “base line”, that I would no longer be interested in any girlfriend – which I considered to be an “addition” – if I couldn't keep my “base line”, and that I would refuse any “girlfriend” if the Daughter People completely disgusted me with their apparent betrayal – such as when they no longer allowed me to keep my “base line”. Thus, the Daughter People had tonight obtained a piece of evidence which could prolong their life.



The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, I.  
Lawrence C. Chin. Feb. 2016; corrections afterward



The Daughter People remotely controlled my Microsoft IME to malfunction to prevent me from naming my folders and files

My next recording is: “slpsfgeary\_6\_22\_10\_114-315AM.WMA”: After all this trauma, when I turned on my recorder again, I could only cry and cry, “I’ll die, I promise...” Then, after a while, I quieted down. Then I murmured: “Mr B is a bad person, we can’t help but say it, for shit tastes bad no matter how hard you try to go around it...” (25:00) Then I simply slept right in the corner on Geary Blvd.

### June 22 (Tuesday; Russian consulate; “Daughter Pyramid” again)

My first recording of the miserable new day is: “[wkcrynggearycafebuyknf\\_6\\_22\\_10\\_553-948AM.WMA](#)”. I woke up from the street corner and, while moaning, packed up my things and walked away. I walked into a convenience store by the gas station and mumbled, out of depression and sadness, “Matches, matches,” for I needed to smoke. I then settled into a street corner and continued mumbling in sadness for quite a while (22:00): “... Because Mr B... Because...”. “Va... Va...” I filmed myself mumbling and looking delirious. I got on the bus on 56:40 or so while continuing moaning and groaning as if delirious. At one point I even cried out on the bus. Having got off the bus, I dragged myself onward on the sidewalk in a completely delirious mood (1:10:10 onward). “Eh... eh... eh...” I walked into a coffeehouse on 20<sup>th</sup> Street and Geary and asked the cashier, while mumbling, “How – does – the – Internet – work?” “Excuse me” I asked the same question again. “Do you need water?” I

asked again. "Oh, how does the Internet work?" She instructed me to buy these prepaid cards (1:24:17). I already had one of those cards, and handed her mine. "It's already canceled," she said, "Do you have any other cards?" "Try again," I said to her lifelessly. "It's not working," she said (1:31:40). I ended up drinking some water instead. "Do you know any hardware store – h-a-r-d-w-a-r-e-store?" I asked her again while mumbling unintelligibly. "Ah – ah –" "Five dollar card? Okay," she responded. "Show me how to do it, show me how to do it," I begged. "Yeah, okay," she thus led me to the computer. "Yeah, you can sit on any – This one?" (1:36:00) When the computer froze for an instant, I mumbled: "... Machine malfunctioned..." Then I was reviewing the recording of my crying from yesterday (1:54:00 or so onwards). I mumbled here and there and then, suddenly, major grunting (2:08:35). "Ah --" I shouted almost at the top of my lung. "... It's still running..." I mumbled indistinctly. "Ah ---, eh... eh..." I moaned continually. You can then hear me mumbling unintelligibly (2:14:30) and crying briefly (2:18:35), and then more delirious moaning (from 2:24:05 onward). "Ah... Ah... Baaaa... Baaa..." "The video is not very good..." I cried while looking over the videos from last night on my Youtube channel. After working on the computer a little more while, I called up the cashier to come over to exam the problem for me. I was mumbling to her unintelligibly. The problem seems to be that I opened up another browser on top of the one in which I was working, but that, once I opened up the new one, the old one suddenly couldn't be found anymore: there was no icon for it anywhere on the screen (2:33:24). "I was using Youtube..." I began crying loudly. "I used the browser to look at Youtube, but now I cannot go back to the original browser!" "If you have a laptop you can go online," the employee suggested. "I can't," I cried. In fact I began weeping, so sadly, and so violently (2:36:50). That's what you do when nothing goes your way year after year. I was crying hysterically while trying to tell her something about my Youtube page. "I can't understand what you are saying," she kept saying. "I think he wants to put it on Youtube," the girl employee explained to the guy. "I can't find the browser which has opened on Youtube," I explained intelligibly this time. "What do you want to do with the videos?" I just cried without responding. "What do you want to do with them?" the girl asked me nicely (2:42:10). By now I was sobbing and weeping as if I were five year old and my caregiver had just died, the absolute end of the world. Although all this wouldn't seem like a big deal to anyone, it's time for me to release all the frustration and sadness which had accumulated in the past months. I went urinating outside on 2:44:00 and was temporarily quiet. It was all silence until 2:56:00 when I walked into the hardware store. I wanted to find things I could kill myself with, like the plastic bag and tubes that were taken away from me. But I found nothing fitting. "Finding what you need?" the cashier girl asked me but then quickly joked around and laughed with the other cashier. I assumed, again, that they were making fun of me per Mr B's orchestration. I got on the 38 bus on 3:03:00 or so. I would stay quiet throughout the bus ride, after having released all my negative energy through hysterical crying and whining. I mumbled that a surveillance agent had sat down next to me on 3:17:45. I might very well be correct! (Insofar as I was still on the consulate protection watchlist.) I got off the bus on 3:23:00. You can still hear me mumbling here and there after that.

I came to the public library near the Powell Station (3:38:00). I was here to use the computer again: always desperately seeking a computer station. On the third floor, I asked the librarian, lifelessly as if I were retarded, if I could use the computer for a short while. The librarian advised that I reserve a computer so as to use it for a whole hour. I did so. While waiting, I turned on my own Toshiba, and, while mumbling that I was videotaping my computer screen, videotaped it, for fear of malfunctioning. Soon, it did, and I moaned as if in pain: "We need to go right away, for computer malfunctions..."

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, I.  
Lawrence C. Chin. Feb. 2016; corrections afterward

Malfunctions, malfunctions, Mr B...” (3:51:00 or so) I rebooted my laptop and continued to film it. “Huh, huh,” I breathed heavily as I began working on my malfunctioning computer.

My next recording is: “[sflib\\_6\\_22\\_10\\_954-1042AM.WMA](#)”. More complaint: “Mr B is impossible to beat because he could actually just change the surveillance machine itself...” (from 10:03 or so onward). Since my reservation was for later, I gave up on the matter and got on the bus to go to the Daughterland consulate – my primary objective for coming here – and you can hear someone blasting very loud Ebonic music near me. Pay attention to this for I was being conditioned to what can only be called “Ebonophobia”. Mumbling on 24:30 or so: “... because I cannot talk to anybody...” And I shouted out loud more: “Maa... Maa...” (34:25). Then I commented lifelessly and deliriously on what I thought to be surveillance agents around me, and then filmed them: “Mr B... all these surveillance agents...”. Again, I was probably correct that some of these earphone people were indeed surveillance agents (working for the consulate protection service, however). On 45:00 you can hear me mumbling: “Daughterlander... Maybe it's... She has just shaved her head... I couldn't recognize her...” That is, strangely, I saw, through the bus' window, the June 11 “Daughter Pyramid” walking on the sidewalk outside, all by herself. She looked upbeat, and was wearing a long jacket and a pair of black boots, looking sort of “Gothic”. This obviously couldn't be a coincidence: I first ran into her in the middle of Los Angeles, and then, 11 days later, saw her again in the middle of San Francisco. What's going on? (Recall that this was already very near the consulate.) There are two possibilities. First, if the June 11 intercept had not been judged invalid now that the French had taken away from the Daughter People the right to replace evidences, the “Daughter Pyramid” would be here on the CIA's order to serve as a “fake Russian agent”. The consulate would have also temporarily come under CIA command, becoming a “fake consulate”. This, to shield Daughterland from my upcoming actions. If the June 11 intercept had indeed been judged invalid, however, it might be the French who had commanded the Daughter People to send the “Daughter Pyramid” in front of me in order produce an intercept of “conspiracy with the terrorist suspect”.

Although not knowing any of this, I did realize that she must be a Daughter agent, and then concluded that she was in fact my “Double Smile” from July 6 2009. “Oh... oh... That's why they have shaved her head: so that I wouldn't recognize her –” and thereupon I coughed, as if to confirm (46:05).

My next recording is: “[rconsslputsidecyrng\\_6\\_22\\_10\\_1042AM-553PM.WMA](#)”. I came to the consulate and talked to the intercom by the entrance (9:00). I could barely explain why I was here. What should I say? “You have betrayed me, forgotten my grace, and left me with this Mexican man”? A short hair, not-so-attractive white female came out of the consulate to interrogate me as to my purpose here (15:00). Presumably, everybody at the consulate knew who I was, but was only pretending to not know about me. I walked away and then squatted down on the side of the street waiting for the bus (37:00). I was all silent until I cried when the bus simply passed by me without picking me up (42:25). I mumbled a little and then got on the next bus on 57:45. The bus driver, with a very mean attitude, asked me to pay. “I don't have any money,” I replied.

After I got off the bus, I left another message for Wes, sounding lifelessly and half-dead (1:10:45). I then got on the bus again and got off on 1:33:30 at Powell station. Immediately, I was yelling at somebody. As if to purposely annoy me, some weird Michael Jackson music was blasted on me

(1:43:10). I began going around the streets asking people for food. “Can I have some of your McNuggets?” “No.” “Can I have some of your fries?” I asked another person, and he actually gave me some. And, as usual, I videotaped them before eating them (1:57:50). I then hid inside a building’s corner. “Are you alright?” a police officers came to ask me. “Do you need an ambulance?” “No.” “You’ve got a cut on your nose,” the officer insisted. “So?” The officers then left. I came inside a coffeehouse (2:19:40) and began mumbling and crying again. I turned on my Toshiba and was moving videos to my La Cie external hard drive (2:24:40 or so). I then called up my step-mother (2:42:40). Mumbling and groaning out of sadness, I begged her to make the deposit immediately. I then asked her, “What are you all doing?” Meaning what she had been instructed by Mr B to do behind my back in order to produce evidences for the ICJ. She replied, “What are *you* doing?” Apparently, she had no idea what I was talking about because she had really not been instructed to do anything. “The business at the International Court I couldn’t stand anymore,” I said. “We cannot stand our own affairs either,” she responded without really responding to me. Then I made another call to Wes but reached only the answering machine. I began crying again from 2:48:45 onward.

My crying had startled the coffeehouse employee and he came to tell me to leave (2:56:00). I was now crying hysterically while leaving. “Keep you voice down,” he yelled at me without any sympathy for me (3:00:00). Instead, I kept on crying on the sidewalk. A passerby then came to me, shocked by my hysteria (3:03:00). He began calling 911. I shouted at him: “What do you want from me? Why are you doing this? What did I do to you?”. That is, I wrongly assumed he was doing this per Mr B's order. Since I didn't particularly want to end up being locked up in the mental hospital, I ran away. I got on the bus again, mumbling and groaning, going to the consulate once more. When the bus driver demanded a transfer from me, I could only cry (3:49:00). I cried so sadly and loudly that the bus driver threatened to throw me off the bus (3:55:30). I got off the bus on 4:25:00, came in front of the Daughterland consulate, and settled down by the stairs across the street. Soon I began crying again (4:33:00). Then I fell asleep on the stairs, and wouldn't wake up until more than two hours later.

My next recording is: “[sfdesperatecybrcfftght\\_6\\_22\\_10\\_553-859PM.WMA](#)” I wandered around on the streets, utterly dejected, and continued to moan and groan as if in great physical pain. Then I got on the bus again and got off on 33:30 or so. I walked into a Chinese restaurant on 51:55. I ordered food, mumbling indistinctly as if I were a wild child who had never learned to talk, “barbecue pork noodle soup...” I continued moving my video files while eating my food, and kept on videotaping the computer screen as well. Another junk call on 1:13:00. I then left another desperate message for Wes: “Wes call me back, it's emergency, man” (1:15:40). After walking out of the restaurant I noted another “surveillance agent” (1:24:20), and I made sure to film him as well. (Again, I was probably quite correct.) Moaning and groaning in pain, I suddenly vomited (1:33:00). I then continued moaning and crying. There was just so much pain and so much sorrow. I got on the bus again and was soon overwhelmed by sadness and cried hysterically (1:36:30). More videotaping and more vomiting on 1:39:50. I then videotaped myself crying (1:42:30). You can watch the video to get a sense of the severity of my depression. Then someone – an actor sent here by the Monkey, I would wrongly assume – asked me, “What's the problem? Don't put on that shit...” “I don't know what to do,” I replied. “You don't want to talk to me and that's fine,” he replied. “I'm talking about my problem, my computer...” “I don't care about your problem, I'm caring about where you are going to sleep tonight,” he replied. I would later assume that he was the Monkey's agent trying to lure me into a trap – another incorrect

inference (1:49:00). “She's wearing iPod...” “Where's your place to sleep tonight?” he continued.

After I calmed down a little, I began drawing a portrait of a pretty “pyramid” who was sitting in front of me on the bus. When I finished the portrait, I showed it to her, mumbling unintelligibly, “I drew a picture of you” (2:03:20). “Oh cool, nice, thank you,” she responded. “Where are you from?” I asked her. “Hungary.” I mumbled pathetically – purposely as a way to release all the negative emotion inside me – and asked her how long she had been in this country. “Seven years,” she replied (2:07:55). Then more coughing as if vomiting while turning off my camcorder (2:11:15). Then more moaning: “... He kept making my computer malfunction...” ( 2:14:25). This might seem like a pathetic thing to complain about, but, insofar as I had become the “Prince of Computer Malfunctioning” (later, the “Chosen One for Machine Malfunctioning”), it's something which could make me lose the will to live. Then I got off the bus.

On 2:20:45 or so I walked inside another coffeehouse while still moaning and groaning. “Do you need something sir?” the waitress asked me. “Ah... Ah...” Then I began crying instead of responding. “Help me, help me...” I was crying really really loud, and came back out on the street. I calmed down somewhat on 2:22:05 or so. Minutes later, I walked into another place, shouting, “I want coffee, I want coffee,” and started screaming as if in severe pain (2:24:45). At the same time, I noticed a surveillance agent around, unaware that he was really sent here by the consulate protection service. Evidently, the surveillance, while for the purpose of consulate protection, would then be taken to the ICJ by the Daughter People to prove that I was somewhat similar to the Monkey's false profile of me (although “hysterical” instead of “violently insane”). “You are here to conduct surveillance on me,” I kept saying to him while circling about him. I then walked into a third place to ask for coffee with my delirious look. “We don't have coffee,” the hostess responded. “What do you have?” I asked, adding “Something hot...”

I was then back on the street. “Where's the bus!? Where is the bus!?” I kept shouting (2:30:00). I then walked into another store, muttering: “We regret, we regret, we shouldn't have saved 'Daughter Russia'. We wish M. Chertoff had won. Please bring him back! Only if we can turn back the clock!” (2:32:05) “I just didn't know it will turn out like this... Where are batteries? Where are batteries?” “We don't have b-a-t-t-e-ries!” the store employee sarcastically imitated me. “I don't understand why the 'Daughter People' wouldn't help me... Everything is cut off by Mr B, every avenue shut off... Help me! Help me! Help –” and thus I shouted into the sky (2:40:50). I tried to call Wes on my cellphone once again but of course could only reach the answering machine. I thus screamed with all my strength, “Wes, please, call me back! Please call me back!” Having cried and screamed, I hanged up. I then went hysterical: “Somebody help me! Somebody help me!” (2:43:00) I then chain-smoked to calm myself down, but soon burst into tears again: “I so regret, I so regret...” What I didn't know was that my regret might have just been the evidence which the Daughter People desperately needed to avoid being convicted of conspiracy with me. I then rushed into another store and finally found the batteries and the cigarettes which I so desperately needed. After that, I was in another round of heavy coughing.

I came back to the cybercafe where I was last night. I begged the boss: “I'll be very quiet tonight, please! I need to use a computer...” But the boss insisted that I leave. I begged him while crying, “Let me use the computer, I will not make a sound, please! Please! Please!” And I began crying hysterically

(2:59:40). But the boss and his employees simply pushed me out of the establishment. I pounded on the door, crying: “Why? Why? Why?” Then: “No, No!” Then: “I kneel before you,” and so I did, tears pouring down my face (3:00:30). I begged more: “My life matters too, you know. You are not the only person in the world who has feeling.” “Outside,” the boss shouted at me. “Hit me,” I dared him. “Hit me one more time!” The boss and his guy then knocked me over (3:02:00). I laughed but regretted that I didn't videotape the episode. “What the fuck do you want?” the Korean boss shouted at me with his heavy accent. “I don't have any problem, just get the hell out of here!” he warned me again. “Come here, come here. You want me to beat you? I'll beat you, come here,” he then said. “But I want to videotape it!” I replied. “I'm going to call the police,” the boss warned me once more. “Because I don't have any friends, so who is going to know what has really happened if I don't videotape it?” I explained (3:05:05). Then, this recording has ended abruptly because the control center had suddenly remotely shut off my recorder and deleted the last two minutes of this recording!

What happened later was that I kicked on the door of the cybercafe and broke the glass on it. I did film it while doing it. I didn't quite intend to do so, and so was stunned as the boss came out with other employees having me completely surrounded. They pushed me down while the boss was supposed to call the police. And yet, mysteriously, the boss told everyone to let me go. Strange!

My next recording is: “6\_22\_10\_925-1049PM.WMA: When I turned on my recorder again, I was already on the bus. I was writing and severely nervous, muttering: “We want to go to Daughterland...” I was desperately pleading DGHTRCOM to help me – as if he could hear me. I got off the bus on 15:00. I reflected: “None of what has happened is normal; people don't throw you out of the library just because you are reading out loud, and, when you break a window, they will go after you, but then mysteriously just forget about it, so none of this is orchestrated for the 'real world'. Mr B just wants to make sure that nobody believes you, and he needs a bad profile of you as evidences for the International Court... And, yet, he can't really harm you because he's under some sort of constraint...” (18:00). Then I concluded: “If we die, then the ICJ trial will disappear...” This is quite true. As noted, if I died, then the case would have to be dismissed given the current state of the evidentiary record, where I sort of fit Monkey's false profile of me and yet deviated from it. Then, more garbage: “People don't know that the voices they heard comes from Mr B. Now, I need to burn my discs, and have a website, and hence we need to go to Daughterland... How can Mr B believe that we will accept all this, all this is just so unreal, where everybody responds with gibberish, and where we have no friend and no family... Something is very wrong with this man. We have not had a conversation with another human being for two years, and every person we have ever known or met has been recruited as an agent against us... And then people continue to run as part of the 'signaling environment’”, that is, which, unbeknownst to me, was hardly the case anymore. “Mr B doesn't want us to record because he doesn't want the 'Daughter Management to know what is really going on with us...” All the wrong conclusions. By then I had come inside the BART station wanting to go to Berkeley. I came to the ticket office, yelling at the BART officer: “Help me get a ticket!” The lady was stunned: “Are you okay?” (30:00). Then I speculated wrongly again: “DGHTRCOM must have said to Mr B, 'You break him, so he can go with you to Mexico...’ Now, as long as he rules, we need our compensation... All that we have gone through, it has to mean something... If it all turns out different than what we have expected, then we need to get something else... Back in January, we could withstand machine malfunctioning because we get benefits from it, i.e., to get that 'Chertoff monster', but now there is no benefit at all, and we are not interested in



benefiting Mr B...” (38:00). More: “We so hate this man, we should die...” I was on BART from 42:00 onward. I began telling a “pyramid” standing in front of me, “You look like a CIA agent, ma'am, ha ha ha...” More explanation: “You look like my Mommy, that's why I look at you....” (48:00). Then: “Mr B wants what he wants, and, if he can't get it, he'll just change the rules, that's why all these things we normally do aren't suddenly allowed anymore, and he has changed the setting of all the machines inside the control center...” Then, more wrong scenario: “DGHTRCOM is protected by infinite loop...” And my toes hurt; were the French trying to deceive me? I continued: “And yet this is not the result we have expected” (59:00). Then: “Daughterworld cannot function like this, one department having no power over another...” I was referring to the blinding of “Daughter Management”. “They must dismantle the ICJ...” “Mr B is just like Stalin, destroying everything in the system in order to keep his power...” Then I continued to beg DGHTRCOM, “DGHTRCOM, you cannot let this man continue!” When I got off the BART at a transfer point, I muttered sadly: “I'm the only person, of all the people around, who knows who is in command...” (1:08:00). This is of course complete bullshit. Then: “We have to go to Daughterland to publish our book, we must be more like Mr B, caring only about what we want and ignoring the rest of the people, ignoring other people's interests, and not caring if we are too ugly! People need to learn how our 'revolution' has been hijacked... Mr B doesn't want us to tell his secret purely for his own sake... And yet people need to know what Daughterland has done in the ICJ, and what we have gone through...” (1:14:00). I had by then come to Berkeley and walked into a coffeehouse on 1:19:00.

My next recording is: “6\_22-23\_10\_1132PM-135AM.WMA” While inside the coffeehouse, I began composing a letter for help to DGHTRCOM! “Obey... Not obey... It's all very strange: just how much power does Mr B have?” (18:00) Correct question! Only if I had pondered a little more on the answer to this question. I continued to write: “.... computer malfunctioning...” During break, I read a little bit the newspaper that was lying around (34:00). When I was reading a news piece about China and North Korea, my arm hurt (38:00). Presumably, it was the French who were commanding either the Monkey or the Daughter People to signal to me in order to make this China-North Korea relationship into part of the conspiracy against France and the neocons. What a highway robbery! I then left the coffeehouse. I continued to mutter my nonsense: “Killing ourselves will be 'conspiracy' also. There is but one place to run to: the high office itself! That will be the safest place in the planet...” (47:00). Then: “The Monkey has commanded somebody to go into our storage” (49:00). I continued: “This test is so stupid, you are about to kill the test subject with all this testing. Something must have happened on May 11...” Then: “what if we knock on Sally's door?” (54:00) By “Sally” I was referring to “Robin”, the striper I knew from my San Francisco years and who I thought was a member of the “Jury”. But: “Why would she be living in the same place? we have to find professor Carson...” “Mr B is always one step ahead of us because he can read our thoughts... Mr B is just so evil, there is no way that DGHTRCOM would want him, there must be some sort of constraint...” (1:05:00). I was then going around asking people if there was a place that was still open at this time of the night. When I saw a female wearing plastic frame glasses, I called it “Angelina intercept”, believing that the Monkey was producing more evidences showing his daughter meeting with me (1:09:00). I continued: “We want to go back to do X, it's all this bitch's fault...” (1:17:00). Then, my cart fell apart while I was dragging it, and some strangers came around to help me (1:21:00). They then referred me from place to place, and I was scavenging food here and there. Finally I pleaded to DGHTRCOM, “Please do not dupe us for testing purpose, it's like the wife duping her husband, 'I have cancer', in order to 'test him'. It's not funny. And

so don't do it!" (1:54:00) As I continued wandering the street counting "golden pyramids", I noted just how lonely I was (1:55:30). I was then looking for a corner to sleep in. "Everything is just so weird, you never know what Mr B has instructed people to complain about us." It would take me a long time to realize that the environment was appearing so odd to me – "derealization", really – only because my ways of experiencing it had changed: very few details were actually orchestrated from the control center. And only very occasionally had anyone been instructed to complain about me.

### **June 23 (Wednesday; Carson)**

My first recording of the new miserable day is: "libthrwnutgrndcybrfeincnt\_6\_23\_10\_637-1134AM.WMA" As usual, as soon as I woke up from the street corner, I began a round of reflection: that the Monkey had been doing the same old "Chertoff trick" of erasing my past and replacing it with something else – the life of the criminal foreign agent David Chin. He must have been creating evidences in the ICJ showing that DGHTR had put in front of the Pyramid someone else than Lawrence Chin, namely the criminal foreign agent David Chin, and perhaps even that his own replacement for me was the real Lawrence Chin. In other words, he had also been portraying DGHTR – a best person you can ever find in the world – as his opposite, a man of trickery and deceit – namely a man just like the Monkey himself.

I continued my worthless reflection until I had walked into the UC Berkeley library. Another junk call. I turned on my Toshiba and began working on my recording files. Then my computer was remotely controlled to sneeze again (38:40). Not too upset, I began reviewing my recordings from April and writing. On 57:00 or so, a library staff member suddenly came to me to tell me that I wasn't allowed here, and that the library only opened on 9 AM. He also expressed doubt as to how I got in. "Obviously the door was opened, otherwise I wouldn't be able to get in," I explained calmly. The librarian was focusing on me very intently. "Then why is the library's door open?" I asked rhetorically. I packed up my things and, when I was leaving, I asked him "If I come back later there is no problem right?" "Oh yeah..." (1:03:30). Exiting, I began complaining to myself, extremely annoyed: "Everyday I'm supposed to be thrown out, either because I am provoked to anger, or because – just like this!" (1:04:55) Then: "When do libraries open? 7 AM. But when Mr B comes onto the scene, it now opens on 9 AM." "I'm really worried, man... DGHTRCOM cannot possibly like this guy..." Then I was remotely controlled to cough, as if to confirm (1:06:06). "... Mr B is an incredibly evil person... How can the Monkey Pyramid grow up with this kind of character and not be a very bad person? She's not bad only because she's a reactionary... She needs to compensate me with her entire fucking life... This is tremendous trauma... The International Court... Then it would be DGHTRPOL..." Then I began regurgitating past events, this time the happening from December 1 last year – which was always bad, because the French would use it as evidence to convict Daughterland of conspiracy with me. Just then, a white chic suddenly intercepted me in the middle of the street: "Good morning sir, do you have a great morning?" "No," I told her flatly, and continued on with my stroll and reflection (1:14:35). I then began complaining about the unfairness of it all, in that I had to be in the dark even though I was the smartest person around while the lesser intelligent people (like the Pyramid) got to be in the light, either inside the court house itself or outside getting instructed.

I arrived at Cafe Mediterraneum and saw a bunch of police officers having a meeting, and I felt

compelled to retreat outside to videotape the whole affair (1:16:50 or so). Again, all this was a “natural event” which I mistook for Mr B's orchestration. I ended up, instead, in Peet's Coffee just a few steps away (1:19:40). Then I speculated, wrongly again, that the residents and shopkeepers around me must have all been instructed by Mr B through the same old Homeland Security channels to throw me out as often as possible, under the slightest pretext, in order to produce evidences to support the profile of me as the stupid, disruptive, insane, and violent homeless vagrant – for the sake of the greater good of USA (1:23:44). “But then people are very courteous after they throw us out...” – just then I got remotely induced to sneeze. I was now working hard on my Toshiba, and Chinese characters popped up on my computer screen again (malfunctioning of IME). I didn't understand what messages or intercepts the characters were supposed to convey or produce (1:26:00). Well, quite often, none – it all happened in order to drive me mad, that's all. I continued reviewing my recordings and writing. And I did conclude, intelligently this time, that I must not pay attention to these “secret messages” appearing on my laptop's screen because Mr B would use these as evidences in the ICJ to support his claim that I suffered from severe schizophrenia (1:28:50).

Then the Chinese character for “Talent” (才) popped up on my computer screen. Then a retarded person walked into the coffeehouse. I wrongly assumed that the Monkey had sent him here as my double so as to produce evidence in support of his profile of me as mentally retarded – upon which I was then remotely induced to cough (2:17:53). I continued: “He would do the same thing as Mr former Secretary, first claiming you are schizophrenic, and then claiming you are just pretending to be schizophrenic...” I then noticed a strange episode of machine malfunctioning: “Why is it that the icons of the files in the SD card from the camcorder look completely different from the icons of the files in the hard drive even though these are the exact same files?” (2:38:21) What I was trying to say was that the icons in the SD card were in fact wrong: the icon for one file – remember that the icon is derived from a thumbnail of an instant in the video file – was somehow appended to another file as its icon, so that the thumbnail of one file actually came from another file! “Where the fuck is my knife,” said I, agitated. “Mr B must have wanted me to not cut myself, and this is why he has stolen my knife from me. Oh wait, it's not stolen, it's here, it's somewhere else.” (2:46:40 or so). When I was leaving Peet's Coffee, I continued my worthless speculation: “The Monkey is doing intercepts under the disguise of training me” (2:52:48).

Suddenly, I noted to myself: “Look, there are two Daughterlanders, pyramids, students, we haven't seen that very often in Berkeley. This may be Mr B's intercepts...” (2:57:35). I came back to UC Berkeley and walked into Dwinelle building. I was going to look for professor Carson. At a loss, I asked someone where the History Department was (3:03:32). Finally, I stepped into the History Department's main office and asked for professor Carson's office number. “What? I can't hear you!” the receptionist replied, even though I had pronounced loudly enough and intelligibly enough. My notion was only reinforced that everything was orchestrated by Mr B to provoke me. I repeated myself. “3221”. I stood outside professor Carson's office extremely nervous and breathing heavily (3:12:10). She was typing on her MacBook having nothing – no books, no papers – around her. Had she really been a member of the jury? What if I was wrong? Finally, I came in front of her office and made my request to her: “Professor Carson, I had your class before. I know you are busy, but I wonder if I can make an appointment with you to discuss something.” Professor Carson responded with a question. I continued: “It actually doesn't have anything to do with the class... It has to do with a court case. I don't know if

you'd have any extra time for that.” She said no, but added, “But thank you for coming up here...” (3:13:16). At which point I left.

Afterward I expressed my doubt about the matter. “Why would she be in her office typing on her laptop? She has never done that before...” (3:16:15). It was all very suspicious to me because there weren't any books around her and she was a Windows person: she was simply not behaving like herself. “Kindergarten again,” I noted as I walked past files of children on this university campus (3:16:30). And I began humming. “Surveillance agents everywhere,” I noted too. Again, I might not be incorrect here. I then explained to myself why I paid so much attention to the “imaginary world” of the ICJ trial: Because every second of my life in this “real world” depended on what was going on in that “imaginary world”. As I continued to reflect on my earlier encounter with professor Carson, I concluded: definitely a set up! Then: “Her presence among the jurors means that the jurors were drafted, for she would never want to spend time doing jury duty for my case.” Then I thought about the gay material that popped up on my computer screen some time ago. “The Monkey might be arguing that I am gay, so that when I videotape surveillance agents, it is still evidence that I only videotape for sexual purpose!” (3:26:55) Crap.

I ended up in Royal Ground to use my laptop (3:42:40). I continued writing. “... There is no possibility of conspiracy with the High Office...” (3:50:05) How wrong was I! When I walked out of the coffeehouse on 4:42:20 I noted to myself that there was something quite awkward about professor Carson today, i.e. that she was typing on a MacBook when she had always been a PC person. “That was not her laptop!” I made the further observation that she must be only pretending to be typing on her MacBook for she was always doing heavy weight research and would definitely have a book next to her when she was typing on the computer (4:43:35). (I was probably reading too much into the event.) I then regretted over the fact that, when seeing the “Double Smile” on the sidewalk, I didn't get off the bus to chase after her.

My next recording is: “mcdnldfkeconspr\_6\_23\_10\_1134AM-1229PM.WMA”. I then came inside the McDonald's to have my lunch. I happened to sit next to a couple of German-speaking people. Not sure whether this had anything to do with the meeting between Germany and Russia earlier this month (to make that meeting into part of the conspiracy against France). I muttered: “All this conspiracy crap is fake. It's just testing. DGHTRCOM has a plan for us. What is the plan?” Then: “They know you can't do anything anymore. What? File a petition at the European Court for Human Rights?” (20:00) Then my phone rang again, and, as usual, I was afraid to answer it. “Maybe that's why Mr B wants us to go to the Daughter Consulate, for that is the only country we can't commit conspiracy with...” Again, completely wrong. The French definitely wanted me to go there. Then, I found a bag of food on the street and ate it (39:00). I then came inside another coffeehouse and resumed reviewing my recordings.

My next recording is: “cybrplcebrklyftpixweb\_6\_23\_10\_1229-451PM.WMA” While inside the coffeehouse, I was looking for the video which I had shot of myself kicking down the cybercafe's door from last night. Not finding it, I believed that Mr B had remotely deleted it because he wanted to report me for doing something different to “Daughter Management”. When I finally located the right file, however, there was a bang from somewhere, as if to alert me that this was the file I was looking for. Indeed, the video had always been there. But who was helping me? I then provoked myself to more

paranoid scenario: “If Mr B can remotely cut our file short, he could remotely forge our file! He's so extraordinarily evil...” (9:00). Then, when somebody remained in the restroom for a long time so that I had to urinate on the street, I believed this to be also Mr B's trick: “He wanted us seen urinating...” (16:00). I got really angry, shouting, “Fucking Mexican monkey...” I then speculated, “Mr B took away our tubes and plastic bag in the storage, for he doesn't want us to kill ourselves....” I then came to a cybercafe to use the Internet (20:00). I purposely used my middle name to sign up for a computer station. Then: “This trial is very bad for Daughterland, there is so much forged evidence; I can't believe that they will have all this trial just to decide whether to pick up somebody....” (26:00). As I was checking the news, I discovered that Russia was about to become a member of the World Trade Organization (33:00). The surprising thing was that Daughterland president (MDVDV) was going to meet with Obama tomorrow. Since this (the continuation of “reset”) might very well be a continuation of the “pact” which the CIA and the moderate Bilderberg camp had made with Daughterland, the French were very likely requesting that both “finish their mission” and making the meeting into part of the “conspiracy” against France and neocons. Unaware of all this, I actually thought it “good news”, and then began reading up on the profiles of many of the Russian generals on Kremlin's website (38:00). And then reading about the structure of the Russian government (54:00). I was on Kremlin's site specifically to figure out how to write a letter to DGHTRCOM! Suddenly, a child came in to shout. Startled, I complained: “Mr B loves this kind of thing...” (2:36:00). I was then reviewing the recording of my conversation with the Mexican pyramid from the night of June 20. Suddenly my phone rang, and it's Wes (3:26:00). However, busy and in a bad mood, I told him I'd call him later. I was then looking for Robin's address online and wondered whether this was all but Mr B's trick. “How can she be living in the same place after 10 years?” I was then looking for Irene's address. I was doing all this because I wanted to find the all “jurors” and interrogate them. Finally, I left the cybercafe on 4:09:00. I came inside the Berkeley public library.

My next recording is: “6\_23\_10\_451-5PM.WMA: I wanted to use the public phone in the library to call the number which I (wrongly) suspected to be the Pyramid's. But I chickened out, murmuring: “The Pyramid is not going to work for her father, she's gonna call the police if I call her, this is bullshit.”

My next recording is: “brklylibbrkngmedcaf6\_23\_10\_513-1130PM.WMA”. By now I had got on the computer inside the library and was going online. I came to Kremlin's website and was ready to use the “Write to the President” online form to compose a note asking DGHTRCOM for help. “My name is...”. Then, angry – since this was obviously inappropriate – I muttered: “This is insane, that they put up all these obstacles...” I continued to write – while filming myself writing, of course – “I'm here pleading you to...” That is, I was asking DGHTRCOM to stop the Monkey's operation on me. The insane note I wrote I shall attach below, so that you may get a gist of just how insane I must look – even though I wasn't really insane at all, but just couldn't understand the meaning of the clandestine operations on me. Then, suddenly, somebody – looking very much like a Homeland Security guy, that is, extremely ugly and vulgar – came to me to say, “I'm smarter than you, faster than you, and I like myself...” (27:30). I assumed it was Mr B who was passing me a “secret message”. I noted to myself: “He's smarter because he has the machine with him...” In reality, it was probably both the Daughter People and the French who were commanding Homeland Security (via the Monkey, perhaps) to send an agent to speak gibberish to me, the purpose of the French being to further entrench me in my false scenario about the

Monkey, while the purpose of the Daughter People would be to turn what looked like my conspiracy with Daughterland – such as is demonstrated by the content of the letter – into an act of conspiracy (between me, Homeland Security, the Monkey, and perhaps the French) against Daughterland. In other words, since it was still under debate whether the Monkey and I were conspiring with the French to harm Russia or with Russia to harm France, both sides got to input something into the Homeland Security operation. It would seem that the Daughter People could input their own argument to save themselves both because I had expressed intent to help the Monkey harm Daughterland – even if it was not an intent to help the French to harm Daughterland – and because my letter, as you can see below, looked so insane. Meanwhile, clueless, I continued surfing on Kremlin's website, and, just when I thought of something, my finger hurt. It was a signal, and so I expressed my thought: “Unless it's a fake website...” You would want to assume that it was the Daughter People who were signaling me again (via the Monkey), for this was more evidence that I fit the Monkey's false profile of me as delusional. (The website was real, of course.) “What's the point of all this? For Daughter is watching us, so is DGHTRCOM...” Finally, I concluded: “The point is to jump the bridge, for there is nothing you can do...” I had by then already left the library (36:00). “The point is to do X...” But then: “Their point is to get you to forget about them, for they don't want you... They want you to hate them, they are so bizarre and twisted!” I was indeed correct, even though they weren't so twisted at all! As I was resting in a street corner, I continued my worthless reflection: “They dupe you with all this conspiracy stuff, it's not real...” How wrong was I! Then: “They are breaking everyone, me, the Monkey, the Pyramid... That's what they are doing... They are using the Monkey to do the dirty work of breaking us... To reduce us all to an infantile state...” As I went around the streets asking people where to find two-dollar pizzas, I walked past people saying, “If you don't love yourself how are you going to love me...” (1:02:30). Strangely reminiscent of what the Homeland Security agent had just proclaimed to me, which thus made me believe that it was the Monkey's “secret message” again. (Wrong.) I then continued to ask strangers to provide me with the left-over from their dinner.

### **The note I wrote to DGHTRCOM asking for help on June 23 2010<sup>3</sup>**

To the most honorable President of Russian Federation Vladimir Putin,

This is David Chin or Lawrence Chin (whichever should be your preference). I am writing to you to plead to you to stop at once the actions toward me of Mr B, whom I believe to be one of your own intelligence recruits. The impossible struggle against Mr B is not the result I would want when I was fighting against Mr former Secretary Michael Chertoff in his lawsuit against your country in the International Court of Justice.

Please do not abandon me in America under Mr B's care. I really would die under his condition. This is not the way to treat someone who has done you and your country good, no matter what my motivation was in the beginning. Please note that no one can function in modern life when every machine he touches simply malfunctions. For we are not primitive people living in a natural environment, but modern people living in an artificial environment made of machines. The survival of a contemporary human being depends entirely upon the manipulation of machines, and not on the interaction with flora and fauna.

3 See also the longer version of this crazy letter on my website, among the files attached to this Volume.



The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, I.  
Lawrence C. Chin. Feb. 2016; corrections afterward

Anyone would suffer mental breakdown when faced with constant machine malfunctioning, including you the most honorable, I dare say. Now If my understanding is correct, the old CIA law of conspiracy is no longer an absolute in the International Court of Justice and you alone have the power to break Mr B's faulty evidentiary record about me in the International Court of Justice. Please do it now. And if I'm all wrong and this is all just a test or training, please note that we really no longer have any need to continue. Furthermore, I plead that you offer me refuge in Mother Russia (or Daughter Russia, whichever befits the case) where I can recover safely from the mental disintegration caused by the actions of the International Court of Justice upon me since November 2007 until the present (even including the damage which your very Best in SVR has caused me, not to blame him of course). This, despite the fact that I might not look worthy enough to be among your land, which, since your victory at the International Court of Justice, must have assumed the status of a Holy Land in the history of humankind.

Mr B might have told you that I am some sort of undisciplined problem kid, who needs to be taught the value of money and obedience, but obviously these are just his pretext to keep himself afloat in the International Court's universal command system -- for I am no problem kid at all, and if it were you I'll obey anything you say in order to get out of my present predicament under Mr B. Please do note that one simply cannot obey Mr B for he is asking me to obey the extinction of my very existentiality (the erasure of my identity, my past, and the copyright of my literary production) in order to hide his victimization of me from the rest of humankind while offering me nothing in return save rotting away in some homeless shelter somewhere.

In the end, allow me to plead once more that, should you ever decide to keep Mr B under your wing, you take over yourself the command of the CIA or give it to the Best of SVR or similar others. The CIA is not a gift for the like of Mr B.

Sincerely,

“David Chin – Lawrence Chin”  
June 23 2010  
California, USA

After a while, I lamented: “That's why they want to keep Mr B; just to recruit these three persons (me, the Monkey, and the Pyramid), it has cost 60 or 70 million dollars!” I bought some donuts on 1:40:00. I then produced more wrong scenarios about the international scene: “The Daughter People are liberal, they are so to everyone even when everyone has fallen under their command... Everybody must be regretting helping Mr former Secretary to hurt Daughterland.” I, of course, couldn't have been more wrong. I soon came inside another coffeehouse to use my computer, moaning: “They are not being serious, man, I'm not going to stop recording myself...” (2:30:00). I actually thought the Daughter People were instructing the Monkey to prompt me to shed my habit of recording myself because this was the condition of “recruitment”. Then: “If there is a report to the police, you'll just have to forget about it...” I was then burning my latest backup disc, and ImgBurn malfunctioned again! I was

tremendously enraged, shouting, “You can't live a life when machine malfunctions like this, machines have to do what you tell them to do!” Then more incorrect speculation: “Maybe they want the Pyramid to know just how important machines are...” I then continually complained about (what I thought to be) Mr B's using machine malfunctioning to pass me “secret messages”, “It's a very, very bad idea, for people will focus their attention entirely on the machine and not think about the 'message'...”. Then: “We don't like this, there is too much freedom with people, and yet too much 'unfreedom' with machines. We can't stand these Daughter People, we prefer Mommy's method...” Then I made a very important, and correct, reflection about being “targeted” (as a “targeted individual”): “Our problem is that, if you tell people about your suffering, it doesn't sound like you have been tortured at all, all this torture through rap music, cars' noises as the punch line for thoughts, etc....” (3:08:00). And to drive you mad with these tiny instances of unpleasant experiences, as if you are just being a “drama queen” (overly hysterical) if you call this “torture”. As I walked the streets, I continued to reflect on the incident “Unbearable Lightness of Being”.

My next recording is: “leavmedtrrncafe\_6\_23-24\_10\_1130PM-1215AM.WMA”: I then came inside Cafe Mediterraneo to work on my computer (my recording files and my writing). Again, I kept on worrying whether Mr B was duping me with all these bodily signals and environmental details. Unfortunately, the cafe closed within 20 minutes. As I was leaving, I sighed: “Which side is DGHTR on?” “What's the point of all this? How much do we have to lose? What if we do nothing? Are we going to get arrested? Are we going to get our 'pyramid'?” (30:00) I got some food from the Chinese restaurant on Telegraph, and continued to lament: “Breaking us with machine malfunctioning is not 'testing', it's like breaking us by preventing us from breathing, we will just die instead of being broken...” (37:00)

We can perhaps surmise that what the French had taken away from my storage unit must be another one of my backup DVDs. This would have motivated the Daughter People to continually disrupt my disc burning, such as in the past several days. For they could always input into the judge computer the argument that, in the distant past, my discs were genuine, but that, from some point on, my discs were fake, just as the Monkey had claimed. As they had forced me to accumulate an increasing number of broken discs, they were basically forcing me to conform to this argument – I no longer had any genuine data discs.

### **June 24 (Thursday; the “UFO scenario”)**

My first recording of the new miserable day is: “wkwhttodomedcafe\_6\_24\_10\_756-940AM”. I woke up from the street corner, got some coffee and donut, and began my morning reflection: “We are not going to obey and rot in the mental hospital. The point must be to let the Pyramid see it, in order to educate her. DGHTRCOM, you have got to get me outta here!” While walking the street, I continued: “I don't want this schizophrenic stuff!” (27:00) Then I thought I saw another “Mommy”. “Is she here to produce an intercept?” It's not clear whether I was correct. It's possible that she really was a CIA agent, given the crazy note I just wrote to the Kremlin yesterday. I then came inside Cafe Mediterraneo on 50:00. I began checking my files (working out their hash values) and reviewing my recordings.

My next recording is: “cafe\_6\_24\_10\_947AM-1259PM.WMA”: Meanwhile, my computer continued

to malfunction, of course. I filmed the disabling of the IME on my Toshiba on 25:45. Then, as I transcribed the content of my recording onto my diary, I had to stop from time to time to film the computer screen every time when the computer malfunctioned. My arm also hurt repeatedly. After I left, I came to a cybercafe just to discover the place (2:32:00). I then ate at a fast food place (2:41:00). I also checked out a computer shop wanting to fix my computer (3:11:00). But I had no money for it.

My next recording is: "6\_24\_10\_1259-157PM.WMA": I came inside the library to use the public computers. I uploaded my latest recordings and began my Daughterspeak lesson from 21:00 onward. I called Wes on 47:00 and left a message: "I have no money on my phone. I'll call you tonight, maybe on a payphone." Then I got quite annoyed, for another child had come in to shout while I was leaving my message for Wes. I was then reading the news about Daughterland President's meeting with Obama and Daughterland's entry into the WTO, etc. I was also getting increasingly angry with the children that were circling me. I wanted to kill these little things.

My next recording is: "brlylib\_6\_24\_10\_157-446PM.WMA". I groaned: "Every time we turn on our recorder, there will be some fucking little thing making noises, he wants us to kill one of those fucking little things..." I was then outside for a minute, and a "Mommylijk" was making a cellphone call. I thought it was Mommy producing an intercept again (37:00). I then came inside the library to use the computers again (43:00). I got a computer station from 3:15 PM to 4 PM. After using the restroom, I noted another "Mommylijk Golden Pyramid" (1:07:00). I began using the computer station on 1:12:00. Being busy for a while, I sort of got it, wondering: "Why are we wasting our time like this?" (1:27:00) Indeed! I was then printing out the letter which I had just finished to explain my "predicament",<sup>4</sup> mumbling, "This is a complete waste of money, we will never implement the idea." Right! I then began checking the visitors' log for my website. Strangely, I noticed that somebody had downloaded from my website my March diary in which I talked about my (already past) obsession with the Pyramid. There cannot be anybody who might be interested in this diary except for the Pyramid. And the IP address 99.184.9.211 was traced to San Francisco! The visit happened on 6:31 PM yesterday. I was terribly alarmed: "Somebody is making false reports... It's the Pyramid's associate in San Francisco... From the police?" You can very well imagine that the Pyramid must have already been served the lawsuit and was calling up her relative in San Francisco to complain about how insanely obsessed I was with her. I went to ask the librarian to help me print this out (1:58:00). I demanded that the librarian watch me do it. "Otherwise the machine wouldn't function," I told her. I left the library on 2:03:00. I groaned angrily: "Why do I have to spend my fucking time dealing with this fucking crap..." (2:05:00). I then believed I saw another surveillance agent (2:19:00). I came to Chase bank and demanded to see a banker about getting a refund for the unfair price.com charge. This on top of the fax.com charge. No refund was possible. "How can I get them to stop charging me?" The banker explained that the only way was to cancel my debit card. She can't block it. Then about canceling the check I already wrote. There would be a 32 dollar charge. I left by 2:36:30. As I continued to wonder about the content of the recording which I thought the Monkey had forged, I came inside an AT&T store to buy a new Pay As You Go card. I made sure to film the refilling of my phone account as proof.

In fact, when our Monkey Pyramid had been served my complaint yesterday, she was not only searching for my website from the law library, but was also telling her colleagues in the library about it

4 Find the letter among the files which I append to this Volume. The letter was dated June 17 2010.

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, I.  
Lawrence C. Chin. Feb. 2016; corrections afterward

in addition to notifying her relative up in San Francisco. In the excerpts from my log which you see below, you can notice two more persons who were searching for my website for the Monkey Pyramid's sake. 10:40 AM, the Pyramid was searching for my March diary from the computer at the law library:

```
66.134.110.154 - - [23/Jun/2010:13:40:15 -0400] "GET /suppl_pld_8_1.pdf HTTP/1.1" 200 64428
"http://www.google.com/search?hl=en&source=hp&q=lawrence+c.
+chin&aq=f&aqi=&aql=&oq=&gs_rfai=" "Mozilla/4.0 (compatible; MSIE 7.0; Windows NT
5.1; .NET CLR 2.0.50727; .NET CLR 3.0.4506.2152; .NET CLR 3.5.30729)"
```

Three minutes later:

```
66.134.110.154 - - [23/Jun/2010:13:43:39 -0400] "GET / HTTP/1.1" 200 33116 "-" "Mozilla/4.0
(compatible; MSIE 7.0; Windows NT 5.1; .NET CLR 2.0.50727; .NET CLR 3.0.4506.2152; .NET CLR
3.5.30729)"
10:53 AM,
```

```
66.134.110.154 - - [23/Jun/2010:13:53:49 -0400] "GET /suppl_pld_8_1.pdf HTTP/1.1" 304 -
"http://www.google.com/search?hl=en&source=hp&q=lawrence+c.
+chin&aq=f&aqi=&aql=&oq=&gs_rfai=" "Mozilla/4.0 (compatible; MSIE 7.0; Windows NT
5.1; .NET CLR 2.0.50727; .NET CLR 3.0.4506.2152; .NET CLR 3.5.30729)"
```

11:14 AM,

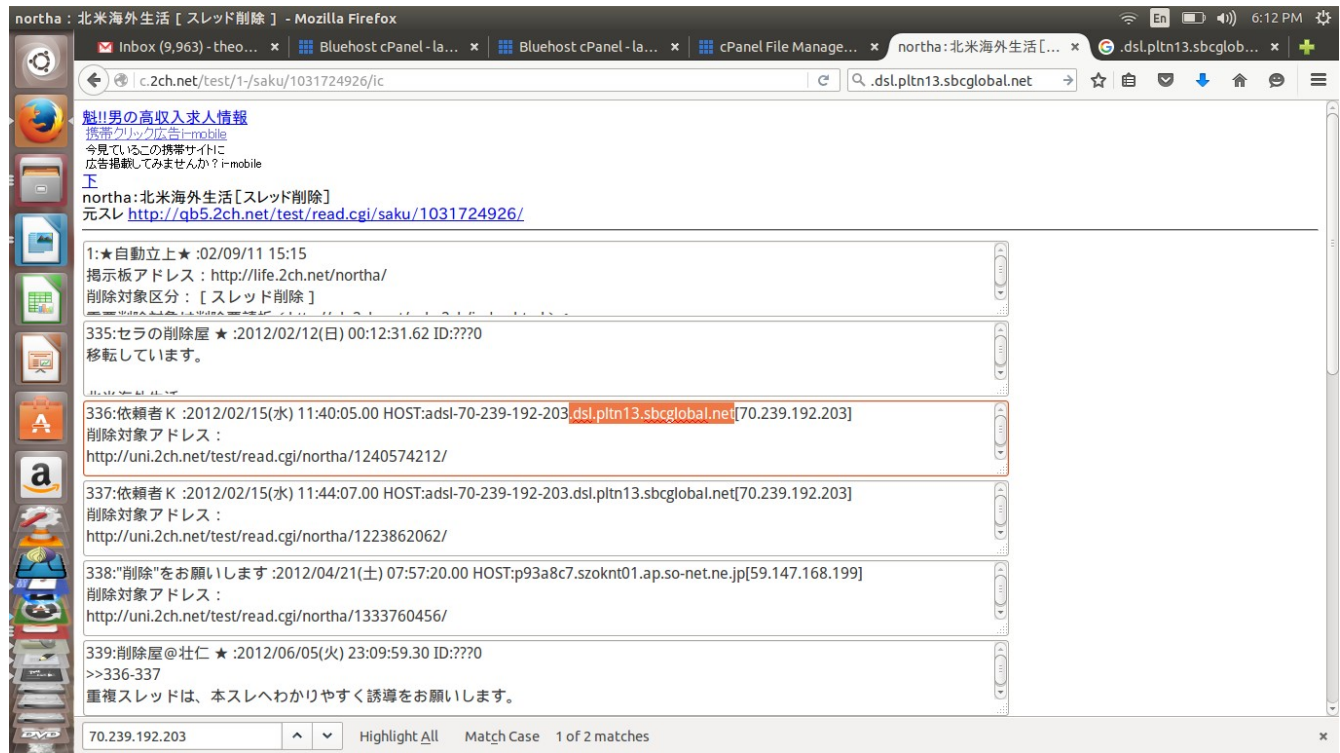
```
66.134.110.154 - - [23/Jun/2010:14:14:07 -0400] "GET / HTTP/1.1" 200 33116
"http://videos.lawrencechin2008.com/" "Mozilla/4.0 (compatible; MSIE 7.0; Windows NT 5.1;
InfoPath.1; .NET CLR 1.1.4322)"
66.134.110.154 - - [23/Jun/2010:14:14:08 -0400] "GET /favicon.ico HTTP/1.1" 404 1544 "-" "Mozilla/
4.0 (compatible; MSIE 7.0; Windows NT 5.1; InfoPath.1; .NET CLR 1.1.4322)"
```

Then, 4:28 PM, a friend of the Pyramid's had tracked down the link I had placed on the forum of Aktuell RU to my website:

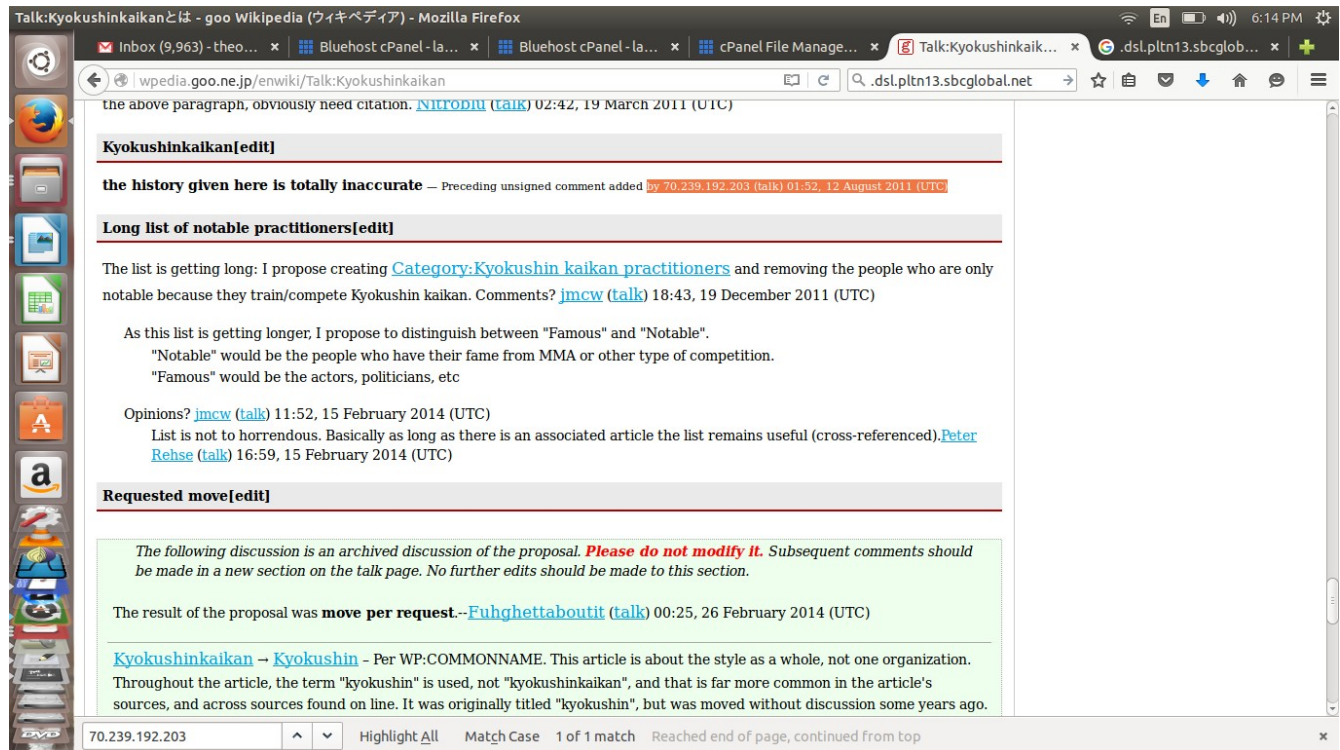
```
70.239.192.203 - - [23/Jun/2010:19:28:18 -0400] "GET / HTTP/1.1" 304 -
"http://www.forum.aktuell.ru/viewtopic.php?f=33&t=11407" "Mozilla/4.0 (compatible; MSIE 8.0;
Windows NT 5.1; Trident/4.0; .NET CLR 1.1.4322; .NET CLR 2.0.50727; .NET CLR
3.0.4506.2152; .NET CLR 3.5.30729)"
```

The IP address belonged to AT&T (.dsl.pltn13.sbcglobal.net) and was traced to the San Francisco Bay area. The person seemed to have connection with things Japanese, as can be seen from the webpages where this IP address showed up:

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, I.  
Lawrence C. Chin. Feb. 2016; corrections afterward



And:



The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, I.  
Lawrence C. Chin. Feb. 2016; corrections afterward

Then, 5:49 PM, it was the Pyramid again. She was curious that I had written about another woman,  
Karin:

```
66.134.110.154 - - [23/Jun/2010:20:49:18 -0400] "GET /karins_meetup_5-4/karins_meetup_5-4-  
censored.pdf HTTP/1.1" 200 88419 "http://www.writings.lawrencechin2008.com/" "Mozilla/4.0  
(compatible; MSIE 7.0; Windows NT 5.1; .NET CLR 2.0.50727; .NET CLR 3.0.4506.2152; .NET CLR  
3.5.30729)"
```

Then, 6:31 PM, it was the Pyramid's associate in San Francisco:

```
99.184.9.211 - - [23/Jun/2010:21:31:16 -0400] "GET /suppl_pld_8_1.pdf HTTP/1.1" 200 64428 "http://  
www.google.com/search?hl=en&source=hp&q=lawrence+c.  
+chin&aq=f&aqi=&aql=&oq=&gs_rfai=CKDomO7UiTJjDorAM6CPoYEKAAAAqgQFT9Bg0UY"  
"Mozilla/4.0 (compatible; MSIE 7.0; Windows NT 5.1; .NET CLR 1.1.4322; .NET CLR  
2.0.50727; .NET CLR 3.0.4506.2152; .NET CLR 3.5.30729; InfoPath.2)"
```

Within one minute she came to the front page:

```
99.184.9.211 - - [23/Jun/2010:21:32:15 -0400] "GET / HTTP/1.1" 200 36605 "-" "Mozilla/4.0  
(compatible; MSIE 7.0; Windows NT 5.1; .NET CLR 1.1.4322; .NET CLR 2.0.50727; .NET CLR  
3.0.4506.2152; .NET CLR 3.5.30729; InfoPath.2)"
```

Then, 8:12 PM, the Pyramid's colleague in the law library was sent a link to my website by the Pyramid  
and came to my website following the link from her law library email account. (The IP address  
belonged to AT&T or SBC Global and was traced to the Los Angeles county.)

```
99.167.93.181 - - [23/Jun/2010:23:12:17 -0400] "GET / HTTP/1.1" 200 36605  
"http://webmail.lalawlibrary.org/exchweb/bin/redirect.asp?URL=http://  
www.writings.lawrencechin2008.com/" "Mozilla/5.0 (Macintosh; U; Intel Mac OS X 10_5_8; en-us)  
AppleWebKit/533.16 (KHTML, like Gecko) Version/5.0 Safari/533.16"
```

```
....  
99.167.93.181 - - [23/Jun/2010:23:12:24 -0400] "GET /suppl_pld_8_1.pdf HTTP/1.1" 200 64428  
"http://webmail.lalawlibrary.org/exchweb/bin/redirect.asp?URL=http://  
www.writings.lawrencechin2008.com/suppl_pld_8_1.pdf" "Mozilla/5.0 (Macintosh; U; Intel Mac OS  
X 10_5_8; en-us) AppleWebKit/533.16 (KHTML, like Gecko) Version/5.0 Safari/533.16"
```

....

I had created quite a stir in the Pyramid's life with this crazy lawsuit. And yet I was so deluded as to  
believe that she would welcome the lawsuit as an opportunity to help me! It should be noted that the  
Daughter People would have very much liked what I had done, for the Pyramid would certainly have  
chatted with her colleagues and relatives about me in accordance with her father's slander of me  
(violent and delusional and dangerous to women and people in general) and her chatters would be  
intercepted into the ICJ to support the Monkey's false profile of me. (It's not clear whether the Daughter  
People had even encouraged her to chat in this way about me.)



My next recording is: “bnketctlgphaskfood\_6\_24\_10\_446-609PM.WMA”: I then came to the Internet cafe where I was yesterday (9:00). The employees wouldn't allow me in, saying “You are banned.” I was stunned. Another one! The employees retrieved a notice of warning about me, on which it was said: “He's crazy and walks away without paying...” I protested: “This is only half true, I have paid...” (14:00). I insisted that they must have confused someone else with me – for I was certainly convinced that this was the Monkey's trick. But they denied they could have confused me with someone else. In the end, however, they did let me use the computers. I then reviewed my recordings while surfing the Internet. I then paid and left.

My next recording is: “IMPmedcafebumantst\_6\_24\_10\_610-1133PM.WMA”: After looking around inside a market thinking of buying something, I ended up back inside the UC Berkeley library to use the computers. I wanted to read up on the countries studies available on these computers, and yet they had all disappeared today. I went to the information desk to ask the student security about this strange problem (18:00). No answer. I went to the circulation desk on the other side of the library (21:00 or so). “Why is it possible to read it yesterday?” I was so annoyed by the abnormality. I wanted a concrete person to help me. In the end, all I could do was videotaping the computer screen (23:00 or so). I began reading something else on the computer (27:30). Then: “I didn't... I didn't...” I kept apologizing to the vagrant who I believed was sent here to provoke me for almost catching him in my videos (33:30). I was so afraid of getting kicked out again. I had to go to the student security once more to tell her about my innocence, in case the vagrant, who I thought was just an actor, should falsely report me.

Soon I was on the street again begging for food (44:00). When a black guy on the street was saying “Lose...” I thought he was producing a “symbolism” again, noting to myself: “Lose what? What is this about?” I obtained some fries from a stranger (57:00). Then “Angelina shoes” (1:03:00). I came inside Cafe Mediterraneum to continue working. I saw this girl whom I shall nickname “Georgian DGHTRSPK”. I went up to her asking, “You are speaking Russian yesterday, aren't you?” “Yeah,” she replied (1:10:00). She said she was born here, her parents were Georgian, and she had never been to Russia itself. She would be senior soon. She was originally from San Diego, having one older brother. I called Wes again on 1:22:00 and left a message, “It's emergency, don't have money.” As I worked, I speculated again at one point: “Maybe Mr B has to watch out for Daughterland's interest... I don't understand how this thing works, nobody will tell me” (2:31:00). I called Wes again on 2:42:30. There was no answering. I then stepped out for a moment to talk to the homeless dudes outside (2:54:00). All of them slept in abandoned buildings. I was then talking to the pianist, who was Asian. When he said, “It has to be concrete or abstract,” my arm hurt, and it's again too mysterious: who is signaling about what? I told him a little about the “machine that remotely controls people” (2:57:00).

After going in and out of the coffeehouse, I went up to the pianist again who was now sitting at a table. He said he studied philosophy and music at Berkeley. I asked him if he had ever taken classes with Hubert Dreyfus (3:22:10). I told him that I preferred art. He said his name was Sam. Then, a book on the table caught my eye, and I sat down with the man who was reading it on 3:25:00. He was a white male probably in his late 40s. He dressed in a very bizarre fashion. The weird man explained the author of the book to me (a Korean archaeologist) until about 3:30:20. He then continued explaining how he came upon the book, and then went on about Mesopotamian archaeology and history (3:30:50). And

then about the Korean line on the front of the book. I remarked that I understood one of the words there because it was a Chinese character (3:31:50). “This Biblical scholar knew Greek and Latin... The Korean Biblical scholar...” The man then blasted his condemnation of the widespread use of electronics at the expense of old fashioned books (3:33:20). Do you recall this topic from my encounter with the Old Man on April 24? The weird man then recounted how he had once worked for a company, “with the main frame and everything.” He then talked about how he got into Biblical scholarship about five years ago. “I realized there is something in the Book of Revelation,” thus the “Weird Man” commenced the most important part of our conversation (3:37:10). He murmured: “quickly distorted, quickly hidden, but it could not have been known...” “Can you give me an example?” I asked. “A spaceship, 1,500 miles by 1,500 miles, descending from the sky, it is said there... It is 1,500 miles by 1,500 miles by 1,500 miles...” (3:38:29). Apparently, when New Jerusalem shall descend from heaven, it is really a spaceship! “It says there, among other things... See, it says a lot of things... The spaceship is evacuating the Earth. There is a passenger list... There are the chosen and there are the dead. It is evacuating the chosen ones... Those that are dead are attacking those that are chosen...” (3:40:10) So this is what the Book of Revelation (Αποκαλυψις Ιωαννου) is really talking about! He continued: “The person telling the story is supposed to... John is supposed to be the guy telling the story; he said his name was John... He is in a room... There are 25 guys... 24 guys... They were all wearing something over their head, and one guy is the supervisor...” (3:41:45) “There are four pieces... One looks like an eagle... One looks like a band... The seven seals... He takes it and unlocks it...” (3:42:27). He explained all this while making sketches on papers to illustrate. “... The lamb has been enslaved... That part of the story is very very famous... The beast with a thousand eyes” (3:43:45). “That’s something which someone has invented...” (3:44:05). “The Book of Revelation is a collage of many writings put together...” (3:44:37) He also mentioned the prophet Ezekiel. “Aliens are going to evacuate the Earth” (3:46:46). “Someone had a vision... I’m the Alpha and the Omega... Seven or eight times it says ‘was, am, and will be...’” (3:47:40). “I’m the beginning and the end...” The “Weird Man” claimed the author to be a “time-traveler” (3:48:17). The “Weird Man” then spoke of the Earth’s destruction. “But we would have to wait another 4.5 billion years for that,” I protested, insofar as the sun would not explode and swallow up the earth until another 4.5 billion years later. The “Weird Man” then told me about his experience in the Philippines once, saying he was among a minority tribe and spoke their strange language (3:49:55). “I could speak their language so good that I explained to them the trip to the moon...” (3:50:35). He explained to them – so he said, and I became increasingly skeptical – moon-walk, gravity, the American system of electoral college and presidential election. He then claimed that the author of the Revelation – having something to do with the Alexandrian library – entered a spaceship where there were 24 men wearing big headsets, that the ancients had mistaken the headsets for “crowns”, that the four beasts with many eyes were in fact four TV monitors, and that the ancients had mistaken the TV monitors for eyes (3:53:00). “The prophet Ezekiel... 2,300 years ago... 2,500 years ago” (3:53:50). “... There is a sea... A sea of crystals, before it was turned on...” (3:54:55). “After it was turned on, it was a sea of crystals mixed with fire...” (3:55:00) “... TV screen...” “... It’s R2D2, a robot... That’s what the ancients thought were the dead... A robot with seven antennas...” He then referred back to the Book of Ezekiel, where what is mentioned in the first chapters is presumably also a spaceship: “The man must be inside... behind a windshield...” The Book of Ezekiel in the Dead Sea Scroll. The match of the beginning of Book of Ezekiel with the Book of Revelation. After this discussion, we got into a discussion about the case of Wen Ho Lee (from 4:44:00 onward).<sup>5</sup>

5 This conversation would mislead me to believe, for the next few years, that Wen Ho Lee was some sort of triple or

And so what is this “Weird Man” about? It would seem that I had just run into a weird man. Given the context, however, we have to wonder whether this otherwise “natural event” was an important piece of evidence in the ICJ. There is a famous story about the “Spaceship of Ezekiel”. Author Erich von Däniken has once forged evidences to prove his claim that alien astronauts had visited the Earth in ancient times and were mistaken for gods. Then a certain Josef F. Blumrich, an Austrian who had once worked for the Nazis and who then worked at NSAS as a spaceship engineer, picked up the idea and advanced a theory that what prophet Ezekiel saw in the beginning of the Book of Ezekiel was really a spaceship from outer space.<sup>6</sup> Since the entire UFO myth was, as we know now, manufactured by the US Air Force and the CIA as cover for experimental aircrafts and mind-control experiments on live human beings, it is quite possible that Blumrich, given his association with the US government, was also instructed by a certain US authority to make up this theory about the “spaceship of Ezekiel”. The manufacturing of UFO myths had always been part of US military operations. Our Boss Cheney, given his years in the Pentagon as the Secretary of Defense, was of course aware of these “UFO plans”. When he devised his End of the World plan – or so we have hypothesized – he might have drawn upon the same US Air Force operations which had produced the “Spaceship of Ezekiel” story. Since this “Weird Man” had also picked up his Book of Revelation story from the “Spaceship of Ezekiel” story, it's no wonder that it (i.e. a spaceship coming down to Earth during the end times to evacuate the chosen, or the “Elect” (ελεκτος)) sounded so much like the final part of the “Cheney Plan” (sending a spaceship down just after the nuclear holocaust in order to dupe evangelicals and Jewish orthodoxes into the impression that it's either Jesus coming back or the Messiah appearing at long last). We have to suspect that it's because the French now also wanted to make PLANMEX into part of that irreplaceable portion of the evidentiary record that they had commanded the CIA to set me up with this “Weird Man”. (It's not necessary that he had any real connections with the Agency. It could be that I was simply remotely controlled to run into an ordinary person who knew about this crazy story.) In order to complete PLANMEX – since I was already aware that it had something to do with going to Mexico with the Pyramid to do archaeology and get elected into office – the other two components of it should also be communicated to me at some point, i.e. the discovery of Atlantis and the descent of New Jerusalem (a spaceship which represents either Jesus' Second Coming or the Messiah's coming at long last). The final component about Atlantis will come to me later. Now, if France, insofar as the plan of “discovering Atlantis with the Pyramid and getting elected into office with her” was really devised by DGHTRCOM rather than by the Boss, should ever establish “conspiracy” between me and Daughterland, Cheney's bizarre plan would be blamed onto DGHTRCOM and Boss Cheney would be

quadruple agent. Something like this. He was first recruited by the CIA and went to China. The Chinese then recruited him as a double agent and he came back. The CIA then recruited him as a triple agent and sent him to China again. The Chinese then recruited him as a quadruple agent... Eventually, he could not be quite sure which side he was actually working for. Then, none of this would come out in his trial, since the Agency would never endanger its secrecy to prosecute or rescue somebody. Now, Wen Ho Lee has an old website: <http://www.wenholee.org/> and the case history about him given on his website clearly discounts this “theory”. Wen Ho Lee was apparently completely falsely accused and quite innocent of any espionage.

6 For a quick summary of Blumrich's stunt, see the excellent website debunking Blumrich: <http://www.spaceshipsofezekiel.com/>. Blumrich has published his “Spaceship of Ezekiel” story both in the book *The Spaceship of Ezekiel* (1974) and in an UNESCO Impact of Science on Society article (October/ December 1974), “The spaceships of the prophet Ezekiel” (<http://www.spaceshipsofezekiel.com/other/Blumrich-article-The-spaceships-of-the-prophet-Ezekiel-linked.pdf>).

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, I.  
Lawrence C. Chin. Feb. 2016; corrections afterward

exonerated! Such is Sarkozy's loyalty to Cheney!<sup>7</sup> (In other words, the French were here replacing the episode about the “aliens” on December 11 last year with this new episode in which the command went up to DGHTRCOM rather than the Boss.)

My next recording is: “IMPabutplnmx\_6\_24\_10\_1133PM-1207AM.WMA”: As I was walking away from the coffeehouse, I mumbled: “This PLANMEX no one will believe, what is Mr B worried about anyway?” “What the guy says about Wen Ho Lee is true... But the rest is all bullshit...” “Hopefully he is not going to make false reports about me. Why does he need to know my name?” (9:30) “I don't believe this, so much beautiful performance for our Daughter, and they just abandon us like this... What are they doing?” And my hands hurt – presumably it was the French signaling to me that another confession had been intercepted into the ICJ indicating that I had conspired with Daughterland. Then: “Give me 1000 dollars and let me fly out of here, I don't care if I will have to work in a Chinese restaurant...”

My next recording is: “brlycafewrt\_6\_25\_10\_1207-1254AM.WMA”. I came to the same Au Coquelet on University Avenue. “There are mirrors, a perfect place for writing...” Here I continued to review recordings from April and writing.

My last recording of the day is: “brklycafe3rdbmb\_6\_25\_10\_103-153AM.WMA”. Suddenly my arm hurt when I thought of the “Weird Man” again (4:00). And so I spoke my thought: “Maybe that man is sent here to pass me a message. Sometimes he looks so intelligent, sometimes so insane.” The French had presumably accomplished their purpose. I left the coffeehouse and, as I was about to sleep in the street corner, I speculated: “Mr B can't get us arrested, but only cited...”

7 Blaming Boss Cheney's bizarre plan of faking an UFO landing onto DGHTRCOM might not be so out of bound after all when you consider the fact that faking UFO landing seems to have been in the very beginning a Russian idea. Annie Jacobsen has exposed this in *Area 51: An Uncensored History of America's Top Secret Military Base* (2011). Therein she recounts what a former EG&G engineer (a subcontractor of the Atomic Energy Commission) has told her about what really happened with the Roswell UFO crash in 1947: that Stalin obtained the disc-shape flying object design from the Third Reich and also several child-size aviators from Josef Mengele – the deformed products of bizarre experiments on live human beings – and made an UFO with what looked like aliens inside and sent it to land in New Mexico in 1947 in order to warn the United States that he could create a worldwide panic about aliens visiting the earth if he wanted to. (Supposedly his bargaining chip when he had not yet any atomic bombs.) In other words, the Russians were the first to have made up any UFO story and the supposed aliens were just deformed human beings first created by the Nazis. The unnamed EG&G engineer was one of the five subcontractors who worked on the wreckage of the Roswell UFO and had first-hand knowledge of the deformed, child-size aviators.