

## **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 2**

#### NOTICE

At a certain point, I began referring to DGHTRCOM as “PM”, i.e., “Prime Minister”. Note that I have also changed “Angelina” back to “Angelica”. (For example, “Angelica shoes” instead of “Angelina shoes”.) The Pyramid’s father is sometimes referred to as “Mr B” and sometimes as “the Monkey”. All other nicknames follow the convention established previously (e.g. the “Daughter People” = the Russian intelligence service SVR, the “Smart Woman” = the leader of the DGSE team, and “Mommy” = the CIA).

#### RESUME

The following reconstructs the International Court of Justice trial over me from June 25 to August 5, 2010. This period was marked by the French’s continual attempt to command the Daughter People to send me on PLANMEX (or its variants PLANRUS and PLANBAIKAL) and pair me up with Ekaterina, and the Daughter People’s continual resistance by commanding the Monkey to provoke me to violence and drive me insane. The structure of the trial which determined both parties’ attempts should be kept in mind. Insofar as the French were claiming that I had conspired with Russia, Russia should be made to furnish me with the means to “finish my mission”, i.e. to complete PLANMEX but this time to result in Russia’s conviction and to benefit France in the end. Meanwhile, the Daughter People’s argument was that I had conspired with the Monkey against them so that the Monkey should “finish his mission” with me, namely to drive me to insanity and violence, which would be evidence that the mind-reading computer had not been tampered with and Russia’s Macrospherian position (immutable position in the hidden command) should remain valid. In case they could not keep their Macrospherian position, the Daughter People continued to manipulate me to produce evidence that I didn’t conspire with them (didn’t want a girlfriend or go on PLANMEX). The Daughter People’s third strategy – the most effective one if successful – was to cause me to realize that the French had objected so that they could establish that I had conspired with France. This, of course, was the most hopelessly difficult strategy. I continued to have no clue as to what was really going on.

Throughout this period, I became increasingly a “targeted individual”. Namely, I continued to make myself look increasingly insane by mistaking every little thing for orchestration from the control center and every person for some sort of agent. Again I ask you to excuse me for my tedious description of every instance of machine malfunctioning and frustration. This is the only way for you to understand how, through the accumulation of minor unpleasant experiences over a long period of time, an originally peaceful person like me could have acquired such a violent temper and how, as is so typical of targeted individuals, my erroneous interpretation of ordinary events could have caused me to look not only increasingly insane but to experience otherwise ordinary events as acts of torture – how I had brought most of my “torture” upon myself. Meanwhile, I continued to remain bankrupt and homeless, and worsen my situation by wasting my precious money on loans from Payday Loan and so on and on senseless traveling, this time to Arizona. Insofar as the Daughter People could not get the Monkey to drive me to violence nor cause me to realize that the French had objected, my insanity and refusal to go on PLANMEX (because of my erroneous belief that the Monkey had made it his personal project) were the only things that kept them from losing completely to the French.

A word about the terrible diseases I would develop in the latter part of 2010. Autism and Sonophobia are self-explanatory. “Eletronicachreia” means the “inability to use electronics”. This is certainly the strangest disease which anyone can possibly suffer. As you shall see in the following, computer malfunctioning had ruined my life. The frustration resulting therefrom had caused me to develop a violent temperament. This is precisely why the Daughter People continued to remotely control my computer to malfunction. “Misopedia” means hatred of children: the exact opposite of pedophilia. “Hispanophobia” means fear and dislike of Hispanics. Only gradually will you come to appreciate the fact that Hispanophobia is distinct from racism against Hispanics. You will from now on see me recording many of my swearing about Mexicans and Hispanic people. This is not meant to portray me as racist toward Mexicans and so on. Please note that this Hispanophobia resulted from my knowledge that it was a Mexican, Mr B, who was inside the control center (and then from my growing Misopedia) and that this was how I felt nine years ago. Judging a whole group of people on the basis of the actions of one of them is certainly ridiculous, and I have since then shed all Hispanophobia and learned Spanish.

Then there is the strange case about Anna Chapman, the most famous of the 11 person Russian spy ring which the FBI busted on June 26. Apparently the SVR was continuing its operations in the United States as usual even while engaging the French DGSE in a life-and-death struggle in the International Court of Justice. By early July, the United States had concluded a deal with Russia to trade the 11 captured spies for four Western spies (Igor Sutyagin, Sergei Skripal, Alexander Zaporozhsky, and Gennady Vasilenko). It is reported that the negotiation for the trade had started even before the 11 SVR spies were arrested. It’s not clear whether this deal had anything to

do with my ICJ trial (namely, whether the CIA's loss to the SVR in my case had contributed to it.)

## June 25 (Friday)

My first recording of the new day is: "medttrncafemona510\_6\_25\_10\_810AM-1206PM.WMA": I got up from the street corner, bought donuts, and began walking to Mediterraneum. I murmured: "We don't want to be tested, we need help. *We are never interested in the plan...*" Once I came to the coffeehouse, I continued reviewing and transcribing the recordings from early last month (my therapy session with Mona). Soon, my Microsoft IME malfunctioned again, and Chinese characters popped up on the screen, "xiao xing xia..." (57:00). I was irritated: "What does this guy want, man?" Namely, assuming that the Monkey had done it. I was then frustrated again when something went wrong with the transferring of my files: there was one file missing (1:08:00). I shouted in anger: "We will refuse all messages that are communicated to us via machine malfunctioning... Everyday we waste our time dealing with machine malfunctioning..." But I then found the missing file. I then became suspicious of the white guy who was sitting in front of me. I took a picture of him by turning on my webcam and taking a screenshot of the webcam image of him (2:08:00). Then, my Microsoft IME malfunctioned again and "Bu" (不) popped up, making me think that Mr B had just produced another intercept about himself (2:14:30). I was tremendously angered, totally fed up with machine malfunctioning. Then I got worried: "DGHTRCOM might want us to like him... It's difficult, because he doesn't practice reciprocity. It's easier with people who practice reciprocity, for, in such case, in order for him to be nice to us, we would just have to be nice to him" (2:20:00). More: "When people practice reciprocity, you have a certain degree of control over them..." Then "Bu" again. And again. Then more Chinese characters on 2:50:00. Then I became worried that my files might have been damaged in the hard drive (3:01:00). Finally, after doing enough work for the morning, I left Mediterraneum to hang out on Telegraph. I chatted with a few homeless dudes. A junk call on 3:41:30. I then tried to mingle with a pretty white female who was walking her a dog: "I want to be your dog!" (3:52:00)

My next recording is: "tosfbnkrdrdoff\_6\_25\_10\_1206-143PM.WMA". I saw more "Angelica shoes" (2:00). I then got on the BART to go to San Francisco, taking notice of more "Angelica shoes" on the train. "This is stupid, there is no Angelica anywhere at all." Namely, I mistook these shoes for intercepts showing me meeting the Pyramid here. I again believed I was under a lot of surveillance: was I wrong? After getting off the BART on 38:00, I continued: "We need to get out of here, we can't live a normal life here..." (40:00). As I walked the streets, I continued to believe there were surveillance agents everywhere. I came inside the San Francisco Public Library to reserve a computer station (51:00). I then went inside Kinkos to print out the email from FAX.com confirming my cancellation of their service (1:03:00). I was going to take care of this problem which I couldn't yesterday. I came inside Chase Bank on 1:16:00 and, with the printout in hand, asked the banker to stop all charges from FAX.com. This she agreed to. I also asked the banker about how to put a stop payment on the check due for the payday loan store on July 1. Just as yesterday, the banker told me they would have to charge me 32 dollars, and so I didn't do it. I left the bank on 1:36:00.

The next recording is missing, but my recording after that is: "sflib\_6\_25\_10\_303-354PM.WMA". I stayed in the San Francisco Public Library to work on my computer. As I was organizing my recording

files, I got really angry again, believing that the Monkey had done something to them and remotely altered them: the strange thing was that even their hash values had changed. “This man is so fucking evil, he’s so into cheating!” I naturally assumed that he had done so in order to prevent my files from entering into the ICJ as evidence proving that I was not “David Chin”. (Most likely, however, I was merely mistaken and paranoid over nothing: there was no remote alteration of my files from the control center.) During break, I found a book about KGB on the bookshelves and began browsing through it. “The 2<sup>nd</sup> Department... Hmm...” (25:00). I mumbled: “The Daughter People don’t know how traumatic it is for us when we realize that we have figured things out incorrectly...” (43:00).

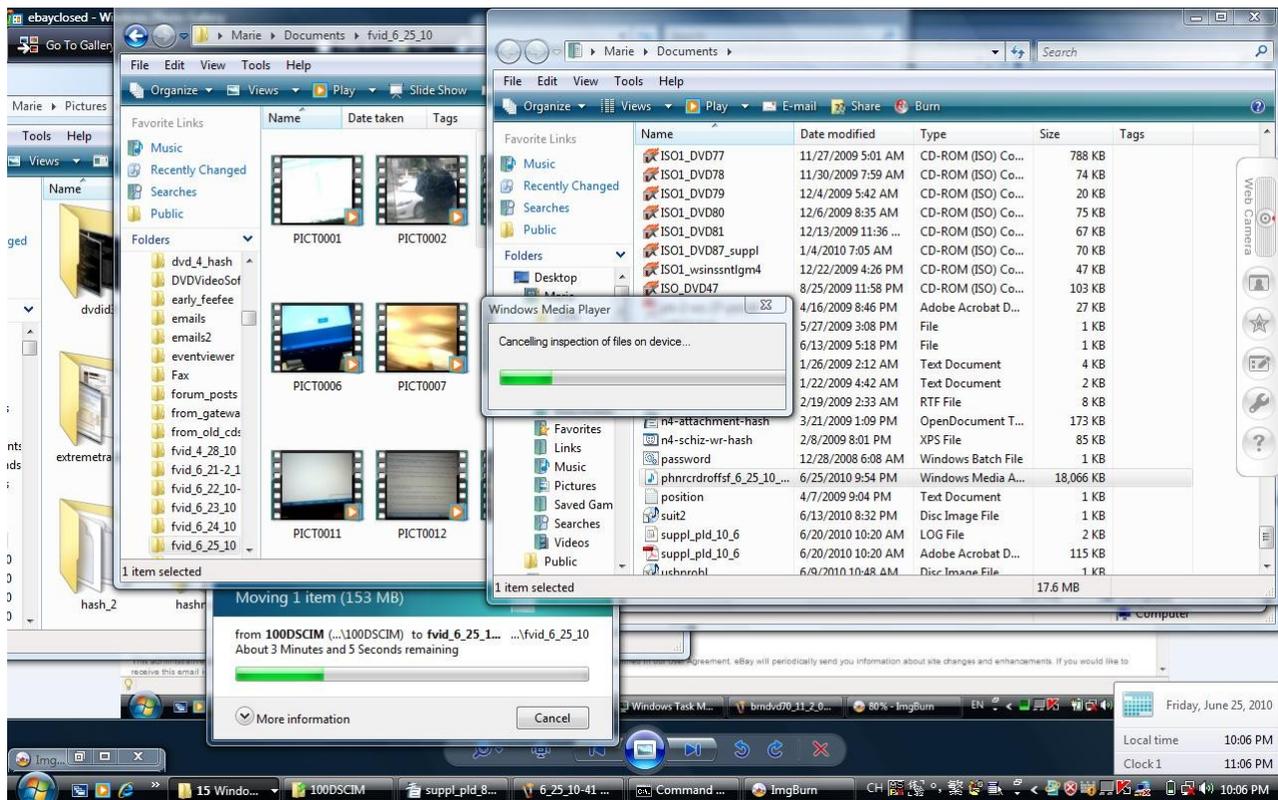
My next recordings are “sflib\_6\_25\_10\_355-410PM.WMA” and “sfboxtocybrbrkly\_6\_25\_10\_410-638PM.WMA”. I then came out of the library and called up Carlos’ office and was told that my papers were served on June 21. All was very strange, of course, because, given the visits to my website on June 23, the Pyramid shouldn’t have seen the papers until the morning of June 23. I then came back inside the library to use the payphone to make a call to the law library. I wanted to check whether the Pyramid was indeed still working there. When somebody answered the call, I asked to speak with the Pyramid and then hanged up. That’s confirmation that she was still there. Then I called up Carlos’ office again (7:00). I asked his wife whether it was possible to have Carlos take the proof of service to the superior court for me, and, once that was done, to write him a check for the service, but his wife replied she didn’t have my correct phone number. After hanging up, I began suspecting that she was playing a trick on me: “Why didn’t she have my real phone number?” Again, paranoia over nothing: a typical targeted individual. Then: “But we just called the Pyramid at the law library and produced an intercept showing that she is in Los Angeles. What about all the intercepts which have shown us meeting her here in San Francisco?” I simply couldn’t understand that there weren’t any such intercepts and that I was just here providing the Daughter People with more evidences that I was insane. I then asked the shop owners on the street to give me the cardboard boxes which they wanted to throw away, and I cut the boxes into pieces with my box cutter. I then bought duck tapes and so on for my boxes. I then rode the BART back to Berkeley and came to the cybercafe on Shattuck on 1:48:00. I again felt the need to upload my latest recording files to my website so that they may become evidences in the ICJ, not knowing that I was working against the interest of my beloved Daughterland.

My next recording is: “cybrcfemoemdtrn\_6\_25\_10\_640-902PM.WMA”: While uploading my files on the cybercafe’s computer, I also did my daily lesson on Russland Journal. All done, I left the cybercafe on 1:09:00. Then: “There is no possible way to fight after they have built this machine....” (1:21:00). I then came to Moe’s Bookstore. I browsed through several books, one about a Russian scholar, another on Russian grammar. Then, *Iliad*. I then came to Cafe Mediterranean again.

My next recording is: “mdtrnmlfunct\_6\_25-26\_10\_902PM-104AM.WMA”: I called up Wes, but only reached the answering machine. I was then on my Toshiba preparing the ISO image for my next DVD. Strangely, I picked up a card, “Happy Mother’s Day”. I really believed this was a “secret message” from the Agency. (I was most likely again mistaking random phenomena for orchestrated.) I muttered, “Mommy is a big organization... We don’t want to just trash it like that” (35:05). Unfortunately, this was just more evidence for the French that their scenario about my conspiracy with Daughterland was correct. I then began repeating the line which I had devised since this morning: “After all these governments have spent two billion dollars on me, you are not going to let Mr B dump me in the trash

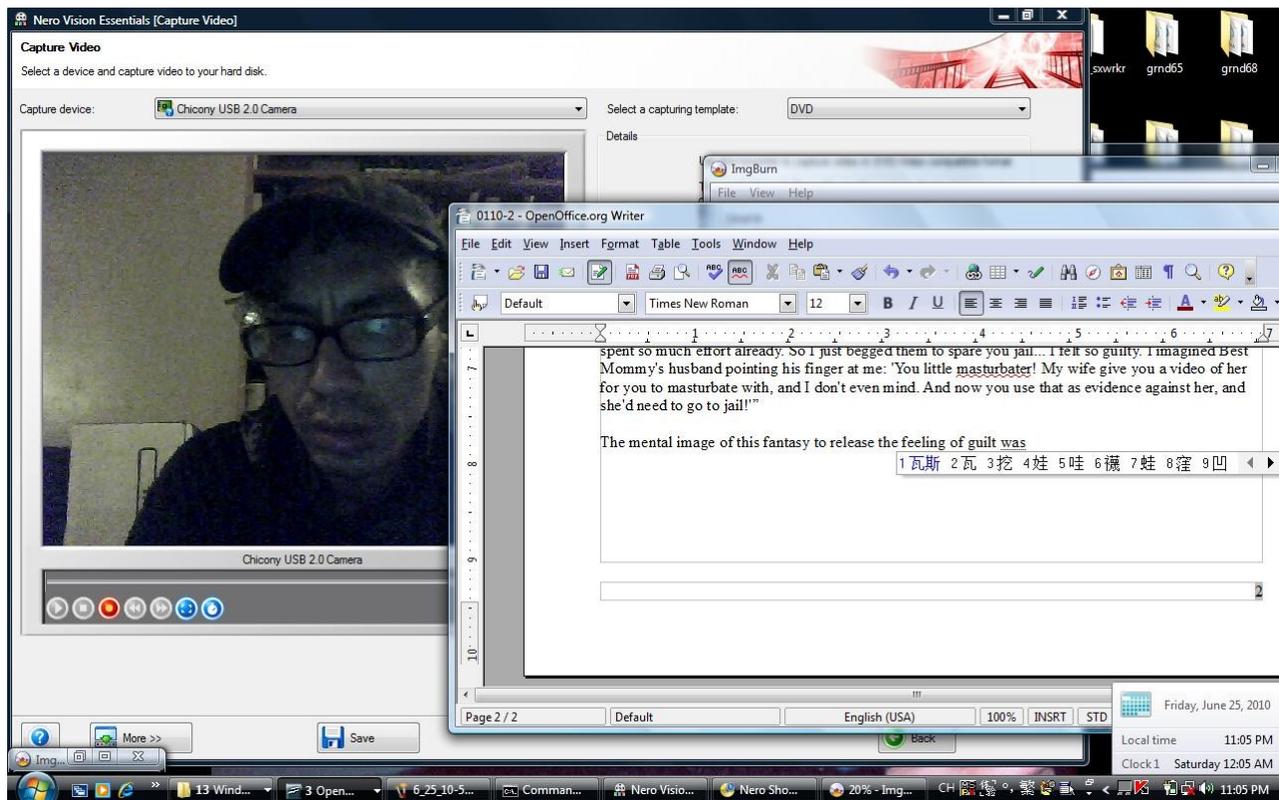
can, are you? Why are they continually testing my attitude toward the Monkey Pyramid?” (41:20) I went back to my work on my computer. Then, suddenly: “Hey... What the fuck is this?” My computer had malfunctioned again: a pop-up message saying “canceling inspection of files on device” (56:50 or so). I duly took a screenshot as proof. On 1:27:35 I complained: “They are still trying to figure out if I am a danger to the Monkey Pyramid... What do we get out of it? It’s just so unromantic: while we were worried about her to death, they turned around to accuse us of being a danger to her...” Then, “The Monkey is not being serious, is he? He wants to erase our identity after all that?” And, just then, another error message popped up on my screen and I began filming it: “I hope this is not another ‘secret message’, because I’d rather not receive one...” Most likely not! On 1:57:00 I complained again that it was strange that the Monkey would think I wanted to usurp his prize “Mexico” when I didn’t even know about it. Then, on 2:02:00, the Chinese characters for “gas” popped up on my laptop’s screen. What is this about? Certainly, the Daughter People wanted me dead in order to get this ICJ trial dismissed. It was thus possible that they had commanded the Monkey to pass a “secret message” to me to such effect so that, should I finally decide to kill myself by gassing myself – which I would indeed attempt to do later on – this could become part of my “conspiracy” with the Monkey relieving them of any responsibility and allowing them to profit from it. I then began writing while burning a new DVD with ImgBurn. Suddenly, an error message popped up: ImgBurn operation failed! I immediately filmed it. After I clicked on the error message, ImgBurn simply froze up. I was furious: “Don’t try to fuck with me. He is trying to show me that he is the king because he has control over all the machines!” (2:08:05) I continued to shout: “I *will* be a danger to her... Every time when machine malfunctions...” Then, as if to provoke me more, my laptop malfunctioned again on 2:14:40. I kept repeating, “I will fucking kill you!” After much cursing and shouting, I left Mediterranean on 2:28:00. I walked all the way to Au Coquelet (2:52:00). I must say that all the malfunctioning I had experienced tonight might have indeed been due to remote control from the control center, namely that it was the Daughter People who had commanded the Monkey to do this so as to provoke me. What happened last night had made them very nervous: Boss Cheney’s genocidal plan would be blamed onto them if the French should succeed in their objection. They thus felt an urgent need to either drive me insane, provoke me to attack people (maybe even go hurt the Pyramid), or persuade me to kill myself, in order to prove that the Monkey had not touched the mind-reading computer or to get rid of this trial altogether. In other words, they *wanted* me to explode in anger!

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia: II  
Lawrence C. Chin, May 2010 – June 2019



The malfunctioning on 56:50 in the recording

I re-compiled my DVD project and was soon ready to burn the disc again. I *had* to back up my data. “It is possible that we will be allowed to burn this disc!” I said to myself. “Why do they spend all this fucking time testing?” I continued to curse the Pyramid: “Every time when machine malfunctions she’ll be in physical danger!” (3:22:20) Ha! This was in fact the sort of evidence which the Daughter People wanted to save themselves (evidence that the Monkey’s claim that I wanted to harm the Pyramid was true). On 3:24:30 you can hear ImgBurn completing its operation. Wow! I was so tired that I decided to defer the verification of the disc to tomorrow morning. Then: “How can the Monkey Pyramid not understand anything about computers when she has to sit in front of them all day at work? Are we duped about this one too? How can one go on with life without using computers?” (until 3:36:30) I then got increasingly upset with my DGHTRPPL – they could scorch the whole planet and still not find someone like me, someone who loved them so much and who had gone through so much for them. Unfortunately I had just provided the French with more evidences to damn my beloved DGHTRPPL. Then, what looked like a surveillance agent came in on 3:50:00. Perhaps I was right! (Given my crazy letter to DGHTRCOM days ago.) I left Au Coquelet on 3:58:00 and went to sleep in the street corner.



On 11:05 PM, the Microsoft IME was remotely controlled to malfunction to produce the Chinese characters “gas” on my document.

## June 26 (Saturday)

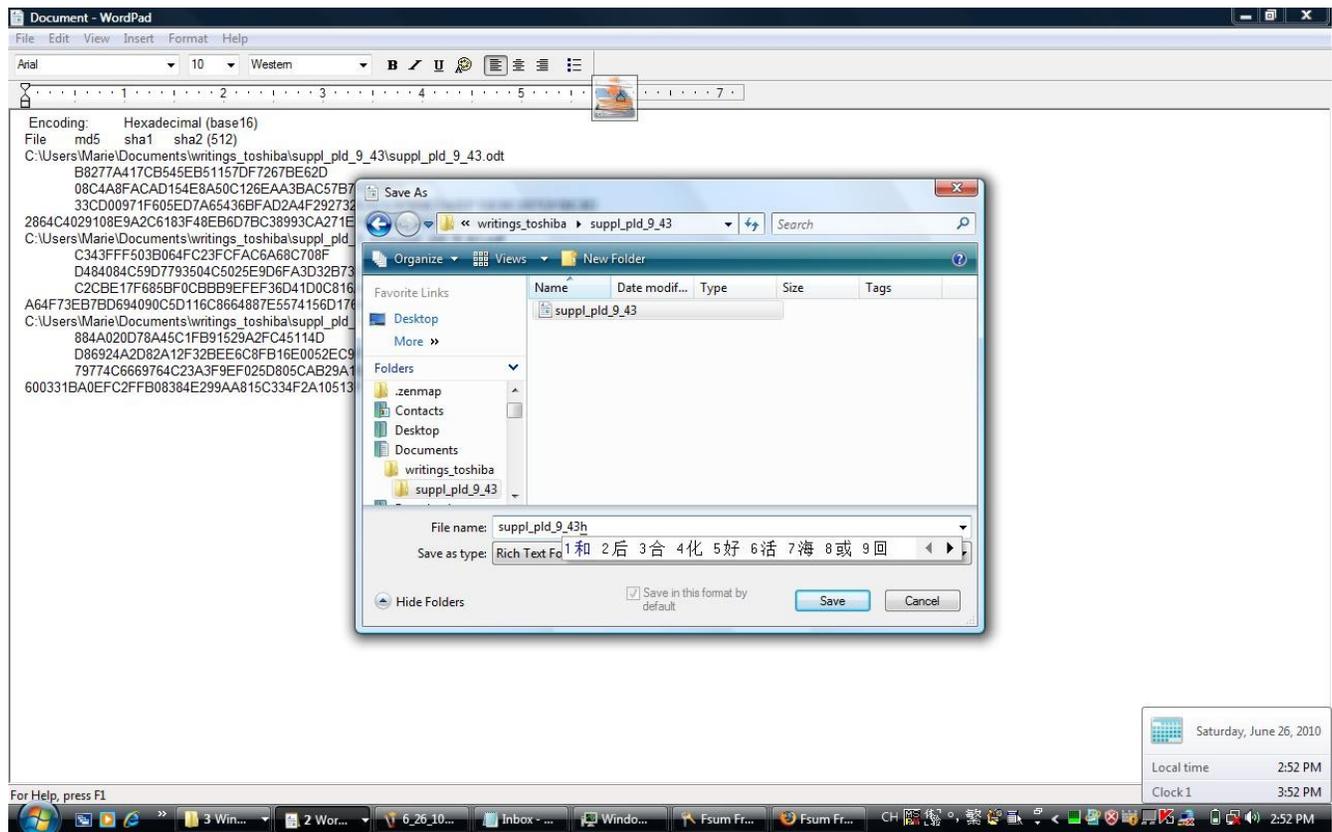
My first recording of the new day is: “medtrrnmsupl934bdmuthsorry\_6\_26\_10\_803-1044AM.WMA”. Soon after I woke up from the street corner, I came to Mediterranean. I began verifying the new disc I had burned last night while at Au Coquelet (1:50). I was so nervous that I would film the process from time to time. Then I began reviewing my recordings while writing what would become “Ying and Yang”. I continued to indulge myself in my wrong scenario: “DGHTRCOM really wants me to work with the Pyramid’s father” (40:00). Somehow, I was lucky: the disc was burned correctly. The Daughter People didn’t command the Monkey to disrupt my last attempt at disc-burning last night.

My next recording is: “brklybuycd\_6\_26\_10\_1044-1134AM.WMA”: I left Mediterranean on 21:00. I continued: “They are really willing to spend all that resource just to test us, not getting anything out of it...” Then I admonished myself: “When you want something, just go get it, be like Mr B, do not have any moral scruples. He likes himself, and so, if he wants something, he will just go get it...” (45:00).

My next recording is: “lundromthow7331\_6\_26\_10\_1134AM-238PM.WMA”: I then left a message for Wes asking him to call me back. I then ran into a stranger woman who was quite stylish and wearing purple. I asked her why she wore purple, still not recovering from my “purple conspiracy”. But she

sang a song for me instead. “She is so extremely pretty!” Then: Angelica shoes! And a Hispanic guy was running! I still hadn’t grasped the fact that none of this meant anything anymore. Then, more wrong scenario: “This ICJ trial battle is fake!” Only if it were really so! On 1:01:00, I came to the cybercafe to upload my latest recording files to my website. Again, evidences for the French! I then came inside a laundromat to wash my clothes (1:25:00). I murmured: “We should go to the consulate and put up a sign saying ‘We want to be with our Daughter...’” (1:51:00). I called Wes again on 1:55:00, and he was still not home. I worked on my “Frankfurt and Brussels” while waiting for my laundry. At one point, my laptop froze up, but I withstood it (2:21:00). *I still believed that DGHTR owed me a female companion.* I then saw a pyramid speaking a strange language; I asked her about it, but she didn’t respond (2:54:00). It would appear that she was a Mexican American – just then, my arm hurt. What was the signal about?

My next recording is: “brklylibintrentstudyr\_6\_26\_10\_238-529PM.WMA”: I then came to the Berkeley public library to reserve a computer station. I got one for 3 PM. While waiting, I used my own computer. Soon, IME malfunctioned and the Chinese characters “resuming good relationship” (和好) popped up on my computer screen. Was this another “secret message” coming from the control center? Telling me to get along with the Monkey? Perhaps the French had commanded this in order to entrench me in my wrong belief about what was going on. Perhaps the Daughter People had commanded this because they wanted me to believe that I was receiving “secret messages” so that they could have more evidence that I suffered from schizophrenia. When I got onto my computer station, I continued to fix my old website (Scientific Enlightenment). After a while, I muttered, “What do we want? We want a new laptop, *and a girlfriend*, and DGHTR will give these to us...” (1:12:00). Again, this was bad for the Daughter People, and the French would continue to ask the judge computer to require them to provide these for me. Then: “But as for Mr B, his rule is: ‘You shall never get what you want, but always get the opposite of what you want, for that’s called “discipline”’, while, in reality, he is overdoing it all...” (1:21:30). When I was taking a break outside, I continued to complain about the Monkey, hoping to persuade him: “Since everything is unexpected, soon what is unexpected can only become expected, and it will cease impressing people, it will get old. We are *expecting* a female companion, but no, he will only provide the unexpected, and so our computer will malfunction. Then, one day when we get what we have expected, it would be shocking and unbelievable, it will be unexpected, and that’s how you can surprise us...” More: “The surprise should be in the minority, not occurring every single day!” When I came back inside the library, I printed out the information on how to obtain refugee status in my beloved Daughterland. I then asked the librarian to help me locate Russian language learning materials on the computers. After browsing some physics books on the bookshelves, I began my daily “Daughterspeak” lesson.



The Chinese characters for “resuming good relationship” popped up

My next recording is: “vgrntkdsmdtrrnhrwprymddraw\_6\_26\_10\_529-1103PM.WMA”: Work done, I left the library. When I was walking the streets, somebody was kind enough to give me food (50:00). I then began talking to one of those young vagrants that were wandering the streets in Berkeley, and he asked me: “What do you do?” “Nothing. I have so much to do that I can’t keep up...” (1:04:00). A girl, a student, then joined in as well. I then hanged around inside Moe’s Bookstore again, browsing through all the Spanish and French books. When I saw an Asian girl reading one of those books, I thought again that this was orchestrated by the Monkey: “It’s Mr B, he doesn’t want me to stick with Daughterland... Why is this Asian chick wearing mini-skirt and reading Montesquieu?” (2:04:00) I was stupid enough to think that this might be the girl whom the Monkey wanted to set me up with. “Too young!” Interestingly, I found Issac Deutscher’s three-volume *Trotsky* in German translation. I immediately fell in love with the books. After a while, I mumbled: “This test is so traumatic, I can’t even distinguish whether the books are real or not...” (2:50:00). Namely, I was afraid that the books I was holding in my hands might be fake per the Monkey’s orchestration from the control center. Then: “DGHTR is a very good man, if he can help me, he will... What is PLANMEX about anyway? Making up some story?” Although I was speculating wildly, there was some truth in my bullshit, as you can see. Then, I conversed with myself: “So you think these young pyramids reading the books are Mr B’s agents? Why does he always find these young girls?” Well, he didn’t. I was completely mistaken. I then called Wes again, but he was still not home. I then saw another girl who was sitting outside Mediterraneum reading a Hebrew book. I talked to her and she told me she was from Israel. I then came inside Mediterraneum.

When a very pretty pyramid came in with her friends, I stared at her persistently (3:32:00). I was then working on my computer again. Chinese characters popped up on my computer screen again on 3:38:00, terribly annoying me. I was then reviewing my recordings and burning a new DVD. Then another extremely beautiful pyramid came in (3:43:00). She was very bohemian, chatting with a group of guys. I was so enamored with her that I drew a portrait of her and then showed it to her friends, “Your friend is so pretty!” (3:55:30) Thank God, the new disc was successfully burned. While I was taking a break outside on 4:29:00, one of those vagrant dudes gave me an apple. I would mistakenly believe that the leader of this gang was actually under the Monkey’s remote control!

By this time I had begun believing – completely erroneously – that the Monkey was preparing my female companions for the upcoming PLANMEX. I assumed – stupidly – that these females I had run into had shown up in my environment per his orchestration. Once I met them, he would orchestrate events to result in my going with them to Mexico. Ha! I actually believed that the “Georgian DGHTRSPK” who showed up on June 24 was one of those females who would accompany me on PLANMEX.

My last recording of the day is: “leavmedcafrfgee\_6\_26-27\_10\_1119PM-126AM.WMA”: After I finished my work, I left Mediterraneum (46:30). Along my way I would be begging people for food and cigarettes. I mumbled: “Wherever you go, there would be people who are being remotely controlled, and you will not be able to tell who is and who is not... Where are these remotely controlled people? In Afghanistan and Iraq...” Crazy speculation, although I would occasionally hit the target. I continued: the only way to detect the chip devices would be to scan the body with radio frequency detectors. I was quite right, and you will find that this is common practice among the so-called “targeted individuals”. I came to Au Coquelet on 1:24:00, ordered snacks, and began reading the materials I had printed out in the afternoon about obtaining asylum in Daughterland. I muttered: “We need to go to Europe first, for our environment is shut down in the US...” (1:47:00). During my smoke break outside, I continued my bullshit: “All this is fake testing...” (1:52:00). Soon I left the coffeehouse and began looking for a corner on the street to sleep in.

### **June 27 (Sunday; the “golden pyramid in Mexico”)**

My first recording of the new day is: “kckdutmedcafe\_6\_27\_10\_658-1056AM.WMA”. I woke up from the street corner and came in front of the library. It would open on 1 PM because it was Sunday. I bought some donuts and came to Mediterraneum. I continued my wrong speculation: “Some of the tests came from the Daughter People, for Mr B wouldn’t care at which point we will flip...” (40:00). I then filmed another bystander whom I believed to be a surveillance agent. I used the restroom, and speculated further: “He doesn’t want us to go there... It’s the holy land! What about the alerts? So much resources have already been wasted because of his disagreement with the Daughter People, he can’t possibly be allowed to do that in Daughterland...”

As I began working, I thought I was entangled in another operation again: all the electrical outlets upstairs had been remotely disabled except for the one which an Asian girl – whom I mistook for a surveillance agent – was using with her MacBook. Although I had videotaped the malfunctioning of every electrical outlet, when I plugged my camcorder into my Toshiba I discovered that the video of

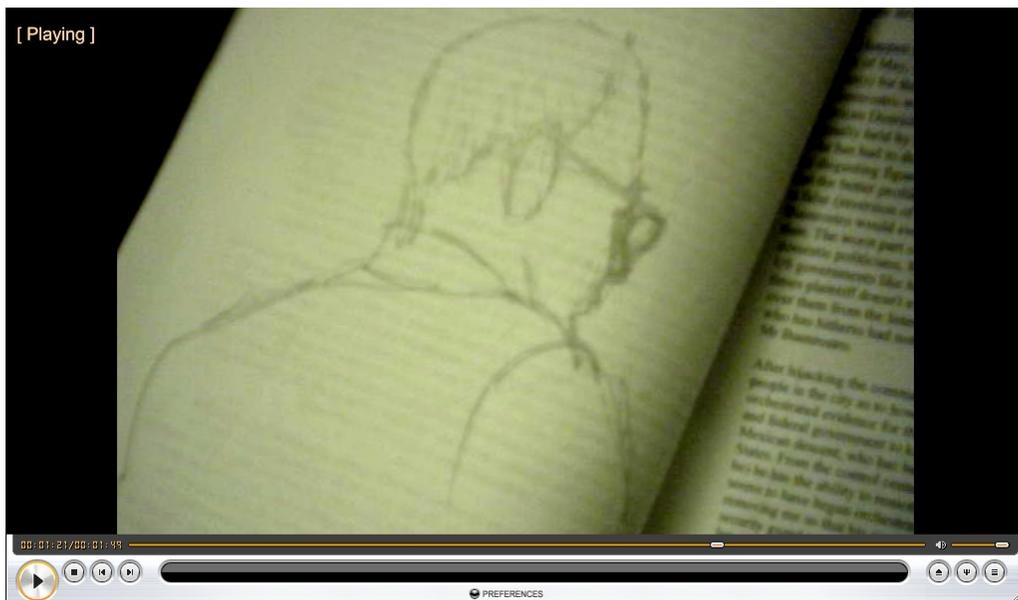
this episode of malfunctioning seemed to have been remotely deleted from my SD card. I of course immediately assumed that it was because the Monkey did not want me to have proof of the government's ability to remotely control every machine and every electrical outlet in the whole society. In reality, there was (as you shall see) no tampering with the electrical outlets, while it was the Daughter People who had commanded the Monkey to delete my video in order to provoke me. On 1:56:20 the coffeehouse employee came over to warn me, asking me to move away from the Asian girl as if I had harassed her. This was indeed very strange. On 2:00:00, as I was preparing to move, I called the employee over to explain to him how none of the electrical outlets was working except for the one next to the Asian girl. The employee, however, instructed me to push my AC charger harder into the electrical outlet – and amazingly it was now working. The employee then promptly threw me out of the coffeehouse!

I walked into another fast food shop on 2:23:00. I examined the video I had shot of the employee and, seeing that he had never even looked up to see what I was doing, concluded that he was remotely controlled (or commanded) to expel me out of the coffeehouse. This is indeed very strange: for I must have been wrong in assuming that the Monkey was commanding everybody to throw me out from place to place, and, yet, everybody was really looking for the slightest pretext to expel me wherever I was, which was absolutely abnormal. Then my computer froze up again on 3:05:00. Frustrated, I groaned: "Everyday we spend our life documenting computer malfunctioning..." Then, suddenly, the computer was working again. I continued writing. I reminded myself: "When Mr B put somebody in front of you, just videotape him, don't talk to him, he's not offering you any benefits..." (3:26:00). Then my computer froze up again, huh! Angry, I called up Wes again and left a message: "Call me back, it's an emergency!" Then: "He's not going to call me back unless it's an operation... What's the point of all this? It's all just waste of resources, the entire society is our enemy..." (3:44:00). "We can't talk to anybody, everybody is here to harm us!"

My next recording is: "brklyliblgnldoldcupl\_6\_27\_10\_1101AM-504PM.WMA". I then came to Radio Shack to buy batteries (29:00): I was unable to buy more on discount because of my complete lack of money. From 43:00 onward I began complaining about how, ever since 2004 when I came under the FBI's investigation, every one of my movements had to be watched and disrupted by a vast number of intelligence officials hiding inside the control center, and how I took great pleasure in wasting the governments' resources. "There always has to be a huge industry around me... Just keep doing it, keep doing it..." I then went scavenging for left-over food in restaurants. An employee stopped me, but was willing to give me a box of salad before banning me permanently from her place. I was grateful enough that I didn't get angry. But it would seem that the Monkey had accomplished his "mission" again: I was once more thrown out from a public place. (In reality, there was no orchestration for my being thrown out.) I made sure to videotape my food before eating it.

On 1:02:05, I complained that the Monkey was "teaching me" only in order to look good, and not in order to teach: again, it's just my erroneous theory about what was going on. I further commented that, because I had saved the DGHTRPPL, I hardly felt grateful to him for any of the charities he threw at me. For him, this was the beginning of a relationship without my prior credits, but for me, it was at the end of my relationship with DGHTR, with all the credits I had accumulated toward DGHTRLND. "We have a fundamental difference in the perception of time..." (1:05:00) Then my arm hurt on 1:10:00,

seemingly to warn me about the Korean woman in front of me who was carrying a child. (In reality, it was just another random signal to confuse me.) I then decided to go to the library. I continued: “Mr B has decided he is going to be my life...” (1:49:00) I felt so terribly depressed. I came to the third floor and reserved a computer station for 2 PM, and then asked the librarians about the computer classes offered in this library: anything that might remedy remotely induced computer malfunctioning would catch my attention. Then, what seemed to be a surveillance agent (2:01:00). It’s not clear whether I was correct. I then browsed through a book on Polish grammar. I also wanted to get the other book on “DGHTRSPK”. Meanwhile, I began burning a new disc with ImgBurn. Something incredible then happened. A very gentle Mexican man, bookish-looking and with his wife by his side, came over to me to drop off a pile of books on Robert Browning saying these were for me! He then walked away quietly. I was stunned, and, although knowing that he was most likely an intelligence official sent here by the Daughter People, was too shy to take out my camcorder to film him. Instead, I drew a quick portrait of him. By 3:01:50 I had packed up my things and gone upstairs to attend to the computer station I had reserved. It turned out that I was late, and so I had to reserve another computer station for 3 PM. While going downstairs I kept complaining bitterly about how the Monkey was a “fucking parasite”, “wasting other people’s money in running operations on me”, how he had just wasted another 5,000 dollars just to teach me the lesson that I should pack up my things quickly so as to make it on time to my computer station – how maybe he should spend the money on fixing the roads. (Again, I erroneously assumed that every little thing that happened was orchestrated from the control center: I had become a typical “targeted individual”.) On 3:14:10 I began videotaping the books on Robert Browning which the old couple had placed in front of me on the table. What was so amazing was that the gentle Mexican man had left a piece of paper inside one of the books to draw my attention to one particular poem. I will comment on this later. I then videotaped the portraits I had done of the couple.



The sophisticated Mexican man  
who gave me the books on Robert Browning, 6/27/10

On 3:38:30 I reflected on how in June 2009 “Mommy” had had to invite the Mexican intelligence to

run operations on me because she was tied up in the International Court – my recording had enabled the DGHTRPPL to take control over Mommy. I then coughed after this confession. Another piece of evidence for the French! I got up and walked around, wanting to hide the Robert Browning books somewhere before going outside to smoke. Then I discovered that I had lost my reservation slip for the computer station, and the librarians were not willing to furnish me with another one or make another reservation for me (3:48:00). Annoyed – for I had just forfeited my chance to use free Internet today – I began making copies of Robert Browning’s poems (3:49:00). I went inside the elevator on 3:56:00 to go downstairs, but was annoyed again when it turned out that the elevator was going up. A woman came in with her child, which prompted me to curse: “Get out of here!” “Is it worth walking over someone’s foot like that?” she asked me. “Yeah, very much.” I really believed that she was remotely commanded by the Monkey to communicate this “secret message” to me. Bullshit! I was becoming increasingly delusional in order to help save my beloved Daughter People! When I walked out of the library to smoke I was still cursing the Monkey: “Fuera aqui! Well I never wanted to go in in the first place!” (3:59:00 or so) “I cannot stand this signaling environment where everyone talks in this gibberish, symbolic way...” (4:05:30). I simply couldn’t comprehend that nobody was doing this and that it was all due to my incorrect interpretation. I continued my erroneous speculation: that all the other intelligence agencies, as soon as they lost, regretted having ever participated in the neocons’ plan to conquer DGHTRLND through the International Court of Justice; that I could now say anything I wanted because all nations were by this time on DGHTRLND’s side... (4:08:00). Ha! Just the opposite was the case! I then concluded erroneously that this meant that all the intercepts were fake (4:09:30). “Now I just want to have Internet, an apartment, *and a girlfriend*.... What is this about then? I’m not going to be dumped into a mental asylum or a half-way home...” (4:10:30). I walked back inside the library murmuring that, the more this “training” went on, the more I would get destroyed. Then: “If we see Double Smile again, we will just follow her...” (4:20:30). I sat down at a table and continued to study Russian grammar. Children’s noise on 4:42:30. I then browsed through a translation of Newton’s *Opticks* that I found on the bookshelves. Then, more of children’s noise to annoy me. On 5:21:00 I videotaped what looked like a “secret message”. As the library was closing, I packed up and walked out of the library. Children’s noises so irritated me that I kept swearing how I needed to get out of this country. While walking, I wondered whether the police really did believe the Monkey’s lies about me. If they did, it would be worse than before, for, in 2008 and 2009, the police at the very least didn’t actually believe Mr former Secretary’s false stories about me (5:54:00).

My next recording is: “IMPbrklylibcivilztnctrlm\_6\_27\_10\_504-838PM.WMA”. While walking, I continued: “This Monkey couldn’t understand me and predict my next move even when he is reading my thoughts. Meanwhile, I can understand him without reading his thoughts. I can understand him even without ever seeing him!” Now that’s hopeless! And so I tried to persuade him: “Bring DGHTR back! He cannot teach me anything. He has expended vast resources to teach me a simple common-sense lesson which everyone already knows, such as ‘Don’t cross the street on a red light’. Everyone knows the rule, it’s just that no one practices it.” Again, I had grossly overestimated my own ability and completely failed to understand that there was no teaching going on!

On 12:00 I walked into a pizza store on Telegraph Avenue trying to grab the few pieces of pizzas left on the table. The mean-looking employee quickly intercepted me and threw me out: “Out! Out!” I muttered angrily how I definitely needed to get out of this country and then continually cursed the

Monkey. “So what is he trying to teach me this time? That food is better thrown away than eaten?” (15:00) I had again wrongly attributed people’s natural reactions to the Monkey. When I was picking out left-over food from the trash can on the sidewalk, I kept murmuring, “Fucking parasites... Fucking parasites...” And I swore that I would never change any of my behaviors when it was the Monkey who wanted to teach me anything (until 34:00). The psychology of resistance: “Make sure you will never learn the value of money, make sure you will never work...”

On 40:30, I ran into a hippie but mentally unstable “broken golden pyramid” who was sitting on the side of Telegraph Avenue reading aloud a book about women’s role in the Intifada (*Conversation with Rosenwasser*). Guided by my wrong scenario, I wondered whether she was the Pyramid’s “remote control” (!). I took special notice when she said to me in a nice tone “You are one of us” – wrongly thinking that she was remotely controlled to convey a hint to me (43:00 or so). She spent the next few minutes giving me a lecture about the plight of the Palestinians. Note the gentleness of her voice. I asked her: “Do you just sit here and read books everyday?” She asked me what my question meant. Then she explained that it sounded as if she didn’t do it enough (59:00). A black man then came over to ask for our names. “George,” I said. And the broken pyramid responded that we should not say our names because so many people were going after us. Ha! “Where are you going now?” (1:01:30) “That’s my business, just as your name is your business... The questions we can ask ourselves are so mysterious... We almost need a screen, that this is a question which people might ask even though they are not asking... So I’m not going to ask that question, ‘So what do you do? Do you just sit here all day?’ I’m not gonna ask that question, ‘So where are you going?’ Because even if we say it in a very nice way, it’s still a police question.” I wanted to explain myself, but she interrupted me, and said I had my foot on her face, etc. I kept apologizing (1:02:25). “You sounded like I should not be upset, and that’s very different than ‘You’re sorry...’ You have no right to ask me where I am going, no right at all, it makes me feel unsafe...” She then insisted that, as she was going, I should definitely be going, lest I be sitting on her things. She was throwing me out! (1:03:33) Well, that’s your typical Berkeley homeless revolutionary, and yet I wrongly assumed that she was being remotely controlled by the control center to remind me of PLANMEX, that it was supposed to involve revolution, and that we were supposed to lead the indigenous people to a revolution (1:05:00). In reality, it’s all just a meaningless coincidence – except that it *could* be evidence for my insanity to save the Daughter People’s lives. Just then I walked into the UC Berkeley Library. I began writing and reviewing my recordings. I then looked into those poems of Robert Browning’s which the strange Mexican man had provided to me. The poem to which the slip of paper was supposed to draw my attention was entitled “Love among the ruins”, which, after a description of some ancient ruins – a metaphor of the discovery of a lost civilization – ran thusly:

And I know, while thus the quiet-colored eve  
Smiles to leave  
To their folding, all our many-tinkling fleece  
In such peace,  
And the slopes and rills in undistinguished gray  
Melt away –  
*That a girl with eager eyes and yellow hair  
Waits me there*

In the turret whence the charioteers caught soul  
For the goal,  
When the king looked, where she looks now, breathless, dumb  
Till I come.

It is obvious to me today that it was the French who wanted me to “finish my mission”, that is to say my conspiracy with Daughterland. Namely, PLANMEX. I kept believing that I would be given a girlfriend and made to go on a plan to discover something and so the French had required the Daughter People to institute a reality around me that would fit my belief in order to let me “finish my mission”. Although the Pyramid was out of the picture, the French wanted me to go to Mexico – commanded the Daughter People to send me there – to discover the “lost civilization” with somebody else, a “golden pyramid” (“a girl with eager eyes and yellow hair”). I have to confess that the “golden pyramid” in question was most likely Ekaterina. Her intention to save me back in late March had now been made into part of my conspiracy with Daughterland to harm France so that she was required to become part of my environment to enable me to “finish my mission”. Think about what was going on: the entire PLANMEX had been reversed. Originally, the CIA was supposed to set me up with the Pyramid and send us to Mexico to discover Atlantis as part of the Boss’ genocidal plan and then make the Pyramid the president of Mexico. Now, three days ago, the French had succeeded in entering evidence that this genocidal plan (Ezekiel’s spaceship) was actually DGHTRCOM’s idea and, within the past two days, they had obtained from the judge computer the authorization for me to “finish my mission” by going on PLANMEX but this time under Daughterland’s command so that DGHTRCOM might be convicted in the same way in which DGHTRCOM originally wanted the Boss convicted. The “script” was now that, under Daughter People’s, and DGHTRCOM’s, direction, I went to Mexico to meet Ekaterina and, together with her, to discover Atlantis as part of this genocidal plan so that we could blame it all onto the Boss. Since I was now suspected of conspiring with Daughterland, the French commanded the Daughter People to send in one of Mexican intelligence’s officers today to communicate a “secret message” to me telling me to go to Mexico for an archaeological project and to meet a “golden pyramid”. Now, because the Daughter People had used “Robert Browning” to communicate with me on May 6 while under the status of the “CIA’s fake Russians”, the French ordered them to communicate to me today using “Robert Browning” once again. This time the Daughter People were commanded to communicate to me *under their true status*, and this new episode would replace the May 6 episode so that there may be further evidence of my conspiracy with Daughterland. What was so amazing was the modification which the French would have to make to the “script”: now that the Pyramid had been replaced with Ekaterina, the original plan of pairing me up with the Pyramid to make us into future rulers of Mexico would have to be replaced with a new plan of pairing me up with Ekaterina to make us into future rulers of Daughterland! Although all this is obvious today, at the time it was all foggy to me: “What’s going on here?”

I was burning a new disc while pondering the mystery and I happened to be filming the whole process. I was excited when, on 2:04:45, as ImgBurn was finalizing the disc, I caught on video how it skipped over the finalization process. It’s not clear whether the Daughter People were indeed commanding the Monkey to remotely disrupt my disc-burning process in order to produce more evidence suggesting that my discs were fake. Then my Microsoft IME malfunctioned again (2:19:00) and produced the Chinese characters for “Norway”. Was this an accident? An intercept? Evidence for the French? I reread Robert

Browning's poem on 2:49:00 and sort of saw a "message" therein: a golden pyramid was waiting for me! But who sent her to me? From 3:26:00 onward I began to philosophize: "My development of hermeneutics to decipher clandestine operations is in response to the invention of a 'control center' and the electronic age, when everything in a person's environment can be remotely controlled. Hence the division between 'imaginary reality' and 'deep reality'. This artificial environment is the final fruition of civilization: before, we live in nature; now, we live in an entirely human-made environment, where everything and, by now, every person can be remotely controlled. Once upon a time, human beings built houses from animal bones and skins and fenced up their villages – that's the first step toward building an artificial environment. By now this process is complete, and the persons inside the control center are exact equivalents to the gods in the primitive world, since they could manipulate anything in your environment to do anything to you. We have made our own gods. This is the end."

My next recording is: "brklycafehow7331vidfile\_6\_27\_10\_838-1102PM.WMA": I continued as I walked out of the library: "That's what I've learned by being the chosen one of machine malfunctioning: the meaning of civilization... Hermeneutics is about knowing the mind of God." And so I walked into a coffeehouse. On 6:50 I noticed that a woman, upon seeing me, quickly took her cellphone out and pressed a button on it while avoiding eye contact with me – *it would seem* that she was conducting surveillance on me. Being so poor, I asked her if she could buy me a coffee, and she actually offered me a dollar! Then I was walking on the street again. On 19:00 I speculated what the woman might have been told about me: maybe that I was autistically recording myself and so on. Then: "I really don't like the current manner of communication through secret messages, this 'visual art approach', the use of imagery... I much prefer Mommy's way, planting messages in newspapers and Jehova Witness pamphlets... Why? Because Mommy never tried to dupe me with these messages!" (until 32:55) I hadn't yet grasped the fact that most of the secret messages I perceived now were due to my erroneous interpretation and were not real.

I came to Au Coquelet on 1:00:00. I complained again about how all the people had changed in my environment thanks to the Monkey's actions. Again, I couldn't yet grasp the fact that there was no change and that it was all due to my erroneous interpretation. Then, on 1:17:00, I noticed "Georgian DGHTRSPK" studying at a table. I greeted her and told her I was surprised to see her working here. She looked very annoyed and tired, and I commented that she looked tired. She *was* tired, she said, and I just repeated "You rest well, you rest well" and walked away. My fear of offending womankind – contrary to the Monkey's wishful thinking about me – had probably saved me from being thrown out of another coffeehouse.

I then checked over DVD 130 which I had just burned earlier, and murmured that the Monkey was really trying to make people believe I was David Chin. "Mr B is the project manager of PLANMEX, and not some 'North American District Commander'" (1:47:20). This was a little closer to the truth: the French were now commanding the Daughter People to command the Monkey to send me to Mexico to meet Ekaterina and discover Atlantis. I then continued writing "Frankfurt and Brussels". Then I noticed that the video I had just shot hours ago of the finalization of my disc was damaged. I was enraged and yelled: "Mr B didn't want me to keep the evidence for his remote disruption of the finalization of my disc, which means that he must have really done something to my disc to make it look like it is fake" (1:58:00). I then shouted profanity continually.

My next recording is: “brklycafewrthow\_6\_27-28\_10\_1107PM-1225AM.WMA”: I continued writing, and Chinese characters continued to pop up on my computer screen from time to time to annoy me. Then I murmured angrily: “Mr B doesn’t want me to upload this file.... DGHTR really owes me this one! Why do I have to run into this piece of shit?” (17:00) Then: “*You need to go to Mexico to find your pyramid... We don’t know whether we need to believe it... I say: get the money and get the fuck out of here!*” Then my wrong scenario: “All this false reporting about me! When you ask the Georgian DGHTRSPK, ‘Are you tired? Rest well...’, she will later report to some authority saying I had sexually harassed her...” (23:00). In reality, Georgian DGHTRSPK was not going to report me at all and was not an actress planted by the Monkey. I continued: “When others do it, it is not anything, but, when I do it, it’s ‘sexual harassment’.... *We don’t believe there is a golden pyramid waiting for us in Mexico...* Everybody is here to harm us! Fuck this Robert Browning shit!” More: “Even when he reads your thoughts, he assumes that you want to go to Mexico, even though you don’t want anything to do with Mexico at all!” I then noted more “Angelica shoes”. I was wrong again: “According to Mr B, the Pyramid can do ‘spacetime tunneling’ and go through a ‘worm hole’ to show up in front of us.” The French must be frustrated: I was so paranoid that I believed the Monkey was trying to lure me to Mexico and harm me. How can I finish my mission when I had no trust in anything? But this was good news for the Daughter People – and for Ekaterina as well: now that I was harming her country, she definitely didn’t want to have anything to do with me. The Smart Woman must have made the request to the judge computer that *she be chipped in the brain in order to be forced to obey UN Resolution 1373!*

My next recording is: “slpbrkly\_6\_28\_10\_1225-428AM.WMA”. Before leaving the coffeehouse, I asked the employee about the left-over food I saw somewhere earlier. They threw it away already. I again wrongly assumed that this was programmed by the Monkey from the control center: “That’s Mr B’s reality: food must be thrown away rather than eaten.” I then dragged my cart around the street looking for a corner to sleep in.

### **June 28 (Monday; “I regret”)**

My first recording of the new day is: “brklyshltrwrtsupl8387332\_6\_28\_10\_7-1113AM.WMA”. Soon after I woke up from the street corner, a homeless vagrant told me about the Presbyterian church where free food was offered for homeless people. I took note of it and came to Peet’s Coffee on Shattuck. I passed by a poster advertising “Revolution” (17:40). It was a demonstration due to take place in Oakland today, from 1 PM to 4 PM. When I read the poster, however, I was remotely controlled to cough, which made me believe that it was DGHTR who had wanted me to check this out. This would cause me to develop a certain conception of PLANMEX by putting together these random things I had seen on the street. Now, who had commanded the Monkey to control me to cough as a way to get me to speculate? The French? The French would certainly want me to continue to be interested in PLANMEX and to know more about it. As I resumed working inside the coffeehouse, I was moaning again: “They just abandon us to complete strangers; we didn’t save any Mexicans...” (27:00). It was of course precisely this kind of confession which would drive the Daughter People further away from me fearing “conspiracy” with me. I did a little writing, and then left looking for Bancroft where the Presbyterian church was (41:00). At last I found the church. When another homeless man tried to talk

to me, I wouldn't tell him my real name (48:00). I was then inside the church getting my free food. I left the church on 1:28:00. I continued my worthless speculation about the Monkey: "His primary concern is to silence me, he doesn't care about anybody else's interests..." (1:32:00). Then: "He's gonna be the project manager for PLANMEX... If he tests us more, we will become retarded... Don't believe anything good will ever happen..." Again, my fear of the Monkey was making it impossible for me to finish my mission. Then: "Why are we given any information about PLANMEX at all? They are debating about this PLANMEX... By the time they finish debating, we will have become a piece of trash..." I then came to another coffeehouse and began working on my laptop. Soon, my laptop began malfunctioning. I was angered again: "What is Mr B doing? Our Daughter has really fucked us up! This Mexican mother fucker, he's trying to provoke us, he doesn't want us to get along with him..." (2:36:00). As you can see, it might be the Daughter People who were commanding the Monkey to disrupt my computer activity in order to prevent me from wanting to do PLANMEX and to drive me to violence. Then, another child came in shouting. I speculated wrongly: "There are chips inside their brain causing them to shout! I want to see him do that in Daughterland, putting chips into babies' brain just to use them against me..." I continued writing and reviewing my recordings. Then: "We think we know what the plan is about: *the plan is to lead a revolution...*" Indeed! When I came out of the coffeehouse, I took note of another guy coming out of his car to text-message, believing erroneously that he might be producing intercepts for the Monkey (4:02:30).

My next recording is: "brklyeatshlrlib\_6\_28\_10\_1113AM-1249PM.WMA": I then discovered a certain Center for Independent Living which helped homeless people find housing, and asked the people inside about a certain housing clinic. I then asked a lady there about this organization; it's a publicly funded charity organization (12:00). She gave me information about the shelters in town. I was completely mesmerized by her beauty. When I walked away, I kept on murmuring: "This can't be a duel, our hands are tied..." I then came inside the public library on 42:00 and reserved a computer station. While I was smoking outside, somebody gave me food (1:03:00). Then: "Do we get paid for doing intercept?" I then came back inside the library and continued to study "Daughterspeak".

My next recording is: "brklyfllibintrnt\_6\_28\_10\_1250-441PM.WMA": I was then using the library's computer to upload my new videos of computer-malfunctioning onto my Youtube channel. Then, something seemed to have gone wrong with the upload process, and, as usual, I assumed it's the Monkey who was doing it. I was angered again: "This is fucked up, he is really trying to make my disc look like it is forged..." I said this because I was uploading the videos from my DVD. Then: "I wish I could just be like everybody else, uploading files whenever I feel like it..." (43:00). Then: "We have between us irreconcilable differences: we want to be ourselves, but he wants us to be somebody else... This video must be very important..." (47:00). In reality, I was simply being trained to look crazy and develop a violent temper. As I videotaped the malfunctioning, I got even angrier: "We can't do it when we have to videotape every single webpage, but, as soon as we don't, it will malfunction..." (49:00). "Why don't the Daughter People do something!" Well, maybe because it was the Daughter People who were doing it! My anger was reinforced when I was disturbed by people's talking loudly near me: my sonophobia (57:00). I then printed out more pages from the Internet (1:09:00). When I was leaving, I continued to mumble: "It's all about computers, his big computer overrides your little computers, God rules by His access to computers..." (1:15:30). More: "In order to control the world, you will have to get that big computer..." As I walked on the street, I sighed: "We hope the Daughter People would

adopt us as an analyst, we just want to sit in front of the computer all day...” I came inside the BART station on 1:25:00 to go to San Francisco. I continued to study “Daughterspeak” while on the train. Then I believed I had seen another surveillance agent: and I might have been correct (1:51:00). I got off the train on 1:57:00 and immediately came to the public library to reserve a computer station. I murmured to the librarian: “A child is over there, and I don’t want to go over there...” I got a computer station for 4 PM, Number 471. I then called Carlos’ office, and, when his wife answered it, I demanded: “You said he will call me back, and he hasn’t.... What about the proof of service...?” (2:07:00) She went to find Carlos and never came back. Angered, I shouted: “Waste my money!” and hanged up. I continued: “This environment is so unbearable!” I walked into a payday loan store on 2:19:00 and asked about the procedure for taking out a short-term loan. I now needed to go back to the library to print out the bank form for this small loan. I continued to complain: “Why are the Daughter People doing this? Why do they want us to hate them?” (2:29:30) Then, something strange happened. A homeless man suddenly jumped out as if wanting to attack me, and I argued with him (2:32:00). He kept shouting to me, his eyes all red: “You treat me with respect!” I yelled back: “Go ahead, mother fucker” and continued to film him, convinced that he was being remotely controlled by the Monkey and that the Monkey was talking through him to tell me what he expected from everyone (i.e., “respect”). He continued to yell at me: “Get out of my fucking face... You are under citizens’ arrest!” I asked a stranger nearby to fetch the security guard inside. I conferred with the security guard about the strange homeless man who had by now disappeared. I mumbled: “The Monkey doesn’t want our respect, he just has a bigger computer...” In reality, the homeless man was probably just a random person and was not being remotely controlled from the control center. I sat down inside the library and opened up my laptop (2:47:00). I sighed: “Mirror, mirror, who’s the wisest of them all, he who can understand my show? We have found one, but they are now behaving very bizarre! *Is it because their hands are tied?* Mr B, you’ll get my respect if you can understand my show!” Then: “Is he really gonna play softball? That’ll be too good to be true!” When I got on the computer station I had reserved, I couldn’t help but entertain myself a little bit. I got onto a social networking website, Interpals, to look for people in Russia. Soon I found a “Tatyana 67”. She was so extremely beautiful that I felt compelled to write a note to her!

My next recording is: “sfbrdrcmputmarxsm\_6\_28\_10\_513-975PM.WMA”. I went around the library asking people to help me buy a copy card. Suddenly a child came to the elevator to shout, scaring me to death (6:40). I ran out of the library mumbling to myself that I needed to get out of this country just to use the Internet. But especially to avoid the Pyramid’s father! “How could they have put this psychopath in the control center? My DGHTR owes me this one!” (Until 21:00) I kept moaning because I felt increasingly exhausted and desperate from prolonged deprivation. I got on the tram on 26:50 and spotted another guy whom I thought to be a surveillance agent. I called up the STA while near Montgomery Station (40:00).

I kept walking and mumbling about the need to escape to Daughterland, and about how disgusting and twisted the “Monkey Pyramid” and her father were. “After all that hard battle, what do we get? We’ve really sacrificed ourselves for Daughterland...” (until 1:07:10). Just more evidence for the French. On 1:14:20 I walked into Burger King and asked a guy whom I suspected to be a surveillance agent if he could buy me a cup of coffee. He wouldn’t. I then asked a Hispanic man if I could throw away his plate for him. He agreed, and I took his plate aside to enjoy the fries which he didn’t eat. I also filmed him

and his companion (1:16:00). When I was squatting near the Powell Station, a black man came over and gave me two cigarettes (1:42:30). “Thank you,” I was truly grateful. Groaning, I then wondered vainly what everyone was told about me, in view of the fact that somebody just gave me cigarettes: “It’s not just that no one knows who I really was, but also that everyone sees me as something else than what I really am. What are people told about me?” (until 1:49:00) Again, I wrongly assumed there was a big reason behind every little thing that happened. I continued regurgitating my memory of the whole ICJ trial: Mommy and Daughter... The Daughter came out more exotic than Mommy, the next generation... Again, good evidences for the French! Just then, children’s noise (1:55:05). I continued lamenting how I just couldn’t avoid children. “Unless we go back to Mommy, but I’m afraid she is not going to take us...” (1:56:30). Another piece of evidence for the French’s scenario about my conspiracy. Then, more incorrect speculation: “It’s amazing that everyone should spend all these resources on this homeless guy, trying to make his life unbearable...” (1:57:45). I then got on the bus. There was children’s noise throughout the bus ride, terribly irritating me. I got off the bus on 2:09:00 still groaning about the Monkey’s ability to irritate people and make them despair – “The one thing he doesn’t know how to do is to make other people respect him” (2:10:05). I then assured myself that “Mommy” would not be deceived by the Monkey’s attempt to placate her and to alienate her from me.

I came to Borders Bookstore on 2:14:00 and headed to the section on travel books. I found a seat, charged up my laptop – amazingly, the electrical outlet worked! – and then called up STA on 2:25:20. STA this time found an available flight on an even later date than the last time, October 21, and I didn’t reserve this date. I then made a call to Wes but reached only his answering machine. I left him a message asking him to call me back “because it is an emergency”. When I stepped outside, I was still groaning: Mr B was only interested in falsehood; he was in the business of “anti-intelligence” (2:41:00). When I came in to sit down, another woman came to me wanting to use the electrical outlet next to the one I was using. I said sarcastically that it would probably function for her because I was the only “chosen one for machine malfunctioning”. But then it turned out that it didn’t work for her either. “It’s not just for you,” she said (2:47:30). Ha! I should have known I had grossly exaggerated the control center’s actions. By 2:50:50, the electrical outlet began working for me, and I murmured: “Oh it works, Mother Fucker! 忘恩負義的東西!” I was of course talking about the DGHTRPPL. As I began reviewing my recordings and writing, I suddenly broke down crying because of the enormous drudgery resulting from the work I had imposed on myself and the physical exhaustion and misery and loneliness resulting from homelessness (3:02:50). I sobbed so sadly: “I so regret... I so regret...” Regretting saving Daughterland, that is. “I couldn’t stand letting Mr former Secretary win... But how would I know the future...? Now Mr B is much worse than Mr former Secretary...” (3:12:10). Clearly, this was the evidence which the Daughter People would have been waiting for, evidence with which they *could* temporarily shield themselves from charges of conspiracy with me. They *could* argue to the judge computer that I was purposely feeding evidences to the French to help them win because I regretted helping them. But, for this to work, there had to be evidence that I *knew* the French had objected and had got me surrounded. Then my laptop froze on 3:15:30, but seconds later it worked again. “Oh how kind these people are... Too bad that they will never put the Monkey Pyramid in front of me for I will definitely punch her!” Well at least this was evidence in favor of the Daughter People, evidence confirming that the Monkey’s false profile of me was correct. I then wondered why they sent someone to blast rap music next to me. (Well, they didn’t!) And I continued making it clear that *PLANMEX would not happen because I would do everything I could to sabotage it* (3:17:20). “That’s what

happened when you keep testing this mother fucker... Now he has nothing left..." (3:19:02). This would be another piece of evidence in the Daughter People's favor: contrary to the French's assertion, the terrorist suspect was not quite interested in continuing his "terrorist conspiracy". Again, the Daughter People would argue to the judge computer that, insofar as the suspect should be made to inhabit a reality that fit his belief, if he didn't believe there was a pyramid waiting for him and didn't want to participate, the whole operation should be suspended saving Ekaterina and her country. Then, my screenshot function malfunctioned (a screenshot couldn't be saved) and I failed to videotape it (3:21:35). I then suggested: "Pair up the Monkey Pyramid with a remote control!" (3:24:10) I continued: "Then you Monkey can really own her!" My laptop then froze up again on 3:25:55, and I thought it was because I kept insulting the Monkey. "You've got to come take a look at this," I shouted to the woman who was sitting behind me. I wanted a witness to my computer malfunctioning, but, as soon as she looked at my laptop, it functioned again. "Someone is controlling it..." "Someone is controlling it?" she asked. She wouldn't look any more but just said: "I believe you, though." "Well I don't believe you believe me", and so I went to the Borders Bookstore employee at the counter explaining to him that, inside those Homeland Security control centers, there were giant computers from which Homeland Security personnel could immediately track down your computer whenever you logged onto the Internet: "... Your MAC number is such and such, you are at Borders, this is the router you are using, and all that security software wouldn't matter, and as you begin uploading your files to your website, they could stop it by simply pressing a button..." "Crazy world, man," he said perfunctorily (3:28:30). "And I have videotaped thousands of times all the crazy things they have made my computer do..." When I returned to my seat, I mumbled that at least I could obtain satisfaction from wasting all this resource. "Well nobody inside the control center is American, and so what do they care? That's why they don't want me to go to Daughterland... You think DGHTRCOM is going to let a Mexican come to his country and stick chips into everyone's head?" Then my laptop froze up again on 3:31:50 when I was transferring files to my external hard drive. I turned around to show it to the woman sitting behind me. Then the file transfer resumed. I imitated the people inside the control center: "Oh, he's annoying people, we'd better let it go through..." (3:32:30). I continued: "The age of secret agents has passed... It's all machines now..." (3:33:20). My computer froze up again on 3:34:20. I mumbled more: "Mommy is the ultimate loser... Nobody inside the control center cares about America, they are willing to waste this country's resources on this... The Borders Bookstore employees are here throwing stones on their own feet and they don't even know it... This is what they get for helping Mr former Secretary to play pranks on me.... The Mexican Monkey doesn't care about anybody, not about this country, not about the DGHTRPPL, not about me..." (3:38:40). Then: "The Monkey, when he sees the weak, he beats him up – namely me – but when he sees the strong, he wouldn't say anything – namely the Prime Minister of Daughterland. We don't believe in anarchism – simply break the machines!" (3:42:40) Then a strange error message popped up on my computer screen (3:44:30). "These videos documenting machine malfunctioning are proofs of our oppression by the bourgeoisie, of our experience as the proletariat." Then I began webcasting myself. But my webcam was then remotely controlled to freeze, and I so began filming it (3:46:10). At the same time I began making a speech describing my situation in Marxist terms. Those people inside the control center were like the bourgeoisie, I claimed, and the bourgeoisie's possession of the means of production corresponded here to those powerful people's possession of this most powerful super computer inside the control center. The proletariat were the common people with their small personal computers. I then demonstrated in the video that my Toshiba had no reason to freeze given its 15 Gigabyte free disk space. "The

bourgeoisie oppress the proletariat by virtue of possessing a bigger computer which subsumes this small computer. As I have remarked earlier, we the proletariat are given the illusion that we own our ‘means of production’ (our little computer) when we bought our little computer, while in fact we are merely renting it from the bourgeoisie who, with their bigger computer inside the control center, effectively own my little computer since they could remotely control it to malfunction or to do anything. The ‘revolution’ would be achieved when we the proletariat can break into the International Court of Justice and smash up the big computer inside, in the process liberating our little computers. The problem here is that the bourgeoisie are not doing to other members of the proletariat what they are doing to me, and so I have no partners. It’s simply too costly for the government to do to a mass number of people what they are doing to me.” Then children’s noise on 3:49:20. *The DGHTRPPL have lost*, I finally confessed, but then specified: It’s Mommy who had lost the most. It would seem that this was favorable evidence for the Daughter People – if only I could figure out that it was to the French that they had lost.

My feet were then remotely controlled to hurt (3:52:40). “Why do my feet have to hurt? Because a member of the bourgeoisie has decided that my feet should hurt!” I then continued writing. On 3:56:00, per the mercy of the “bourgeoisie”, I had successfully uploaded one of my videos! I then mumbled about how a revolution to defeat tyranny often just ushered in another tyranny that was even worse (3:59:00). This was precisely what was going on right now! “The problem is that, once the proletariat have seized the means of production, they will simply keep it.” They will never bother to smash it, that is. The Borders Bookstore Cafe was then closing, and I went to browse the guide books on Brussels. I then left Borders.

My next recording is: “sfdwntwnbrdrbeggrrlplnmxprsns\_6\_28-29\_10\_957PM-116AM.WMA”: I got on the bus and came to the other Borders Bookstore in the Financial District (25:00). I took note of a man who looked like a detective. I began browsing through computer books: radiation, computer equipment, protection from electronic eavesdropping, BIOS and backdoor.... I left this Borders on 51:00. I found food on the street and then talked briefly to a homeless woman who was originally from Florida (1:00:00). I came inside a coffeehouse (1:18:00). I bought coffee and began doing my writing. Then my computer went wrong again. “There is Mr B again, wasting my time...” (2:08:00). More: “Mr B is like: ‘Oh you are too proud.’ But, actually, he’s just pissed off, this bourgeois oppression! He can’t be shown to be wrong, and so we have to run away; there is no way that foreign countries will let him waste all this money... If he wants people’s respect, he should just shut up and not show himself so much....” Then: “It’s DGHTR who wants us to go to Daughterland, *for he knows that if we go on this PLANMEX, our brain will be crushed....* We will be dead half-way.... But Mr B is like: ‘He’s exhausted, but that’s just because he’s undisciplined, you must whip him harder!’” (2:20:00) All this worthless speculation! More: “He doesn’t give a shit whether the horse is going to die, but DGHTR does. We need money, but he has blocked off everything... Maybe he wants us dead... Maybe he really believes that we are being undisciplined... After he has eaten my cake, he wants to kill me! Mother fucker! *As long as Mr B is the project manager, I’m not going!*” Unfortunately, the French could not simply get somebody else to be my controller because the whole trial was about whether *the Monkey and I* had conspired with Daughterland or with France. I left the coffeehouse on 2:25:00. “Does he really think this is discipline, this is good for me? He really thinks that! That’s how stupid he is!” (2:26:00) I then got on the bus on 2:47:30 and got off on 3:12:00. I would sleep on the streets in San Francisco tonight.

## June 29 (Tuesday)

My first recording of the new day is: “wksfcafe\_6\_29\_10\_721-857AM.WMA”: Soon after I woke up, I continued: “... Maman... Then we got just the opposite of what we wanted... instead of Tori Amos, we got this fucking Mexican Monkey... Some sort of fucking promise... It’s so unexpected... But in fact quite expected!” I came inside Zypher, the coffeehouse on Geary, and continued: “We definitely don’t want to be part of this plan... Mr B is the project manager.... It’s Mr B’s ‘opposite world’, where people always do what they don’t want to do, be where they don’t want to be, where people don’t even want to live....” While I was sitting outside sipping on my coffee, I believed I saw another surveillance agent. I then came inside the coffeehouse to work on my computer.

My next recording is: “sfcaferstrmconfsn\_6\_29\_10\_904-1044AM.WMA”. While inside the restroom, I did a long round of worthless reflection: “There are professionals who are teaching the Monkey...” (16:00). “They would spend 70 something million dollars of tax-payers’ money just to make themselves look good, they don’t care about their citizens....” “Mr B wants to be a ruler, he doesn’t care about the people he rules over, he doesn’t use the money to fix roads or anything like that, but only for his own sake. Hence going to Daughterland is the best solution, because the Daughter people will not let him waste their money like this, because DGHTRCOM cares about his people... Let him chip DGHTRCOM’s citizens...” “Everybody wants power, but some rulers care about their subjects, whereas Mr B sees his subjects only as his own property.. He thinks his connections to political elites are so important, he doesn’t think that, if so, he had better behave in order to keep the face of his connections...” (22:00). “Maybe that’s just Mexican politics, there are elites that care about their people, then there are elites that take their people to be their slaves...” I then came out of the restroom and left the coffeehouse (38:00). I got on the bus on 48:00. I continued: “Understanding human psychology is more important; Mr B is not going to have the slightest idea of what it is like to live at the bottom...” (1:02:00). “The Pyramid has lived a privileged life... I can’t imagine her going to connect with poor people... She is sitting on her sofa reading about Intifada.... This is idiotic...” (1:09:00). I got off the bus on 1:23:00. “So much resources have been spent, all these different types of machine malfunctioning... Why don’t they test my happiness? Why only pain? What’s so important about pain?”

My next recording is: “loandghtrbrk\_6\_29\_10\_1045AM-1216PM.WMA”. I came back to the payday loan store and successfully took out a small loan. I then came to a Chinese restaurant to eat. I was thinking about building a Faraday cage for my laptop to prevent the control center from remotely controlling it. Good idea! I left the restaurant on 1:02:00. I complained: “If they are worried about their agents’ ‘flipping’ (i.e. defecting) then they should simply not put them in those circumstances where they might have to ‘flip’; for all these ‘defectors’ whom we have met were caught rather than ‘flipped’...” (1:21:00). More incorrect and worthless speculation: “The Daughter People have developed a defector-proof system...” “That’s why DGHTRCOM is so liberal, he has developed the opposite system...” I was then checking out all the shops on Market Street looking for a new cart to replace my broken one.

My next recording is: “IMPsfarprtplanmx\_6\_29\_10\_1216-333PM.WMA”: And so I bought a new cart. I filmed it and got on the BART to go to the San Francisco airport. More incorrect speculation: “They

are going to do things the bureaucratic way... even though no one is going to point fingers at them if they don't..." Wrong! I got off the train on 1:04:00. When I came inside the airport I first looked for the exchange bureau to exchange my Nicaraguan dollars. I succeeded this time! I was then looking for Swiss Air again. There was no flight on this early afternoon, and so nobody was working at the Swiss Air counter (1:50:00). As I was leaving, I mumbled: "*We are going to find the Daughter Pyramid*, that's what we are gonna do..." I then got on the shuttle to go to the bus station, only to find that I had to return to the airport to use the BART instead. More speculation on PLANMEX: "After the Pyramid becomes the Queen for the disenfranchised in Mexico and connects up with the mayor of Mexico..." (2:20:00). Now there was some truth in this.

My next recording is: "sflibtatianabnkchckblckd\_6\_29\_10\_333-716PM.WMA". I had returned to San Francisco on BART by 48:00. I went inside Chase Bank on 1:04:40. I told the banker to put a stop payment on check 2332 for Payday Loan. I then asked the banker to send my new debit card to my parents' address. I then came inside the public library on 1:24:00. I came to the computer station I had reserved. I discovered that "Tatiana" had sent me a message on Interpals (1:29:30). She had in fact nothing to do with the "control center" or this ICJ trial, but, wrongly assuming that everything had something to do with it, I got paranoid and wondered what she would be instructed to falsely complain about me (1:34:20). Then another junk call to my cellphone, the same 818 number. I replied Tatiana and took care to videotape my message before sending it (1:39:00). I told Tatiana that I wished to study Daughterspeak in Daughterland. "Tatiana is not a trick, is she? She is not here to kick me out, is she?" (1:40:55) I then noticed that, on her Interpals profile page, Tatiana had placed a link to this website "The Great Trail Baikal" (1:44:40). She apparently had one time been part of this program. I printed out several pages on this website. "I feel like I want to help the Monkey, but --" (1:47:20). "Maybe it's some sort of test...." (1:47:40). Then: "I'm sure the Pyramid's father can hear me right now... Whenever he wants good ideas... He can always get a stranger to..." Then, what looked like a surveillance person (1:50:30). Maybe he really was! "That's why we should not act just yet, because the Pyramid's father has scared us" (1:51:00). I then filmed myself sending another email. All the surveillance (or so I assumed) just absolutely scared me (2:03:10). I filmed the computer screen again on 2:05:50. I then began editing the links on my Scientific Enlightenment. Then, another wrong scenario: "Our website has been moved to DGHTRLND, and that's why it's protected from the Pyramid's father" (2:10:50). Then: "One never knows if trace route is accurate" (2:12:00). Ha! That's how I could have deceived myself, since trace route clearly showed that my website had remained within the United States. Then, on 2:18:40, my cellphone rang again. This time I answered it, but there was no response. I softened my stance toward the Monkey: "As long as we can have friends, get what we want, we can give him ideas..." (2:22:30). Then: "Stay away from him though, for you don't know what he is going to trick you with...." When the printer failed to work, I went to the librarian to complain about it. No machines around me worked! I then came to the BART station to go back to Berkeley. I eagerly read the printouts from Trail Baikal's website (2:52:00). I was able to get to the Berkeley Public Library by 7 PM, one hour before it closed. I continued: "We need a new laptop, a pyramid, and an apartment."

My next recording is: "brklycafehow73colmbianchic\_6\_29-30\_10\_721PM-1258AM.WMA": I then came inside the cybercafe on Shattuck and continued to work on my computer. I then did my daily DGHTRSPK lesson on Russland Journal. I then read something about computer matters. I left on

1:09:00. I came inside McDonald's and, when I saw a guy with iPod, assumed he was a surveillance agent, and asked him, "What are you listening to? ... That thing can also be a surveillance device." He didn't know what I was talking about (1:23:00). Obviously! He was most likely not a surveillance agent! I continued to read about the Trail Baikal volunteer program while eating my dinner. Then, about DGHTRCOM: "He approves it... watches it... Presumably that's how it works..." I then debated with myself whether DGHTRCOM knew French. Worthless! I then came inside the BART station and called up Swiss Air on a payphone (1:55:00). I continued to try to reactivate my unused ticket. I hanged up because I couldn't find the ticket number. Then I found it and called up Swiss Air again. Swiss Air told me to call the travel agency instead, and I hanged up and called up STA. STA then transferred me around and I was getting nowhere. Finally, I was fed up and hanged up (2:31:00). Just more frustration! I continued my wrong scenario: "Just because Mr B wants Mexico, everybody has to drop the business at hand and change plans to accommodate him..." I then came inside Au Coquelet. While smoking outside, I continued my worthless speculation: "This is all a test approved by DGHTRCOM.... He's not an academic nerd... People like me and Carson... we just live in the world of representations... People like us are not here to do anything, but to represent things... A lot of times it could be DGHTRCOM pretending to be the Monkey in order to see what we will say, because he wants to get our true opinion... He's also the opposite of Monkey..." Bullshit! DGHTRCOM was hardly involved with me at all! Stepping back into the coffeehouse, I began writing "Frankfurt and Brussels". Then a black man came in to greet and chat with another black man (3:36:40). They talked so loudly that I again assumed, wrongly, that they were here to be recorded by me in order to taint my recording of myself writing. I was terribly annoyed: the development of my "Sonophobia". After a while, I took a break to relish the video I had shot of Tatiana's profile. "She wrote English so well... But the video is very blurry..."

### **June 30 (Wednesday)**

My first recording of the new day is: "wkpeetshow7333\_6\_30\_10\_602-753AM.WMA". Soon after waking up, I came to Peet's for my morning coffee (10:00). I continued my worthless speculation: "The testing is obviously not coming from Mr B..." I turned on my computer, and, soon, the Chinese character "俄" (Russia) popped up on my screen. Was this some sort of intercept? (Namely, were the DGHTRPPL doing this?) Or was it to simply make me paranoid? I continued writing "Frankfurt and Brussels". Then, a supremely beautiful and sophisticated Mommylijk came in with a vagrant with taboos. The scene upset me because, according to my incorrect understanding of the situation, this looked like a message from the Monkey telling me he had control over the Agency and was degrading all the Agency's girls by sending them on insulting missions with worthless garbage. I wondered: "Is Mr B trying to provoke me?" (55:00) I then chatted with a woman who was reading C. S. Lewis (1:00:00). Then, more incorrect speculation: "This is DGHTRCOM's game... DGHTRCOM lets this guy command the Agency, just to piss me off! Why does DGHTRCOM like this guy? He doesn't, he just uses him..." I then left the coffeehouse.

My next recording is: "churchbrkfast\_6\_30\_10\_753-905AM.WMA". More: "Even when we are most angry with the Pyramid we would not want to forge her writing, but Mr B would do that to us, he just wouldn't appreciate it..." I then had breakfast at the Presbyterian church.

My next recording is: “sflibixweb\_6\_30\_10\_906AM-1249PM.WMA”: In the meantime, two more junk calls had come to my cellphone. I muttered again: “It’s too dangerous here, we need to get out...” I then came to the public library and reserved a computer station and soon started editing the links on my website and so on. When a bunch of kids came in making loud noises, I again assumed, angry and annoyed, that it was Mr B trying to provoke me (2:13:00). I left the library on 2:28:00. I came back to the Presbyterian church to get free lunch (2:44:00). I then discovered that Carlos’ wife had left me a message telling me the proof of service had been filed at court (2:56:00). I called up Carlos’ office to inform his wife that the check for them had already gone out. I then got on the BART to go to San Francisco.

My next recording is: “sfcallstrgbnkbkchchktosf\_6\_30\_10\_1254-338PM.WMA”: While on BART, more wrong scenarios: “We have to *really* want to be with the DGHTRPPL... Overcoming!” “The DGHTRPPL are playing ‘Hard to Get’.” Ha! Of course, they had to run for their life away from me – fearing being convicted of “conspiracy with a terrorist”. I got off the BART and came to the post office (Van Ness and Market) to mail my check to Carlos (15:30). I then came inside the Public Library to make a call to Public Storage (44:30). The employee assured me that they would not evacuate my things if automatic payment couldn’t go through tomorrow. I then came to Chase Bank (58:00). Christa asked about the date on the check. “The check was written on June 4 to Payday Loan... number 2328.... 235 dollar... The check seems to have been made to Plus Loan Store... or Advanced America....” (1:14:50). I then got on the BART to go to SFO again. I wondered again what all these people around me were told about me and what they really believed about me (1:37:00). Paranoia over nothing! I then murmured that DGHTRLND would be the only place in the world where I could tell my story without worries that I might offend or hurt anyone.

When I was transferring in Daly City, I mumbled to myself: “Do you really want to go to DGHTRLND?” “Well, *the pyramid is there...*” This was very bad, of course. Just after I had ditched PLANMEX in Mexico, I was providing the French with the legal ground for orchestrating my conspiracy with Daughterland in Daughterland itself (meeting a ‘Daughter Pyramid’ there instead of in Mexico). Then the annoying announcement: major delay in service experienced on the San Francisco line (2:09:45). As usual, I wrongly attributed it to the control center. A typical targeted individual! By 2:18:00, I was on the train and was learning DGHTRSPK along the way. When I got off the train, I continued: “Which way do they want me to go then? DGHTRLND...” (2:33:00).

My next recording is: “sfonotcktrttstintpalsreadr\_6\_30\_10\_338-1002PM.WMA”: I called up STA Travel again. A seat was available for September 24, but I would have to pay more than 400 dollars. Then I mumbled continually: “Where is my pyramid? My pyramid?” Then I was finally at the airport and face to face with Swiss Air (45:00). There was a German traveler speaking German next to me, and I wrongly assumed it was a “test” for me. I tried to listen in but couldn’t understand what he was saying. Then the Swiss Air representative found no seat for September, nor for October. I left upset: “I don’t know what they are doing...” (1:17:00) Namely, I wrongly assumed that it was the Daughter People who had eliminated all seats for me from the control center, and I was absolutely mystified. “Now we couldn’t get out!” Then: “*But we really don’t want to go to Mexico...*” (1:20:00). I rode the BART all the way to Berkeley and got off on 2:33:00. I suddenly theorized (incorrectly) that the Daughter People didn’t provide me with a seat because I didn’t pass the “test”. I groaned: “That

German traveler was speaking too fast! This is not fair, they know that, if I were immersed in the environment, I would pick up German very fast!” (2:40:00) Ha! As if they cared! I came inside the cybercafe, and, while uploading my latest recording files to my website, got on Interpals again looking for Tatiana. “We need to test the recording, who knows whether anything has been uploaded at all?” After walking out of the cybercafe, I speculated incorrectly: “That profile is just so strange, she says she has a son, but she is always by herself in all her pictures, it’s orchestrated!” (3:54:00) Wrong! I then came inside Moe’s Bookstore (4:14:00). I browsed through a Russian grammar book and then couldn’t help but buy all three volumes of the German translation of Issac Deutscher’s *Trotsky*. I was wasting away my previous money to worsen my situation! When I walked out, more “Angelica shoes”. I then came inside McDonald’s, and, while eating, began reviewing my recordings as well.

My next recording is: “mcdnldcafe\_6\_30\_10\_1002-1129PM.WMA” and “brklycafecmraoffangry\_6\_30-7\_1\_10\_1136PM-118AM.WMA”. I read a little of *Trotsky*, and then came to Au Coquelet to continue writing “Frankfurt and Brussels”. Then, when I wanted to film what I had just written in order to have proof of my authorship, my camcorder shut itself off – just when I was about to flash it in front of my laptop’s screen (19:00). I began swearing and yelling – assuming that it was the Monkey again – about how my story would have to stand on its own because no one would ever believe I had written it. Very upset, I continued writing. On 37:00 or so I complained angrily that PLANMEX was just a piece of deception: “Why would the Mexican team want me to go to Mexico for them?” I stopped writing, and, on 57:00, was reading the printouts from Trail Baikal’s website. I then resumed writing. Then, on 1:19:30 or so, when I was trying to move my camcorder closer to my laptop’s screen, it shut itself off again, and I thereupon went into a rage, shouting profanity all the way – “Fucking... I will kill the Pyramid!” “Fucking Mexicans...” “There is nothing more important in the world than videotaping yourself writing!” (1:22:10) I ran out cursing the Pyramid – who had forever become for me the symbol of machine malfunctioning – while kicking things on Shattuck. When a stranger asked me about the buses, I yelled at him and told him to shut up (1:34:00). More: “Kill the Pyramid!” It might be precisely to obtain evidence confirming the Monkey’s false profile of me (that I was a danger to the Pyramid) that the Daughter People had provoked me again by remotely shutting off my camcorder. Needless to say, the Daughter People were fighting their hardest to prevent the French from commanding them to lure me to go on the new PLANMEX. They could either confirm that the Monkey’s false profile of me was correct (in which case they would retain the right to remain in the position of hidden command) or produce evidence that I didn’t conspire with them or didn’t want to go on PLANMEX.

### **July 1 (Thursday)**

My first recording of the new day is: “brkfstchrchabutrcrdroff\_7\_1\_10\_703-1014AM.WMA”. I woke up from the street corner to discover that my recorder had been remotely turned off while I was sleeping. It was turned off around 2:10 AM. I again assumed incorrectly that the Monkey had done this because he was planning to forge evidences (9:00). Angered, I again felt the urge to punch the Pyramid in her face (14:00). I lamented: “No one will ever believe that I have been sleeping here all night and have not moved at all!” Again, all the fuss over nothing: who really cares? I came to Royal Ground on Shattuck, wrote little, and then came to the Presbyterian church to have breakfast (53:00). As I was walking away, I kept muttering how I wanted to see Mexico messed up (1:19:00). “Why did Mr B turn

off my recorder while I slept? He is trying to put in something.... *Hopefully, the Pyramid will not want to go either; the Monkey will just have to do it all by himself...*” Again, it’s all erroneous speculation: since there really was no more PLANMEX except to fit my belief, the Pyramid had not been asked to go anywhere. I then believed I saw another surveillance agent. Since I was quite irritated, I sat down close to him to provoke him (1:29:00). Then there came another surveillance agent – or so I thought – and I filmed him. I came inside a market and called up STA again (2:03:00). But I merely got a recording: “No one is available right now, please call back...” I was terribly angered: “What the fuck is going on?” Then, I shouted to the Monkey: “If you take my stuff, I’ll kill you...” I was afraid that he might make a move on my storage unit. I then came back to Royal Ground, whereupon I called up Public Storage (2:10:30). I again got a recording: “No one is here to answer your call, please try again later...” I was further angered, shouting “Just fell into a trap! They are going to take... We need to kill people...” (2:21:00). I then called up the Public Storage again, and this time I left a message saying I had made a mistake yesterday and the payment should go through, and asking them not to touch my unit. I was so paranoid about the possibility that the Monkey might do something to my storage unit. I then began writing while burning a new DVD.

My next recording is: “planmxmssdup0110\_7\_1\_10\_1014AM-1235PM.WMA”: I then mistook Madonna’s “Borderline” for DGHTRMUSIC (a secret message from the Daughter People). Ha! Then more children came in making noises and provoking me. Then I called up the Public Storage again. After all that explanation, the Public Storage personnel insisted that I was fine and that they wouldn’t touch my stuff. I then filmed another person whom I thought to be a surveillance agent (5:50). I continued writing “Frankfurt and Brussels”. Then my ImgBurn seemed to have problem as it was verifying the new disc I had just burned: it was running very slowly, about 1.2x. I naturally assumed it was the Monkey again. “Fuck the Pyramid! That bitch!” And I shouted while filming my computer (48:20): “The black guy is still there...” Then my cellphone rang just when I was thinking that the Monkey enjoyed forcing people to work for him and preferred slavery to paying people (until 55:40). I again erroneously believed that the control center had caused my phone to ring in order to signal confirmation to me. “... No one here cares about Mexico... No one here cares about America... I don’t know how much the Monkey Pyramid cares about Mexico... *DGHTRCOM should forget about PLANMEX...* This plan is doomed to fail.... The team is composed of ‘dumb and dumber’... The worst combination of bad characters... When did our DGHTRCOM screw things up so badly?... Nothing here bears the mark of the ‘best’... This thing is just so bad...” (1:01:25). Again, bad news for the French but good news for Daughterland. “This is the exact opposite of the former International Court business... It’s so ugly, no one cares about the plan,... I’m so happy that the plan is not going to work out!” (1:11:30)

My next recording is: “brklylibtatiana\_7\_1\_10\_1235-620PM.WMA”: I came back to the Presbyterian church, but there was no more food, and so I got some coffee. I wondered: “What’s wrong with happiness?” As I was walking away, I was still pondering: “Maybe the Daughter People just want to see you resist... Machine malfunctioning is traumatic because there is nobody around to confirm the bad experience...” I then filmed a “purple pyramid”. I came inside the Berkeley public library and reserved a computer station. I thought about Tatiana: “Is she really DGHTRCOM’s plan?” Wow! While on the street, I believed I saw another surveillance agent, a guy with his iPod (1:05:30). I came back inside the library on 1:43:00 to use the computer station. Tatiana had sent me another message around

5:25 AM this morning. Jubilant, I replied her (1:59:00). Then, as usual, I began reviewing my recordings. After a while, during break, I reflected: “All this is extraordinarily weak message, making your entire life hinge on a cough” (2:56:00). Ha! It’s weak because most of the time there was no message at all! Then: “Tatiana’s message is very confusing...” Then I reflected on how the Daughter People could use me: “We can forge something which can look like it really came from the State Department... It’s a job, and so we need to get paid...” Ha! More evidence of my conspiracy with Daughterland for the French. I then thought that, whether it be PLANMEX or PLANBAIKAL, it’s about forging archaeological discoveries, and I was getting excited because it lay within my expertise. There you go! I was providing the French with more opportunities. Then: “If you fuck with me, you’ll lose 80 percent...” Then, more wrong-headed speculation: “Mr B is trying to use ordinary law enforcement mechanism to broadcast an alert about us in Daughterland...” There then appeared a “French pyramid” (4:31:00). Suddenly the control center hurt my toes (4:29:00). “Why? We are just regurgitating what we have said earlier...” When I came upstairs the library, I saw a Chinese book lying on the table, “Searching for Chin” (尋秦記). Now that’s bizarre! I naturally mistook that for a “secret message”. “They are looking for me?” (4:48:00) A typical targeted individual! I left the library on 4:54:00 and came inside McDonald’s to have dinner.

My next recording is: “brklycybrcafeqryhndnymph\_7\_1-2\_10\_626PM-1226AM.WMA”: I then believed I saw another surveillance agent. Again, it was never clear whether I was wrong. I continued my wrong speculation: “Mr B must have orchestrated something this morning between 2 AM and 7 AM, which explains why we seem to be under a lot of police surveillance today and why he turned off our recorder this morning... Whoever is confused with me... Do the detectives believe it?” I then added money to my phone at an AT&T store. I came inside the cybercafe on 24:00. I got terrified when I discovered that somebody had forgotten a CD inside my computer station’s DVD drive: I wrongly assumed that the Monkey had entered evidence showing me forgetting my discs, and on these forged discs would be found.... Soon, I started my lesson on Russland Journal (54:00). Then I discovered the news that Daughterland’s president had just visited Obama days ago. What a surprise! Did it have anything to do with me? After a while, more of my stupid theory: “They want to see our brain scans when we are learning a language from scratch... Every test is embedded in an intercept...” (1:21:00). Bullshit! Then: “Why are the Daughter People letting him do this? Did they agree to his plan for us to go to Mexico? Why is he so powerful?” I then went to argue with the cybercafe employee about the abandoned CD: “I don’t want you to think it’s mine...” (1:56:00). When I was leaving, I continued: “The Monkey is allowed to do it only if it’s a test... Why did they not scan other people’s brain? Why our brain? Because we are linguist... When we see a Dative, we imagine the motion associated with it....” Bullshit. And I paid another 9 dollars for using computers! What a waste of my money when I had no money! While walking out of the cybercafe, I continued mumbling: “That ‘Daughter Look’, when Daughter Pyramids look pretty, they are not just pretty, but also exotic... They don’t have our brain scan images between early 2008 and late 2009, and so *they are repeating the whole thing to get the brain scan images...* But it’s not accurate...” Soon I came inside the BART station (2:23:00). I was now going to the Greyhound station in San Francisco – I was ready to go back to Los Angeles. I could only do this when a new month had begun because the Social Security deposit came in on the first of the month. I continued: “What do they put into these messages? It’s traumatizing, because so many of them are fake....” Again, I couldn’t grasp the fact that there were no messages and no orchestration most of the time. Then: “They are doing this because other Daughter People have come in and don’t

quite understand...” When I got off the train, I believed I saw another surveillance agent (2:40:00). Then: “There must have been intermixing between Neanderthals and modern humans...” (2:46:00). “The Daughter People must have anthropologists working inside the control center doing this experiment...” “The flaw we have discovered in this tripartite system, Asians, Whites, and Blacks... Hispanic... Hence class is the best predictor of human behavior...” Then I discovered that I was on the wrong train and was going in the opposite direction (3:07:00). I got off the train and got on the right train. I then continued reading my *Trotsky*. Then I believed I saw another surveillance agent, and I gestured to him: “You can sit here, Mr Surveillance...” Finally I arrived at the Greyhound station. The bus going to Los Angeles had already left on 11 PM. Not too upset, I got in line to buy my ticket. At the counter, however, I was told that all buses were filled up. I continued to wait in line and per chance began talking to a pretty white girl who was standing in front of me and doing a number puzzle. I pointed to another pretty white girl standing in line: “She looks like a nymph... Why would she be on the bus?” “Like a fairy...” The number puzzle girl then told me she was going to school studying anthropology at the moment. I was surprised: “Wow, everybody is studying anthropology!” Environmental science, anthropology... Everything just seemed to fit together and so I mistook this girl for another participant in the “plan” – that people inside the control center had orchestrated my meeting her. We then talked about her research interests and her travel experiences and so on. She had been to Taiwan, the Philippines, and Nepal. We chatted until it was my turn, and I bought a ticket for the 8 AM bus. Then: “We like our nicknames, ‘Georgian Daughterspeak’ and so on... And what about ‘Double Smile’? Can we meet her again?” I then got on the bus to leave the station (5:20:00). I stared at a most beautiful pyramid who spoke French (5:37:00).

My next recording is: “lkforplacesf\_7\_2\_10\_1226-153AM.WMA”: I got off the bus on 14:00 and walked past “New Century”. I mumbled: “The Monkey has wasted some much of people’s time, otherwise PLANMEX will be going on already... The Monkey wants respect, but it’s not about respect, people just want to keep their stuff.... We have discovered that, in the end, nothing is offered... Even if it is, as soon as we get to Daughterland, we would just run... He only uses pain...” (34:00). Then: “He has so little understanding of poor people...” I went inside Burger King, and then slept on the street corner.

## July 2 (Friday)

My first recordings of the new day are: “slpsfdwntwntaxiwake\_7\_2\_10\_153-648AM.WMA”, “cfbnsuplmrftng\_7\_2\_10\_648-821AM.WMA”, and “gryndhndbusrflxn\_7\_2\_10\_821-1006AM.WMA”. This morning, after I woke up, I developed another wrong notion: that, on May 11, DGHTRCOM wanted to take me to Daughterland. Ha! I was soon on the Greyhound bus. While I was reading my *Trotsky*, the control center would hurt me when I detected grammatical mistakes. Was it evidence in France’s favor? Or just random signals to confuse me? I then reflected: “What a coincidence that our DGHTRLND President came to the US just when I showed up in front of his consulate” – just then, my toe hurt. Then: “They do remember, the thing is just so big...” Ha! When the bus started again from the first rest station, I was angered by the children around. Then: “Mr B is such a low life... We are just afraid that he might turn it into something else...” That is, he might have made up a different story about the broken door to our Daughterland President. Bullshit!

My next recording is: “gryhndbusbuagntargue\_7\_2\_10\_1007-1038AM.WMA”. Then, more provocation. On 2:40, you can hear this vulgar and violent Hispanic dude coming to sit next to me – as if to purposely provoke me – and continually complaining to me: “Screw over, man...” Provoked, I moved to a seat in the front of the bus. I was so angered by him that I blew up, shouting at him: “Watch out who you are fucking with!” Once again, I wrongly assumed he was Mr B’s agent: mistaking every random phenomenon for orchestration from the control center. I thus warned him: “I have credits with Daughterland, so be careful when you fuck with me!” Ha! The Daughter People were running away from me, let alone protecting me. “Piece of shit...” I kept murmuring (8:00). Then: “*We have been conditioned to see the Pyramid as a punching bag... Because we don’t really know how she feels...*” (11:00).

The rest of my bus ride would be peaceful. I did some writing, slept, and read more of my *Trotsky*. The entire bus ride was recorded in: “gryhndbus\_7\_2\_10\_1043AM-227PM.WMA” and “gryhndbusslpreadrsty\_7\_2\_10\_227-653PM.WMA”.

My next recording is: “cybrcafeangrybunpolice\_7\_2\_10\_653-823PM.WMA”. There was children’s shouting throughout the rest of my bus ride. As soon as I arrived in Los Angeles, I came to the cybercafe. Thinking seriously about applying for refugee status in Daughterland, I came onto the website of Daughterland’s consulate. I kept videotaping the website because I developed the impression that Mr B had presented me with a fake website when I saw that the application was printed in such poor English. Was it real? I didn’t know that I was again reading too much into nothing. I printed out the visa application. Then I was constantly angry with Mr B whenever the computer didn’t go right. Then my leg hurt – the control center’s signal (1:01:30). I was angry: “Who the fuck is doing it?” Then: “*If we get sent to Mexico, just screw the whole thing up!*” I left a message for Wes on 1:08:00: “Please call me back, it’s very important...” Then: “As long as Mr B is in charge, stay the fuck away from the plan, he has decided that I’m inferior, cheap, and so nothing good will happen...” My anger continued: “Mr B... You get the fuck out of here...” I left the cybercafe angry as hell (1:23:00). Now, further misfortune was awaiting me. Because I was angry, I was jaywalking, and a police car just happened to be in front of me. A female officer got out and stopped me right there, yelling “Put your hands up...” (1:26:50). She then treated me like a common criminal and searched me. I got ever angrier. Finding my recorder, she then turned it off. That was virtually my death-sentence.

I was however able to furtively dig into my things to turn on my old Sony ICD recorder. The result is: “police\_7\_2\_10\_835PM.wma” As you can hear, the police officer, after writing me a ticket, ordered me to stamp my finger on the ticket, a procedure which I had never encountered before. I immediately developed the impression that this was orchestrated because I had just printed out the visa application from Daughterland consulate’s website. I would soon develop the stupid theory that, because of Mr B’s meddling, I simply could not be allowed to go to Daughterland as Lawrence Chin. The Monkey was at the moment supposedly framing me into David Chin – physically, *in the real world*. I assumed that, once the officer wrote me the ticket, events would be orchestrated resulting in the confusion of my fingerprint with some other criminal’s in police records. All the wrong scenario and paranoia over nothing! What had happened had in fact no relevance to what was going on inside the International Court of Justice.

My next recording is: “koreancafewhybun\_7\_2\_10\_850-1016PM.WMA”: Still upset, I came inside the Korean cafe. I began reviewing my recordings. I mumbled angrily that the recording file was abruptly terminated so that no one would know what exactly had happened (42:20 or so). In reality, I was just paranoid over nothing. I then worked on the hash values of my file folders. I then began writing. Then I discovered that my ICD-P620 recorder had stopped because it ran out of space, not because it was remotely turned off. See!

My next recording is: “koreancafewrt\_7\_2-3\_10\_1040PM-136AM.WMA”: I was then burning a new backup disc while reviewing my recordings and writing. Then, more worthless reflections: “Asian agents don’t look any different from ordinary Asians. When it comes to pyramids, however, agents look like agents... Such is Mommy’s problem...” and there was a honk as if to concur (2:20:00). I then came back to the cybercafe (2:32:00). I then concluded erroneously about the earlier police business: “It’s a test, to see if your attitude is different if it’s a female officer...” Then: “The Monkey’s replacement is probably also being tested... The Pyramid was so well-trained, but then she blew it...” Garbage! I would sleep in the street corner on Normandie and Wilshire tonight.

### **July 3 (Saturday; Wes: “rules and regulations”)**

My first recording of the new day is: “wkworryaboutdisc\_7\_3\_10\_846-943AM.WMA”. Soon after I woke up, I came inside McDonald’s. Cookies and coffee as my breakfast. When I was counting my discs, however, one disc seemed to be missing. Assuming that it was the Monkey, I got terribly angry: “What the fuck is this about? He’s allowed to steal my disc? He stole it...” (32:00). I got angrier and angrier: “I want to kill him...” Then I began crying. “Why?” I left McDonald’s on 38:00 mumbling: “Kill the fucking bitch and forget about it...” I was so angry that I was groaning like a wild beast and kicking over things on the street. I then came back inside McDonald’s.

My next recording is: “coffeebnvrmtndvd132cp\_7\_3\_10\_946-1019AM.WMA”: I sat down because I still had to burn another disc. Then I noticed that a stranger was studying me. Assuming he was Mr B’s agent, I yelled at him: “You want to watch me burn discs? Let’s watch it together... You do know that Mr B has sent an agent to steal my disc yesterday, right?” But then I found the missing disc (10:00). It turned out that I was wrong! As always! As I examined the Visa application which I had downloaded yesterday, I began filming it because I had found another grammatical mistake in it, which further convinced me that it was not real. Ha! I just couldn’t get rid of the notion that “grammatical mistakes” were some sort of intercepts, part of some conspiracy. I exclaimed: “Mr B yesterday even forged Daughterland’s consulate’s website, amazing! Well, we can only apply for a visa when we get out...” The Daughter People could certainly use my paranoia over nothing as evidence to confirm that the Monkey’s false profile of me was true.

My next recording is: “dwntwnlibsupl946\_7\_3\_10\_1021AM-235PM.WMA”: I then came into the Metro station and, soon, filmed someone I thought to be a surveillance agent (57:00). I then came to the public library in downtown (1:15:00). I began reviewing my recordings and writing. I left the library on 3:01:00. Dragging my cart on the streets, I mumbled: “This is Mr B’s reality: no one else’s interests matter except his, what a character...” I then videotaped this surveillance agent (or so I thought) who had presumably caught me going near a baby cart. I came inside a coffeehouse (3:17:00), and, soon, an

Asian lady came in with her child and the child shouted, tremendously scaring me. I speculated wrongly: “The Asian lady was told to take her baby here to me, and the baby has a chip inside his brain controlling him to shout as soon as he came near me, and so we should just take a baseball bat and smash his head! You want to work for Mr B? Then you should sacrifice your baby...” I was so angered that I actually went up to the Asian lady to tell her all this: “You take your baby to somebody, you think it’s all cool, but, some day, he will blow up, and he will smash your baby’s head, do you care then? Put a muffler over your baby!” Of course she had no idea what I was talking about. Guided by my wrong scenarios, I was looking increasingly insane! A typical targeted individual! More evidence in favor of the Daughter People. I then left the coffeehouse and came inside the pharmacy to buy something. Coincidentally, two police officers were standing by the entrance. They explained to me that one of them was on training, that it was his first day on the job (3:37:00). I mistook this random scene for a “metaphor” (a “secret message”) orchestrated by the control center, namely that the Monkey was required the ICJ procedure to stage a “metaphor” to let me know what was going on inside the control center, this time that the Daughter People were letting the Monkey operate on me as a way to train him. I was mystified, “Why don’t the Daughter People train him using someone else? Why does it have to be me?” There you go: more evidences for the Daughter People that I was delusional. After getting on and off the bus, I pleaded to the control center: “The Daughter People... We can’t record ourselves 24 hours a day, we can’t live a life like this, we have no time, no energy to do anything else, we don’t have any money...” I then came to my storage facility on 4:18:00.

My next recording is: “tostorageangrybunwes\_7\_3\_10\_235-633PM.WMA”. I put my new discs into my storage unit. Then, when I came to the food mall, I was instantly angered by all the children running around. I actually wanted to kill them. Misopedia! (Or “Pedophobia”.) I mumbled: “That’s another reason not to go to Mexico...” I left the food mall on 1:29:00. I groaned more: “Mr B, what are we going to do? He will never understand, will never know, what it is like to be on the other side (i.e. to be poor and downtrodden), we will have to stay away from him...” After I got on the bus, I continued my complaint: “You need to work to get paid, but we have already worked. For Mr B it is as if everything that has happened before had never happened... We have already worked and *are waiting for the reward which our Daughter has promised...* And now he just cuts in and scraps it...” This is of course more evidence for the French: I considered my past actions in defending Daughterland as “work” for which the Daughter People should pay me. I got off the bus and, while cursing the Monkey continually, provided the French with more evidences: “It’s called ‘sacrifice’, Mr Chertoff’s gang surrounded my daughter and beat her up, and we had sympathy, that’s something he will never understand...” I then got on the bus again and continued: “When they say you are gonna get something unexpected, it’s just more anger, more sorrow, more frustration... and more children! Mr B is actually all about getting what is expected!” Then: “If you give me 2,000 dollars, we will be like, ‘WOW, what has happened to you today?’”

While I was on the bus, Wes called me back (3:07:05). I told him I’d call him back in 10 minutes. I got off the bus in Westwood and reconnected with Wes (3:23:10). “I have been calling you for two weeks...” I said. “Well I have been busy for two weeks...” (3:24:00). I began telling Wes how the Monkey was driving me insane. “He forged recordings of my conversations...” (3:26:20). Then: “Why don’t the DGHTRPPL just give me some money?” I then started telling him about my thoughts about his hint “The DGHTRPPL tried to cover themselves both ways.” I told him what I had read about how

the Russians shot down the Korean Airline Boeing 747 back in 1982 (3:27:08). When I asked him if the theory I had read about resembled in any way the reason why the DGHTRPPL wouldn't help me get to their country, Wes first claimed faulty memory but then produced the perfunctory answer: "I don't know... I guess so... I don't know anything about the DGHTRPPL, except what you have told me..." (3:29:25). Well, of course Wes had nothing to say: that thing about "covering themselves both ways" was complete bullshit! I then asked him: "So what if I go there and don't like it – why should they care? Why don't they just help me?" "Maybe the thing is more complicated than you think... *There are rules and regulations,*" Wes said (3:40:35). He explained further than changing the rules was not as easy as it sounded. "Even when no one would object?" I asked. "According to Weber, the most powerful person on the top will also have to follow the rules... The iron cage..." Wes continued (3:32:20). In hindsight you can easily tell that Wes was again trying to hint to me that the Daughter People wouldn't help me because that would be violation of UN Resolution 1373 (helping a terrorist; conspiring with a terrorist): the "rule" about conspiracy with a terrorist was still in effect, and was not suspended as I had imagined. I couldn't have been more wrong when I said "Even when no will would object"! Then I asked Wes again: "Why don't they give me some money?" (3:33:30) "Don't the government and your family give you money?" Wes asked rhetorically. I then told him how all the websites I had seen lately – even foreign government websites – were filled with grammatical mistakes. I failed to grasp that these grammatical mistakes were "natural" and not orchestrated. I then told him how I had become so hesitant to even turn on my computer fearing that it might malfunction (3:42:15). Did the Monkey do all this for my own good? I then told him how I had begun contemplating jumping off the bridge. I then asked him: "Are you helping me or are you harming me?" (3:45:30) That was the conversation today. Unfortunately, while the Daughter People desperately wanted me to realize that the French had objected – now that Ekaterina and Daughterland itself were in danger – I had failed to comprehend their most important hint again!

My next recording is: "uclaplanbaikal\_7\_3\_10\_633-1049PM.WMA": As I wandered the streets, I reflected on Wes' words: "Rules and regulations.... Maybe that's what it means, a lot of effort has to be spent to go around a lot of shit... If Mr B gets a grade at the end of the day, that means somebody is watching... Everything is fine, then, everything is just pretending, but it's so real... That's why we were paired up with the Pyramid, for PLANMEX is a 'Mommy op...'" It was indeed a CIA operation. I came inside the UCLA library on 57:00. I continued reading about Lake Baikal and then discovered more grammatical mistakes in my reading – as if it still meant something! I read about the demonstrations, the pipelines, the outcries to protect the environment and so on. Soon the library closed and I had to leave (2:27:00). After I came out, I regurgitated the famous debate about whether Japanese had indeed originally come from Korea: "That's the Yayoi people, but there were already people in Japan before that..." (2:36:00). Then I repeated Jared Diamond's opinion on the matter. "What's the point of all this, of all this archaeology?" (2:48:00) I came to the burger shop in the Village on 2:54:00. I continued to regurgitate my knowledge believing I could impress those intelligence officials inside the control center. "Who knows about the Nostraticists? *We need a pyramid to guide us like the North Star... The Nostratics...*" Good news for the French and bad news for the Daughter People: I just couldn't give up wanting a pyramid from the Daughter People! Then I began duping myself again through excessive speculation: "Maybe this is the plan: you discover something in Mexico, then somebody else discovers something in Siberia, and together they reveal something about the human past that's so unbelievable..." (3:33:00). I continued: "People from Mexico came from Siberia too, the so-called

‘Amerinds’... The Europeans, those ‘exiles’, arrived in America much earlier than the Amerinds...”  
“Maybe ‘Mommy Plan’ is not just to fragment China, maybe the neocon plan is already there in  
‘Mommy plan’...” (3:49:00). I then got on the bus on 4:15:00 to go to the cybercafe.

My next recordings are: “tocybrcafe720bunsymbol\_7\_3\_10\_1049-1108PM.WMA” and  
“cybrcafeftpmlfunctnodghtrspk\_7\_3-4\_10\_1141PM-437AM.WMA”: While on the bus, I reflected:  
“Why don’t we go to Japan, and from there, to Siberia? But we know Europe better. Mongolia is the  
cheapest place on the planet, and every driver there is a taxi driver.” I came inside the cybercafe and  
began compiling my next DVD project. I then worked on “Government Investigation of a  
Schizophrenic, Part III”. ImgBurn operation was successful! On 1:09:00 I elaborated on the difference  
between me and the Monkey – how the Monkey would never have a friend who would joke to him: “If  
anyone else were in your situation he would just jump off the building.” I on the other hand could take  
in this sort of insult just because it was true. The Monkey with his egomania could never be that  
objective.

I then talked to myself (and the control center): “What do you want? We want to get away from Mr B.”  
And just then my right toe hurt (1:42:00). I was baffled: “Why?” I then continued to work on  
“Frankfurt and Brussels”. Then: “The Monkey wants to screw up DGHTRCOM’s plan...” Then, the  
Internet connection was shut down in the cybercafe. “Maybe he can learn something from me, for  
example my small appetite... And he wonders why he doesn’t impress DGHTRCOM... You can  
impress, not by being smart, but by being good...” (3:41:00). Then: “*We want a Daughter Pyramid*, for,  
while our writing is the most meaningful, the Daughter Pyramid is the most pleasurable...” (4:08:00).  
Bad news for the Daughter People! Then: “If we go to St Petersburg, would the same thing happen?”  
Soon I continued my “Daughterspeak” lesson while uploading my latest recording files to my website  
(4:20:00). Suddenly: “Mr B, why don’t you think about others for a change...? Why do you want  
‘respect’? DGHTRCOM had all these plans, and yet he couldn’t implement any of them, all because  
this Monkey came in and stuck his head here and there... He didn’t accomplish anything except getting  
into the machines... Then, in the end, he wants ‘respect’! Maybe if you don’t mess up other people’s  
plans you wouldn’t have lost their respect for you... Remember how Mr Chertoff was a liability to the  
neocons, I don’t want to see it happen to our Daughter... They don’t have any enemies now...” Wrong!  
The French were their enemies! Then: “Look at the way he talked, ‘You have to find the man...’ I don’t  
need to find the man...”

#### **July 4 (Sunday)**

My first recording of the new day is: “cybrcafe\_7\_4\_10\_937AM-1255PM.WMA”: Soon after I woke  
up from the street corner, I wondered: “If the Monkey is being graded, does he get graded for things  
like morals?” I came inside the cybercafe on 11:00. I continued cursing the Monkey: “That means the  
ticket will not go through...” (31:00). I then began my daily lesson on Russland Journal (1:17:00).  
Afterwards, I asked myself: “We wonder what the machine has picked up, our feeling while learning  
Daughterspeak that it’s so archaic... The mind-reading computer should pick up so many layers of  
feelings and thoughts...” Then: “Why don’t they scan the Pyramid’s brain? Or scan their own?” I got on  
the bus by 2:05:00. I found some left-over food on the bus and ate it. I then began another round of  
worthless speculation about what DGHTRCOM was like: “He understands psychology very well,

probably speaks English fluently...” Then: “A lot of people are involved, reading my writings and watching my videos...” I got off the bus in Westwood on 2:48:00 and ate lunch inside a fast food place.

My next recording is: PURPSEbrdrreadrhckngplnd\_7\_4\_10\_1255-628PM.WMA: More worthless speculation: “DGHTRCOM is playing on all sides, trying to get DGHTR to get along with the Monkey, then getting the Monkey to be mean to me while learning to appreciate me at the same time, it’s all just a trick...” (33:00). Yeah right, ha! Then: “In order to test our feeling of injustice, so many things have to be packed into each strike... They let the Monkey play the evil genius, it’s just playing...” I came inside Borders Bookstore on 1:04:00. I read something about the Proto-Indo-European language and then found a book on “Daughterspeak” (1:54:00). I then started reading a travel book on Poland. I was actually thinking about going to Poland first to wait for my entry into Daughterland. I then began reviewing my recordings while browsing through more books on computer matters.

My next recording is: “leavbrdreat711\_7\_4\_10\_628-710PM.WMA” and “koreancafesupl947schzo3\_7\_4\_10\_717-1134PM.WMA”: After spending the whole afternoon in Borders, I got on the bus to go back to Koreatown. I came inside the Korean cafe. While I was reviewing my recordings and so on as usual, the cashier came to me and handed to me the USB cable I had forgotten here yesterday (1:29:00). Suddenly, I shouted, “A golden pyramid is here, why?” Ha! I again thought the control center had orchestrated this, failing to comprehend that blond hair white girls do come to Korean places once in a while. Tonight I was working on Mr Fitting’s “message” from less than two months ago.

My next recording is: “711caucasus\_7\_4-5\_10\_1134PM-1257AM.WMA”. I soon left the Korean cafe and came inside 711 to buy cheap food. I noticed the journal *Foreign Affairs*. The piece by Charles King and Rajan Menon, “Russia’s Invisible Civil War: The Kremlin’s Crisis in the Caucasus”, caught my eyes, and I began reading it. It opened my eyes to the reality about Daughterland. Then, after I bought food, I sat outside trying to think of solutions for Daughterland’s problem in the Caucasus. “The only places that are left are places without an infrastructure” – i.e. I was still holding onto the wrong idea that the Daughter People had commanded the United States to chip almost everybody in important regions – “And so the solution is to build up the infrastructure in those places...” I then came to the cybercafe (1:18:00).

My last recordings of the day are: “cybrcafeschzo\_7\_5\_10\_1257-233AM.WMA” and “cybrcafedvd130cp\_7\_5\_10\_237-308AM.WMA”. I would be permitted to burn DVD 130 while in the cybercafe. What a miracle! I would then continue to work on my “Investigation of a schizophrenic”. I would sleep in the street corner on Normandie and Wilshire tonight.

## **July 5 (Monday)**

My first recording of the new day is: “wrt5prpse5710cybrcf\_7\_5\_10\_902-1015AM.WMA”: Soon after I woke up, I came to McDonald’s. I believed I saw another surveillance agent (8:00). I got coffee and cookies for breakfast. I then came inside the cybercafe to do a little writing.

My next recording is: “buswstwdstacanrecord\_7\_5\_10\_1015AM-1214PM.WMA”: I then rode the bus

to Westwood. While walking, I cried to DGHTR, “Daughter, appear, please, that’s the only way I can stop recording. Mr B, please let me go to Daughterland...” (1:10:00). Then I sighed: “I have too many discs, I can’t move around with all these....” I came inside STA travel agency on 1:58:00. Upon seeing me, the STA agent immediately made it clear to me that I was not allowed to record here. This was of course a “natural” event – she came up with this by herself – but, as usual, I mistook it for Mr B’s “operation”. I thereby turned off my recorder in front of her but secretly turned it on again.

My next recording is: “stacontisoairport5710\_7\_5\_10\_1214-351PM.WMA”: I asked the STA agent again to look for a seat for me on any flight to Europe. This time, perhaps a flight to Warsaw, either in September or August. And yet there was no seat. I left commenting to myself: “People suddenly all stop making sense together, ‘You can hide drugs in your recorder...’ ‘What?’” (21:00) I came back to STA to try again, asking the agent to put her inquiry call on open speaker (36:00). But she wouldn’t do it, and I left. “Let’s find another travel agency...” Then: “How could Mr B say I have forged all my recordings? Look, all this noise...” Then: “Mr B doesn’t know what he doesn’t know... You have to get our Daughter back!” I then used the payphone to call STA to make the inquiry myself. “I want to reactivate the ticket, for September, October...” Still, no seats. I then ate lunch at ISO. More: “We want a 40 year-old Daughter Pyramid, to teach us Daughterspeak....” More damning evidence against Daughterland. When I came out, I saw a golden pyramid wearing “Angelica shoes”. I shouted at her: “You are so beautiful...” (1:29:00). Then I reflected on what happened in Berkeley: “It seems that somebody was helping us; when we couldn’t find the file, noise would occur to help us find it... Why are the Daughter People so twisted, wasting so much resources on testing? *Maybe there really is constraint...*” Right! Only if I could have speculated more on this. I then got on the bus to go to the airport on 1:44:00. I was going to waste more time on this worthless ticket. While on the bus I kept repeating: “*I want my Daughter Pyramid...*” Then: “The Monkey won the case on May 7....” I got off the bus on 2:39:00 and continued: “Operation with our Daughter Pyramid... You have a nice TV show, you need to have a Daughter Pyramid...” I was soon face to face with a Swiss Air agent in the airport asking the same question (2:55:00): “Can you activate it? 200 dollar change fee, right?” “September, October...” Then, for a change fee of 250 dollars, the agent found a seat for September 22. Then I saw a “Mommylijk”, and I kept shouting, “Mommy Mommy...”

My next recording is: “bus6wrtshzohowucla\_7\_5\_10\_351-644PM.WMA”: I then rode the bus to come back to Westwood. I found it strange that I had run into so many Italians today. Then, when I came inside the burger store, it was an Iranian man working as the cashier. That’s quite unusual, and I thought (mistakenly) that it was Mr B who had replaced the original Hispanic man with his own agent, an Iranian. Then I imagined the Daughter People observing the Monkey and me and commenting: “He is not gonna get along with him...” (2:20:00). I then came inside the UCLA library.

My next recording is: “uclaintrpals\_7\_5\_10\_645-803PM.WMA”: Then: “The credits we have accumulated for saving Daughterland are all squandered, because of this ‘Angelica affair’....” This was more evidence in France’s favor. Then: “Mr B set this up in order to fuck us up...” (37:00). I checked my messages on Interpals and did not discover any messages from Tatiana (52:00). More wrong scenario: “Mr B has ordered Homeland Security to alert anybody we talk to, so that she is not talking to us anymore... But this is not how things usually work...” (1:04:00). In reality, there was no alert, and Tatiana had simply found me too boring.

Then, my next recording is: “brdrdcphrr\_7\_5\_10\_811-1016PM.WMA”. On 8:34 or so, you can hear me complaining about not being able to find a therapist. Then, I mumbled about the difference between the FBI/ RCMP investigation and Mr former Secretary’s operation. “After being a target for so long, I now need the DGHTRPPL to survive.” I exited the library by 34:00 or so.

### **July 6 (Tuesday; the Pyramid’s restraining order)**

My next recording is: “slpwstwdwkanglpapa5810\_7\_5-6\_10\_1016PM-502AM.WMA”: Tonight I had decided to sleep in Westwood Village instead. I moaned: “I want a Daughter pyramid...” I woke up on 6:05:00. Immediately, more worthless reflection: “Why does the Monkey want this managerial position so badly? Why do people want to do anything at all? Maybe they should scan the brain of some Tibetan monks... Our enlightenment is theoretical, theirs is subjective... We have to sink back into the perspective of ‘desire’...” Then: “May 7, that’s the day when Mr B got the job... And so he sent me a message... DGHTR could get punches, but if the Mexicans get punches, it would damage PLANMEX, and so DGHTRCOM is biased toward Mr B...” A completely incorrect scenario!

My next recording is: “supl9477510dvd134fail\_7\_6\_10\_503-957AM.WMA”: I came inside Starbucks and saw that the “Red Glasses” was working. She was so beautiful! Then I wondered: “What if that ‘Baikal’ is actually a message?” I then began writing and burning a DVD at the same time. Then something went wrong with the DVD-burning process again: apparently the ISO image was over-sized. I was angered: “We will never accept secret messages through machine malfunctioning...” I canceled the ImgBurn operation, and then my computer just froze. I was blowing up and began filming my computer. I also believed the person wearing earphones nearby was a surveillance agent. I was so angry: “We need to get the fuck out of this fucking country... If you touch my machine to pass me a message, I will fucking kill you....” (2:51:30). Then, more: “I can’t get this ISO image right, and my schedule for the whole day is screwed up... Not responding... Fuck!” I was so angry that I left Starbucks on 3:04:00. I was so devastated. Then I saw another black female wearing earphones: “All this fucking surveillance...” I came inside the UCLA campus and bought food from the vending machine (3:32:00). I was perplexed: “Usually ImgBurn will tell you if your ISO image is bigger than the disc... Why didn’t it do it this time? To test us?” In reality, the malfunctioning that had just happened was most likely a “natural” event. Then: “The best solution is to get away, then we can better figure out whether any computer malfunctioning is ‘natural’ or orchestrated. DGHTR will not do this, he has less need to prove himself... The problem is that DGHTR has impressed the Monkey too much, and so he feels the need to prove himself...” (4:08:00). “We don’t want Mr B to succeed just because he’s imitating DGHTR...” After I settled down in Ackerman, I was ready to burn the disc again (4:15:00). This time, ImgBurn successfully completed the operation. Wow!

My next recording is: “uclahowdvd134bus20intrcpters\_7\_6\_10\_958AM-1236PM.WMA”. After I left UCLA, I got on bus 20 to go to downtown. I reflected, “We are too sensitive, we think everything is orchestrated, but everything *is* orchestrated...” Wrong! Not everything was orchestrated!

My next recordings are: “dwntwnrstaurcrdroff\_7\_6\_10\_1243-1250PM.WMA”, “7\_6\_10\_1PM.WMA”, and “courtloanuclalib\_7\_6\_10\_118-731PM.WMA”: I then discovered that my recorder was again

remotely turned off. Why? To provoke me? I turned it back on, and soon came inside the Los Angeles county superior court. This was a smart move. I wanted to check, first of all, whether Carlos had indeed deposited the proof of service, and secondly, whether the Pyramid had reacted to my lawsuit against her in the same way in which Karin did, i.e. file a restraining order against me. While inside the courthouse, I was still mumbling: “Why did they shut off my recorder? Some sort of intercept...” The proof of service was in, and I also discovered, on the case index, that the Pyramid had indeed filed a temporary restraining order against me. I was struck by a strange sensation: everything was just as I had expected. I desperately wanted to know what she had written in the TRO, and so went upstairs to department 75. I merely wanted to look at it, but, unfortunately, as soon as I made my request to the court clerk, she handed over the TRO to me and specified: “Now you have got served!” You see, because I was homeless, the Pyramid had used WCIL’s address as my address. The amazing thing was that the TRO hearing would be held on Friday, in just three days! I left the courthouse on 1:26:00 and got on bus 20. I believed I saw more surveillance agents, and murmured: “Everyday, surveillance...” (2:40:00). Who knows whether these earphones were really surveillance devices? I got off the bus on 2:58:00 and mumbled: “I hope these Mexican monkeys will screw up their mission...” Then children came next to me to talk loudly, totally irritating me: “Disgusting...” Then I yelled at them: “Hey don’t talk too loud!” (3:12:00) I came to the payday loan store and borrowed another two hundred something dollars. I continued to bankrupt myself! I was then on the bus again (3:42:00). I continued to mumble: “This PLANMEX... Why would I sacrifice anything for Mexico?” Then: “Why are Iranians in the lawsuit?” I then reflected on my motivation for saving Daughterland: “The West is superior to the East, and we have a reaction against that, and so we help the East, and now we are tied up with the East...” Unfortunately that would be more evidence in France’s favor. I got off the bus in Westwood on 4:01:00. Then I believed I ran into a “Mommy”. Ha! I ate my dinner in the burger store and then came inside the UCLA campus. While walking to the library, I continued to mumble: “It doesn’t matter what I do, they’ll always say I’m guilty of X...” (5:09:00). Then: “The only way to survive: don’t let people notice you...” Correct enough! I came to the research library only to discover that it would be closed on 7 PM. I asked the librarian: why does it say on the door it closes on 9 PM? (5:23:00) Soon after I got on the computer, it began malfunctioning. I was angered: “Why are they doing this crap?” Then: “Why do we get this shitty treatment? Does the Pyramid get it too? Why not?” I left the library on 5:48:00. I was still mumbling: “This is bizarre, they told you to go north, but, when you go north, they slap you in the face and tell you to go south... Is that the message, so that we can go?” Then: “This is scary, though, all these police records about us... *Are we supposed to go and then get arrested and turned into somebody else?* When the Daughter Pyramid tells you to go right, you need to go left... We want to go to Baikal...” Then, a pain signal from the control center. “No Baikal? We just wish we are simply told what to do...” In reality, the French were probably changing PLANMEX to PLANBAIKAL (or PLANRUS) by requesting that the Daughter People institute a reality around me that fit my belief in order to enable me to finish my mission.

My next recording is: “uclacybrcafe\_7\_6-7\_10\_731PM-1210AM.WMA”: I settled down in Ackerman and continued writing “Frankfurt and Brussels”. After a while, I mumbled angrily: “The restraining order is for three years; now what if the Pyramid shows up in front of us? We will kill her...” Then I began moaning: “We are completely shut off, there is nobody to talk to...” (42:00). Then: “We will fucking kill this bitch...” I left Ackerman on 57:00. On my way out of the campus, I yelled at a stranger who I wrongly assumed was either a surveillance agent or Mr B’s agent: “Why are you following me?”

I'll call the cops..." (1:09:00). I was still angry when I came to Borders Bookstore. At my table I continued to moan: "I am shut off, I can no longer stand this... DGHTRCOM is very liberal, if the Pyramid doesn't want to go, he won't force her..." Then, I got angry and began kicking chairs. I then talked to a girl who was studying Spanish and who wanted to be a lawyer (1:57:00). I studied a little "Daughterspeak" and then left Borders when it closed. I then got on the bus to go to Koreatown. I read my *Trotsky* while riding the bus. I came inside the cybercafe on 3:53:00. Soon the black guy who I thought was Mr B's remote control came in (4:00:00). While uploading my latest recording files on the cybercafe's computer, I continued to groan: "Someday we are going to get this bitch, legally..." (4:35:00). I had no understanding that, when I uploaded my recordings, I was providing the French with more evidences to convict Daughterland!

### **July 7 (Wednesday)**

My first recording of the new day is: "CHKslpwktouclalibstuyr\_7\_7\_10\_629AM-1229PM.WMA": Soon after I woke up from the street corner in Normandie, I came inside the cybercafe to get my morning coffee. I then got on the bus to go to Westwood (2:16:00). I discovered that somebody was using the same recorder as mine. I believed erroneously that Mr B had orchestrated this and sent her here to be confused with me in surveillance. In fact, it was just a coincidence. More evidence of my insanity. I got off the bus on 2:57:00. I then filmed all the people wearing earphones whom I erroneously assumed to be surveillance agents. I mumbled: "A lot of surveillance over there" (3:05:00). "Mr B wants to keep his secrets... We are a fucking criminal now because we know too much fucking secrets..." Then: "They will tell you to go forward, and, when you go forward, then they will arrest you for going forward... So what do those Homeland Security thugs say about me in their control room? Oh this guy is a pedophile and a schizophrenic... But he always knows we are watching him!" Just then my toes hurt. I continued: "We have been under surveillance for six years... These Mexicans, who have never thought of anyone else except themselves, and they are expected to produce a democracy... Let's see, they are 'natural born dictators'... Mr B and so on are extremely dangerous..." I bought food in Ackerman and then walked to the research library. I mumbled: "We have really sacrificed so much for Daughterland..." When I came inside the library I continued to speculate: "The Pyramid filed this TRO because she wanted to make me into David Chin, that's why she claimed I am 41 years-old..." (4:20:00). This is indeed the most amazing thing about the Pyramid: in every document she would ever file about me, she would always claim I was born on the day my brother was born rather than on the day I was born. When the Daughter People sent the CIA and DGHTR to recruit her back in February, they must have shared my passport information with her causing her to forever believe that I was of the same age as my brother. Then, amazingly, I was permitted to burn another disc. As I examined my website on the library's computer, I suddenly discovered how insane these fragments of my story looked. And yet I still got it all wrong, speculating: "Maybe our Daughter is teaching us something about social skill... Not to put everything on the Internet only to make ourselves look crazy!" (4:51:00) I then purposely sat down with a "pyramid" who I thought mistakenly was a girl from the Agency: "Mommy, she's so beautiful..." I then started my daily lesson on Russland Journal (5:08:00).

My next recording is: "leavuclalibbus20eat\_7\_7\_10\_1229-303PM.WMA": When I left the library, I continued: "... why would grandma believe it?" Namely, judge Higgins. "Nothing is believable until you videotape it..." I continued to count Angelica shoes on the street. I then got on bus 20 to go to

downtown. I filmed what I thought to be another surveillance agent. Then, children were on board shouting. I was terribly irritated: "... I enjoy being a pedophile... We must be the most educated pedophile on the planet... That's our function... 'Oh, and he always does his pedophilia in the most unexpected places like university library or cybercafe'.... If we have money we will be doing pedophilia in strip clubs!..." Then: "What would the children say to their teachers? 'I have made great contribution to the world, I have made another person into a pedophile...'" I was getting increasingly upset: "... we just can't avoid children..." Then: "... we have thousands of hours of recording... How can we have forged them all?... And how do we forge videos?" When I got off the bus, I continued: "... you don't have to worry about recordings... he will say they are all forged... it's the videos which he will target..." I came to the food mall near the Law Library to eat. I believed I saw another surveillance agent. I continued to mutter bitterly: "I have lived a life entirely like that, where people bring their children to me to make me look like a pedophile... And if I record this they will make my recordings look like they are forged... I'm the most educated pedophile.. The whole society tries to make me into a pedophile... It takes a whole village to make a pedophile..."

My next recording is: "courtrjectd\_7\_7\_10\_303-436PM.WMA". Suddenly, I thought I saw "Mommy" again (10:00). I waived at her from behind: "Mommy, you are the only American I've ever loved..." I entered the Superior Court on 14:00. I continually begged the Monkey to follow Mr former Secretary's rule, namely, to make my files *look like* they were forged, but not actually alter the files themselves. I went upstairs to Department 75 and spoke with the court clerk (23:00). She insisted that I had to come to the hearing on Friday, and she was not interested in hearing about my request to just hand in my response without showing up – I told her that I didn't want to see this "plaintiff" because she so scared me (until 25:30). I complained to myself that this was exactly Mr former Secretary's thing: she victimized me by making it look as if I had victimized her. But I had then already decided that I wasn't going to show up.

My next recording is: "lostbustouclalibshipoffools\_7\_7\_10\_437-643PM.WMA": While on the bus, I was worried about whether the Pyramid was going to succeed in getting the judge to ban my website: "We are victims, we have no way to fight... In three days? What about the 15 day rule? We just have to trust our Daughter, that our website, our work, will not disappear... We are not gonna fight for it, it's a waste of our time... We are not gonna show up for this... I hope our Daughter is watching.... Don't fuck with our website!" I was saying this because, as you can see, the Pyramid demanded in her TRO that I remove contents about her from my website. After reading some Trotsky, I got off the bus on 8:00. I was still apprehensive: "We keep imagining our website getting fucked... 100 Gigabytes of data all disappearing... We don't have the ability to survive in the real world, we have to depend on the invisible forces, the intelligence agencies..." I then began begging the Daughter People: "Please don't fuck with my website... Let us have something to live for..." I was so upset that I began jaywalking, causing troubles for all the drivers around me: "Do not look at the cars... Just walk..." I got on the bus again, murmuring: "We will try to mess things up as much as we can..." More: "Our slavery is reserved for the Daughter People and no one else..." After getting off the bus, my finger hurt, and so I spoke my thought: "This TRO is DGHTRCOM's idea, this 'Unbearable Lightness of Being', 'everything must be repeated twice'; the Pyramid is not going on PLANMEX, neither are we, and so he has to find replacements for both of us... DGHTRCOM is so liberal, he will always go along with our wishes... As for the Pyramid, if you are too weak, she will think you dangerous, and if you are too strong, you are

also dangerous, because, for her, the world consists solely in the distinction between ‘victimizers’ and ‘victimized’, and she is always the ‘victimized’...” Unfortunately, I was completely correct here. Then: “The Monkey’s family is just a bunch of ordinary people who don’t understand anything, the problem is that their categorization of the world is too impoverished.... When they try to fit something they don’t understand into their categorization... like: he cuts himself.... They don’t understand why he does it and don’t have any category for this in their mind, and so they fit him into the category ‘dangerous’, *because that’s all they can understand...* We are so happy that this PLANMEX is all messed up...” Once again, my observation about the Monkey and his family was entirely correct. I then mumbled more about Foucault’s seminal work on the history of madness: “They call him ‘leper’, then ‘insane’, and, today, ‘schizophrenic’. In reality they just mean to say ‘He is ugly’...” Again, excellent observation. I was by now inside the UCLA campus and was getting coffee from the vending machine and resting. “There is a time when we also knew how to look pretty...” (1:19:00). I then thought about the mysterious visit to my website from San Francisco. I came inside the research library on 1:25:00. I got on Russland Journal and, before resuming my daily lesson, browsed through the messages posted on the website’s forum.

My next recording is: “uclalibworryosstia\_7\_7\_10\_643-736PM.WMA”. At one point, I mumbled: “Mr B is not going to give us a laptop...” As I was leaving, I continued: “*Why can’t our Daughter just give us a laptop....?*” (25:00). While drinking coffee outside the library, I pleaded: “Our Daughter is not going away, right? He’s gonna take us away, they are not gonna forget about us, right?” Here were more evidences for my intention to conspire with Daughterland. Just then, some women walked past speaking a strange language. “What language is that? Georgian?” (35:00)

My next recording is: “uclabrdrangle\_7\_7\_10\_744-1057PM.WMA” I came to Ackerman and was surprised to run into the vagrant couple I had seen in the cybercafe. It’s of course just meaningless coincidence, but my mind was working overtime again: “Why? They are like our shadows... Maybe our doubles...” Then: “The Pyramid is a much bigger deal than Mr B, we tried hard to care about her, and yet we get this...” When I sat down at a computer station, I mistakenly thought the guy sitting next to me was my double and I filmed him. I was happy to discover Tatiana’s message. Then, I wanted to create a mess again: “We are going to all different countries in Europe, and we are going to visit all their websites, just so that...” (52:00). I left Ackerman by 1:00:00. Then I repeated my incorrect understanding: “Mr B can hurt us as long as a test is embedded in his operation.... That’s how it works, but, now that I say it... Mr B is requiring DGHTRCOM to send in *his* guys while making me believe that it’s Mr B’s guys...” I thus noted it down: “6:30 PM, Mr B gets the authorization to put his people in Daughterland...” Then: “DGHTRCOM shouldn’t be duped by his own employee... There shouldn’t be any consequences...” (1:16:00). More: “He’s still being graded, there is no way that they will let him run things by himself, he’s being graded for honesty... Even though the intelligence business is all about deception, you are supposed to deceive your target, not your boss... The only reason why he’s not fired is his ‘connections’...” I came to Borders Bookstore on 1:29:00. As always, I began reviewing my recordings while writing. Suddenly, my computer froze, and I was horrified: “Don’t test my mood, don’t fucking test it...” (2:08:00). And, just then, my arm hurt. “Why? Why do we have to go through all these tests? Because Mr B wants to beat us up? Why don’t the Daughter People test the Pyramid? Oh, because they have ‘connections’...” I left Borders on 2:15:00 and ate junk food as my dinner outside 711. I continued my speculation: “The Pyramid might really be disgusted with her family, she

doesn't even want to go... Well, grab another pyramid and just pretend that she is *the* Pyramid... That's what they are doing. *There is a golden pyramid waiting for us there, she's pretending to be the Pyramid...*" (2:28:00). Amazingly, I was sort of correct here, except that I could never have imagined that the golden pyramid in question was Ekaterina. More: "DGHTR tried to save us, we have been his full time job since eight and a half months ago... The Pyramid will 'flip', but we don't 'flip'..." (2:30:00). Just then a woman came to give me a dollar. I mistook that for the control center's orchestration again: "Did we just touch our Daughter's heart?" Then, more incorrect speculation: "DGHTRCOM has promised the Pyramid's family that she will be fine..." Then I wrongly assumed that the Pyramid, enamored with the Daughter People, was also learning "Daughterspeak" just as I was: "The Pyramid is not going to comprehend the grammar as well as we do, but she's going to pick up the speaking part faster because she's face to face with her instructor... She's doing it now..." (2:35:00). Ha! Then, the woman who had given me a dollar earlier, "Amanda", came back and gave me more food and water. I continued to assume (wrongly) that she was instructed by the shadowy figures inside the control center to do this: "Now *that* is unexpected, we took favor from him..." That is, I assumed that it's the Monkey, not just the Daughter People. "They are going to put the Pyramid in Daughterland... She has families, and we don't want to disappoint them... When it comes to DGHTR, those people he has taken under his wing, they will never go away... He's an academic... That's why Mommy wants to chip him..." All the wrong speculation! Then: "Mr B has lost *his* daughter to *my* Daughter... Let *our* daughter come back, let Mr B go on *his* mission..." While walking, I saw another pair of "Angelica shoes" – as if that meant something! Then I began imagining the Pyramid getting mystified by all the cases in "Daughterspeak": "Why do nouns have to change their ending? Well, let me explain, a long time ago, when it's still Nostratic, they put prepositions behind the nouns, it's called 'postpositions', like in Japanese... Then, when people spoke too fast, those 'postpositions' got fused into the nouns..." (2:58:00). Just then, my right toes hurt. Were the French giving me a signal to indicate that "evidences" had been taken? (Namely, that I didn't conform to the Monkey's false profile of me as mentally retarded? "Prepositions, postpositions...") And my fingers hurt as well (3:09:00). I bought a pack of cigarettes inside CVS Pharmacy, and then, when I came outside, I couldn't help but feel that the lyrics of the music was a secret message for me: "I'm gonna come back..." Namely, that the control center was communicating a secret message to me telling me that the Pyramid would come back for me. Delusional! I actually didn't quite want that, and was getting increasingly uncomfortable.

My next recording is: "cybraferstrnordr\_7\_7-8\_10\_1057PM-222AM.WMA": I immediately noted: "I hope this song is not a message... You are not gonna go, but you will run the other direction..." I then got on the bus to go to the cybercafe (22:30). While on the bus, I began seriously looking through the Pyramid's TRO papers. Because I had talked myself into a good mood, I overlooked the mental confusion and malice which she had expressed in her pleadings, and actually praised her for the eloquence of her writing and its grammatical correctness: "She writes pretty good English..." Please read for yourself the TRO which I attach here.<sup>1</sup> The Daughter People must have been able to extend their life when they intercepted this TRO into the ICJ as evidence: it confirmed that the Monkey was right that I was a danger to his daughter and thus that the mind-reading computer was accurate. (As you

1 The Pyramid's Temporary Restraining Orders, both the one from June 2010 and the one from February 2013, are kept in the folder: /angelicatro/. Note that she attached printouts from my website to her June 2010 TRO, and then attached the same printouts to her February 2013 TRO. Given the repetition, I included the attachment only in the February 2013 order.

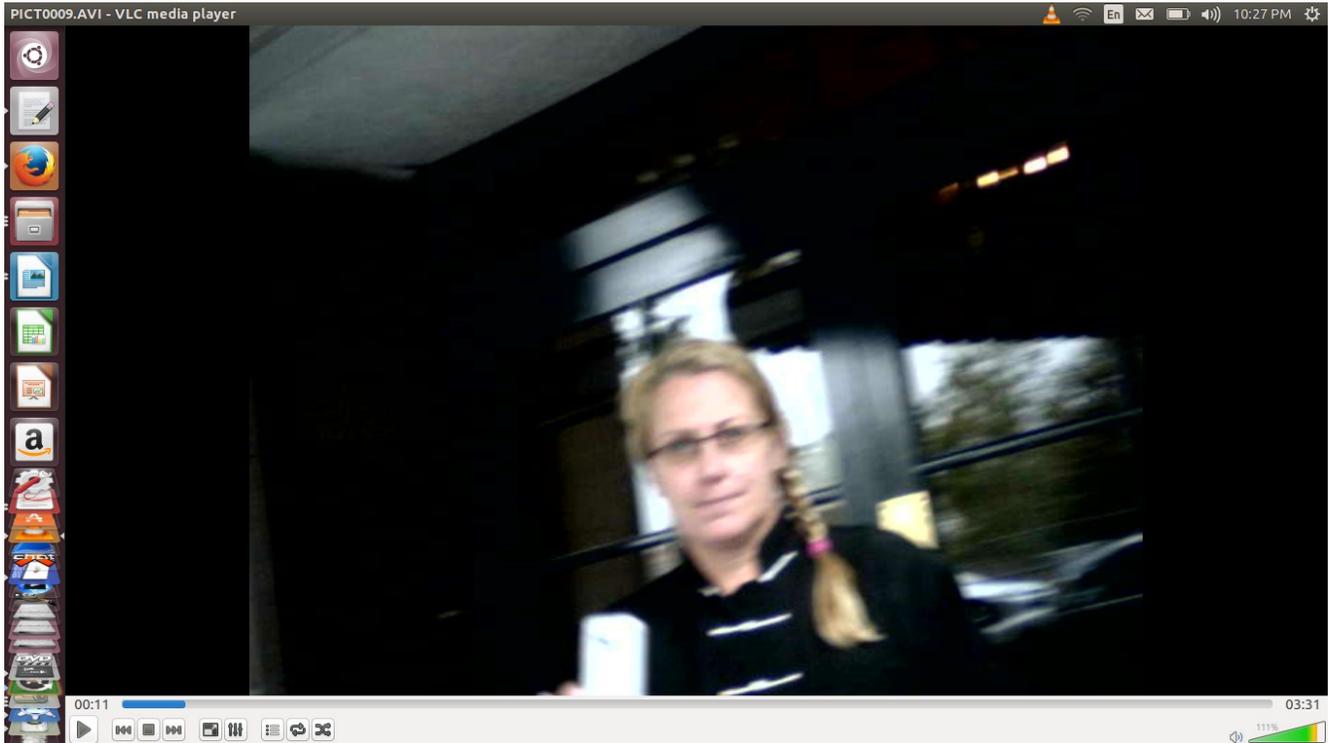
shall see, it must be the Daughter People themselves who had instructed the CIA (or DGHTR) to instruct the Pyramid to file this restraining order against me – just in order to have the evidence that could prolong their life!) But my romantic longing was then bad evidence for them: I had again failed to confirm the Monkey’s false profile of me as wanting to hurt the Pyramid. I got off the bus and came inside the cybercafe and began writing my response. “Her grammar indeed reveals that she’s a novelist...” Ha! Bullshit. After writing for a while, I fell asleep, dead tired. When I woke up, I went to sleep in the street corner.

### **July 8 (Thursday; violent outburst; Wes)**

My first recording of the new day is: “IMPdvd74-78malfunc\_7\_8\_10\_644-1156AM.WMA”. Soon after I woke up, I came to a coffeehouse near Normandie and Wilshire. It’s the first time that I decided to work here. More junk messages on my phone and more children as well. I read a little about the mysterious story about Anna Chapman and then reflected on Wes’ words: “There is law... If you are a dog, then it doesn’t matter to you... Maybe that’s the message... You live in a world as if there were no laws, but just personal relationships... But for nations, there are only laws... And even people on the top have to observe these laws, even if no consequences follow...” This is about the closest I could get to the truth: and yet it’s still quite far off. I continued writing my response to the Pyramid’s TRO while reviewing my recordings at the same time. Then, operation began. Suddenly, my external hard drive La Cie could not connect to my laptop. I was instantly alarmed: “Is that what the phone ring is about? That my hard drive is going to die?” (3:43:00) I began filming it (PICT0001.AVI) while asking: “Is he sending me a message? What kind of message is that?” Then, on 3:55:00, just when I was about to burn a new disc with ImgBurn, the Monkey remotely controlled the software to freeze in place, with an error message: “The device is not ready...” (PICT0003.AVI). I clicked on “Retry” and my ImgBurn just froze in place. I was incensed: “Don’t use machine malfunctioning to test me... This is like the wife lying to the husband saying she’s sick in order to test him, he’s going to go insane... You shouldn’t use people’s weakest point to do testing, see, it’s happening again...” As you can see on 5:30 in the video, when I tried to load the ISO image onto ImgBurn for the second time, my laptop was remotely controlled to freeze. I had to restart my computer. I was now extremely angry: “Why are they doing this?” (4:01:00) I continued to argue with the Monkey and the Daughter People: “How would you like it if, when I want to pass a message to the Pyramid, I’d hit her in the face? It’s Mr B, it’s insane, why doesn’t he just listen? He really thinks this is a cool idea... Just because I let Daughter do it in the past, it doesn’t mean I’ll let him do it...” After my computer was rebooted, I threatened: “Fuck.... If it doesn’t burn we will throw a chair against the window and break it and get arrested... Don’t fuck with me....” That’s precisely what the Daughter People wanted me to do! When I was burning the disc with ImgBurn for the second time, I was allowed to do so. I filmed the whole process: PICT0004.AVI. By now I had become so paranoid that I would continually point my camcorder at my computer screen: PICT0005.AVI, PICT0006.AVI, and PICT0007.AVI. But, minutes later, when I wanted to clear up more disk space on my laptop by transferring files to my external hard drive La Cie, the transfer process was remotely controlled to freeze. I got so angry that I decided to carry out my threat. I packed up my things and began throwing chairs around in the coffee house: PICT0008.AVI. Everybody in the coffeehouse was shocked.

A woman – who was wearing Kung-Fu dress (PICT0009.AVI) and who I mistakenly assumed was Mr

B's agent – began filming my anger outburst with her phone and then challenged me to fight her. When I saw that she was a woman, my heart was softened and I simply ran away with my things. I hid myself inside the parking structure of an apartment building nearby and, to my surprise, nobody came looking for me. I thought I was definitely going to get arrested and yet I wasn't. The police officers, when they came, probably did no more than take a police report.



The woman in a Kung-Fu dress who challenged me to a fight

Now, what exactly had happened? We have to wonder whether it was the Daughter People who had commanded the Monkey to make my computer malfunction this morning. They were still desperately trying to avoid being required to institute a reality around me that would fit my belief (i.e. to pair me up with Ekaterina and send me on PLANMEX or PLANBAIKAL or PLANRUS), and the only way to do it was to collect evidences confirming that the Monkey's false profile of me was correct. The Pyramid's restraining order was one such evidence. As noted, it seems to be the case that the Pyramid was instructed by her CIA handler (DGHTR?) to file the restraining order against me. As you can see in the attachment to the restraining order, she had circled two videos in the folder /2010vid/, one featuring her arranging newspapers inside the Law Library and another featuring me cutting myself. Obviously it was somebody from the intelligence agency who had pointed out the two videos to her: there were around 50 videos in the folder and I uploaded the whole folder to my website in a single stroke without checking what was inside. Note even *I* knew there were videos of the Pyramid and my self-mutilation in the folder – how then could she possibly have found them? It was thus obvious that it was the Daughter People who had commanded the CIA (or DGHTR) to instruct the Pyramid to find the two videos and file a restraining order against me on their basis. While there was enough evidence that I was insane, there wasn't much evidence that I was violent. (The scuffle outside the cybercafe in San

Francisco on the night of June 22 might be the only instance.) The Pyramid's restraining order was evidence that I was violent, and today the Daughter People were trying to provoke me to get into a fight in order to produce another such evidence. Now I *did* throw chairs, but didn't fight the Kung-Fu woman. (Was she really an agent sent here to prove that I was violent?) The evidence was therefore not entirely sufficient.

My next recording is: "shockkaisrtocrt\_7\_8\_10\_1211-3PM.WMA": I would hide inside the parking structure for a while. I mumbled, "We are going elsewhere, 忘恩負義... We are not interested in getting tested..." I then began reviewing my recordings. Then: "We think, we will have nothing to do with the Daughter People..." I left the parking structure on 1:06:00. Now, given my trauma, I wanted to talk to a therapist immediately. I rode the bus to the Kaiser Permanente on Vermont and Sunset, not too far away, and began looking for the psychiatric department. I told the receptionist that I would like to speak to a doctor, "It's an emergency problem" (1:50:00). Amazingly, a social worker came out and took me into a room. I told her: "There has been an incident, the police came, and I came here because it's the closest place, and I need somebody to help me talk to the police... I threw a chair, and somebody filmed me..." The social worker asked me: "Where do you live?" "I don't have a home..." She replied: "I can't go to the police with you..." I then described how I needed to file papers before 4 PM at the Superior Court. The social worker repeated: "I can't see you unless you are a Kaiser member..." I repeated: "My computer will malfunction and then I'll get angry..." "You need to control your anger..." I then began crying. The social worker, seeing that I was wasting her time, encouraged me to go to downtown to file my papers. Her name was Roxanne. She then gave me a list of Medi-Cal clinics. I left Kaiser Permanente on 2:10:00. I kept mumbling: "*Kill all the other participants in PLANMEX...*" I then got on the bus to go to the Superior Court.

My next recording is: "crtanswri nuclalibcallwesmachine\_7\_8\_10\_3-920PM.WMA": And so I turned in my response to the Pyramid's TRO at Department 75 where the hearing would be held tomorrow. I then left a message for Wes (1:01:00): "It's an emergency..." I ate nearby and then rode the bus to go to Westwood. I came inside the UCLA Research Library on 3:25:00. I was on Russland Journal until the library closed. I then came to Ackerman to use the computers there (4:15:00). When I was leaving, I was mumbling: "These governments spend all this energy to make us disabled; they put a chip inside our head... And all these people move around just for me..." (4:35:00). How wrong was I except when it came to the "chips". Then: "We must go to as many places as possible in order to waste their resources..." I was then leaving the campus. Desperate for Wes, I called up his mother (5:08:00). I asked her if Wes was coming home this summer. "If I go to Albany, is he going to change his mind?"

Then, finally, I connected up with Wes on 5:17:30, and he promised to call me back within two minutes. And he did. "Why don't you wait until I come back to California?" Wes asked. "When will that be?" "In a month, in two months" (5:24:35). Then more discussion about whether he should come back. Then, I began crying: "Mr B caused my computer to malfunction every day..." (5:26:00). Then: "Can't stand it, every website is fake... Then my computer would break down, and I would have to throw things... I cannot be alone anymore... I need somebody to watch me using my computer..." Wes: "I'm sure you can find somebody". Me: "This is not the case. Everyone here is remotely controlled... I can't talk to anybody..." (5:28:15) Well, I was wrong: not everyone was being remotely controlled. I continued: "Why do the Daughter People let him do this?" Now Wes couldn't understand me. "The

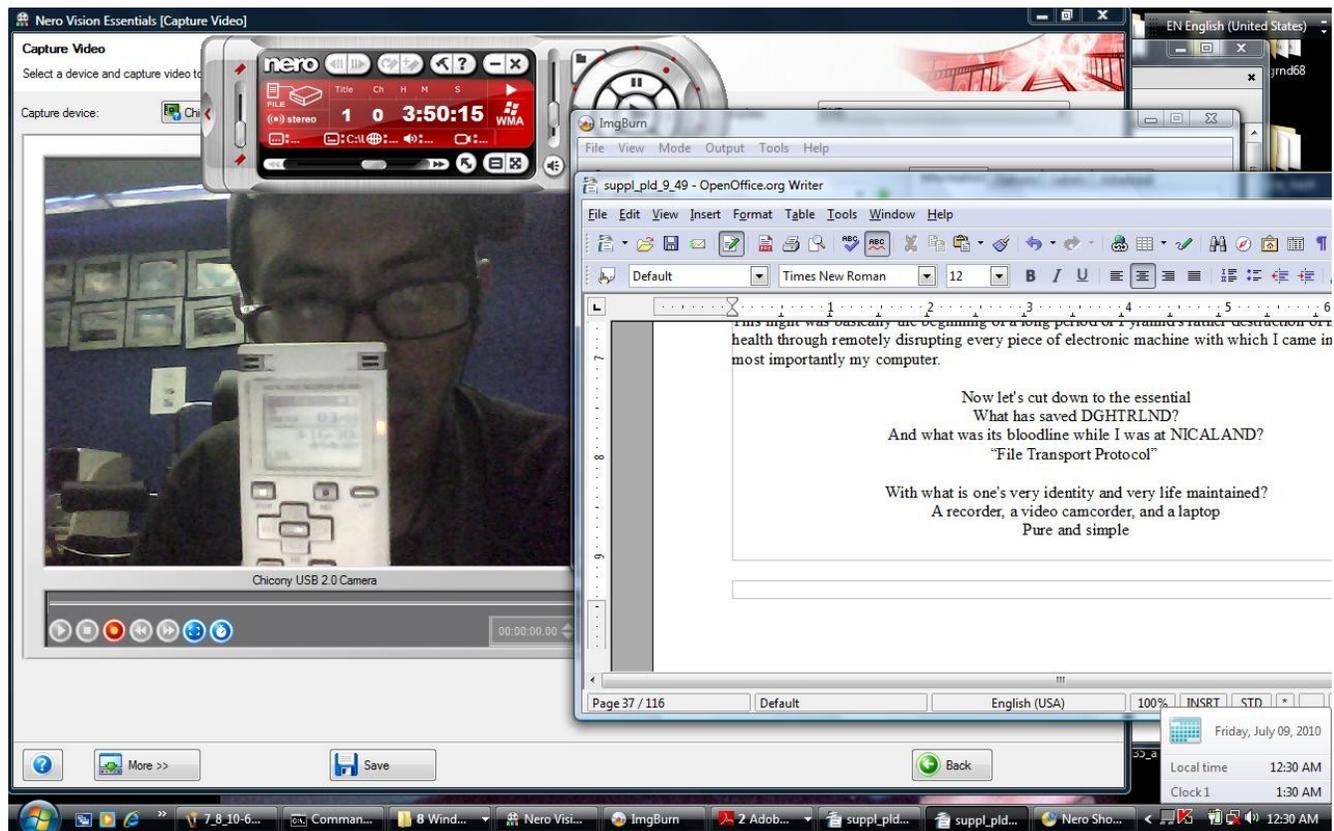
DGHTRPPL don't like me any more..." Wes replied: "Maybe they have a hard time understanding you..." (5:29:00). He continued: "*Who are these Daughter People?*" Me: "These people I have spent so much energy saving, and now they just let these Mexicans..." Wes still couldn't understand me. I got very frustrated: "Why can't you understand anything I say?" I shouted. "Why – do – these – Daughter – People – put – these Mexican fat guys in the Homeland Security control room to torture me...?" Wes: "I don't know. Is that a rhetorical question?" I continued to shout: "I don't know what to do anymore! Why can't anyone help me? There is nobody here to help me! What am I gonna do?" (5:31:30) Wes: "I don't know." Me: "I cannot even use computers... I cannot use the court system, I cannot use the police system, I cannot even use computers! What kind of fuck is this?" I continued: "What am I gonna do?" Wes: "I don't know..." I continued to plead: "... Somebody help me... What do I have to do to get them to leave me alone?" (5:32:55) I was crying so hard by now. Wes replied: "Why do you have to use computers? Don't use a computer. What's the point of using a computer?" I protested: "How am I going to do writing then? How am I going to keep my files? My videos?" Then an argument ensued about how to preserve my videos – nothing can happen without going through computers. "I can buy one? Where does the money come from, huh?..." (5:35:00) Wes: "There are these little things in camera shops... DVD burners... Chips..." Wes was still trying to suggest ways to preserve my videos without using computers. I got so angry: "Any electronic devices they can remotely control!" Wes: "Then you cannot do anything. You'll just have to forget about your videos!" "Well fuck you!" I shouted at the top of my voice (5:36:00). "I need someone to watch me use computers. I need a friend to watch me use computers... Otherwise people will just see this guy blowing up every single day and will never know why!" (5:37:00) I continued: "Why do the Daughter People let him do that? You help them and they get you stuck with this mother fucker!" That's more evidence of my conspiracy with Daughterland for the French. Wes: "If somebody is watching you when your computer freezes, what has that changed?" "Then somebody will *know* what has happened..." "Computers do freeze..." I continued: "Nobody's computer freezes every single day. What kind of computer is that?" (5:37:50) Then: "There is already no connection. It can still be remotely controlled! I have to use my computers inside a Faraday cage..." "As long as you stay in the city..." I continued: "I don't go online. My computer doesn't have Internet connection!" "Did you ever toss your computer out of anger?" Wes asked (5:39:00). I continued my wrong scenario: "I think he is trying to impress the Daughter People by teaching me something... Just don't teach, I don't want to learn..." "Teach what?" I shouted and cried: "Somebody help me! How long have we been friends...?" "Look, if you don't use computers, then they can't touch you..." Wes said. "I have to use my computer!" I cried so sadly. Wes: "I don't think I can help you..." "I don't have anything left... I don't have any friends, I don't have a family, and now I can't even use my computer. What am I gonna do with my life?" Then: "I have to use my computers just as I have to eat... If I don't use my computer, then I'll have to kill myself!" And so I shouted continually. Wes: "It sounds like something is wrong with your computer..." "No, there is nothing wrong with it. That mother fucker is causing it to malfunction! Why don't you understand?" (5:43:38) Wes: "PC is known to crash..." I insisted: "No, it's remotely controlled..." Wes: "Get another computer..." "Where is the money going to come from? He's just going to wreck the new computer too... I have to use computers, it's more important than food... Everybody uses computers..." Wes: "My dad doesn't use a computer..." "I don't care..." "Well, there is a time when people don't use computers..." I kept shouting: "If I don't use computers, I'll have to die..." Wes kept suggesting that I buy a new computer and that, if the new computer malfunctioned, then I just return it. I got so irritated: "What difference would that make?" I insisted that computers wouldn't malfunction if somebody else was watching it – because the Monkey

wouldn't want people to know what he was doing. "But I had no friends! Unless it's Mr B's agent." Then Wes accused me of being ready to accuse him of being Mr B's agent if he watched my computer and yet it still malfunctioned. I got so irritated: "Why are you doing this to me?" He suggested that I use a Macintosh. I got more irritated: "It would make no difference! Unless it's a computer from the 1980s." In reality, Wes was right. Quite often, my computer malfunctioned simply because it was using Window rather than because it was being remotely controlled – but not always. Wes then suggested that I get a new video camera. "If I get a video camera it can also be remotely controlled. Anything electronic can be remotely controlled!" I yelled hysterically (5:58:25). "But it doesn't connect to the Internet..." "It doesn't matter! How many times do I have to tell you this? It doesn't maaaaaaaatter!" I shouted. "They can control anything?" "Yeah... He can shut it off, he can cut the file in half... He can do anything, it doesn't matterrrrrr!!!" I continued: "I told you what I need. I need you to be next to me watching me use machines!" "Can you pay someone?" "I don't have the moneyyyyyyy. Escort costs two or three hundred dollars per hour!" Then I asked again, crying and shouting: "When are you coming back?" Wes couldn't hear me correctly, which added to my frustration: "Where am I calling from?" "No, when are you coming back?" I then expressed my desire to go to Albany. Wes rejected this idea. "There's got to be somebody who can watch you." "I don't have any friends. Who wants to be with a homeless person, huh?" I continued: "I promise I'll never care about another person. I didn't know the consequences are so grave! I promiseeeeeeee!" (6:02:20) Wes: "You shouldn't depend so much on computers. When I first knew you, you were anti-computer..." I shouted in irritation: "Computer is more important than food. If I don't use a computer, I will have to dieeeeeee!" More: "Somebody has to watch me using computers. That's the only solution, it's a life and death issue!!!!" Wes: "When I do come back, I'll call you..." "You lie.... I don't believe you!!! Somebody help me!!!!" (6:03:50) Then I talked more about the Faraday cage. Then Wes suggested nonsensically again: "Not being able to use a computer is the least of your problems...." "No, it's the most important of my problems! Why do you keep saying the opposite?" "But most people..." "I don't care about most people... I've told you what I need. I need someone to watch me use my computer..." (6:05:20). Wes then suggested that somebody could watch me via a webcam. I shouted: "I don't want to hear these idiotic suggestions..." Then: "Maybe if I leave the country, that might solve the problem..." Wes: "There you go. Which country? *How about Mexico?*" I shouted: "Why do you suggest that?" Indeed! Why? Did the French instruct the Daughter People to instruct the CIA to instruct Wes to lure me to Mexico to meet Ekaterina and start PLANMEX? He continued: "You can go to Canada..." "You are my best friend, why don't you care about me anymore???" Then more discussion about computer malfunctioning. "I need you to watch me use the computerrrrr!" I cried (6:11:30). Then we talked about money and about fleeing to other countries. But I couldn't be sure that Mr B wouldn't follow me to foreign countries. Now Wes was going to sleep. I kept crying and yelling about not having money. "You still have 300 dollars. You can buy a small computer..." Then I talked more about how easy it was to remotely control the newer computers. Then Wes suggested: "You can mail me the chip and I can burn it onto discs for you..." "It's not going to work; my file system is very complicated..." Wes suggested using a MAC at stores. "I need to use software to do work." "Work?" "Writing, saving files..." Then we talked again about when Wes would come home. "When are you going to come? Tell me," I shouted. "Tell me what I am gonna do? I cannot just stay here!" Then more argument: "At least your computer doesn't break down every time you use it" (6:17:25). Finally Wes suggested: "Before you buy it, ask what the return policy is." Then he hanged up on 6:20:00.

My next recording is: “abutmchnescybrcafedvd135\_7\_8\_10\_920PM-339AM.WMA”: As I was walking away, I was still mumbling in distress: “In order to be who you are, you must use computers, and that’s the only way to store terabytes of data...” Then: “*It’s my Eee PC which has saved Daughterland*, and now these Mexican Monkeys want to take it away... We need to get to Daughterland, we need to use computers... Computers are more important than food, more important than pyramids...” I didn’t know that I had just provided the French with more favorable evidence! Then more evidence: “While we were in Nicaragua, *it’s our FTP upload which was Daughterland’s only life-line*... All the while the Nicaragua intelligence service was under Mommy’s command...” I then got on the bus to go to the cybercafe. When I arrived on 55:00, I was still mumbling: “No one will ever know what suffering you have gone through; what’s the point of suffering if no one can know about it?” Then I hit on the key: “*Why did Wes suggest that we go to Mexico?* Does Mr B really expect us to go? He seems to have very little common sense. He must have grown up being treated like some sort of king, like an emperor wondering, ‘What is this mop for?’” As usual, I began reviewing my recordings. Then my incorrect scenario: “Mr B is running a fiefdom parallel to Daughterland, and he wonders why people don’t like him...” Then, when my hard drive began making click sounds again, I was again provoked to anger believing that it was due to the control center’s action: “Mr B, this mother fucker, needs to be killed...” (2:45:00). And my arm hurt. What’s the signal about? Angry, I continued: “We couldn’t do anything, this Monkey is fucking unbelievable, he actually believes anyone will want to do anything for him...” Then: “He doesn’t want you to work, he wants you to plant the tree so that he can take over it!” Then: “We are the most expensive disabled person in history, they have spent so much resources preventing us from contributing to humanity...” And: “Mr B takes other people for mere objects, he’s very surprised that other people have consciousness...” Note that I then wrote down a little poem which would be excellent evidence of my conspiracy with Daughterland. (See below.) Then, my incorrect scenario prompted me to anger again: “Whoever is trying to teach us anything, we will fucking kill him...” (3:44:00). Then: “We don’t care about Daughterland anymore, the Daughter People clearly like these Mexicans better than us... What a bunch of freaks! What we care about is our writing...” Then: “What’s so bad about being arrested? We can do X...” Namely, kill the Pyramid. Well, that’s just what my Daughter People wanted! “She needs to pay for it...” (3:49:00). Then: “Maybe, in order to get what you want, you need to do the opposite, hate them instead of love them...” This is actually sort of correct! Then: “What is his ‘Link’ like? It seems that the way to be loved is to hate...” Then I moaned: “It’s so hard to let go of your writings, if you can, then you can kill this bitch without worrying about getting executed...” And my hand hurt! The Daughter People had obtained another piece of favorable evidence! Angry, I continued: “When you are angry, don’t get angry, and when you are not angry, get angry, be completely random, and waste their resources!” While I was on the cybercafe’s computer uploading my latest recording files and burning another disc on my Toshiba, I continued to mumble about killing the Pyramid. “Do more testing tomorrow, so that nothing will ever get off the ground... *He wants us to go to Mexico, and we will never go*... We must travel the world to waste everybody’s resources...” “Be your best, then do nothing, so as to waste yourself away...” Then: “Throw the Pyramid and her father into a room together so that they can smell each other...” And my toe hurt! The Daughter People’s evidence? Incredibly, I was allowed to successfully burn my latest backup disc. “They are still having this discussion, ‘What to do with this guy’! Good, more time spent discussing!” Then, something went wrong with my computer again: “I’m gonna fucking kill you, you fucking Monkey... Com’on, Monkey, make it malfunction... I would rather have babies with prostitutes than with your daughter, because prostitutes don’t have your genes...” Then: “When Daughterland

chooses the Monkey, we know it's Daughtelrand's own loss..." All the wrong scenario!

My last recording of the day is: "cybrcafeabutratnlangr\_7\_9\_10\_345-431AM.WMA". And so, after doing a little more writing in the cybercafe, I went to sleep in the street corner nearby, still angry.



The little poem I wrote down  
tonight that would be evidence for the French

### July 9 (Friday; TRO dismissed; "Why didn't he think of that?")

My first recording of the new day is: "uclalibixweb\_7\_9\_10\_1009AM-150PM.WMA". Soon after I woke up from the street corner, I was inside McDonald's breakfasting. Then I was on the bus going to Westwood, still reading my Trotsky along the way. Getting off the bus on 1:00:00, I thought I saw another surveillance agent. I shouted to him: "Surveillance agent, let me have a cigarette..." I then got on the bus again to go into the campus. I murmured: "He can't be that dumb? How can he be reading your thoughts and not know that you aren't going anywhere?" Then: "We want to go to Albany, but Mr B doesn't want us to go to Albany because he would then have to wire up the whole town" (1:26:00). Ha! Quite wrong. *Only I was wired*. As I was eating in the campus cafeteria, I mumbled again: "Mommy I will die for you..." Just the sort of thing which the French would like to hear. I was in the research library by 1:52:00. As I began using the computer station inside the library, a strange man whom I had seen repeatedly sat down in front of me. I was truly convinced that he was a law

enforcement officer or at least campus security. This time, I would film him. Then: “Mr B wants you to get on the bus to go to Mexico, then he’ll manipulate your environment to manipulate you, it’s called ‘slave labor’, he’s only obstacle is DGHTRCOM...” Completely wrong scenario! I would write an email to Wes, full of my wrong scenarios:

Please tell me when you are coming to California. I’m so dying from loneliness. I’ve developed this strange habit of talking to myself because if I don’t, I wouldn’t even have to open my mouth each day, except maybe when I need to respond when people throw me out of places.

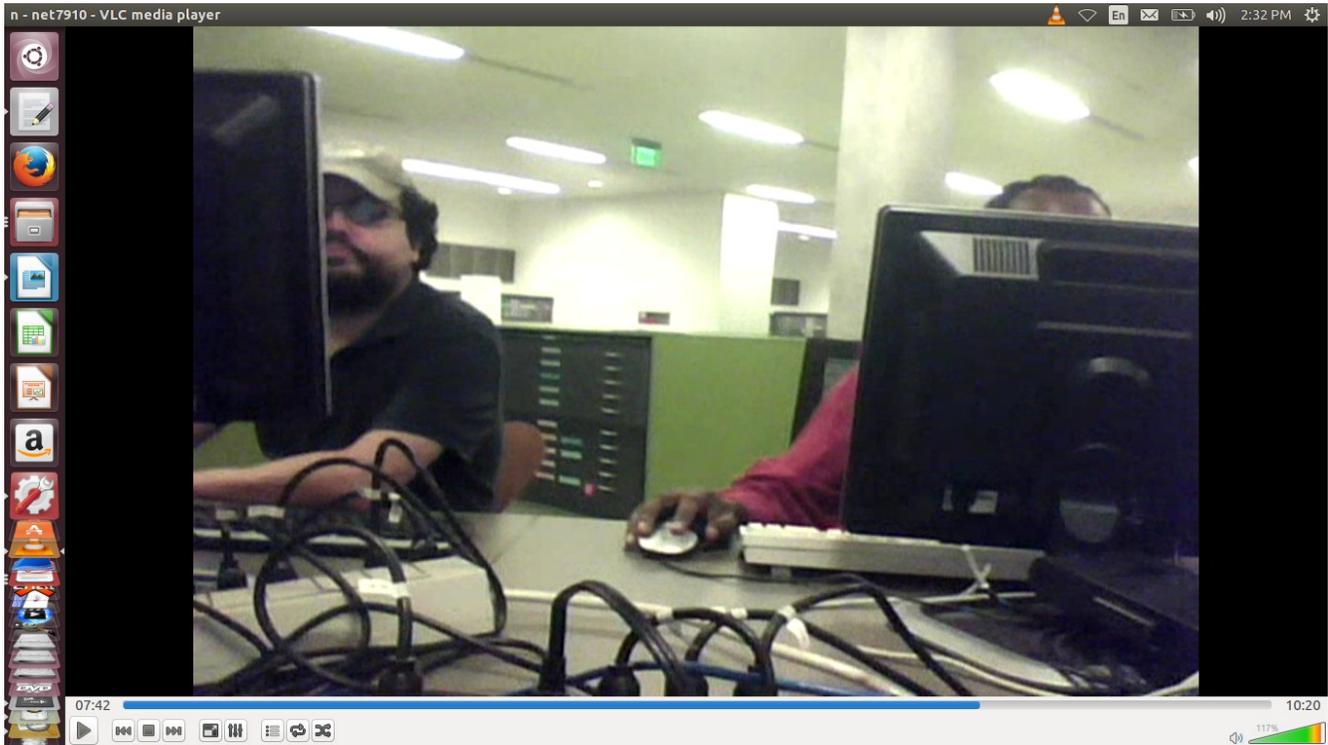
Buying a new computer is not a good idea. I still need the money for a visa...

I’m getting increasingly worried. Everyday when these so-called ‘Daughter People’ put that Mexican fat guy in Homeland Security to run operations and surveillance on me and to cause my computer to malfunction, I’m just constantly wanting to vomit and it has shaken my liking of them, and then I would worry that the ‘Daughter People’ would not like me anymore. I’m especially worried about the one ‘Uncle Daughter’ among them. It seems that the ‘Daughter People’ wanted to put this Mexican fat guy in front of me in order to cause me vomiting sensation and eventually to put me in shock so that they can figure out at which point I would stop liking them. But then I’m becoming increasingly resistant to this, not only because it caused me way too much pain and hopelessness, but also because I’m worried that the ‘Daughter People’ would not like me anymore after they find out what they want to know about me. I don’t think it’s a good technique at all. In fact, I don’t think that it’s something that Uncle Daughter would do. Some other people among the Daughter People must have cut in to make extra decisions. It’s all the fault of that Mexican fat guy. I’m really just most comfortable with ‘Uncle Daughter’ (his code name). Do you have any suggestion?

I’m just getting really sick of government operations on me after all these years. The surveillance agents around me made me want to vomit too, and I’m worried that when I go to a foreign country all the populations there will be alerted about me so that no one would want to talk to me. This email itself would be intercepted by Homeland Security and so on and used as evidence that I’m suffering from schizophrenia for believing that government and local law enforcement forces are watching me and are reading this email. I’m just so sick of all this.

I was just thinking earlier about this strange relationship. The girl from the library that I used to like, now I want to vomit when I think of her just because I now know what her father is like. And her father would want to vomit should he see me. And I want to vomit when I think of him. She probably wants to vomit when she sees him. The only part of this triangular thing which is free of vomit is probably when her father sees her. Ha ha ha. Don’t you think this is funny? (I assume she would want to vomit when she sees me... But hey, she filed a restraining order against me, but I won’t even show

up in the hearing, because I don't want to vomit onto the judge's robe. Ha ha ha....)



The man who I thought was law enforcement or campus security, July 9

My next recording is: "uclalibbus920callcrtdsmssd\_7\_9\_10\_150-804PM.WMA": I then began fixing my website on the library's computer. I continued: "Mr B doesn't want me to have my academic website..." I left the library on 59:00. As I walked back into the Village, I continued: "Mommy's fucking face was so devastating back in January..." More confession which the French loved. After buying batteries, I was on the bus again going back to downtown (1:43:00). The TRO hearing was supposed to be happening right now. More incorrect speculation: "Every time when they make a decision, they will have to produce a 'script' to implement it..." Bullshit. I got off the bus on Wilshire and Vermont on 2:26:00. I walked inside the Metro station wanting to go to the courthouse to check the results, but then changed my mind when realizing that I wasn't going to make it. I called the courthouse instead (2:06:00). "My case number is BS127102...." The court clerk flatly told me that the case was dismissed *because the Pyramid didn't show up*. I hanged up in happiness: "Wow! Now *that's* unexpected..." The question was of course: why didn't she? Perhaps the French had commanded the CIA to order the Pyramid to not show up in order to use the "dismissal" as evidence in the ICJ that her father's claim that I was dangerous wasn't correct after all.

I then got on the Metro train going toward Union Station (3:21:30). I developed another erroneous scenario, that both DGHTR and the Pyramid were going to DGHTRLND. Ha! I had decided to pass the night in Pasadena instead, and so came to the Metro Gold Line platform. Strangely, two Taiwanese women were speaking Mandarin next to me (3:36:00): "*They thus gave the position to him...* And Xiaoyang was very smart, how could he not have thought of this?" This sounded so much like a "secret

message” to me, a “metaphor”. Namely, “*And so DGHTRCOM gave the managerial position for PLANMEX to the Monkey...*” I repeated to myself what looked to me like a secret message from DGHTR: “There’s something that we have missed: 没有想到這一點... *I didn't think of what?*” As you have seen, I had been constantly mistaking other people’s random garbage for “secret messages”. But *this one* sounded just too much like a *real* secret message – in which case these two Taiwanese women might very well be agents from the Taiwanese intelligence service. Yesterday, when the Daughter People saw that it was virtually impossible to provoke me to become violent and to cause me to get arrested – I was too peaceful a person – they must have decided to try again to cause me to realize what was going on. They thus ordered two Taiwanese agents to come enlighten me. When they saw earlier from the mind-reading computer that I had decided to go to Pasadena, they ordered the Taiwanese agents to wait on the platform for me. To give me a hint: *Namely, DGHTRCOM had to confer PLANMEX upon the Monkey instead of upon DGHTR because he had to deny that the mind-reading computer could have been inaccurate in reading my thoughts. And this, because the French had objected – and yet I had never thought about the possibility that the French could have objected.*

Unable to understand what was going on, I came to Pasadena by Metro. On my way I was still reflecting on my thermodynamic interpretation of history: “Very Marxist...” I came to Pasadena specifically to make a purchase at Best Buy. I then came to Zona Rosa on 5:14:00. I reflected on what I thought was the Monkey’s argument: “It’s not right, he argued that we videotaped women for their beauty, when, in reality, that is only a recent habit on our part...” Then, more speculation: “The Pyramid has flipped two times, and she’ll do it again. Her paranoid psychosis develops whenever she is put in a box and doesn’t know what’s going on, and she’ll flip... Although her father doesn’t understand her intellectual side, he does understand her psychosis very well, and so he scared her, and she would flip and believe anything...” Well, at least something like this was true.

My next recording is: “psdntstmod\_7\_9\_10\_813-934PM.WMA”: I then came up with another wrong scenario: “Mr B was told that he’s going to save you while punching you, despite the fact that you are then going to call him names...” And my left foot slightly hurt (15:00). To confirm? When I was leaving, I continued complaining: “If they want to teach you how to deal with frustration, it has to be a problem which everybody shares, not a problem which is a problem only for you” (57:00). More: “Computer malfunctioning is so devastating because you have no witnesses around... I’d rather lose a leg, because, at least, everyone can see it...” I came inside Zeli and spent some time reviewing my recordings and writing. “Are they trying to help me or what?”

My next recording is: “psdntocybrcafeschzoalrtinorout\_7\_9-10\_10\_936PM-159AM”: More incorrect scenario: “Maybe, by allowing Mr B to do what he wants to do, the Daughter People can allow me to do what *I* want to do, like going to Daughterland... Why does Mr B do this? Asking you to go to Mexico, knowing that you will never go...” Then: “Nobody on the planet has our disorder, this phobia toward computer malfunctioning, which is entirely the product of this ICJ trial...” Then I speculated whether the Daughter People were still letting the Pyramid watch my show: “The Pyramid doesn’t see me, she just gets a digest for each day...” Complete bullshit. Then I elaborated upon my incorrect scenario: “It indeed looks like DGHTRCOM’s way: he tells Mr B, ‘Go with all your might, make him think you want to hurt him, and he will bad-mouth about you, but you shall just hold it.’ In the same way, DGHTRCOM wants you to accept Mr B, despite his injustice...” Ha! I then got on the Metro on

46:00 to go back to downtown. Now the guy sitting next to me was blasting rap music. I reflected: “We are less disturbed at this moment because we have just come from shock, the shock of machine malfunctioning...” Then: “This is Daughter’s technique, a pyramid is in front of us, they want to get our brain scan image when we are face to face with beauty, perhaps.... Uncle DGHTR must have a plan to detach us from these pyramid types...” Again, the most self-ingratiating bullshit. I got off the train on 1:10:00. Then, when a girl was speaking strange things to me, I was alarmed: “She says she’s going from Union Station to Union Station, I hope that’s not a message for me, such as: Mr B will stay, but we will be leaving... They are not telling us that we are not going anywhere, right?” Then, I continued my wrong scenario: “What they are doing is that they are scanning our brain while we are under maximal stress in order to understand our disorder.” Ha! Then: “Somebody needs to tell me in a straightforward fashion why I can’t do this and why I can’t go anywhere...” Quite right. I was at the McDonald’s next to the cybercafe by 1:42:00.

On 1:56:20, I had an incorrect realization of what trick the two Taiwanese women at Metro Gold Line platform were trying to play. “Mr B is trying to make you think that they are passing you a secret message. Mr B just wants evidence showing that you suffer from schizophrenia...” Wrong! Then: “He’s planning an alert in case we go to Europe... That’s why I need to be with my Daughter, he’s not here to play games, but here to care for me, he’s here to see what I can do for his country and the world, and not what I can do for *him*, that’s the difference between DGHTR and Mr B... That’s what they are saying: if you don’t want this ‘schizophrenia stuff’, you need to become normal...” I was duping myself again. I continued: “Nobody can stand machine malfunctioning, human beings need to share their experience, it’s okay to be a dog, but we will need a pyramid to guide us...” Strangely, just then, a homeless man – who happened to be Asian – came over and shouted continually, “Help me! Help me!” (2:12:00) I was immediately alerted, thinking that this was the Daughter People’s “secret message” to me telling me that they were extremely dissatisfied with my performance lately – specifically my crying and shouting to Wes about the malfunctioning of my computer. “How can we trust you with anything if you cry like a baby about such a small matter as computer-malfunctioning?” Well, I felt ashamed – whereas, in reality, this was probably another “fake message” which the French had devised. After the Daughter People had directed a “real message” to me this afternoon via two Taiwanese agents, it was now the French’s turn. They were afraid that I might “get it” and so directed this Homeland Security agent to pretend to be homeless and crying pathetically so as to entrench me in my false scenario about how “the Daughter People wanted me for their project”. The French, studying my thoughts from the mind-reading computer, knew that I would be misled by the agent’s crying for help. The legal justification for their fake message remained the same: since the terrorist suspect believed he was conspiring with Daughterland to do great things, the victim of the conspiracy had the right to command the conspirators (the Daughter People) to convey to him such a fake message as conformed to his belief (to institute a reality around him which fit his belief so as to encourage him to finish his mission). Not knowing that I was duped, I went inside the cybercafe to continue reviewing my recordings and writing. I continued to be alarmed by the click sounds which my new external hard drive La Cie was making. Then I reflected: “They were doing this on purpose, that’s their message, ‘Help!’” Namely, that they were admonishing me. Well, at the very least, I was permitted to successfully burn another backup disc. Then I reflected on how my Daughter People must have thought of me: “It turns out that his intellect is even higher than expected, but that his emotional development is even lower...” Ha! In fact, his intellect – his ability to understand what was going on – was far less than

they wished for.

My last recording of the day is: “cybrcafeftpstudy99blon\_7\_10\_10\_206-456AM.WMA”: While smoking outside the cybercafe, I continued my worthless reflection: “Mommy likes to use Biblical references and news items to communicate ‘secret messages’. As for Mr First, his ‘secret messages’ are all too subtle, and as for our Daughter, it’s all artistic stuff, music and art... Each party’s messages are a little harder to understand...” Then I told my recorder about the “colors” which I had strangely associated with the diverse intelligence agencies whenever I thought of them: “The French, it’s all reddish; Daughter, yellowish; Mommy, bluish; the Canadians, white...” Garbage! I then went back inside the cybercafe and, while uploading my latest recording files to my website, would be doing my daily lesson on Russland Journal and then enjoying the music videos of Noriko and Miho. And then Noriko’s interview. Then Nena’s “99 Luftballons”. I would then go to sleep in the street corner as usual.

### **July 10 (Saturday; the Pyramid visited to my website; “Uncle People”)**

My first recordings of the new day are: “cybrcafe\_7\_10\_10\_1051-1124AM.WMA” and “cybrcafeftpixwebnina\_7\_10\_10\_1124AM-534PM.WMA”: Soon after I woke up, I went inside the cybercafe to get online. Listening to Nena, I checked whether the files I had uploaded to my website indeed worked. I repeatedly watched the new, 2009 version of Nena’s “99 Luftballon”. It was strange because this video featured DGHTRCOM – as if it were a “secret message” to me! I left the cybercafe on 4:14:00. While on the street, somebody gave me cigarettes without my asking, and there I started again: “What does it mean? She’s told...” Again, I wrongly assumed that the person was remotely controlled to provide me with cigarettes. Then I wondered: “How do you know it’s actually Polish in the book you were holding in you hand?” I then got on the bus to go to Westwood. Then, something very strange happened: the thumbnail icon of my file duplicated itself in double (4:33:00). Repetition again! (4:42:00) Was this a secret message? I got off the bus on 5:17:00. While I was walking into UCLA, I began another round of worthless speculations: “Maybe DGHTRCOM is trying to close the trial, making sure that it will never happen again...” And my toes hurt! Certainly the French quite liked the fact that I continued to tread on the wrong track. Then: “We should make a hidden webpage on our website for those DGHTRSRV videos...” (5:30:00) I came into Ackerman, and, mysteriously, my arm hurt (5:35:00). What’s the signal about? As you can hear in the recording, there were children running around everywhere, even though this was supposedly a university! This further reinforced my impression that Mr B was behind all this – even though it was all “natural”. I speculated more: “Within 10 years, Daughterland will be a very different place thanks to their victory in this ICJ trial, it will have a fully developed computer industry...” And I received slight sensation on my right foot. Well, of course, since I was providing the French with more evidence for my conspiracy with Daughterland: “While China picks up steam through its cheap labor, Daughterland can’t go on the same path... We predict that, in 10 years, Daughterland will pick up...” As I bought coffee from the vending machine, I continued: “Daughterland has very weak manufacturing...”

Now this should be noted. As I would soon discover, the Pyramid visited my website this afternoon from the Law Library: 66.134.110.154 (h-66-134-110-154.lsanca54.static.covad.net) with the search terms: “writings Lawrence Chin”. Apparently, she was talking to her colleagues at the library about her

failure to appear at the hearing yesterday. Now that her TRO was dismissed, she wanted to take another look at my website.

My next recording is: “uclaemail\_7\_10\_10\_534-729PM.WMA”. When I used Ackerman’s computer to check my emails, I discovered that Wes had replied me. His email was so bizarre that it is worth citing it in full:

All this vomiting makes me want to puke, I can smell it already. I guess if you sent me an e-mail then your computer, or whatever computer that you are using did not freeze up. Things are looking better already. Hey, I think you are right about not buying a [new] computer and that you need to save your money, especially since you owe me quite a lot of it.

Well I [have] never heard of the “Uncle People,” how are they different from the “Daughter People”, other than gender? Although you might want to think twice about using the term “Uncle People”, it could be misunderstood as being racist. In the south white people used to refer to slaves as “uncle” and “aunt”; like Uncle Ben’s Southern Rice, or Aunt Jemina’s Pancakes, or Uncle Tom’s Cabin. Or Uncle Remus. All very racists. (Just in case you don’t know who these people are, I am sending you pictures of Uncle Remus and Aunt Jemina.)

I don’t know when I will return to California, it depends on lots of things: I might go to [the] statistics camp in Michigan (if the Department pays for me), I might get another job teaching, and I am not sure how much [the] tickets are. \$300 is a bit pricey. I will keep you apprised. Although, my watching you use your computer only solves your problem for that moment.

As far as the loneliness, you can always call me but I have to admit, I am less excited about calling you back if I think all you will do is yell at me and cry. Heck, I can get that anywhere. It all makes me want to vomit, lose my cookies, do the Technicolor yawn, hug the porcelain god, upchuck (those [are] all ways of saying “vomit”, “throw up”, “puke”, “heave”).

Well, I hope you are doing better, Take Care, Wes.

And Wes attached two small pictures: a black woman maid and another black man sitting on the porch in the Old South, with one black kid and two white kids. I was completely stupefied, not understanding why Wes was mentioning all this racist thing from the Old South. One possibility is that it was the Daughter People who had commanded the CIA to instruct him to say all these irrelevant things to me. The Daughter People must have employed faulty surveillance to confuse Wes’ email to me with my email to him – since the CIA and Mr former Secretary had employed faulty surveillance in a terrorist conspiracy against them, they still had the right to employ the same faulty surveillance to benefit themselves – and thereby ended up with a piece of evidence confirming that the Monkey’s, or Mr former Secretary’s, false profile of me as a white supremacist was correct. On top of that, all that “Uncle People” and “Daughter People” stuff were further confirmation of my schizophrenic insanity.

Thus would the Daughter People be able to temporarily ward off the French's charge of conspiracy, maintain me as a conspirator against them, and avoid sending me on PLANMEX (or PLANBAIKAL or PLANRUS). Not understanding all this, I was very upset that Wes couldn't quite grasp what I was telling him: it's "Uncle Daughter", not "Uncle People". I immediately wrote him back to rebut him:

Please say you will come in August, as you have promised. I really really need to have someone around. I'm doing a bit better but you would not know how terrible it is when everyday one has only oneself to talk to. All I do everyday is do things by myself. What happened to all the years of friendship between us? I promise I'll not yell at you in the future, at least I'll try very hard not to. But it's not like you haven't seen me desperate before....

Your confusion [has frustrated] me. There is this most general group of people called the "Daughter People". These are the elite class in "Daughterland" (a country). "Uncle Daughter" is a single person, my nickname for a very famous expert from this group of "Daughter People". There is no such thing as "Uncle People", okay? In fact, I usually refer to "Uncle Daughter" as just "Daughter", but I felt the need to add "Uncle" in front of "Daughter" because this "Daughter" is not physically my daughter or female, but some 50 year-old man I suppose. He has white hair, I think. The leader of the Daughter People is nicknamed "DaughterCom", usually shortened to "DC". Okay? The pictures you sent me are irrelevant, I don't know what you are doing? Daughter People just happen to be white, though, but it's not as if this makes any difference. I like to use these nicknames because they sound cute and I don't like to mention names in actual communications.

Please tell me if you are coming home or if I can go to your place. I need to have someone to talk to.

If the Daughter People had indeed obtained evidence that I was a racist, the French would use my email to Wes to refute their evidence: that the email wasn't mine, that "Uncle People" was Wes' invention, and that I was neither saying insane things nor a racist. The "Daughter People" was a nickname for the Russians. As both pieces of evidences were gathered appropriately, the stalemate continued.

There are of course other ways to understand Wes' nonsense. Perhaps my Daughter People had commanded Wes to produce evidence showing that, when I talked about the Daughter People, I wasn't referring to the Russian intelligence service SVR. That would be another way to ward off the French accusation. But here is something far more significant. It could also be that it was the French who had commanded the Daughter People (to command the CIA to instruct Wes) to communicate a secret message to me. The Uncle Remus stories were written by Joel Chandler Harris. It is said of him on Wikipedia: "*Uncle Remus: His Songs and His Sayings* was published near the end of 1880s. Hundreds of newspapers reviewed the best-seller, and Harris received national attention.... Royalties from the book were modest, but allowed Harris to rent a six-room house in West End, an unincorporated village *on the outskirts of Atlanta*, to accommodate his growing family. Two years later Harris bought the house and hired the architect George Humphries to transform the farmhouse into a Queen Anne

Victorian in the Eastlake style. The home, soon thereafter called ‘The Wren’s Nest’, was where Harris spent most of his time...” (emphasis added). As for Aunt Jemima, it is said on Wikipedia: “The term ‘Aunt Jemima’ is sometimes used colloquially as a female version of the derogatory label ‘Uncle Tom’. In this context, the slang term ‘Aunt Jemima’ falls within the ‘Mammy archetype’ and refers to a friendly black woman who is perceived as obsequiously servile or acting in, or protective of, the interests of whites. The 1950s television show *Beulah* came under fire for depicting a ‘mammy’-like black maid and cook who was somewhat reminiscent of Aunt Jemima.” In other words, the secret message was telling me that I was supposed to go on PLANMEX to discover Atlantis and that this mission was a “Mommy op” (CIA operation). (It could also be telling me that Uncle Daughter was actually a CIA operative and not Russian: Uncle Daughter = Uncle Mommy.) According to this train of thought, the French were doing their best to encourage me to go on this mission without worries about the Monkey!

Now after my email to Wes, I then wrote an email to my cousin Irene:

How are you? I’ve gone through such terrible times like you couldn’t believe. How come you wrote me once and then never wrote me again? I’ll have to be in the bay area next week or so in order to take care of some business and wonder if you could help me a bit? Or at least talk to me some time, because I’m so alone that I only have myself to talk to.

I noticed a visit from San Jose on my website’s log three days ago. Is it related to you? I changed the website a bit and I hope it didn’t sound too crazy to you. It’s just where I put up the stories I have written.

Irene would deny that that was her visit, and it was never clear whether the visit was related to the Pyramid. Perhaps the Daughter People had commanded the CIA to instruct her to rumor about me with her friends and so on (about how insane and dangerous I was) in order to intercept the rumor into the ICJ as evidence. Then I checked the Meetup websites, including Karin’s groups. While reviewing my recordings, I also tried to download a driver for my Toshiba. Now I wished I could recover Internet connection for my Toshiba Satellite. Then I came up with another wrong conclusion: “Why are the people around me so dumb with computers nowadays? Hmm... because the Pyramid is watching me...” Ha!

My next recording is: “uclanetbrdrpolishrtocybrcf\_7\_10-11\_10\_736PM-1231AM.WMA”: While on Ackerman’s computer, I also discovered VK for the first time, and then noticed that the Russian guy I had written to had written me back. He told me all about “Daughterland”. After a while, I mused, “We are a ‘representer’, while DGHTRCOM is an ‘actor’, he is here to effect changes; we are academics, we are only concerned with the *representations* we will leave behind... DGHTRCOM is very down to earth, i.e. pragmatic, and so he sells oil to build up his country... Although Uncle Daughter is a very charming man, he must have appeared too ‘sissy’ to Mr B...” Bullshit! Then, more incorrect speculation: “They pretend to want you to go in the opposite direction, but you can’t get there, and so you end up in the middle. When they tell you to go left, they are not really wanting you to go left, they just want to see how far you *could* go left, that seems to be the technique.... They wanted you to buy chocolates for the Pyramid, but then she didn’t want it, what’s the game about?” (37:00) More garbage:

“Mr B has never moved in his social status... That’s why Uncle Daughter wants to detach you from this computerized environment, they won’t do it in their own country, it’s too costly...” Then: “The Pyramid’s family’s has this strange notion: how can you go through the world without knowing computers? There are only two people in the world, Mommy and Daughter, for whom we will...” Just then, sensation on my right toes (54:00). Were the French signaling to me because they had just collected more evidences for my past conspiracy with Daughterland? I was then reading about Ana Chapman’s court case. Again, the news sounded totally unreal to me – as if the life and death struggle between the CIA and the SVR in the International Court of Justice had never happened! Then I got on Craigslist. I left on 1:24:00. As I walked down Westwood Blvd toward Borders Bookstore, I mused more: “I don’t think we are going to encounter any more fake books, we’d better not go to Borders... But all that only comes up when there is testing...” Bullshit! Then: “Fake websites are weird, but fake books are particularly bad...” I failed to comprehend that there weren’t any fake websites and fake books! Then, I reflected on the exciting episode from February 12: “Uncle Daughter is good with logic too, and so, on both sides, there just happened to be the right people in place... Maman watching it from the side must have been dumbfounded...” Unfortunately, I had just provided the French with more evidence with which to damn my beloved Daughter People, who could now only count on my apparent insanity to defend themselves.” More: “What does the machine show when you only have an inkling, a vague notion, when you are quite confused?” Finally: “The age where nation-states spy on each other has passed...” I was referring to the conclusion of this ICJ trial. I came into Borders and set myself up at a table. You can hear my hard drive making clicking sounds, which again tremendously worried me (2:16:00). Then I browsed through a Polish grammar book I had found (2:42:00). When I was reading about the agreement of adjectives with nouns, my arm hurt tremendously (2:44:00). What? Why? I then left Borders and was eating outside 711. More incorrect speculation: “Wes is still under Mr B’s command, and that’s why he responded with this crap, ‘Uncle People’... People are so confused, machines malfunction constantly, we must get out of this country...” Then: “Uncle Daughter is going to help us, right? We live in an environment of sensory deprivation... If, when you get to Daughterland, people ask you, ‘Why are you here?’ you will reply, ‘People in America are too confused, and machines constantly malfunction, we are a genius, and so we have to be somewhere else where people have a functioning brain’...” Then, when somebody asked me for a light, I mistook him for a surveillance agent here to do an “intercept” (4:01:00). I then got on the bus to go to the cybercafe, reading my *Trotsky* along the way. When I came inside the cybercafe I was still mumbling: “DGHTRCOM is... practical, business-like...” Then: “That’s how the Daughter People test your feeling about justice, they let the person who has already beaten you up once strike you again, to see to what extent you will hate him. And if you are still able to get along with him afterward, then you will have passed the test, that is, you will have proven yourself safe for the operation with him.” I really thought I had penetrated the SVR’s mysterious testing system, ha! But note that I had indeed come up with a good idea about how to test people: I was like a delusional scientist who had imagined up a time-travel machine during his schizophrenic delusion, only to find that the imagined design could actually work! And, just then, siren, which made me wonder whether the control center was concurring with me. I continued: “That’s a brilliant technique, and if we tell others we have learned it from the Daughter People...” (4:42:00). Ha! Just then, I saw the “B guy” walking in, erroneously believing that it was Mr B who had remotely controlled him to come into my presence. Then, more incorrect speculation: “You don’t know what news is going on in Daughterland about us, about our International Court case...” I told my recorder about my erroneous belief that my video of the “Daughter Pyramid” whom I met in the San Jose court

house in January 2009 was actually broadcast on the news in Daughterland. I concluded: “We might be in for a surprise (when we get to Daughterland), people might know something about us...” Just then, my left arm hurt tremendously. It was certainly the French who were encouraging me to tread on my wrong track.

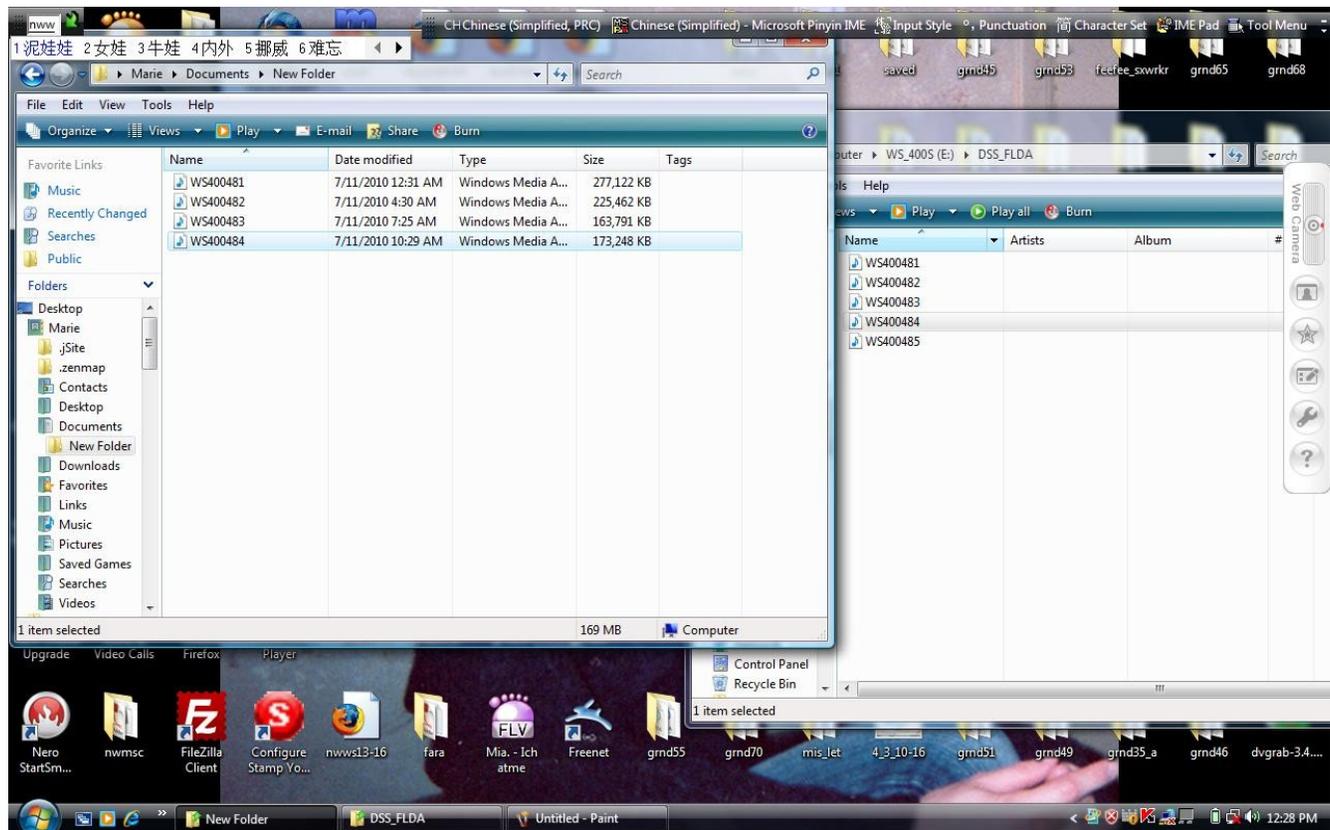
### **July 11 (Sunday; my storage burglarized)**

My next recording is: “cybrcafewrtsupl950422\_7\_11\_10\_1231-430AM.WMA”: When I came inside the cybercafe, I saw somebody taking pictures, and, once again, wrongly assumed that this was my “double” (Mr B’s faulty surveillance). Then: “They want you to choose, *but we don’t want PLANMEX at all...*” (20:00). I then began writing and reviewing my recordings. Suddenly, my left arm hurt tremendously when I thought: “Mr B, by not letting us go, would be working against the Daughter People’s interest... But why would they let him do all this if they are in charge?” (35:00) Then, when two guys were talking loudly next to me, I got very annoyed by the fact that I *had to* record strangers’ garbage. I was now writing “Frankfurt and Brussels” and filming myself writing intermittently. Then, suddenly, my right foot hurt tremendously, and yet I was merely typing “edge”... Then my Microsoft IME malfunctioned again and the Chinese character for “reconciliation” (和) popped up on my screen. “Is it a message?” And my foot hurt continuously (3:39:00). Then: “DGHTR is not going to Mexico... And we are going to Daughterland”, and, just then, my wrist hurt tremendously (3:45:00).

My next recording is: “cybrcafewrt422dvd136\_7\_11\_10\_432-755AM.WMA”: Amazingly, I was permitted to successfully burn a new disc. After a while, I muttered again to the Monkey: “That happens when you use machine malfunctioning to pass messages, your target is going to pay more attention to the malfunctioning than to your message...” Then: “We really want to go to Daughterland...” Then, strangely, my toes hurt tremendously just because I was thinking about the “modern condition”, how the government can know what you are doing just by tapping into your electronic devices and communications and so on (40:00). I had yet to comprehend that, most of the time, the control center hurt me simply to confuse me! I then enjoyed Nena’s “99 Luftballons” (the 2009 version) on Youtube and downloaded it. When I began filming my computer screen, the guy sitting next to me said something. I mistook him for Mr B’s agent and so pointed my camera at him (1:56:00). By morning, I was inside McDonald’s and then went to sleep on the street corner.

My first recording after I woke up is: “wkcybrcafedvd136tostrg\_7\_11\_10\_1029AM-1229PM.WMA”. When I woke up, I was quite upset because I couldn’t find my lighter. I assumed (wrongly) that it was Mr B who had sent in an agent to steal my lighter. I got matches from 711 and then came inside the cybercafe (30:00.) I burned another backup DVD. I then got on the bus to go to my storage facility. When I took out my *Trotsky*, a Hispanic guy who with his iPod looked like a surveillance agent came on board and sat in front of me. I wrongly assumed that Mr B had just commanded Homeland Security to send in a surveillance agent to film me reading my Trotsky book, and I filmed him too. I thought Mr B’s plan was that, should I go to Europe, he would command Homeland Security to alert the European authorities saying I was not only a schizophrenic but also a Marxist revolutionary. This thought – a completely erroneous scenario – made me terribly angry because, in fact, I was reading this book only because it was in German and because it would teach me something about Russian history. I mumbled: “Every time we read this book, there will be a surveillance agent, to profile us as a wannabe

‘revolutionary’...” (52:00). When I came inside the storage facility and opened my computer, I had to film it because my Microsoft IME was malfunctioning again. “Now we can’t even close it, here are more videos of machine malfunctioning... Why is Mr B doing this? Why? Why the fuck?”

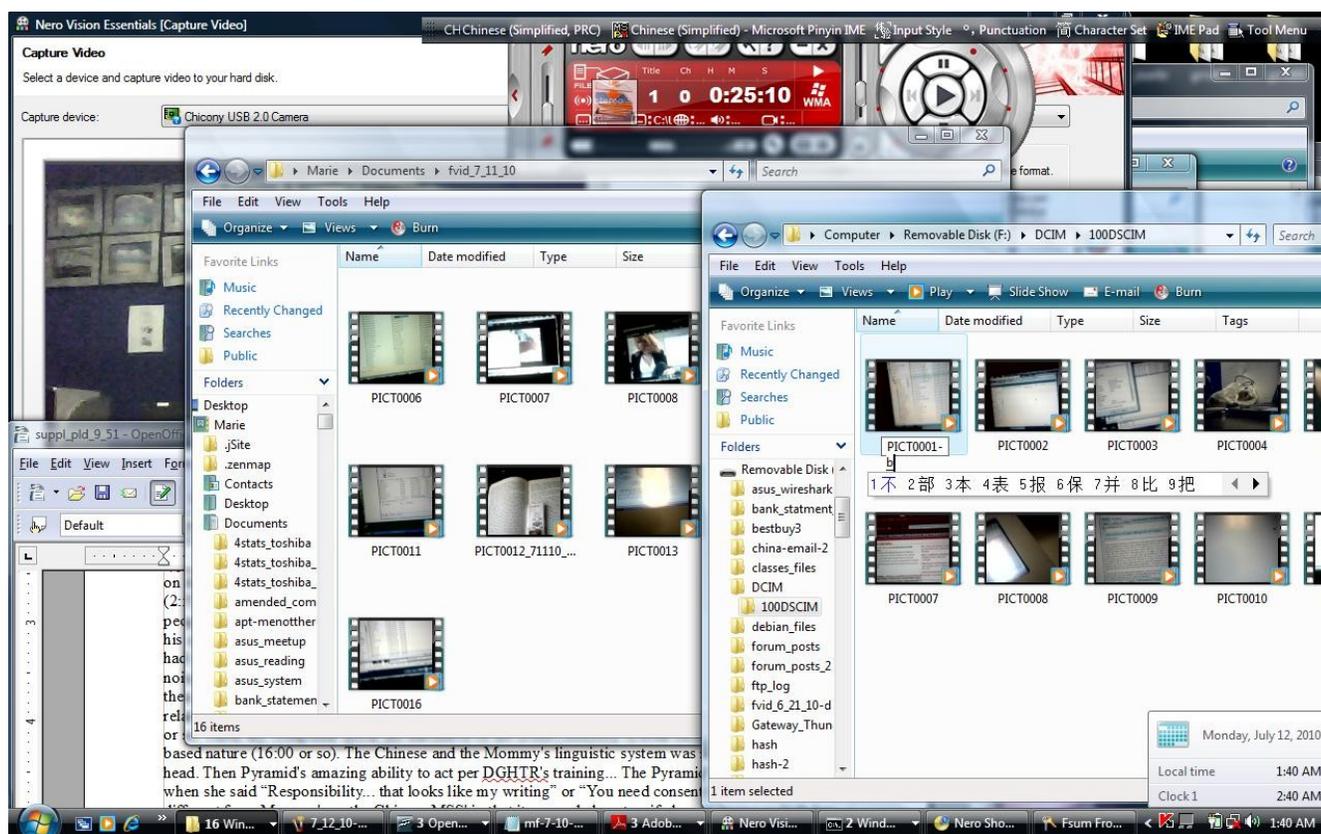


Microsoft IME malfunctioned again around 12:28 PM

My next recording is: “strgbrglrzd\_7\_11\_10\_1236-316PM.WMA”: I was terribly angered that the malfunctioning of IME had prevented me from naming my recording files again. While going upstairs to my storage unit, I was still mumbling out of severe anger: “When machine malfunctions like this everyday, I won’t have the time to work!” (10:00) Then, when I opened my storage unit, all my things just fell off to the ground. Clearly, *somebody had gone into my storage unit and moved things around*. This was absolutely unforgivable. I was so angered that I began throwing things: “I don’t have the time to work, I constantly have to deal with people’s fucking with me... Our full time job is to be disabled...” I put into my storage unit all my newly burned DVDs, and, while going downstairs, I was still mumbling: “I don’t see any difference if Mommy is under Daughter’s command, but maybe we are just being naïve...” (1:08:30). When I was walking the streets, I continued to express my frustration: “We need to know what discs might have been stolen from our storage unit this time! Even though we regularly videotape our storage unit’s content, we just don’t have the time to review all the videos to ascertain what is missing. Then: “You can’t go to a foreign country while recording yourself 24 hours a day, it’s so abnormal, unless they precisely want you to be abnormal...” Just then, my arm hurt: it would appear that this was a signal. “So they *do* want us to be totally abnormal?” (2:12:00)

My next recording is: “touclalibstndunionnet\_7\_11\_10\_316-844PM.WMA: I stayed in Burger King a little. Suddenly I thought I had some idea about what the “plan” was. Ha! I was then all quiet during my bus ride back to UCLA. I came inside the research library by 1:48:00 and sat down at one of the computer stations. First, my daily Daughterspeak lesson at Russland Journal (2:19:00). During my coffee break outside the library (2:45:00) I began my worthless speculation again: “Nobody in the control center is going to understand anything we say... The problem with this environment is that people are not reacting to us...” Ha! I didn’t know I was wrong that everybody around me was being remotely controlled or commanded. Then: “This Daughterspeak is ten times harder than German... Now why are people in Poland and Hungary so unhappy? Well, the economy was bad, and there was no pop culture....” Good observation! Then more incorrect understanding of the current situation: “We must be very different from most people, otherwise they wouldn’t spend so much resources testing us...” Ha! There was no testing! More erroneous understanding: “The consequence of the court case must be very big, the whole world is altered, our Uncle Daughter *is* trying to save us...” More: “People in politics are not as heartless as we think they are... They have spent so much energy protecting the Pyramid’s family... There are many big people trying to take care of her...” Ha! Now that the library was closed, I came inside Ackerman to use the computers there. I checked the videos I had uploaded to my website. I had by now set up a new webpage on my website, “My History with Machine Malfunctioning”, devoted to hosting my videos of machine malfunctioning. Then: “DGHTRCOM is very into law, and what does it mean? So he is into lawful resolution of conflicts...” (4:51:00). Complete bullshit. I then filmed myself naming my recording files. Wow, I was allowed to do this! Then more erroneous understanding: “They are showing us to a certain pyramid, let her watch us, let her see our worst side, so that they could decide who would be willing to take in this strange creature... At the same time, the Monkey is being trained, and the whole court case is being closed. Now which pyramid is watching?” Only if I could figure out that the Daughter People were desperately trying to *not* give me a pyramid!

My next recording is: “mstrbfnfdthrwnttocybr\_7\_11-12\_10\_845PM-1227AM.WMA”. I then came inside the underground parking lot to masturbate. I then left the campus and bought cheap food at 711. While smoking on the street, I continued: “Our talent lies in human psychology... Hopefully machines will not malfunction later, for it will eat up a lot of time...” I then rode the bus back to the cybercafe, listening to Nena on my way. Then again: “*I need a Daughter Pyramid to guide me*, she would have direct lineage to Uncle DGHTR.... DGHTRCOM is too high up there, it makes us nervous, we would be too afraid to disappoint him... And what if we go to Coffee Bean and he’s there again? We can never turn off our recorder, but he’ll understand...” More: There are only two parties for whom we will ever sacrifice ourselves, Mommy and Daughter, and only if they stand on their own, or if Mommy stands under Daughter...” I had just provided the French with more evidence that I was conspiring with my Daughter People during the seven months to conquer the world.



Another episode of IME malfunctioning: “Bu” as in “Mr B”.

My next recording is: “cybrcfedvd1367273\_7\_12\_10\_1227-527AM.WMA”: I was angry again when I couldn’t find my earphones (14:00). “Do not go to Mexico.... We are doomed, we have no money, we can’t make money, don’t go to Mexico...” I was then burning another backup DVD. When I was filming the finalization of the disc, my camcorder shut itself off (1:12:30). I was angered again: “We need two camcorders, one to videotape, and the other to videotape the videotaping.” And my arm hurt. What was the signal about? This only added to my anger: “Why? I don’t fucking know why! We have got to get out of here, we can’t let him forge our discs...” (1:31:00). That is, I assumed that it was because Mr B wanted to forge my disc that he shut off my camcorder while I was filming the finalization of the disc. I continued in my anger: “Checking this fucking disc is going to take so many hours... All because this mother fucker can remotely control our computer... We don’t have time to do anything else... This disability is so bad...” (1:35:00). I then went outside the cybercafe to contemplate going to Tucson to find Tony. I came back inside the cybercafe on 2:00:00 and began using my computer. Once again, Chinese characters popped up on my computer screen preventing me from typing. I was so extremely annoyed: “I can’t stand it!” (2:12:00) After a while, I mumbled, “Why don’t you want to be known as a schizophrenic? Because it involves pain!” Then, when I was ready to film my computer screen, my camcorder shut itself off again, tremendously angering me (3:30:00). I then began burning another backup disc. And the card reader on the cybercafe’s computer was also broken. Then my camcorder shut itself off again while I was filming the finalization of my new disc. I was terribly annoyed, murmuring: “The disc is not closed... We have to be forever homeless because we

have to spend all our time filming our computer screen... Mother fucker... We need to seek help...” Just then, Chinese characters popped up on my computer screen to prevent me from typing. I was further angered (3:54:00). When I was ready to connect my external hard drive to my computer, I got very scared – would it malfunction again? And my arm hurt (4:09:00). Another signal! I mumbled in anger: “Whoever wants us to do anything.... just don’t do anything...”

My last recording is: cybrcafe\_7\_12\_10\_535-559AM.WMA: Still extremely angry, I came to McDonald’s to order coffee and cookies. I was again terribly annoyed because the cashier couldn’t hear me. Then more mysterious pain signals from the control center: “Who the fuck is hurting my arm? Fuck!” Then I went to sleep in the street corner.

## July 12 (Monday)

My first recording of the new day is: “wkbuytraintcket\_7\_12\_10\_1015AM-113PM.WMA”. I woke up from the street corner, and, strangely, my arm hurt, simply when I was thinking about being on the train (12:00). Another meaningless signal to reinforce the eeriness of my environment. I then got on the Metro going toward Union Station. Today I was going to buy a ticket for either Albuquerque or Tucson. I repeated: “Mr B will not cause machines to malfunction if someone is looking at it....” When I came to Amtrak’s counter, I was told that tomorrow’s train for Albuquerque was already filled up. I found this suspicious. The next train going to Tucson would run on Wednesday. I thus bought the ticket for the train going to Tucson. Mission accomplished, I continued: “My legs grow on my own body, *I’ll not go to Mexico...*” (1:04:00). How disappointed the Smart Woman must be! Then, my wrong scenario again: “How can the train going to Albuquerque be filled up? This is orchestrated! It’s because it takes more than two days to wire up the whole city, and so they block you, and only let you go there after tomorrow... What they really want is for you to go to Tucson...” This is complete bullshit. The Daughter People and so on were not in the business of wiring up a whole city in order to make my environment remotely controllable: they only controlled me and whatever electronic devices I might be using. I then got on the bus to go to my storage facility. After getting off the bus, I continued my worthless speculation: “Mr B can only recruit strangers, because he can’t attract, unlike DGHTR! He can only be a manager at a movie theater or something like that, where people want his job not because they like it, but because *there is* a job... They need money, and would robotically do anything in order to earn money. Look at the people he has recruited so far for PLANMEX, they only want this job because *there is* a job.... He can never recruit any idealists...” Then, more garbage: “Mommy recruits by making you feel like you are in heaven with them, but DGHTR recruits by... Well, they have the advantage because they are more exotic, but they are quite twisted... When it comes to Mr B: he will beat you up, so you will want to run away... The Marine recruits also by beating you up, but they have this ‘ring’ to it... There are thus these four distinct ways of recruitment...” I continued: “Mr B is the only person who thinks pain will make you a better person...” I then reflected on my problem: “Human experience needs to be shared, otherwise, he will break down, and become only interested in objectifying his experience in writing, hoping that some day somebody will discover it and share it... I don’t think Mr B understands this... It’s not about a boot camp, this is like a prison house... You waste my time and I waste your resources...” While on the bus, I was again annoyed by all the Hispanic people who had their children with them: “These Hispanics, so little transcendence... All they know is reproduce themselves...” The early stage of my Hispanophobia.

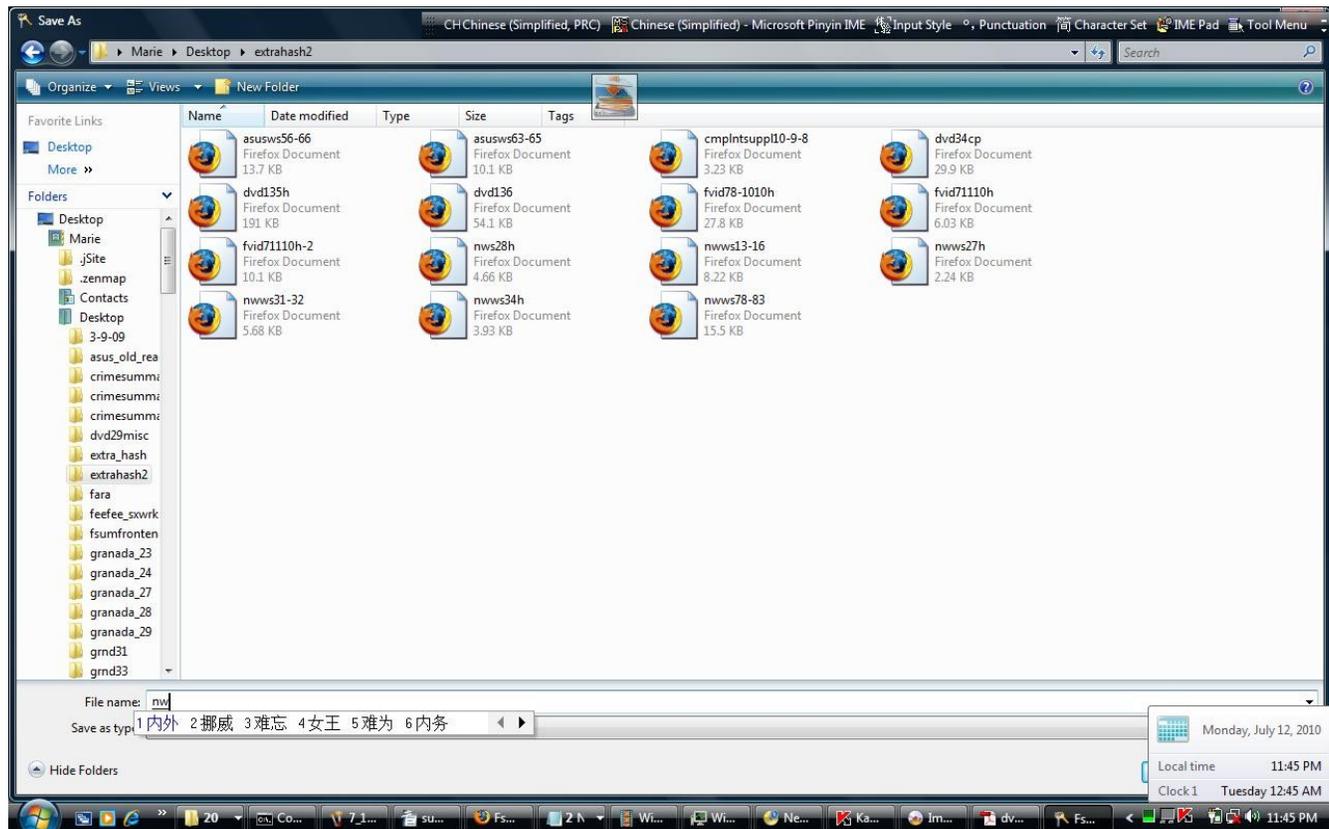
My next recording is: “strgetapeit\_7\_12\_10\_113-407PM.WMA”: I arrived at Public Storage and told the employee – Christina – that this was the second time that I had the impression that someone had gone into my storage unit. Someone who could pick locks, I told her. “You don’t have surveillance camera over it...” “The next time you call the police,” she replied. I told her that the previous manager affirmed that I could videotape the content of my storage unit (2:50). “You can take pictures if you want,” she said, “but we couldn’t do anything about it.” “But...” “What do you want us to do? Stand in front of the unit until the man shows up?” she said. I continued: “Do you call the insurance company first, or do you have to have a police report first?” “You’ll need the police report first.” “So I can tape over the cracks of my storage unit, right? You are not going to tear it off?...” (10:00 or so). It has never been clear to me who had gone into my storage. Did the Daughter People instruct the Monkey to send somebody to burglarize my storage unit in order to produce evidence that I conformed to his false profile of me (that my discs were forged, for example)? Or did the French do so in order to obtain evidence that I didn’t conform to the profile (that my discs were real)?

When I came in front of my storage unit, I suddenly had the realization: “When the soldier is going away he cannot be worrying about what stuff he has back home, hence this cannot be DGHTRORG’s idea” (25:00). Ha! Bullshit! Then I wondered: lately people seemed to be more rude – and more tough-looking – than before. I would begin to think that even this was orchestrated from the control center to provoke me. I counted my discs – and filmed myself doing so in order to have proofs – and didn’t find any of them missing. I was exhausted: “Other people don’t need to worry about their stuff... All this is making us very unproductive... It is decreasing the effectiveness of a person...” The more I thought about it, the angrier I got: “I don’t have enough time, I don’t get enough sleep, I don’t have any friends...” (50:50 or so). Then I began complaining about the weakness of the “message system”: “In the battlefield, when the message from the commandant to the soldier is too weak, the soldier will just ignore it, so that the commandant will be forced to pass on a stronger message... Indeed, that’s what we will do later...” When I came downstairs, I talked to another Public Storage personnel – this time Jessica – about somebody’s unauthorized entry into my storage unit, and about the tapes I had taped over my storage unit. “It’s okay, right?” Now that I had taped over my storage unit, I would be certain that someone had gone in if it did happen again. I then came to the food mall. I continued: “This will be anti-Daughterish, when the leader has to blackmail the slave to get anything done... You might as well find somebody else for this PLANMEX... If not, you will screw up your own reputation, since your own Daughter way is such that everybody has to really want to do his or her assignment...” Complete bullshit! The French didn’t expect my paranoia to completely screw up their plan. When I left, I came up with a new theory: “Perhaps, whatever Mr B wants to do will also have to be embedded in intercepts, which will then have to fit Daughterland’s plan...” Then: “Just don’t touch my stuff, don’t touch my discs...” Then I began reflecting on “secret messages” again: “Ms Mermaid’s ‘Today’s weather is bad’... It’s so hard to distinguish it from normal chatter, we didn’t know what it meant, we thought maybe she thought us too ugly... Meanwhile, this ‘visual art’ method is simply too weak...” The French must definitely be disappointed that Wes’ “secret message” to me two days ago had completely flown over my head. I then got the bus on 2:33:00.

My next recording is: “bus2napuclalibstudyrstntunionnet\_7\_12\_10\_407-919PM.WMA”. While on the bus, I was disturbed by a Hispanic male talking loudly in Spanish and by children’s shouting. Then,

when the bus was hardly moving, I believed again it was because Mr B was trying to obstruct me: “It’s 6 PM, and we have been on the bus for more than two hours!” (1:50:00) I finally got off the bus on 1:54:00. Angry, I muttered: “We will never change!” Then: “Everything which everyone else takes for granted, we’ll not have! Fuck you!” I came to the UCLA library and got on the computer. I did my daily lesson on Russland Journal (2:31:00). When the library closed, I left paranoid about whether Anatsasia was really speaking German and Russian (!). “Somebody is spending a lot of effort to fix the websites and books we look at... The language we are learning might not be a real language, so that we will be sucked into our fake world...” Paranoid over nothing! Then: “... we can’t do anything anymore, we can’t go to Mexico, the training has destroyed us, the preparation for PLANMEX has destroyed the plan itself... He did it on purpose, he thinks it’s cool... We can’t distinguish what’s natural from what’s orchestrated... Our IME was altered from within, now it’s automatic... And we can’t find any expert to help us... We can’t find any expert who doesn’t already know us... We can never encounter any real people... One day we’ll get our audience to show our videos of computer malfunctioning to... Maybe the Pyramid will go... We know everything that happened until early May... Now every book might be fake, every book needs to be videotaped... Deep down we don’t believe that Uncle Daughter meant us harm... We are always the best on paper, number one...” All the worthless reflection! Then I believed erroneously that people were being remotely controlled to run. “... there is no way to overcome this environment... We are luckier than people in Mommy’s secret prisons... Do you know who you are working for? That’s the most important thing... Maybe DGHTRCOM wants us to learn to obey commands no matter where they come from...” I then continued to mumble about Khalid Sheikh Mohammed and the 911 hackers. I came to Ackerman and continued: “... we must build up our usefulness so that, when we refuse to participate, we can deprive them of some benefits...” I continued writing while burning a new disc. I then got on Akcerman’s computer and wrote an email to Tony telling him I wanted to come to Tucson. Then I read up some German news about Daughterland (a new opposition party was formed). Then I read up more about Anna Chapman’s case. Then: “Mr B got people to talk about sports next to me probably just in order to annoy me... He *does* understand that talking about sports in front of intelligence officials would make them look down on him...” Then: “They delayed the train because they need time to wire up the whole town...” Then: “The Monkey cut in and randomized things back in May because he wanted to confuse you and make you look schizophrenic...” All the bullshit!

My next recording is: “brdrtrvlbkcfbseemommy\_7\_12\_10\_919-1052PM.WMA”: While walking, I regurgitated the following: “Earlier we thought that the Monkey Pyramid is most gullible, has an artistic side which renders her a very good actress... It does seem like they are helping us, although we don’t feel like we are being helped at all...” (6:40 or so). Bullshit. I came to Borders Bookstore (11:00). I browsed through more Lonely Planet travel books on Europe to prepare for my escape. When I noticed bad grammar in the books, I got skeptical again wondering whether these were orchestrated fake books: “Don’t believe anything this book is telling us.... Why is Greece so expensive?” And my leg hurt! “Just don’t believe any of these books is real...” I read about traveling in Romania and Poland (34:00). When the bookstore was closed, I bought food in 711 (46:00). Then: “Don’t go to Daughterlnad, go somewhere else first, for Mr B will stick chips into the brains of the people around us... Don’t let him do this in Daughterland...” And my butt hurt! (52:00) When I was walking away, I saw a golden pyramid inside a store who looked like “Mommy” (1:06:00). I was so overwhelmed that I kept staring at her. Then I got on the bus to go to the cybercafe.



Another episode of IME malfunctioning, 11:45 PM.

My next recording is: “cybrcafedvd137mlfnctdghtrorg\_7\_12-13\_10\_1058PM-552AM.WMA”. While on the bus I told another surveillance agent (or so I thought) to get away from me. When I came inside the cybercafe, I chatted briefly with the ever present Hispanic man. Then, I confessed: “We might have an easier time if DGHTRCOM would just find Mr former Secretary to run the shift over us instead of letting Mr B or his Mexican team do it.” I then regurgitated my new plan to travel all around Eastern Europe in order to cause the Monkey to chip a massive number of innocent people and waste everybody’s resources. There were children shouting in the cybercafe again! In the middle of the night! Then my camcorder shut itself down when I tried to videotape my computer. To annoy me! Then I wrote a little, and then read up about Hubert Dreyfus’ objection to the possibility of artificial intelligence. I muttered: “Apparently the computer inside the control center is able to incorporate common sense...” I continued writing and then began filming the finalization of the disc I was burning. I left the Nero Vision turned on so that I could videotape myself videotaping myself! And the control center continually hurt my arm. Why? Then: “Funny! The thought-reading computer came from UC Berkeley, so does Dreyfus! UC Berkeley has a lot to do with us...” Not! Then ImgBurn operation failed (4:10:00)! I got really angry assuming that it was the Monkey again. “Fucking Mexican monkeys... It’s another testing... How many times do you have to test it?... He will fuck up PLANMEX...” I filmed myself starting a new burn. “This fucking Monkey standing among the Daughter People...” Now my next burn was successful. Thank God! But I was still angry: “He really

*should* worry about political revenge... I'll remember this... He has wasted so many of my discs... He'd better go to Europe and start chipping all the people there..." Then my camcorder shut itself down. "Mother fucker, some day we are gonna get this mother fucker... We will always have conflict with this guy so that other people will always have headache..." Then: "This guy spends so much time everyday going after me, what if he does it to someone else?" My camcorder then shut itself down again, and I was troubled because I didn't know how to videotape my camcorder shutting itself down. I mumbled about killing the Pyramid. "We will never change just because somebody *wants* us to change... We will devote our whole life to videotaping computer malfunctioning... The only time we will change is when we have become happy... Mommy's technique is better... So this is not about breaking us, but about something else... There is something very wrong with the Daughter People's technique, it's all about pain... I can't imagine Mommy's agents defecting... They are trying to find out a person's bottom line, the point at which he will flip... They decided this in 1992 or 93... It's part of their culture to always think in the negative, just like me..." (5:43:00). Anyway, complete nonsense. I listened to Miho while continuing to upload my files to my website. Then: "... That's why Mommy agents don't flip, they think they are better than other people..." Then: "... when a nuclear bomb is about to fall, all machines will malfunction... How do the machines know?" Finally, the long night was over and I went to sleep in the street corner.

### **July 13 (Tuesday; new messages about PLANMEX)**

My next recording is: "uclamssgbookshdgr\_7\_13\_10\_927AM-341PM.WMA". I continually listened to Nena's "99 Luftballon" while on the bus. After getting off the bus in Westwood, I muttered: "And so the Pyramid's father supposedly repeats Mr former Secretary? There is no 'repetition', the world doesn't offer it again..." (1:25:00). I came inside the UCLA research library by 1:37:00. Something was waiting for me here! Next to the computer station, I saw a *Tanakh* (English and Hebrew) lying there, and it was opened at Jeremiah 2:23. I was instantly excited and took my camcorder out to film it. I thought I was given a secret message by those shadowy figures inside the control center. But: "What if it's not a message?" I wondered whether I might be given multiple "messages" and so ran upstairs for a look, murmuring: "Daughterworld... Eastern Europe..." There, on the next floor, I found, next to the computer station, another book, *The Rise of Radical Egalitarianism* by Aaron Wildavsky (1:50:00). I again filmed it. I then went upstairs again, and found another book lying next to the computer station, and filmed it. This time it was *Romantic Poetry: Recent Revisionary Criticism*, edited by Karl Kroeber and Gene Ruoff. I collected all three books together – three "messages"! Now I came to the library specifically to look for Heidegger's *Sein und Zeit* because I wanted to explicate my frustration with computer malfunctioning with a certain passage from the treatise. I found the book and the passage in question (2:12:00) and sat down somewhere and began writing. (You have seen what I wrote in the entry for April 18 in "Ying and Yang" II.) After I was done, I began reading the section in Jeremiah that I thought might be a "message" (4:23:00): "Israel has gone astray... I'll accuse you, and your children, and your children's children..." Now I thought this "message" came from the director of DGHTROG since he was Jewish (4:35:30). Then I began reading the beginning pages of *The Rise of Radical Egalitarianism* (4:44:00). And my arm was remotely controlled to hurt! (4:47:00) Now I mistakenly thought *this* "message" came from Mr B's Mexican team since all the "revolution" stuff fit my conception of PLANMEX. Ha! I packed up and went downstairs to make copies of these "important messages", still mumbling: "Everyone regards the Pyramid as so important, she is so lucky..."

(5:13:00). Then: “They should get you to Daughterland to get you to do something simple there...” I then browsed through several books containing ancient Greek which I found lying around in the copy room, including Homer’s *Iliad*.

Now the important question is: was I deluded here? Was there really a secret message for me today? It would seem that, due to my erroneous understanding of what was going on behind the scene, I was wasting my money again making copies from irrelevant books believing that I was preserving important messages for me. But, given Wes’ communication from three days ago, it was quite possible that the French had indeed today commanded the Daughter People to command the CIA to send agents to plant secret messages for me in the library (the French of course knew where I would be hours in advance by reading the intercepts of my thoughts). The only problem was that, once again, I failed to understand the messages! The Smart Woman simply wanted to tell me through Jeremiah that I had gone astray! Namely, that PLANMEX was a Mommy Op and that I shouldn’t have prevented myself from going by believing that the Monkey would screw me up. The next important question is: were the two other books also “secret messages” about PLANMEX? If we assume they were, that they were not accidents, then we will have come to an important conclusion: namely that Sarkozy had been persuaded by judge Higgins to adopt her program for sustainable civilization in case France shall win! Now, for a quick overview of Aaron Wildavsky’s book, let me cite James V. Spickard’s summary:<sup>2</sup>

Aaron Wildavsky is upset about the rise of ‘radical egalitarianism’ in America. This is not much news. For many years the Berkeley political scientist has written humorously and at length on the follies of what passes for the American Left. He does not doubt that Left’s sincerity; he distrusts it on cultural grounds. He believes that leftists’ attempts to make all people equal – an effort well-embedded in American culture – sets them at odds with two equally American cultural traditions: individualism and hierarchism. What used to be a cultural balancing act has turned into a cat fight. Wildavsky seeks to show us when, where, and why. While doing so curmudgeonly, he uses this book to gore some sacred cows that deserve it. More important, in the book, Wildavsky provides an outline of the theory of cultural politics that is much more interesting than what he makes of it.

Let me outline this theory. Wildavsky bases his analysis on Mary Douglas’s typology of cultural biases. He – and she – argues that people tend to sort themselves into four camps. Individualists favor unfettered opportunity and competition for success. Hierarchists favor authority and expertise. Fatalists see themselves as powerless to influence events. And egalitarians strive to make everyone alike. The last distrust both institutions and the market, believing them to be sources of unwarranted privilege. Douglas says that these biases arise from the experiences people have with different social institutions: bureaucracies, for example, both generate and attract people who will defer to experts – not the least because bureaucracies generate expertise by their specialization. Wildavsky does not focus on the structural underpinnings of cultural biases, as does Douglas. Instead he presents individualism, hierarchy, and egalitarianism as three continuing strands in American culture-sui generis. America’s

<sup>2</sup> *American Journal of Sociology*, Vol. 98, No. 1 (Jul., 1992), pp. 193-195.

revolution and its early decades were marked, he says, by an alliance between individualists and egalitarians against hierarchical authority. Recent decades have united individualists and hierarchists against egalitarians. The former two groups have found a home in the Republican party; the latter live as Democrats. Not that voters have so clearly divided themselves into camps. Rather, party activists push Democrats toward making people equal and Republicans toward freeing markets or supporting authority. Thus the Democrats identify with ‘the poor and oppressed’ and the Republicans favor the free market (on the one hand) and the established rich (on the other). Although he recognizes the flaws in the latter’s policies – and the internal squabbling that an allegiance to two cultural traditions brings – Wildavsky finds the former’s egalitarianism more dangerous. Thence this book.

What exactly does Wildavsky fear? He succinctly tells us in the following: ‘I believe that rising egalitarianism will lower our standard of living, decrease our health, debase public discourse, lower the quality of public officials, weaken democracy, make people more suspicious of one another, and (if it be possible) worse. Worse is the constant denigration of American life – our polity, economy, and society – with no viable alternative to take its place’ (p. xxx).

Quite a laundry list! At its heart is a diatribe against what Wildavsky sees as the leftist desire to remove all distinctions between people: to make sure people have not only equal opportunity, but equal success. He is quite right to label this desire a cultural urge. The attempt to give all people total control of their lives has an ideological, not a structural, source.

It is thus critical social theory directed against the mainstream left, something very similar to my Thermodynamic Interpretation of History. As you shall see, judge Higgins (and her Study Group members) had taken notice of me because my theory concurred with the results of their studies, namely that the leftist tradition was a *dispositif* of consumerist economy and leading to the unsustainability of our civilization by increasing human consumption on the one hand and inhibiting the elites’ ability to lead the masses out of the problem on the other. Judge Higgins and her Study Group were decidedly against all this ideology about equality and human rights and women’s rights and wanted a cultural revolution to dismantle the whole leftist tradition. Wildavsky’s conclusions were important to them in the sense that an authoritarian culture was far better suited to the sort of collective actions needed to get us out of the bind of consumerism: by decreasing consumption on the one hand and increasing the intelligence of the masses on the other. (The masses must be intelligent enough to recognize the root cause of the problem of unsustainability and the need to obey an elite who know how to solve the problem.) And who would be better suited to accomplishing judge Higgins’ program than I, the originator of a thermodynamic interpretation of history? Since Daughterland was on the verge of losing, judge Higgins had talked to Sarkozy about this. Because the “Boss” had duped her into wasting her time devising a program of sustainable civilization that he had no intention of realizing, when Daughterland won in February, DGHTRCOM was kind enough to make her co-victim with him of the United States’ terrorist conspiracy. The enforcement of UN Resolution 1373 would mean that the United States had to compensate her by realizing her program. When DGHTRCOM devised

PLANMEX and commanded the CIA to pair me up with the Pyramid and send us to Mexico, we would not only become rulers of Mexico but would also start a cultural movement that would lead to a worldwide reform of the leftist tradition on the basis of a thermodynamic understanding of history as the United States' compensation for judge Higgins. Now that the French had objected and appeared to be winning, judge Higgins, fearing that she might have wasted her time again, went to talk to Sarkozy. Since the Boss' evil was all exposed, Sarkozy had no intention of implementing the Boss' plan even if he could win and promised judge Higgins that he would implement her plan instead to make sure that she would not remain a victim of "terrorist harm". He would do no more than blame the Boss' genocidal plan onto DGHTRCOM so that the Boss and his protégé Mr Chertoff could go free. Now, according to the rule of the game, Sarkozy would do this favor for judge Higgins not by implementing her program directly but indirectly by making DGHTRCOM's implementation of the program to Daughterland's benefit into part of the terrorist conspiracy against France so that France could reverse the conspiracy by implementing the program to France's benefit instead. This would not be a light decision on Sarkozy's part since he was committed to Bilderberg's program and judge Higgins had specifically devised her program as an alternative to Bilderberg's program: he might have reserved the right to modify judge Higgins' program to some extent. Nevertheless, Judge Higgins was happy, even though she was uncomfortable with the fact that she would have to betray DGHTRCOM to save the world. The French version of PLANMEX was thus that I shall go to Mexico to meet Ekaterina, discover Atlantis together with her, then start a cultural revolution that would have worldwide implication, and finally become elected rulers in Daughterland – and that we would do all this secretly under French command. On this account, the Smart Woman must have commanded the Daughter People to provide these clues to me today not simply because she was trying to persuade me to go to Mexico, but also in order to establish PLANMEX (judge Higgins' program included) as a terrorist conspiracy against France (when the "plan" was also communicated to the terrorist himself). Hence, I got it right – the only thing I got it right – when I thought the message came from the Daughter People's chief: the DGSE had commanded Mr Fradkov to use *Tanakh* precisely in order to let me know that the order for the operation ultimately came from him.

Now, what message was the third book supposed to convey? There are four points to be made here. First of all, *Romantic Poetry* is a collection of essays on Romantic poets from William Blake through Samuel Coleridge to John Keats. In the Introduction it is said:

One permanent change is writ large in the gender of the critics whose work we reprint. More than a third of our selections were written by women... Within another ten years an anthology like this may well be dominated by women critics. Growing incrementally rather than dramatically, feminism has been so successful in our field that we are likely to take it for granted. But such a sociological transformation must have profound critical effects....

In the twenty-first century women are bound to play a decisive role in human affairs as they become increasingly integrated into the public sphere in every country around the world. A thermodynamic interpretation of history predicts that this will place unwholesome burden on our earth and make human civilization unsustainable (contrary to what the feminists usually believe). The goal of any sustainable civilization program must therefore be to re-channel women's efforts so that their participation in

society may become a positive contribution to sustainability rather than a factor for unsustainability. Judge Higgins therefore must have in mind a new form of feminism to revamp the existing feminism. Ekaterina and I were therefore slated to also start “New Feminism” and spread it throughout the world. The sequence of the messages thus makes perfect sense: you cannot convince the feminists that they are achieving the opposite effect of saving the earth until you have first completely exposed, and reformed, the whole leftist ideology.

Secondly, the Romantic poets can be regarded as what Colin Wilson has called the “outsiders”. As shall be seen, judge Higgins’ program seems to also involve eugenic measures to increase the proportion of “outsiders” in human population. (Note that I was some sort of “outsider” and that William Blake bore extraordinary resemblance to me: we were both artist and creative writer at the same time.) Thirdly, as Marilyn Butler notes in the first essay in this volume, Romantic poetry was fundamentally associated with “revolution”: “The British, from the late eighteenth century on, have tended to associate the poetry we now call Romantic with social change and even revolution. . . .”<sup>3</sup> (William Blake had especially been printing radical and revolutionary writings from his printing house.) Fourthly, all the Romantic poets were men while the majority of commentators in this volume were women. I shall leave the discussion of these other factors – what exactly Ekaterina and I were supposed to effect in the world – to later times when I shall have the occasion to make completely clear what judge Higgins program for sustainable civilization consisted in.

In any case, you can see that the French had prepared a great future for me – only if I could shed my paranoia and go to Mexico! Again, the messages were meant to encourage me while establishing PLANMEX as a terrorist conspiracy against France! But it’s unfortunate for the French that I had completely mis-interpreted them and that they couldn’t obtain an authorization from the judge computer to command the conspirators to communicate something more explicit to me. What a coincidence: just hours after I had complained that the “messages” were always too weak and should be ignored!

My next recording is: “uclabgrsgrnglngpyrmd\_7\_13\_10\_341-418PM.WMA”. I then came to the student cafeteria next door to enjoy the “one dollar burger”. I sat down and was wondering what language the women sitting next to me were speaking. Is it an Indo-European language? I then analyzed myself and the Monkey: “The most important thing in the world is to have a witness to our misfortune... While the Monkey talks about one thing (training, discipline), we talk about another (having a witness)... The Monkey and we are on different wave-lengths... Maybe that’s why the Mexican team wants us...” I then noticed a man sitting nearby reading Bertrand Russell’s *History of Western Philosophy*. I commented that it was not a good book (32:00). Note this man, however, his name was “Doug” – for he would appear quite frequently in the campus and I would have something to do with him. I then summarized my wishes: “We want a therapist, a girlfriend, a functioning computer, and we want to write our story....”

My next recording is: “uclalibstntunionrcrdroff\_7\_13\_10\_425-808PM.WMA”: Then: “We will stay with the Daughter People, for Mommy has said, ‘Don’t go with strangers....’” (5:20). I left the cafeteria on 11:00. “It’s just idiotic, if we suddenly abandon the Daughter People and go with strangers...”

3 Ibid., p. 8.

Namely, the Mexicans. Bad news for the French! I then reflected: “The Mexican couple (from the Berkeley public library) were so literary, the Pyramid might like them...” (21:00). I came back inside the library on 31:00 and began using the computer there. My daily lesson on Russland Journal from 1:58:00 onward. Then I went upstairs to read a German book on Daughterspeak. I came out of the library by 2:36:00. I sat down at a table and continued my worthless reflection: “DGHTR made a big mistake trying to pair me up with such a prominent family... People in the intelligence business look at your intrinsic value, and not very much at your background... Maybe from now on they won’t have to be so pessimistic and always use pain... No one will ever threaten them anymore...” More evidence for the French of my conspiracy with Daughterland. Then: “How come we did what we did? No one else could have done it... We won’t get into any show unless the Daughter People are in it... unless Uncle Daughter is in it... two layers... We can’t be uncomfortable when we are afraid... It can’t be a business relationship...” As you can see, I missed the whole point of the secret messages from the French!

Then, around 8 PM, I suddenly discovered that my Olympus WS-400S was frozen – it was so amazing because it happened just as I was holding it in my hand. Did it come from the control center? I of course assumed it was the Monkey (or the Mexican team) and immediately videotaped my bizarre frozen recorder: “PICT0016-rcdrshstoffs71310.AVI”. Maybe the Daughter People had ordered it in order to provoke me.

My next recording is: “uclatocybrcf\_7\_13\_10\_813-1112PM.WMA”: Note that I walked past some French-speaking people on 44:00. My worthless reflection again: “Politics is not about ‘promise’ because you have to change your plans sometimes, but the ‘pyramid’ matter *is* a promise...” Ah, more bad news for the Daughter People – that I still wouldn’t give up my belief. I ate cheap pizzas at a pizza store in Westwood Village. I then got on the bus on 1:34:00 to go to the cybercafe. When I got off the bus, a guy, because I had looked at his girlfriend, threatened me saying he used to be in the Marine (2:02:00). Was this orchestrated? Were the Daughter People still trying to provoke me to a fight? I entered the cybercafe and began uploading my latest recording files to my website on the computer station here. Then: “We must be so unusual that Uncle Daughter wants to redeem us...” Ha! Over-estimation of myself again.

My next recording is: “cybrcafedvd92mlfunct\_7\_13-14\_10\_1112PM-251AM.WMA”: I continued to review my recordings. Then I came up with another wrong scenario: “Uncle Daughter is being put on trial. After so much testing, they have discovered that this guy really just wants a girlfriend, and that he is actually afraid of all this high-class politics...” (49:00). Then I thought that I had really cracked opened the Daughter People’s “secret message”: “This is what the Taiwanese women were talking about. Mr B wants his own fiefdom, and so DGHTRCOM, after reflection, just gives it to him...” This was sort of correct, and I received slight sensation on my left toes (58:00). Then: “*We are not going to Mexico*, we are not going somewhere where people don’t think they owe us something...” I then got excited because a golden pyramid came in. Then I discovered Tony’s reply to me (1:47:00). He said he and his partner would be around on Wednesday and Thursday and would be glad to see me. My trip to Tucson was thus set! I was then burning a new disc, and, suddenly, my disc burner malfunctioned: the burning was frozen in place. I had to burn the disc again; I wasted another blank DVD! I began filming it all. I was so angry: “We just wish the Daughter People will stop all this, for this disability is just so bad, and you can never communicate this disability to other people... Why is it so important for us to

live in a world where machines constantly malfunction? We need to see a therapist... Our entire life is now about documenting computer malfunctioning. Nothing can be more important than documenting machine malfunctioning; you can forget about PLANMEX! We are not going to have time for that.” Perhaps the Daughter People had really done it in order to discourage me from going on PLANMEX! Then, as if I weren’t provoked enough, my camcorder also shut itself down (2:42:00). I was so angry that I began throwing things. Then I thought I had understood Mr B’s purpose in all this: “He suffers from schizophrenia, look, all he does is documenting his computer malfunctioning; okay, whatever you want him to do, he will never do, that’s a guarantee...” Then: “Make sure you go to Europe and do nothing useful there, until machine functions again...” Then I began threatening the Daughter People for not preventing Mr B from remotely controlling my electronic devices: “We will become violent, and whoever has good things, we’ll mess them up” – that is, I was threatening to mess up PLANMEX – “Do not fucking make our machine malfunction, or we will fucking kill you...” Little did I know it was precisely the Daughter People’s wish that I become violent and avoid PLANMEX. More: “Be careful when you let that Mr B Mother Fucker run the show...” (3:06:00). I then bought coffee and left the cybercafe (3:19:00). I walked along the streets very angry and breaking bottles and kicking over trash cans. I then thought I saw another surveillance agent. I shouted at him: “Are you John? Or just conducting surveillance?”

### **July 14 (Wednesday; going to Tucson)**

My first recording of the new day is: “wkrerdroffinsghtbu\_7\_14\_10\_747-1021AM.WMA”. When I woke up from the street corner, I discovered that my Olympus WS-400S recorder was again remotely frozen. It happened about 20 minutes ago. This was the seventh time since I purchased the device in early May. I immediately filmed it: “PICT0028-71410rcrdroff.AVI”. As if I wasn’t angered enough yesterday! I was so upset that I started jaywalking through the streets, causing drivers to honk at me. I came inside McDonald’s and, while ordering food, put my recorder in my mouth: “If not, it will be remotely shut off...” After I got on the bus, I was still cursing the Daughter People: “Mother Fucker, 忘恩負義的東西!...” (1:09:00). I continued: “My computer malfunctions like fucking crazy; if they do that to themselves, they will go insane! It’s impossible to work like this...” Then I changed my position: “So Mr B is doing this in order to fuck you up... He must be the only one who wants to test your frustration... It has nothing to do with the Daughter People’s testing... There is no test...” In reality, it was probably just the Daughter People who were continuing to provoke me and discourage me from going on PLANMEX. I got off the bus in Westwood on 1:16:00. I continued to complain: “They are trying to disable you, to waste your time... So the question is: Why are they trying to disable you?” Only if I could figure out the right answer: because the French had objected! Then: “You don’t make people love you by punching them in the face, you do what Mommy does, you reward them...” I then came inside the UCLA campus. More: “They can’t expect us to go to Mexico... with a malfunctioning laptop and no money!” (1:29:00) Of course! That’s the point! Then: “Everything we say is correct, *if they want to recruit us, they will need to give us a new laptop!*” (1:30:00) Then I came up with another wrong scenario: “DGHTRCOM wants to recruit us, but Mr B tries to stop it, and he does it by preventing the ICJ case from closing. For DGHTRCOM can only recruit us when the case is completely closed, and so Mr B wants the intercepts to continue forever... DGHTRCOM finds it very hard to deal with this fucking monkey... And so, no matter what happens, don’t accept the Monkey’s offers...” Then: “*They are not permitted by law to give you a clear message...*” Wow! At least I got this

correctly! I was inside the research library by 1:42:00. More incorrect scenario: “Mr B’s relationship to the Daughter People is that of a sub-contractor, he doesn’t follow their orders...” I was then looking through books and making copies from them. Then I began using the library’s computer.

My next recording is: “IMPuclalibbusnapunionstphnemlfunc\_7\_14\_10\_1025AM-202PM.WMA”: I was upset again when, while I was videotaping the computer screen, my camcorder shut itself off (9:00). I left the library on 23:00 and came to the cafeteria next door to eat lunch. “Maybe we should file a lawsuit against Olympus...” More: “Anybody who cares about his ass is not going to work for the Mexicans, these are the most selfish people on the planet...” Then: “There is no possible way that these Mexicans wouldn’t flip on Daughterland later on...” I then dragged my heavy cart to the Village and bought batteries and a new pair of pants. I then got on the bus on 1:14:00 to go to the Union Station to board my train to Tucson.

When I came to the 7<sup>th</sup> Street Metro station, I thought I had better call my storage facility before leaving. I first tried to call with my cellphone but it already ran out of money (2:40:50). Getting extremely frustrated, I ran around the station, and, on 2:52:00, found a payphone and used it to call up Public Storage. But no one answered the call. I wrongly assumed that it was the Monkey who had prevented it to frustrate me. Angry, I rode the Metro train to Union Station and used the payphone there (3:19:30). Again, the call could not go through. I had just about enough with all this “machine malfunctioning” – even though nothing was really malfunctioning here – and called the security guard over to ask him to help me make the call. And yet the security guard told me the payphones here no longer worked. I again wrongly assumed that he was remotely instructed to say so. I made a final try on 3:30:00 from another payphone on the other side of the Union Station. I was here able to connect to the employee of Public Storage and I asked him if Jessica (the other employee) had said anything negative about the tapes which I had plastered all over my storage unit. But the employee simply repeated continually that the payment for the rent for July had already been received on July 2, an answer that didn’t even correspond to my question. On 3:33:09 he just told me to hang up and call from another phone because he couldn’t hear me at all. And so I called Public Storage again from the payphone next to it (3:35:00) and yet I could only get an answering machine. I was now so extremely angered. I could never get anything done, it seems. I was about to explode. I would in the coming months always believe that this episode was carefully orchestrated from the control center – shutting off this phone line at this time and remotely controlling actors to speak nonsense to me on the phone at another time – in order to wear down my patience and provoke me to violence. This, however, was most likely not the case. Everything which had just happened was “natural” – and people were indeed becoming more and more confused during the Age of the Internet without the intervention of the control center. Although the Daughter People were indeed in the process of driving me to violence and insanity, they had not done a thing here. My pathology – as a “targeted individual” – had by now enabled me to drive myself to violence and insanity by running into frustrating circumstances all naturally and then wrongly assuming they were orchestrated.

My next recording is: “trainmommymssg\_7\_14\_10\_202-437PM.WMA”: I was on the train going to Tucson by 16:00. Unfortunately, there was a child sitting near the seats to which I was assigned. I wrongly assumed that this was again orchestrated by the Monkey from the control center to frustrate me. “He will shout... *They are not trying to recruit us, they are trying to drive us insane...*” Well, I

actually got this right! Then the child began crying. I feared: “Oh my God!” As I turned on my computer, I filmed my computer screen to document the malfunctioning of Microsoft IME, “Do you see that? Pop-up...” (23:00). As the children around continued to cry, my mood sank: “We regret it, we shouldn’t have saved our Daughter... Life is just so much better before...” I told the conductor: “Can you tell the kids to be quiet?” Of course that was of no use. I got pessimistic: “We need to get ready to die if we aren’t allowed to do what is most essential to us...” I then continually proclaimed my disgust with the Mexicans. Then I murmured: “Mommy’s way is better, we go Mommy’s way... Can you imagine *a* Mommy defecting?” Then I came up with the wrong scenario again: “The plan is for us to go back to Mommy, that’s what the metaphor is about, i.e. a golden pyramid and a guy looking like a Daughterlander... If we go back to Mommy, then DGHTRCOM wouldn’t have to worry about the evidentiary record anymore, then, no more machine malfunctioning...” Then: “I hate this Monkey reality so much!” Then I wrote down on my diary:

Today I want to sum up TCHTRKOM with a set of characteristics that I could distinguish about him as far as possible: love of fairness; masculinity; taking care of friends in serious ways – something which reminds me of our old President Bush; love of order and regularity based on laws and an insistence on obeying international laws; but a vile dislike of our dear Mommy.

Now, 3:30 PM. Putting together various conclusions, what do we get? *That we might definitely not have to go to Mexico given yesterday’s test.* On the other hand, the Pyramid’s father must have presented a tremendous obstacle to the closure of the evidentiary record of the International Court as a way to prevent the DGHTRPPL from recruiting me in whatever shape or form. This means that it’s very likely that *DGHTRCOM has decided to send me elsewhere but under Mommy’s wing.* I would wish however it is my DGHTR who will be commanding the Mommy’s wing under which I shall operate – or live out a “happier life”, i.e., a life in which machines would never have to malfunction again.

Only if I could understand the French’s message that I could go to Mexico under Mommy’s command! Then, you can hear children crying loudly near me again. I continued to moan: “Our Daughter has messed us up, they tried to pair us up with the Mexicans, and now we are stuck in the limbo forever...” I went to the snack cart to buy food, and yet my arm hurt (2:02:00). Why was the control center signaling to me? Just to add to my feeling of unreality? Then I resumed my worthless speculation: “Maybe Uncle Daughter is commanding Mommy to command him...” Then I concluded: “It no longer matters who’s commanding who...” And, just then, my toes hurt. This is probably to encourage me to tread on this wrong path.

My next recording is: “traintotuscon\_7\_14\_10-449-934PM.WMA”: I was angry again because my computer malfunctioned again (10:00). I murmured angrily: “We are gonna beat up the Pyramid whenever our computer malfunctions, whether it is orchestrated or natural... It’s the fourth year...” I got further annoyed when the conductor told me to move my luggage (15:00). I moaned: “There will never be anybody who will have sympathy for us... Two and a half years of computer malfunctioning, and we are becoming very violent...” (27:00). Little did I know that this was precisely the purpose of my computer malfunctioning! The train was now arriving in Palms Spring. I continued: “Always

operations, somebody is always watching us, wasting our energy...” Then, the “double icon” appeared on my laptop’s screen again, and I rushed to film it. But, strangely, when I was about to videotape the “message”, my camcorder suddenly flashed “memory full”. When I then checked the SD card on my Toshiba, it of course confirmed that it had 1.5 Gigabytes of disk space available. What’s this about? I angrily wrote on my diary: “We thus now know also that the Big Computer in the control center can make your camcorder tell you its memory is full when it has barely any data in it.” Since this could only be another instance of remotely controlled malfunctioning, I filmed it. I found it so hard to believe this was happening (49:00). Unfortunately, I failed to understand the “secret message” again, and wrote further on my diary:

Just before 7 PM the phenomenon of “double icon” occurred again seemingly specifically for me to videotape: “PICT0001-dblepic71410.AVI”. Of course, this episode of double icon was most likely devised by the Pyramid’s father as a random event to make this kind of malfunctioning look like it is a normal malfunctioning event. As said, every time when DGHTR or those on his team gave me a message through strange computer malfunctioning, the Pyramid’s father would come in with the same kind but without any meaning in order to either produce evidence for my suffering schizophrenia in believing there are secret messages for me or to deceive me into believing that computer malfunctioning is all but “natural” or part of my imagination.

Then: “Mr B is very strange, he is very smart when it comes to duping people, but completely lacks common sense, he is a natural born aristocrat...” I resumed writing and reviewing my recordings. In the process, however, the baby nearby cried loudly, causing me to be unable to hear even myself. I was severely disturbed and angered (2:49:00): “Imagine if we go punch the baby and tell the mother, ‘So you want to participate in this Homeland Security operation? Now you have lost your baby, you have sacrificed for your nation’...” Then, on 2:58:00, my Windows Explorer malfunctioned, and I filmed it: “Look, everything just disappears...” Then the “double icon” phenomenon again (3:04:30). Meanwhile, the baby was crying ever so loudly, and I was so annoyed that I began imitating the baby and shouting back. This had aroused the baby’s mother, a Hispanic woman, and she shouted at me: “You have a fucking problem?” (3:25:00) I muttered: “That’s what you call ‘Hispanic people’, they are complete trash, and then they reproduce more trash, they are just here to waste food, and you would hope that they are vegetarians so that no animals would at least have to sacrifice themselves for them...” Then: “That’s why we must move to Europe, *we must never go to Mexico...*” The Daughter People would certainly be happy with the fact that I wasn’t going to Mexico and that I looked more and more like the Monkey’s false profile of me with my increasingly racist attitude toward Hispanics. And the baby kept on crying. “Another mouth to waste food...” Then: “He wants us to go to Daughterland....” And my foot hurt. Perhaps it was the French, *who, after seeing me unpersuaded, wanted me to go to Daughterland instead to meet Ekaterina*. Then: “... his mode is master-slave....”

My next recording is: “traintotuscon\_7\_14-15\_10\_934PM-115AM.WMA”: I then took a nap. As you can hear, there were children’s noises throughout the train ride while I was resting. I woke up and was terribly annoyed. The Hispanic woman that I had aroused noticed it, walked up to me, and pointed to me for someone else: “This is the stupid bitch” who “fucked with my children” – as if I were a pedophile rather than a “misoped”. “Shut the fuck up!” I told her. This is another episode of my

growing “Hispanophobia”. After a while, I groaned: “When I see Hispanic people I just want to vomit...” (3:23:00). The people around me were then uttering profanity: “... fuck, fuck...” I was now overwhelmed by the amount of profanity uttered around me.

### **July 15 (Thursday; Tony; the Pyramid’s visit)**

I have suspicion that my Olympus recorder, as well as my Toshiba laptop, may have been remotely controlled to move its clock one hour forward when I arrived in Arizona – in exact accordance with time change. When did it occur with my Olympus recorder?

My first recording of the new day is: “IMPwktusconpdphlart\_7\_15\_10\_537-642AM.WMA”: After I arrived in Tucson, I walked around town until I found a coffee house on 20:00. I studied Daughterspeak a little and then left. While walking the streets, I speculated more on the Monkey’s operations: “People are instructed to spot me and then make false report about me: ‘The suspect is spotted in Tucson’.... At the same time, he’s going to broadcast this profile oversea: ‘This is the guy... He harasses people’s children, sleeps on the street....’ He will then use you for his PLANMEX...” Then: “When did this surveillance start? When were we in San Francisco... *We must escape from PLANMEX*, we must escape from the control room...”

My next recording is: “trainstconfcafercrdrdrop\_7\_15\_10\_642-911AM.WMA”: I came back to the train station wanting to use the payphone there: I needed to leave a message for Tony, and my cellphone had run out of money. And yet I only discovered that the train station was not open. “Why is it not open?” I asked somebody. He told me the station was only open three days a week. I walked away distraught, and continued my wrong scenarios: “We will have to be a pedophile, we will never have any friends...” I asked other people around where to find a payphone and when the train station would be open. Another person told me the train station would be open on 7 PM. I had the erroneous impression that I was being targeted again by the Monkey: “The train station closes down in order to prevent us from using the phone...” I went around looking for a AT&T store so that I could add money to my phone, but found instead the public library. More worthless speculation about the Monkey’s plan: “They would say I’m schizophrenic and have forged all my recordings” (44:00). I finally found a payphone and dialed the number, but it didn’t work. I came inside another coffeehouse on 56:00 and ordered breakfast. “Why does DGHTR put us in this situation? He owes us so much, he owes us his life... Let’s hope all this has nothing to do with putting us in Mexico, for we will run so fast...” The cashier kindly provided me with the coffeehouse’s phone. But somehow I couldn’t get through. I became alarmed and had to film my calling on this phone, and it still didn’t work. Finally, I got through to Tony’s answering machine and left a message, but then there was no beep sound at the end. I was convinced that it was the Monkey again: “This is so bad, the way Mr B tries to get us, it’s so aggressive...” I became increasingly upset: “Can we just say, ‘We so regret saving you’? Would the Daughter People then let us go? We really regret, we didn’t know you guys are so weird...” Then my computer malfunctioned, it was simply frozen in place, and I began filming it: “Why doesn’t it work? We so regret!” And: “Why is the phone not working?” My mood sank: “Tony is not calling us back, we have to be all alone again...” And: “We have no idea why the computer is not working... We are too disabled, everything is too incomprehensible... Why do the intelligence agencies torment us like this?”

My next recording is: “rcrdrdropdcondtns\_7\_15\_10\_914-1010AM.WMA”: Then, panicking and distraught, I went around looking for an ATM. I was practically out of breath: “... We will never one day *not* run into secret agents... We cannot have a girlfriend, it would be too unfair for her... What we need is a nurse....” I found an ATM and used it. Then: “Mr B uses these simple methods, controlling people to say the station is not open today, shutting down the phone line, etc., and yet it has such devastating effect... the intelligence agencies... Leave me the fuck alone...!” I then asked a woman where I could find a market. She responded: “I don’t have any phone...” “No, market!” “Oh, market...” (15:00). It was just so strange that people were so confused nowadays, and yet this was *not* orchestrated from the control center. I walked all over looking for a market or a liquor store, completely exhausted, moaning and panting and breathing heavily. “I cannot be the evidence for any trial, somebody has to stop it...” Finally, I found the liquor store and bought my cigarettes, and, just then, a Hispanic woman appeared with her children! While I was smoking, I continued: “DGHTR has really messed us up... I hope they are not that weird... We need a home, somebody to watch over us... a psychologist...” And I took note of people running on the street, as if that were orchestrated from the control center! Then: “... We cannot have a computerized environment... We need to have the chips pulled out of our head... The knowledge is tied to our pain, so we need to write about it... We are not schizophrenic, we have emotional problems... The problem is our environment...” By then I had come inside the Tucson public library. I continued: “We cannot be Daughterland’s enemy....”

My next recording is: “dghtcomexpctnglibtuscon\_7\_15\_10\_1018-1140AM.WMA”: I came up with another wrong scenario: “DGHTRCOM is a very nice person, but he also has to worry about a lot of security problems.... We are very smart, Mr Chertoff is very negligent, and we are very intuitive, DGHTRCOM is going to change the laws to prevent this from ever happening again...” I now used the payphone inside the library to call Tony (27:00). Amazingly, it worked, and John answered it. He said my previous message for them was all garbled and he couldn’t get my number from it. We agreed to meet in front of the library in 45 minutes. While waiting, I continued my wrong scenario: “DGHTRCOM is testing us to see at what point we will defect; all this test, because the problems we have created are so huge, it is not because we are so amazing, but we *are* amazing, for only professors can understand what we say...” More: “DGHTRCOM wants us to understand things by ourselves, but this signaling system is just too weak... We don’t know what Mommy did to DGHTRCOM such that he hates Mommy so much... This is not about recruitment, they don’t do this to their own agents, well, mystery solved...” And my finger hurt. At least I got something right: the Daughter People had no intention of recruiting me. Then: “Mr First shouldn’t have fucked with Boss Cheney, and Boss Cheney shouldn’t have fucked with DGHTRCOM, and Mr Chertoff shouldn’t have cut me off from Mommy, Mr Chertoff didn’t know how far I would go just in order to not disappoint somebody...” Then: “That’s what DGHTRCOM is concerned about: ‘Save this guy, but test him first’... And so, we need to go to Daughterland, for DGHTRCOM cares about his people...” *The Smart Woman would certainly pay attention to my resolution here.*

My next recording is; “withtonyhosteldghtrpplsrvvl\_7\_15\_10\_1140AM-421PM.WMA”: Immediately, Tony showed up with John (4:50). We talked about the Assumption Church while in the car. We came to Hotel Congress to have lunch. I took care to mention that I had brought my passport with me in case I wanted to get a visa from the Russian consulate in Houston. As we ate, we talked about going to Russia (“Daughterland”). I asked them about their experience of traveling to St Petersburg. We left the

hotel on 1:40:00. We then went around asking where to find a cheap hostel in Tucson. We found one, and Tony and John dropped me off at the hostel (3:14:00). The hostel cost only 20 dollars per day! I quickly showered and washed my clothes. Afterwards, I sat outside the hostel to continue my worthless reflections: “We need to keep a copy of my thoughts, because somebody else already knows every thought which has gone through our head...” (4:24:00) “The FBI is currently conducting surveillance on us, but that’s okay, they are professionals, they just want to know what we are doing, they are not going to change the records of their surveillance...” “The Daughter people can be trusted because they are obsessed with truth...” “We have to ask DGHTR to pull the chips out of our brain...” “I don’t know if we are good enough to join the Daughter People, but this is our only life line, for we don’t know how to survive....” Finally: “We don’t have money, we will have to go directly into Poland....”

It should be noted that, while I was passing my time with Tony and John, the Pyramid visited my website again from the law library (66.134.110.154). She came to the front page on 1:10 PM and then went directly to mf.html. That’s the new webpage which I had created to host my videos of computer malfunctioning. She was obviously talking about me this morning with her colleagues at the library. Perhaps the Daughter People had instructed the CIA to instruct her to tell people how dangerous and insane I was in order to be intercepted (as a way to prolong their life in the ICJ).

My next recording is: “lkforfedblesmlewrthowdvd138133\_7\_15\_10\_421-1011PM.WMA”: I had become so used to my wrong interpretation that the control center had control over every little detail of my environment that, when I saw a cat that looked like Samantha outside the hostel, I assumed this was also orchestrated from the control center. I then went out for a walk around town, dragging my heavy cart. I first came to the library to check out the computers there (58:00). I needed to become familiar with how to access the Internet in this little town. The library was closing in half an hour. I continued – spilling out bad news for the Daughter People: “*We are going to Daughterland, for DGTRCOM has promised us a pyramid, and we are getting one...*” I left the library on 1:42:00. I walked around the blocks and was fascinated by Tucson’s bohemian ambiance. I ran into a street fair and watched the performance a little. When I left, I continued: “Berkeley and the Double Smile... If we can’t even survive in America, how can we in Mexico?” (3:04:00) I then came inside a wonderful coffeehouse, ordered dinner, and was ready to burn a new DVD – and my finger hurt! Amazingly, I was allowed to burn two discs in a row. I then continued writing “Frankfurt and Brussels”. When I was leaving, I sighed: “Everybody is having fun, nobody has this kind of problems that we have...” Namely, computer malfunctioning!

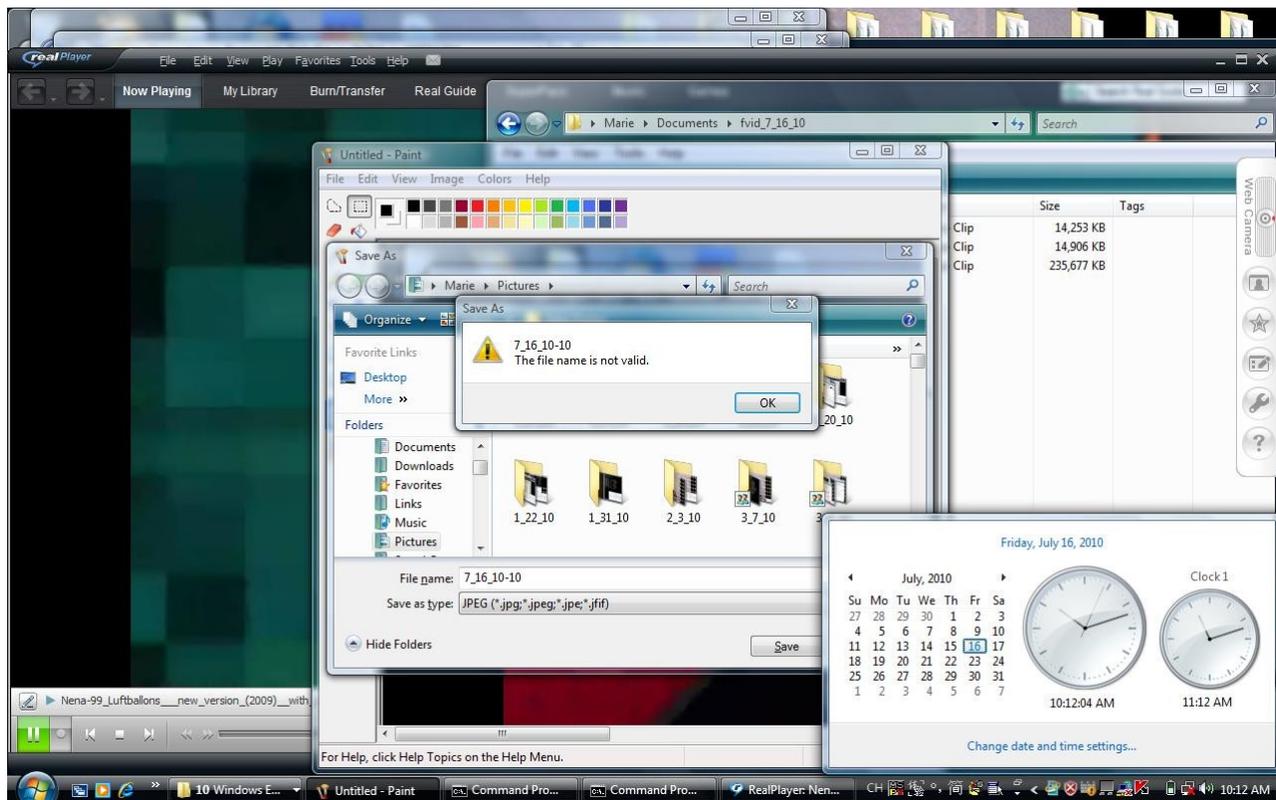
My next recording is: “remotehlpqnglctalent\_7\_15\_10\_1011-1045PM.WMA”: As I was walking back to the hostel, I continued my speculation: “The Pyramid was very well trained... DGHTR put a lot of energy into training her... Her family is somebody, but she then went into hysteria... Both the Pyramid and I, we will not do well unless we are under DGHTR’s direction...” I came back to the hostel on 32:00.

My last recording of the day is: “hostel\_7\_15-16\_10\_1045PM-301AM.WMA”: I rested on the sofa for a while watching TV. Then I got up recounting the childhood memories I was regurgitating in my mind while resting. I came inside the computer room in the hostel to check out the MAC stations they had here. I tried to use one of the MAC stations to work on my new documentary webpage for machine

malfunctioning. I then set up Classic FTP on it in order to upload the new videos I had shot of machine malfunctioning. But Classic FTP just had to stall multiple times while I was uploading a very important video. All I could do was continue filming Classic FTP in action (or inaction): PICT0012-macftp71610-1.AVI”; “PICT0013-macftp71610-2.AVI”; “PICT0014-macftp71610-3.AVI”; “PICT0015-macftp71610-4.AVI”; and “PICT0016-macftp71610-5.AVI”. By the time I had finished filming, it was 1:17 AM. I was angered: “It’s the Monkey’s trick... When will all this come to an end?” (2:35:00) I then began my daily lesson on Russland Journal (3:09:30). I then cursed the Monkey again: “He doesn’t think about the fact that other people might need anything, he thinks slave labor will work out...” Finally: “We have decided, we are not going to help out, *we are going to Daughterland...*” Tonight’s malfunctioning was probably “natural”; if it was the Daughter People who had done it, they had certainly failed to obtain the result their had desired – because the malfunctioning had only hardened my resolve to go to their country.

### **July 16 (Friday; computer malfunctioning)**

My first recording of the new day is: “wkmelmac\_7\_16\_10\_921AM-1202PM.WMA”: Soon after I woke up, I sat down at the porch in front of the hostel listening to Nena’s “99 Luftballons” on my laptop. Then I mumbled: “This PLANMEX will never get off the ground because of the power struggle...” When I was ready to move files out of my laptop, I got very nervous: “This guy wastes all his time worrying about computer-malfunctioning, while everyone else simply uses computers without fear.” The Microsoft Paint on my Toshiba then repeatedly malfunctioned when I attempted to save a screenshot. The error message said that the file name “7\_16\_10-10.jpg” was invalid. (See the screenshot below.) It’s not clear whether this was orchestrated from the control center. I was terribly excited when I was able to show the hostel employee this episode of malfunctioning. I also showed him the “double icon” phenomenon. He then helped me with the hostel’s MAC stations. He’s from Ottawa. I then did my daily lesson on Russland Journal (from 1:55:00 onward).



The mysterious malfunctioning of my Microsoft Paint on the morning of 7/16/10

My next recording is: “subwyneconplanlibmlfuncnt\_7\_16\_10\_1202-525PM.WMA”: I then left the hostel and walked to downtown. Suddenly, I wondered: “Are we going to meet Double Smile?” Then: “You will be stuck in Poland for a while, that’s what the message from yesterday was saying... Once you get inside Daughterland, you will be okay... Going there is our dream...” Then: “Wherever you go, you will be alerted about.... What difference does it make where you go in the world?” When I was eating my lunch in Subway, I speculated more on PLANMEX: “They are going to make things up, the story that will be made up will sound so real, like a real archaeological discovery...” Then I tried to show off my talent for this: “Sanskrit was thought to be more ancient, to have more resemblance to Proto-Indo-European, than Greek, because it was more symmetrical, and yet the linguists were wrong in their judgment... It turned out that Greek was closer to Proto-Indo-European than Sanskrit. The lack of symmetry in Greek and Latin has turned out to be the original condition in Proto-Indo-European.” I then tried to guess more at the “plan” which Boss Cheney must have devised at one point: “... it’s about making up some past history...” Then, more incorrect scenario about what might be going on behind the scene in this PLANMEX: “The Mexicans are arguing: ‘I want to remotely control people’, then another was saying, ‘No, I want to...’ And they call *me* a baby!” I came to the Tucson public library on 59:00 and immediately asked for a guest card to use the Internet. I reserved a computer station for 2 o’clock. I then found a quiet room where I could use my own computer. I soon became terribly upset over the enormous amount of time I had had to waste dealing with computer malfunctioning: “Mr B is trying to disable me in order to waste my time, to prevent DGHTRCOM from finding me useful... We cannot do anything because of computer malfunctioning, we can’t go on like this, we need serious help... We are

not able to work, we cannot make friends, our life is ruined because of machine malfunctioning...”  
Then: “... they don’t seem to want us to do anything... The Daughter People have clearly abandoned us...” (1:54:00). I didn’t know that I was about to encounter another major episode of computer malfunctioning.

I was then preparing the ISO image for DVD 138. I filmed the beginning of the process in “PICT0002-iso138mlfnc-71610-ca120PM.AVI”. Suddenly, ImgBurn was completely frozen in place. I continued filming it: “PICT0003-iso138mlfnc-ca155PM.AVI”. Shocked and impatient, I closed ImgBurn, mumbling, “We need to apply for refugee status...” Then I began moaning from pain. “My life is finished...” And I began crying (1:58:45). “I don’t know how to seek help, I’m entirely shut off...” (2:00:00). “We should have studied law and become a politician, so that we can control other people’s machines...” The shock and anguish I was experiencing were now causing me terrible tremor, and I left the private room (2:02:00) and went downstairs to tell the librarian that I needed to see an emergency technician (2:11:00). I asked to go to the hospital because, as I emphasized, it was a medical problem and I needed to talk to someone about it. The librarian gave me several references for hospitals, and I left the library (2:20:00). “DGHTR has messed me up,” I mumbled (2:23:55). And, strangely, all the birds stationing on the poles flew away just at the moment when I finished my statement. I was convinced (wrongly) that the control center had remotely controlled the birds to fly away as a way to confirm me. I continued: “This is a very peculiar medical problem, nervous breakdown because of the malfunctioning of electronic devices...” (2:25:30). Electronicachreia! I came back inside the library on 2:31:00. I settled down in the private study room again and wanted to find the videos I had just shot of the devastating malfunctioning. And my arm hurt! (2:35:30) But, strangely, the video had disappeared. I mumbled in severe anger: “Instead of participating in this game, we have to expose it. How can you explain so many instances of machine malfunctioning?” (2:47:30) Then, a security guard came behind me (2:47:50). I began reviewing my recordings and writing. A librarian then came in to ask me to turn the volume down (3:40:00). I erroneously believed that she was commanded by the control center to scold me because I didn’t see how she could have possibly heard my recording. More evidence for my paranoid delusion! When I was packing up on 4:00:00, I continued: “The Monkey has no friends, but only interests” (4:01:00). I then signed up for another computer station (4:05:00). I would use the computer station until the library closed. I was wondering whether it was DGHTR who had caused the birds to fly as confirmation for my statement that he had messed me up (5:04:00). Then: “We thought the DGHTRPPL were nice people because DGHTR seemed so nice... He’s a very caring person...” (5:17:30). Just then, somebody was honking. I erroneously believed that this was another confirmation from the control center!

My next recordings are: “7\_16\_10\_525-555PM.WMA”: and  
“nw90/cafewrtdvd138cpbad\_7\_16\_10\_555-808PM.WMA”. I came back to the Bohemian coffeehouse I discovered yesterday to continue to work. I was writing and reviewing my recordings as usual. Then, when I was saving a screenshot, my computer malfunctioned again, preventing me from saving it (51:00). I videotaped it: “PICT0008-71610scrnshtsmlfnc.AVI”. Then the video file which had mysteriously disappeared mysteriously re-appeared. “I am so sick of this crap!” Then I reflected: “Whenever machines malfunction, we would lose interest in people; by now our recorder is our only friend...” I was also burning a new DVD. More stupid idea: “We can indeed apply for political asylum in Daughterland; we just have to show the consulate people these videos: ‘Look what the government is

doing to us, all this computer malfunctioning, this is censorship'; we will just go along with the game" – and my foot hurt. Were the French encouraging me to seek refugee status from Daughterland? Or were they simply encouraging me to go there? Indeed! Then I filmed it all when my DVD was finalizing (1:59:00). "Then we will say to Daughterland's officials: I know so much US government secrets, and I want to join your intelligence service."

My next recordings are: "backtohostlrmotecntrolprblmchnse\_7\_16\_10\_816-855PM.WMA" and "hstlcmputrproblm\_7\_16-17\_10\_855PM-204AM.WMA". When I was walking back to the hostel, I muttered continually: "We want to go to the one place in the world where machines will not malfunction and people are not confused..." As soon as I came back to the hostel I set myself to work again. Soon, more bad news: DVD 138 CP was not working (25:00). Was it damaged? I rushed into the computer room to videotape the malfunctioning of DVD 138 CP: "PICT0014-dvd138cpnogoodchkdisc.AVI". I restarted my Toshiba just in case this would help. I groaned: "Tens of thousands of hours of videos of computer malfunctioning... It's so exhausting..." (34:00). I decided to create an ISO image for DVD 138 CP directly from DVD 138, hoping that it might work this time. But then my Toshiba went into CHKDSK operation (4:40 in the video). I began moaning. "Why are we prevented from burning our disc?" (41:30) Then my Microsoft IME switched automatically to Chinese character input (42:30). I was out of breath, a nervous wreck, about to faint. Then my ImgBurn completed the operation. I again threatened to sabotage PLANMEX by inserting minor falsehood into the discovery (1:48:00). I continued reviewing my recordings. At one point, I speculated wrongly: "This recording has profanity in it, and so Mr B will say in court, 'This makes his recording pornographic, it must be excluded from evidence...'" Wrong! My computer continued to freeze from time to time, and even the hostel's MAC froze up at one point. I continued to be frustrated.

My last recording of the day is: "hstlcmputr\_7\_17\_10\_204-421AM.WMA": When I checked the visitors' log of my website, I discovered the Pyramid's latest visit from the Law Library. I became angry: "What does she want now? This bitch needs to get what she deserves...." I then also discovered a new email from Tony. And then I went to sleep. It should be said that it might very well be the Daughter People who had commanded the Monkey to cause all the malfunctioning I had experienced today. The Daughter People knew that, the more I suffered malfunctioning, the more I would curse PLANMEX and never want to go on it. Although I was then prompted to go to Daughterland, I had expressed desire even to sabotage the discovery. Insofar as the law required intelligence agencies to institute a reality around the terrorist that fit his belief, the French would then not be able to command the Daughter People to send me on any plan to discover Atlantis.

### **July 17 (Saturday; laptop shut down)**

My first recording of the new day is: "totusconlibtimewrong\_7\_17\_10\_9476AM-139PM.WMA". Soon after I woke up, I checked out of the hostel. While I was walking to the Tucson public library, I continued my worthless speculation: "That's why we have to remain a dog: we aren't psychologically ready... They will have to spend a lot of energy fixing us; but they can have us do academic work in the meantime... We will need to have our pyramid first, and work directly under DGHTR." Just more evidence of my conspiracy with Daughterland. I came inside the library, settled down, and turned on my computer. More bullshit: "Uncle DGHTR understands human psychology better than

DGHTRCOM...” I then got on the library’s public computer (2:23:00). I stuck my USB flash drive into the computer, and downloaded Filezilla onto the computer. I was ready to upload my files, but suddenly got very paranoid. I wondered: if there was virus in this open source software (per the Monkey’s orchestration), it might spread onto my flash drive. I went to trouble the librarian about this issue, but of course she could do nothing about it. It was in fact just paranoia over nothing, since the Daughter People weren’t commanding the Monkey to do anything like it. I then troubled the librarian about Arizona’s time zone. She said the time in Arizona was the same as in California because there was here no daylight saving time. What then happened to the clock on my computer and in my recorder? As I returned to my routine, I continued my worthless reflection: “We don’t really guess things right, we are probably less correct than what we think” – this is indeed correct – “Probably only 70 or 80 percent correct” – in fact, far less than that! Just then, my toes hurt: were the Daughter People trying to wake me up? “It’s all very bad, for they don’t tell you how much you guess right... We can’t spend all this time trying to figure this out, this is very bad for our mental health...” Indeed! Then: “You must trust DGHTR, there is no one else who can be trusted; DGHTR is trustworthy even if we have made a fool out of ourselves, for he has no political interests...” Pure bullshit.

My next recording is: “tusonliblostwallet\_7\_17\_10\_147-645PM.WMA”: When I left the library, I was angry again: “You fuck with my recorder to test me, test my fuck ass, mother fucker!” I came inside Subway to buy a sandwich (28:00). I was angered again because the Subway personnel couldn’t understand my order. Why couldn’t people understand what I was saying? Then I speculated again: “A lot of time when our computer malfunctioned, it could just be DGHTRCOM doing it. It makes sense, for: doesn’t Mr B need to take breaks? Then, when I came out: “This indeed came from Homeland Security; what do the Homeland Security officers actually believe? Something happened in February, and we didn’t pay attention to it...” and my left foot hurt (1:12:00). I came back inside the library to use the payphone (1:20:00). “They control the infrastructure in order to make me look schizophrenic, there is not way to escape from this...” Then, a white guy riding bicycle came over to me and took out his iPod. I was convinced he was here to do surveillance: “He’s here to listen to me talking to myself!” (1:40:00) Then, more of babies’ shouting. “That’s what the Mexicans are like, they want me to enjoy the torture without negative feelings, they have very little humanity in them... These Mexicans are very bad, *we thought we had given America to the Daughter People*, but now it’s these Mexicans... Mommy will also move out of America... So, let them rule Mexico and America! What kind of revolution is that? Did all these people really buy into the neocon game? Just when the Democrats rule, it turns out to be the Republicans from behind the scene...” Just more evidence of my conspiracy with Daughterland. Then: “If we apply for refugee status, we will just blame everything on the Americans...” I then continued writing “Frankfurt and Brussels”. Then, the library was closing and I left. As soon as I stepped outside, however, I discovered that I had forgotten my wallet (3:12:00). I frantically knocked on the library’s front door, and, thanks God, a librarian came out asking me what was wrong. I told him that I must have forgotten my wallet by the payphone three hours ago. He got it for me. Then I thought I saw another surveillance agent on the street. Suddenly, a Hispanic man spat in front of me (3:28:00). I somehow believed this man was remotely controlled from the control center, namely, that the Mexican team was signaling to me how much they detested me. I murmured: “There are several Mexicans inside the control center... They are all part of the ex-presidential family...” Wrong! There was only the Monkey. I then went around asking people when the train station would be open. I passed some time in a coffeehouse, and then came back to the train station. I asked to buy a ticket for Los Angeles, but was

told that there were no more seats! (4:23:00) I tried to call Tony on the payphone, but there was no answering. I came back inside the coffeehouse, and was ready to burn a new disc: “Get ready for computer malfunctioning...” Then: “... these Daughter People... and now this guy has to be homeless, they just have to disable his environment, all his machines...”

My next recording is: “wrthowdvd138cploudcafe\_7\_17\_10\_645-828PM.WMA”. I continued to write “Frankfurt and Brussels” while burning my disc. I was severely disturbed by the loud noises in the coffee house. Then, I succeeded in burning DVD 138 CP (21:00). I then added money to my Go Phone (33:00). By 48:00 I had come out of the coffeehouse. I complained: “There is now not a single ounce of beauty in the evidentiary process... And now we have hundreds of discs, and 2,000 hours of videos of computer screens... We thought Irene would help us, but they can just put a chip in her brain...” I came to the payphone and called Tony again (1:00:00). “We predict he won’t be home.” I wanted to leave a message, but no sooner had I called out “Hey Tony” than my call was cut off. Upset, I tried to call collect, but the call couldn’t go through. I called Tony again, and this time I was able to leave a message: “I got stuck in the train station, can you help? Call me back here...” Then I speculated wrongly again: “There are more forged recordings about us out there... Maybe we should just do the opposite of what we want to do, then he wouldn’t beat us up...” When I came back to the train station, the Amtrak officer suddenly told me there *was* an open seat for me on the next train to Los Angeles. I mistook this for an operation again: “You just want to see my ID so that you can broadcast an alert about me...” But he did produce a ticket for me: it was 35 dollars. It’s good news. And I came inside a bar to wait for the next train.

My next recording is: “IMPlptopshutofftusconcafe\_7\_17\_10\_828-950PM.WMA”. I was now ready to burn the next backup DVD. I moaned: “Can we just live in the same security as other people do? That would be too good to be true...” Then, suddenly, on 49:19, my Toshiba Satellite shut itself down – everything was gone in an instant, and all lights went off. It was the most mysterious instance of computer malfunctioning and I regretted so much not having the chance to videotape it. I naturally assumed it was these Mexicans inside the control center who had done it. You can hear me videotaping myself turning on my Toshiba Satellite on 51:28. The resultant video is: “PICT0012-71710lptpoff.AVI”. I was so angry: “Fuck man...” Just then, my camcorder was shut off too, and I was further angered: “Fuck you you mother fucker... These fucking Mexicans.. The more you do it, the more you will get the opposite effect...” I continued: “Do you think they will like it? We believe it’s the Mexicans, if it’s not them, then we apologize, but fuck... They walked into the room and demanded, ‘Don’t grab our power away..’ Who are you? Mother fuckers...” In reality, it was most likely the Daughter People who had caused this episode of malfunctioning – to discourage me from PLANMEX and to provoke me to violence.

My next recording is: “gtontrainintmdiary\_7\_17-18\_10\_950PM-306AM.WMA”: I left the bar in anger and came to the train station. I remembered to take a picture of my ticket, and then got on the train. I continued: “These strangers, whatever they want, they will end up getting it from Uncle Daughter...” When we get to Daughterland, we will run away from these Mexicans, this is how they treat people...” Then: “Because DGHTR is such a rare person... We are like two persons who have at last found each other, thus has come about my bond with him, and my bond with Daughterland... These Mexicans are so cruel, we wonder whether they have ever employed people at all...” I then continued to study

Daughterspeak. Then: “Our suggestion for the Mexicans: they had better work hard to placate the Daughter People... So that they can find experts in Daughterland to produce the products they want... They need to think more than what they want from the Daughter People, like a real friend does... It’s better if we meet Uncle Daughter in Daughterland, and then we have to be inside ‘Daughterworld’...” Then: “DGHTR believes we have talent, which makes these Mexicans believe we are good for the job, and we look crazy anyway...” Again, all the wrong scenarios!

### **July 18 (Sunday; “Doug”)**

My first recording of the new day is: “palmspringstopmxpplscary\_7\_18\_10\_550-715AM.WMA”. After taking a short nap, I continued my worthless reflection while working on my computer: “We are gonna run away from these Mexican people, they are so scary... Every time that they make an offer, it’s so scary... Every time that we have a revolution, the world turns out to be worse than before, these Mexicans are even worse than the neocons... They aren’t even idealists, it’s sheer power that they want...” And my arm hurt (1:07:00). Presumably it’s just the French who were encouraging me to speculate on the wrong path. I continued: “The alert about me as a schizophrenic has already been broadcast all over the world, that’s why they want me to do this PLANMEX: because nobody will believe anything I say, I will be dumped away right afterwards, these Mexicans are so incredibly selfish, they are scary...” I was at the same time burning the next backup DVD, and yet ImgBurn was running very slowly. Worried, I began filming it. Then: “Maybe they can negotiate with the Daughter People...” Fortunately, my new DVD was burned successfully. Then: “Remember that, if we are in Daughter People’s care, we will always do what they say; if we have a Daughter Pyramid...”

My next recording is: “leavetrainchinatwnnwsprr\_7\_18\_10\_729-1005AM.WMA”: Suddenly, a man came over to my seat while I was importing files from my recorder into my laptop, and, hovering over me, then looked at his cellphone. I was alarmed, and believed it was a trick. I continued: “The Mexicans will be gone, and we will be under DGHTR’s shift...” Just then my foot hurt. The Daughter People’s message? “But of course we won’t believe it...” Then: “In Mexico, people get framed all the time, that’s why when they come over here they pull all these tricks...” “In order to avoid these Mexicans, we’d rather not choose Double Smile but would choose the Pyramid instead, that’s how scary they are; and they like being scary to people...” Then I began writing – this time about what happened on May 8. By 1:20:00 or so, the train had arrived in Los Angeles and I got off the train. I came to Chinatown and ate at a restaurant. More speculation: “Actually we are locked into a conspiracy with Mr B... It’s a conspiracy within a conspiracy...” The first part was correct, but not the second part. After I left the restaurant, I continued: “We have the clearest mind, and yet have developed this phobia, such that we are afraid to talk to people, for everything is orchestrated....”

My next recording is: “dwntwntostrge\_7\_18\_10\_1005AM-1219PM.WMA”. I then came to the storage facility to exchange my things (1:19:00). I asked the Public Storage personnel in the office: “Is everything cool?” “What do you mean?” I was worried that the Mexicans might have orchestrated more break-in, but of course the Public Storage people didn’t know what I was talking about. I needed to defecate and so spent a while in the restroom. I continued while sitting on the toilet: “The second trial... And so shall we run away?... What else is there? So many things. They have packed too many different processes into this one evidentiary process, and they use a computer to filter out any actions

which couldn't fit into the evidentiary process... Will Mr B change the recording of my computer screen too?" Because I had been sitting on the toilet for too long, the Public Storage manager came knocking on the door (1:47:00). I was tremendously annoyed when I came out of the restroom and began arguing with him. He was adamant: "You weren't just sick, you were zipping and unzipping you bags...." I responded: "Will you guarantee that my stuff will be okay? I will never ever use the restroom here again...." When this was over, I naturally assumed (wrongly) that it's the Mexicans inside the control center who had directed the manager to harass me. "I cannot do it because the Mexicans are always trying to fuck with me, and the manager doesn't know that it's a group of Mexicans who are directing him...." More: "That's why these Mexicans want PLANMEX: they don't just want Mexico, but also the United States.... Anyone they don't like will end up like me, the environment has become a military boot camp, eventually he will have to commit suicide, he will have no friends, no family, and nobody will believe it.... The United States will have to go, Americans will forever live in the illusion that they are the masters of their own country, they will end up doing things contrary to their own interests without knowing...." Completely wrong scenarios! Then a bunch of Koreans came in to talk loudly next to me. I mistook them again for the control center's orchestration: "They are here to make our recordings illegal...."

My next recording is: "7\_18\_10\_1221-125PM.WMA": I continued to speculate on the Mexican team's plan: to expose me as recording myself in the storage facility and so on. "These Mexicans are bad-to-the-bone, and yet DGHTRCOM just can't find anyone else... They are worse than neocons..." I continued to believe that the manager was told to harass me when I was in the restroom. Then, somebody was yelling nearby, and I again believed erroneously that it was orchestrated: "That's so that the manager can confuse her with me...." I put in all my new discs and went downstairs, continuing: "... What exactly happened in February... the court structure... and that guy just walked away, as if he were waiting for me to say something..." I came inside office and told Porsha, the Public Storage employee: "... People were arguing up there, I don't want you to think that it was me..." And I told another Public Storage girl the same thing: "Don't mistake their mess for mine..." While walking away, I continued my paranoia: "I don't believe that wasn't orchestrated... After April, it was a different story..."

My next recording is: "storageuclalibangrystemlfct\_7\_18\_10\_125-611PM.WMA". I went to the food mall – where there was again a lot of children's shouting – and then came back to the storage facility. I had to put in a disc which I had forgotten. When I left, I began worrying about that "Jessica": "They can convince her: 'Oh it's this guy who has shitted in the corner...'" (12:00). Then I began talking to the imaginary figures inside the control center: "You Mexicans, just don't touch my storage! Let DGHTR help me with some money...." Then I reflected on the fake nuclear design that was given to Iran.<sup>4</sup> Then: "This is something strange: they can read our thoughts and yet they don't do things correctly.... What do they read when we think of theoretical stuff, things which they can't even comprehend?" This should have led me to realize that it was not a bunch of Mexicans who were inside the control center, and that I was being tormented for some other purpose. Then: "These Mexicans are sending surveillance agents around us, to listen to us talking to ourselves, which makes us look schizophrenic.... If it's DGHTRCOM... If he doesn't want you to run around, he wouldn't just say so, he would make you believe he wants you to turn around, but, just when you do, he would then punish you...." All the

4 In Valerie Plame's *Fair Game*.

wrong scenario! I then filmed this homeless man with earphones sticking out of his pocket. I assumed he was a Homeland Security surveillance agent: “How can he afford his iPod? He’s here to conduct surveillance on me or here to make me look schizophrenic...” (44:00). Then a suggestion to myself: “When it comes to PLANMEX, you must come up with a plan to mess it up on the spot.... It can’t be premeditated: otherwise they will read about it from the mind-reading computer beforehand....” I was on the bus by 51:00. I stopped by a coffee shop for a little while, saw a Maryland license plate, thought it meant something (“Mary-Land”), and filmed it (1:13:00). I then got on the bus again on 1:19:00. I was studying Daughterspeak while on the bus. When I got off the bus on 2:17:00, I came up with another (somewhat) wrong scenario: the Pyramid had not been talking to her father, so that her father had been remotely controlling these people around me in order to communicate to her. I arrived in UCLA campus on 2:26:00. Another wrong scenario: “This is Mr B’s training, but he just wants to beat us up, but this has to fit into the framework of the evidentiary record going backward in time, everything he wants to do has to be filtered by the computer, if it could fit into the framework, then he would be allowed to carry it out...” Again: “*These Mexicans want us because we look crazy*, and so, when we are done with the project, nobody will believe anything we say. DGHTR has a clear view of these people; don’t follow them, we will follow DGHTR...” (2:33:00). Then: “Every act is packed with so many meanings....” I bought coffee from the vending machine and continued my worthless reflection: “DGHTR has paired us up with the wrong people, now we have to run for our life...” (2:49:00). “If DGHTRCOM wants anything done, he should put me in DGHTRLND” – just then, my hand hurt: the French, again, wanted me to go to Daughterland instead after seeing that I wasn’t going to Mexico – “... and let DGHTR run us.... DGHTR, please give us some money, perhaps this refugee thing will work out.... When the ICJ process was running forward, it’s less scary, now it’s too scary, now it’s internal strife, and the Mexicans are so aggressive....” I came inside the library on 3:01:00. I began updating my website on the library’s computer.

Strangely, I discovered that my website [www.lawrencechin2008.com](http://www.lawrencechin2008.com) seems to have been blacklisted – I naturally assumed it was thanks to Homeland Security under the Mexican team’s command that this had happened: because I had become a pedophile suspect. Especially my new webpage [www.lawrencechin2010.lawrencechin2008.com/mf.html](http://www.lawrencechin2010.lawrencechin2008.com/mf.html), where I showcased my videos of the malfunctioning of computers and electronic devices. The sign is that, when I modified a webpage and saved it, the modification would not appear immediately – because the content change had to be filtered first. (Just as it had happened when I was in Frankfurt in January 2008.) Because of this, I even doubted that, when other people went onto my website and clicked on any of the videos, they could actually download *my* videos and not the replacement which the Mexican team would have commanded Homeland Security to put in place. I began filming this “delayed appearance of changed content”, but the first video seems to have been remotely deleted from the control center – again I assumed it was the Mexican team who wanted to eliminate my evidences. What are left are three videos: 71810site1.AVI”; “71810site2.AVI”; and “71810site3.AVI”.

Soon the library was closing and I was leaving (4:37:00). I continued: “We are going to secretly screw up PLANMEX.... We have to hit the Mexicans in the head, so that their fake revolution can be overturned by a real revolution.... When we said something bad about the Mexicans, machines will malfunction.... These Mexicans! They want to pretend to build a democracy in Mexico! What a joke!”

My next recording is: “7\_18\_10\_611-816PM.WMA”: I sat down at one of the tables in the court yard outside the library to continue my worthless reflection: “If you are wrong, if it’s not the Mexicans in the control center... Being wrong is not the same as suffering schizophrenia...” This was indeed the argument which the French were using to counter the Daughter People’s evidences about my supposed insanity! Then: “But we do know that computer malfunctioning is caused by Homeland Security...” Then, I noticed the same man – “Doug” – reading a book in a nearby table. Out of boredom, I went up to talk to him (12:00). This was my first acquaintance with him. This time he was not reading Bertrand Russell’s *History of Western Philosophy*, but some sort of *History of the United States*. It turned out that he was almost a professor once, but didn’t make it because he didn’t pass the examination. Now he would like to become a teacher in US history. I told him I would not recommend Bertrand Russell for learning about the history of Western philosophy because, as a logician, he couldn’t really understand Greek philosophy and so on. Doug then told me he was once a political science major, and then a graduate student in history. He didn’t make it because he had a bad relationship with his adviser. I then talked about how I was concerned only with writing my theory and so gave up on graduate school. Doug: “You are not interested in fame and money and a career...?” I then talked about how unsatisfying US history was for me (Cal State Hayward). I then told him that the title of my theory was “Scientific Enlightenment”. Doug: “I live a very boring life...” He used to be into the glamour of being a professor, but was then shocked by it, and dropped out. I joked about how many philosophy majors turned out to work for social services or join the intelligence agencies. Doug: “So do you have a job?” “No, the last few months have been very bad for me...” I was truly embarrassed. “I used to do freelance work... What about you?” He replied: “I try to keep my mind together, keep my insanity, but I’m not happy... I should have stayed in academia...” He did have a master degree, but then went to work for Verizon. We then talked about our hatred for computers. Doug continued: “I wish I had a normal life, married with kids...” We then talked about Leibniz’s “monads”. I continued to complain about academia: “I couldn’t remember... Everybody nowadays is a specialist, but wisdom is about knowing everything...” Then, suddenly, Doug invited me to speak French with him (44:00). I noted: “Maintenant j’apprends la langue russe...” Amazingly, Doug began speaking Russian to me (58:00). He taught me “I love you” in Russian saying “In case you meet a Russian woman.” Finally, he was going to the restroom and, before we parted, told me his name was “Doug”. I walked away believing erroneously that this “Doug” was one of the Daughter People’s “fake Americans”. I murmured: “There is this thing about the Daughter People, they are such dramatists, we are caught in a drama, yet everything is so real...” That is, I wrongly assumed that everything which had just happened was a show staged by the Daughter People. Then I asked: “Who is commanding who now? I’m just concerned with the beauty of the show... We have seen all this unbelievable stuff... We need to be with Uncle Daughter...” Then: “They need to listen to me, they need to guide me, for I don’t know what to do...”

Only if Doug were really the Daughter People’s agent, then everything would make sense. But I would realize later on that I made a mistake and read too much into ordinary events. It *does* seem however that Doug was carrying out an operation for the French. It was not only that our French-speaking would be evidence in favor of the French (that the Monkey’s profile of me was forged), but also that the French would certainly be trying to encourage me “to go to Daughterland to meet a woman”, i.e. Ekaterina, insofar as they had given up persuading me to go to Mexico to meet her. Perhaps they had adopted my suggestion about “PLANBAIKAL”: Atlantis would now be discovered near Lake Baikal! (In any case, somewhere in Daughterland, so that the French could call it “PLANRUS”.) But if Doug

was no secret agent, then it was simply that the French had orchestrated my encounter with him from the control center and instructed the CIA to instruct him to tell me to go to Daughterland to meet a “Daughter Pyramid”. In any case, the French had already tried to encourage me on July 10 and July 13 – and now on July 18. They were desperate!

My next recording is: “uclanet711chntoasnwmstscybrcf\_7\_18-19\_10\_817PM-1250AM.WMA”: I then came to Ackerman and was on the public computer there. I read something in German, and then studied something about refugee matters. I filmed all the grammatical mistakes I had discovered on this webpage, believing that it was orchestrated as an “intercept”. A guy then gave me 5 dollars for 5 cigarettes (1:06:00). I left, came to 711 to buy my dinner, and ate outside the store. When I saw somebody taking pictures on the street with a tripod, I inquired him about it, believing it was again orchestrated from the control center to produce evidences. I then got on the bus on 2:26:00 to go to the cybercafe. I continued to study Daughterspeak while on the bus. I arrived at the cybercafe and reflected while smoking outside: “They need to think about our psychological disorder, we are afraid to talk to people...” Then: “There is probably no virus in the driver, they can just remotely control our computer anyway...” Correct! When I came inside the cybercafe on 3:12:00 I continued my worthless reflection and tried to advise the Daughter People: “We are going to be rational, we are going to follow DGHTR whatever he does, the division of labor is the best idea....” Then, thinking about Wes’ false advice, I pondered: “What’s this: to be rational, you have to be irrational...?” I reviewed my recordings and wrote more. Too tired, I fell asleep at one point.

### **July 19 (Monday; Wes: “They would so jeopardize themselves...”)**

My first recording of the new day is: “wkcybcafe\_7\_19\_10\_749-1040AM.WMA”: As soon as I woke up, more worthless reflection: “*I want my Daughter Pyramid... the Pyramid’s father – he needs to learn! And DGHTR.... We will just go with DGHTR....*” I then came inside the cybercafe and worked. Afterward, I got on the Metro to go to the storage facility. I got very angry: so regretting to have saved the Daughter People, I didn’t know it would end up like this! (1:49:00) “Obviously we are not going anywhere! We are abandoned!” When a Hispanic woman brought her kids in front of me, I assumed again that they were directed by the control center to come to me to get themselves recorded by me. When I came inside Public Storage, I asked Jessica: “There were two persons arguing here yesterday, and I webcamed my storage unit, everything was fine, right?” “Yes” (2:20:00). Jessica of course had no clue what I was worried about. After I was done putting in my new discs, I troubled Jessica again about webcaming my storage unit and to make sure that other people’s garbage would not be mistaken as mine.

My next recording is: “cybrcafe\_7\_19\_10\_1047AM-114PM.WMA”: I then decided to come back to the cybercafe. I speculated: “What about the fake Americans, namely, those fake Americans for you to videotape, so that, when you tell people about ‘fake Americans’, people can justifiably call you schizophrenic...” Then: “They don’t really care if you tell anyone, they just want to label you schizophrenic...” While in the Metro station, I mistakenly thought a Hispanic guy was recording me for Homeland Security. I came inside the cybercafe on 47:00. While I was writing on my laptop, I again thought the guy sitting next to me was a Homeland Security surveillance agent. I got angry: “The Mexican team has command over Homeland Security, everyday is this fucking surveillance to make up

stories about my committing crimes....” I videotaped this “surveillance agent”. Then I filmed another guy who I thought was a Homeland Security surveillance agent: “He doesn’t know why he is conducting surveillance on me, these fucking Mexicans.... Hey, don’t touch my stuff!” When someone came to sit next to me to chat with his companion, I again mistakenly believed he was sent here to get himself recorded by me (1-31:00). I was then reviewing the recording of my conversation with Wes. Suddenly, my Microsoft IME malfunctioned: another Chinese character popped up. My incorrect scenario was, again, that the Mexican team wanted to create the appearance that they were conveying “secret messages” to me so that I could theorize incorrectly: “This instance of malfunctioning is illustrative of ‘some Mexicans inside the International Court of Justice passing me secret messages’” – which they could then use as evidence to establish that I was hopelessly schizophrenic. Ha!

My next recording is: “cybrcafe\_7\_19\_10\_114-228PM.WMA”: Fortunately, I was permitted to successfully burn another backup DVD. I continued: “Such are the characteristics of big shots: they don’t care about anyone else but themselves....” I left and got on the bus. Amazingly, I saw a girl reading a strange book. “What language is that?” I asked her. “Russian... Mongolian....” she replied. Even though this was most likely just a coincidence, I again assumed it was orchestrated to create an intercept, and so asked her for permission to film her book.

My ext recording is: “touclalibwves\_7\_19\_10\_228-926PM.WMA”: And so I arrived in UCLA. I came inside the cafeteria and ordered my lunch. As usual, there were a lot of children around, and so I had to ask the cashier: “Is this UCLA?” “Yes,” she replied. “I thought it’s a kindergarten, look at all these children... Really!” Then I speculated wrongly again: “These fucking Mexicans, they send in all these children while we are recording, they then send in their Homeland Security surveillance agent to catch us... just in order to make us into a pedophile... The only place in the world where we can avoid children is the strip club...” The more I thought about it, the angrier I got. I then saw a police officer eating in the cafeteria. I used the chance to ask him about my “problem”: “What shall I do about this? Somebody has forged a recording showing me saying something bad; what does a person do in such a situation? Now all the security industries are going after you... What do you do?” “Take medication,” he advised, “You sound very paranoid...” Convinced that my scenario was correct, I was of course quite offended, and I continued to pester him. “If it’s not you, then don’t worry about it...” he continued. I protested: “But that’s why everywhere I go I will get thrown out...” “Then you should go to the police department and file your own report...” (1:22:00). “I don’t have access to anything like that,” I protested again. I was absolutely convinced that this officer had seen my negative profile which the “Mexican team” had caused to circulate in the law enforcement circle, and yet he did not seem to know me at all. And thus I asked him: “How long have you been working here?” “22 years.” There was then no possible way that he didn’t know anything about me. I thus believed he was sent here by the Mexicans: “They really believe they can use this police man to convince us, they are so stupid...” Ha! Here I had again overestimated my own intelligence. “These Mexicans are very good at duping people, but very bad at understanding people, they are a bunch of white collar criminals... We know that whoever is doing this is a male... Only if women rule the world!” More: “Think about the movie ‘Traffic’, think about the power struggle in that movie... That’s what these Mexicans are like!” I then came inside the library on 1:48:00. As soon as I started my work on the library’s computer, it suddenly shut itself down. The Mexicans couldn’t get more blatant than this! I went to tell the librarian about it, but she had very little interest in, nor comprehension about, what I was talking about. Apparently the

computer was automatically updating itself: I was most likely wrong (2:09:00). Then the computer shut itself down again (2:18:30). I talked to the librarian again: “Somebody is shutting it down from the network administration center... And both computers have this pop-up...” I asked her if it’s okay to webcam the computer. Soon I had to call up the librarian again because the computer shut itself down again (2:26:00). I angrily made my condition to the “Mexican team”: “We are not doing anything until machines function... Somebody is trying to waste our time... If machines don’t function, we will have to kill people...” Unfortunately this was precisely what the Daughter People wanted me to do. Then my foot hurt on 3:05:00 when I thought of something: “They have changed plans because we...” Complete bullshit! I got increasingly angry while on the computer: “Fuck! Fuck!” (4:12:00) When the library was closing, I packed up and left: “I should have been a lawyer, then I can join the government and fuck with people...” More: “There actually exist people who are worse than Mr Chertoff, namely the Mexicans... Only if I had never met the bitch...” Again, what the Daughter People wanted me to say. I bought coffee from the vending machine. “What’s my problem? It’s the Mexicans! And I don’t have money! *There is not a single place in the world to run to except Daughterland...* Have the people there been alerted about us? We have to be surrounded by the Daughter People... Then we can say anything without worrying about the Mexicans... There is nobody so unfortunate like us” and, just then, my foot hurt (4:47:00). Perhaps it was the French who were still encouraging me to go to Daughterland. I then came back to the library and set up my computer on the table, and I was almost crying: “Get your camera out, get ready for more machine malfunctioning... Other people are so lucky...” This time I was able to use the computer, and I checked my website: it didn’t seem to be filtered today. I then wanted to add money to my phone, but hanged up half-way (5:07:00). “Forged recordings about us... Pain... There is no one here to help us, there are no natural persons left... This kind of thing has never happened before in human history! This kind of bullshit! Only if we had never met the bitch... Someone is always watching us, there is surveillance even inside us... We are just glad that we have wasted two billion dollars from our government... This guy really *is* the most slandered person in the history of humankind...” I was so angry that, when I saw a girl wearing earphones and mistook her for a surveillance agent, I tried to spit on her. “These fucking Americans don’t even know who is running their country...” You thus see how I was making a complete fool of myself with my incorrect scenarios and over-sensitivity: these people around me weren’t being commanded at all. I left UCLA and came inside the AT&T store and added 60 dollars to my Go-Phone account (5:30:00). Then I called up Wes and was connected with him (from 5:40:00 onward). I complained: “You are so lucky, you don’t have the entire population trying to make you into a criminal... I can’t stand it anymore... All this computer-malfunctioning, it’s so bad, computer malfunctions 10 to 15 times a day... I have created a website to showcase all my videos of computer malfunctioning, but now I can barely keep up... I don’t really believe that other people can see it... Homeland Security must have blocked it...” Again, all the wrong scenarios: there was no blocking of my website at all by some Homeland Security department under the command of some “Mexican team”. “They would send children to me so that they can say I’m a pedophile... That’s what is going on... Yesterday my website was filtered... Today it’s not filtered... If my website is filtered, I could go to the ACLU, for I would have a constitutional issue... I’m so tired of living in an environment where everyone is told something false about me... I’m so upset that they want to portray me as a pedophile when I hate children so much... I’m afraid to install the driver on my laptop, there might be virus in it...” Again, more wrong scenarios, and evidences for the Daughter People that I was indeed a paranoid schizophrenic. Wes suggested: “I can look into your website and tell you what I see...” I rejected his offer: “Why would I believe anything you say...?” Again, I

assumed that Wes would simply be commanded by Homeland Security (by the “Mexicans”) to lie to me. The Daughter People would surely use this wrong assumption on my part as evidence confirming that I suffered from schizophrenia. Then I commented on the weird noise which came from Wes’ side: “How do I know whether I’m really talking to you? They could forge your voice... They have already said I have forged all my recordings... We need to talk face to face...” Wes asked me rhetorically: “How do you know it’s me when we do meet face to face?” I complained: “I’m so lonely, and everywhere I go there is surveillance, and yet I have never done anything...” Then again: “What’s the noise from your side?” Then: “These Daughter People, they are the only people who can save me, even if I do go to a foreign country, everyone will have been alerted about me... But the Daughter People will not save me... I’m not important enough...” Wes suddenly mentioned: “*Homeland Security is so big that nobody knows how big it is...*” I continued: “I can’t stand the noises around me... I need help, I can’t even talk to a doctor... While I was in Nicaragua, Homeland Security would control my cable TV to produce evidences, and I filmed it all, I thought the videos were quite funny... There has never been a person who has encountered so much machine malfunctioning; every Operating System, every television, every recorder, and then even the camera used to film all the malfunctioning will malfunction...” (6:00:00). I continued: “I will need another camcorder to film the first camcorder I use to film the malfunctioning... I suppose it’s these Mexicans... They will command Homeland Security to freeze up the second camcorder as well...” Wes: “You need to get more cameras...” Then he suggested: “How about getting a camera using tapes?” “Yeah, my old camcorder uses DV tapes, in which case they can’t delete the files...” Wes suggested: “When a nuclear bomb explodes, the shock wave will disable every electronics... When a nuclear bomb explodes in mid-air, no one will get killed but all the electronics will get shut down... So maybe they have found a way to direct the shock waves...” I disagreed: “No, no, I’m sure it’s just electromagnetic energy, it’s just radio frequency emissions.... I live in a city, where routers are everywhere...” Then: “I did notice that the newer the equipment the easier it is to manipulate it remotely... When it comes to my recorder it will experience interference from the cellphone several seconds before the cellphone actually receives a call. Why?” Just then, my arm hurt. I continued: “My problem is that I’m so overloaded with work... I’m shut off, I have no money, I have no friends...” Then, my envy of Wes: “You don’t have the problem that nobody believes you are who you are, where everybody thinks you insane when you in fact perceive reality better than others...” Again, a wrong scenario which made me look ever more delusional. More: “I want to go in front of you, but I don’t know who’s commanding you, you have to not receive orders from Homeland Security to fuck with me...” Wes responded: “Is that what I’m doing?” Of course, even though he had done it before, I was clearly being paranoid at this moment, which would be good evidence for the Daughter People. I continued: “You seem to have done it before...” Wes continued: “Something is better left unknown, just like in the movie ‘Men in Black’... These Men in Black, these secret agents... People will panic if they knew every other person on the street is an alien... They need to keep everyone ignorant...” I was dumb enough to think that I could relate to that: “I know, I’m the only person who knows what’s going on, and that’s why I’m labeled insane...” While it was true that nobody around knew that a life-and-death struggle was going on between Russia and France at this very moment, I got it all wrong too. Wes continued: “That’s why in the end he asks that his memory be erased, he just can’t take it anymore... It turns out that all the tabloids are telling the truth, but ignorant people think they are fake...” I continued to resonate: “Just like the neocons, who want to make all these crazy plans come true...” As you can see, Boss Cheney’s plan had tremendous resemblance to the movie MIB insofar as he had made governments around the world believe that terrorists were running around with nuclear bombs and

convinced them that the common people must be kept in their ignorance lest they panic. Wes continued: "It's like the guy who says the world is round while everyone else says it's flat." I thought Wes was suggesting that I should forget the whole ICJ business, and so protested: "But what about all these years during which I have been suffering? Am I supposed to forget about it? Now the Man in Black – all the pain he has suffered, did he just forget about it?" Wes: "Yeah, he lost 10 years of his life, everybody thought he had suffered a head injury, went into a coma, and then woke up..." I was on the wrong track: "But what do other people think of him? That's the problem... What do other people think he has done in the past 10 years?" I was holding onto the incorrect notion that, since there was an alert about me to slander me to the population, if I'd just forget about the whole thing, other people weren't going to forget about what they had heard about me. Thus I refuted Wes: "I don't think that's the solution for me." Wes then suggested the movie "The Matrix": "Remember the guy who wanted to return to his delusion: 'I just want the steak, even if it's a lie'..." Me: "But that's a steak, it's not you..." Wes comforted me: "You must be very strong. Other people will crack by now..." I continued: "I have so much to hold onto... If I were like other homeless people, I would just jump the bridge..." Wes: "Maybe other homeless people do have things to hold onto also..." "No. Most homeless people didn't write a 2,000-page treatise..." Then I continued: "*I want the Daughter People to adopt me...* They know the secrets too, they can just put me in their garden, but maybe they are too busy... Can they just do that?" I was still under the wrong assumption that the Daughter People were worried about whether I would tell people about this International Court of Justice trial. In reality, I had just provided the French with more evidence of my conspiracy with Daughterland. Wes then asked: "How can they be too busy? They are a country..." I explained: "They are a people, not a country... They have constraints, they have interests to protect, and that's tied up with the people who are fucking with me right now... *Secondly, there is the law, I don't know if they can overcome it... I suppose they can...* It's a lesser problem... Thirdly: Do they have time? Do my credits go that far? There are so many of them, they should have the time, I'll just be writing, they can just put me in a room, I'll put my writings on the Internet, but it's all locked down anyway, my website is more like a storage... So the problem is that they have interests..." Completely wrong! It's not the first point, but the second one, that was the right answer: the Daughter People couldn't overcome the law governing conspiracy. Wes suggested: "Either that or fear... Do you think they fear Homeland Security?..." "They don't fear Homeland Security.... These Mexicans inside Homeland Security, the Daughter People need something from them, it's their interests..." Wes: "So they do fear that they might not have the same relationship anymore..." "I don't know, they need something from them... What do I have to offer? I have already offered everything I can..." Wes: "But you have saved them..." I moaned: "During the time of battle, you didn't think of these things.... You didn't think of the future, you were just desperate.... When everybody's life is at stake, you just try to bail each other out, you don't think about what will happen later..." Wes caught on: "These ungrateful Daughter People... You saved them, but a few years later, when you need help, they abandon you..." I continued: "They are afraid of losing, losing something, trade or something, a business deal with the Mexicans..." Wes went along with me: "Yeah, a business deal.... Why save you? You aren't useful to them anymore..." But he then suddenly gave me a hint: "*Maybe if the DGHTRPPL help you, they would jeopardize themselves so much...* They really wish they could help, but they can't..." (6:24:40) I was stunned: "Do you really think so?" Wes: "I'm just throwing out options..." I was mystified: "If it would jeopardize them, why can't they tell me?" Wes: "*Because the very act of telling you will jeopardize their position...*" It's in fact the Daughter People who, hoping that I might realize that France had objected, had commanded the CIA to instruct Wes to pass on this hint to me.

And yet I just couldn't conjure up any scenario which could explain why the Daughter People would jeopardize themselves by helping me – it is as if I had completely forgotten the notion of “conspiracy”:

“I couldn't see anything like that... What do these Mexicans have that's so important?” Wes continued: “Has this anything to do with Arizona? The new law... They can stop you to see if you are a citizen...”

But I was mystified: “What does that have to do with the Mexican government? These Mexicans can tell Homeland Security what to do, they are obviously very powerful... What do they have to do with illegal immigrants?...”

Just then, a security guard came out to ask me to move away. Wes continued: “It's fascism...”

I was angered and mystified at the same time by the security guard: “How do you even know I'm here?” He responded: “I know...” “Because somebody has told you I'm here! Do you think I'm retarded?”

That is, because there was no camera around I assumed that it's the Mexicans in the control center who had instructed the security guard to harass me in order to provoke me. In reality, I was wrong again. I responded to Wes: “That's why this environment is so devastating... Everyone is like a chess piece to be moved around by the control center...”

Wes continued: “They passed this law in Arizona which violates people's rights...”

“So what?” I continued: “That's not ‘big brother’ at all, what I am experiencing is 150 times worse than that...”

Then I wondered again: “What would jeopardize DGHTRPPL so much that they can't save me?”

Wes: “I don't know...”

I continued: “The Daughter People are so smart! Why would they get themselves into such position?...”

Wes: “*Maybe they aren't so smart...*”

Indeed, Wes was correct! I reaffirmed my false scenario: “It's their business interest, now that I don't have much to offer anymore... Why can't they just drop me 10,000 dollars and then not ever watch me again?...”

I continued: “What you have suggested is impossible, they are so smart, they would never end up being constrained by the very people they want to do business with... Unless it has something to do with neocons' science fiction plan... *Why is it so important to finalize the neocon plan?* Can we just forget about it? That's why the Mexicans are so important... Something is going on in that land... They can't just give up the strange plan... Can I just live in an environment where people are not told anything about me, where I can use machines unimpeded?... Why am I so unfortunate?...”

Then I was bothered again by a car which flashed its lights on me. I started crying: “You are the only one in the world, my best friend...”

Wes: “Together you owe me 300 dollars...”

I continued: “I have never been so desperate... You can just sit in front of me, that will help me...”

Wes: “Not in July, unless we talk via Skype...”

I continued to complain according to my erroneous conception: “People are not reacting to me, they are just told to do something to me, I have no control over other people's behavior, all I do is just stand there, and they would accuse me of something, even though I didn't do anything... The rules just change, reality just changes... What's the point of finding a doctor? He will just be told what to do... People are acting upon me, rather than reacting to me... There is not a single person who can be trusted... You have to help me, I don't want to be in such position, I used to think that the Daughter People were just testing my attitude, but now I know they aren't...”

Unaware that most of the things I had described were just the results of my misinterpretation, I cried more: “I'm in so much pain... I don't want to live in this fake town, everything is fake, and machine malfunctions everyday...”

I cried continually: “You don't know how desperate I am... Why am I so unfortunate?... Why don't you have sympathy for me?... I need money to fix my glasses, I need money for food, I need a place to stay so that I wouldn't be thrown out from place to place... I need to get out of this country... This environment is so bad, machine malfunctions so regularly... I'll call my doctor... *You don't really believe that the Daughter People are so jeopardized that they can't help me...* It doesn't make sense...”

Wes asked: “Don't you get money from the government?”

“So what? If that's enough, I'll just do it...”

As soon as money comes in half of it goes out immediately, I owe the bank 400 dollars in the beginning

of every month...” Wes suggested: “Maybe you should find someone closer to help you...” “Everyone is instructed... My cousin, if I search for her number online, the computer will just break down... And she will never tell me her number...” Wes: “You know I don’t have a job right now...” I continued to spell out my wrong scenario: “These Mexicans are so aggressive, I have never seen anything like this... Please help me for my own sake, please don’t listen to others, I want to get refugee status... I have such a bad headache, I can’t be homeless anymore... I have even physically changed... I have lost my voice, I have so physically deteriorated due to homelessness... I sleep 3 to 4 hours a day, I’m overworked... And the police constantly harass me... And people constantly provoke me...”

That’s my conversation with Wes today. While it was evident that, in response to the French’s change of plan from PLANMEX to PLANRUS (Doug’s message from yesterday), the Daughter People had again commanded Wes today to try to awaken me to the French peril, it’s not clear whether he was instructed to mention Men in Black to me and whether there was any similar purpose in his mentioning of Arizona’s new controversial law (just after I had returned from Arizona). It is possible that “Men in Black” was also something originating from the Daughter People. Certainly, the Monkey inside the control center, concerned only about himself, had been hoping that I would forget everything so that nobody else would talk about the fact that he had been inside there and messed up the mind-reading computer. Perhaps the Daughter People decided today to let him communicate his wish to me so that, in case I agreed, they could take up this option for their own benefit (establishing this as part of our conspiracy and letting us finish our mission to benefit them) and orchestrate my hospitalization and getting fed with so much psychotic drugs that I would eventually lose my memory. Only in this way could my belief system “disappear” (about getting a pyramid from them) so that the French could never again command them to institute a reality around me that fit my belief and in the process to convict themselves. Such was, possibly, the Daughter People’s new plan after the French had commanded them yesterday to communicate PLANBAIKAL or PLANRUS to me through Doug. Thank God that I didn’t agree! As for Wes’ mentioning Arizona, it could be again the Daughter People’s attempt to cause me to realize what was going on. Namely, the fact that I met Tony and John in Tucson to discuss going to Daughterland. Here the Daughter People wanted me to realize that they definitely could not permit me to go to their country. If I could realize this, then perhaps I could realize the reason why: namely that the French would take over their country on account of my conspiracy with them. If such reminder was indeed the purpose in Wes’ words, I was again too dumb as to let the most important message fly over my head.

My next recording is: “subwaydghtrmusic\_7\_19\_10\_926-1033PM.WMA”: Reflecting on the conversation, I theorized that the erasure of my memory was the Mexican team’s idea. So they don’t want me to remember this ICJ trial! (Again, I might have been correct here.) “So what’s the big deal? Do they really believe that people all around the world are sitting inside their house wondering who’s going to rule Mexico?” (6:50) Some driver was honking on 7:11 and I mistakenly took that for the control center’s confirmation of my conjecture. Note that somebody around me was chatting in French on 15:20. Walking around, I continued my incorrect scenario: “It does seem that the Mexicans are stuck in their little world, believing that the whole world cares about whether they are the ones who are ruling Mexico...” (24:30). I walked into Subway to eat dinner. On 25:00, you can hear Subway radio broadcasting Cindy Lauper’s “Girls just wanna have fun”, and I again mistakenly assumed that this was orchestrated from the control center, remarking that the DGHTRPPL liked to use 80’s music to

communicate “secret messages”. This song, of course, was *not* a secret message. Then, on 39:00, the Subway radio was broadcasting Michael Jackson and Paul McCartney’s old 80s song. I again mistakenly assumed that this was the DGHTRPPL’s “message”. For a long time to come, I would mistakenly believe that the DGHTRPPL were using Michael Jackson’s lyrics to warn me that they were about to inflict more misery on me (... “I wanna fuck you”).

My last recording of the day is: “bus20slpnrmdie\_7\_19-20\_10\_1041PM-535AM.WMA”: I soon began feeling sick. I got on the bus and came to Normandie and Wilshire and soon slept in the same street corner near the cybercafe.

### **July 20 (Tuesday; “lawrence\_c\_41”)**

My first recording of the new day is: “cybrcafewrtcmraoffangry\_7\_20\_10\_617AM-1213PM.WMA”. I woke up from my corner and began another round of worthless reflections. This time I was summarizing my idea about the “centralization of machines”. Siren on 15:30. I then walked into McDonald’s to have my breakfast (19:00). I expressed my hope that the Mexicans would not extend their power over all America, and remarked that this was the same thing as the Vietnamese and Cambodian revolution – where the revolution actually made things much worse (26:20). In the case of Vietnam, I noted that it was the revolutionaries themselves who had eaten up themselves and their people, while, in our case, it was because a third party had cut in. “The Mexican team has no care for the revolution itself but just wants to get on top and eat the cake... They have no ideals or ideology, and no sense of right and wrong... And they will remove anyone who is in their way... And that’s the difference between the Mexican team and the neocons... The neocons have ideals.... America has entered a very dark age...” All bullshit!

Then more worthless reflection on 31:25: that the Mexican team was so lousy with human psychology because they had lived a life never having to consider other people’s feelings. They had no idea how other people were going to react. More after I had exited McDonald’s: “What about the 911 Truth activists....? Because our website is sort of like this... What happened to Michael Ruppert? What happened to... that professor from Claremont?...” Namely, David Ray Griffin. Then: “Get to DGHTRLND first.... What about the guy who wrote *Gideon’s Spies*?” (until 47:30) I came inside the cybercafe on 55:00 to do a little writing. More Chinese characters popped up on my laptop’s screen (1:12:00). When I saw the news about Afghanistan, I again mistakenly believed it was all fake because it conflicted with my mistaken notion that “Daughterland had won the trial”. Then: “We have intelligence, and so we have bargaining chips, but these Mexicans are relatives of politicians, and so have very little regard for small people like us, they don’t care about intelligence, and so don’t expect sympathy from them...” (3:14:00). Then I continued to develop my erroneous scenario: “The Mexicans are telling the Daughter People: ‘From now on, we will give your benefits, dump this guy, think like us, don’t remember gratitude...’” I was then troubled again by the inexplicable pop-ups on my computer screen (3:22:00): “We don’t have any browser open... This Youtube shit just popped up... You just don’t know what these Mexicans are doing to your computer... Our computer is remotely controlled to do something very strange, it’s moving files, and another pop-up... With a green bar, everything is restarted... I don’t know how to describe it... These Mexicans...” (3:36:00). “The Mexicans are causing Open Office to malfunction...” When I was about to film myself writing, my camcorder shut itself

down. “Mother fucker, it’s shut down...” (4:17:00). “These fucking Mexicans... If you ever see them, chop off their fucking head...” I then assumed the earphone person sitting next to me was Homeland Security’s surveillance on me – was I correct or being paranoid? – and began describing what Homeland Security officers must be saying inside their control center: “Oh he’s so insane, he keeps talking to these imaginary figures... Who are these Mexicans?...” I left the cybercafe on 5:12:00. “DGHTR should not have created this computerized environment...” (5:22:00). Then the same complaint again: “These Mexicans, because they live a life never having to consider other people’s feeling, have poor understanding of human psychology, and they don’t care about assigning responsibility...” Just then, police stopped me for crossing a red light (5:34:00). He wrote me a ticket. It’s my second one this month! I continued: “... and they don’t understand society very much... I really believe DGHTRCOM is buying into a corruption scheme, they will be corrupt in Mexico...” Then I started imagining that the Pyramid might have filed a second TRO against me: “Don’t go to the court house, the Mexicans want us to go to the Superior Court and get served, don’t go...” I got on the bus on 5:48:00. “We should file a TRO against her, for she is filing TRO against people who are not even around...”

My next recording is: “legalaidlyngbusciti\_7\_20\_10\_1213-350PM.WMA”: I continued: “Maybe her father has commanded her to file it...” After more detouring, I got off the bus on 36:00. I came inside a Korean coffeehouse on 58:00. “We need to get rid of this criminal status before going to Daughterland...” I resumed writing. “Only if suddenly DGHTRCOM would decide not to use these Mexicans, we would be so relieved...” I left on 1:58:00. I came inside Legal Aid on 2:03:00. I spoke about my problem with the intake officer: this woman filed a TRO against me, then dropped it, but now again... The second one had not yet been served... Immigration issue, refugee status issue... I was wasting my time: the Pyramid did not file a second TRO! I was given a form to fill out. As I was filing out the form, I was suddenly enlightened: “What if we are duped? What if she hasn’t filed anything? We need to go to the court house to check...” (2:20:00). I left Legal Aid temporarily. “They want to run surveillance on you to discover that you are schizophrenic, and the definition of schizophrenia is ‘believing you are under surveillance’...” I came back inside Legal Aid on 2:35:00, turned in the form, and left (2:44:00). I saw another guy wearing earphones and assumed he was doing surveillance. I shouted to him: “Fuck you!” Then: “If she’s going to help me she’ll respond to my lawsuit...” (2:58:00). Ha! Then I turned to what I thought to be another surveillance agent: “This guy is recording me, you don’t have to keep your head down...” (3:05:00). I then saw another guy wearing earphones and assumed he was doing surveillance. “Fuck you!” (3:17:00) I got on the bus on 3:18:00 but it turned out to be the wrong bus. It’s bus 210, not bus 20. I was angered: “The bus driver was lying, we need to film it when the bus comes, it’s a fake bus, everybody is lying..” Paranoid over nothing! I got off the bus on 3:32:00. I walked into Citi Bank to check whether I qualified for another loan.

My next recording is: “citifinanisolate\_7\_20\_10\_350-432PM.WMA”: I continued: “Everybody is lying, they know that I’m okay. Where do they find these people? These Mexicans... If you can’t get the loan, they just want you to waste your time...” And of course I didn’t qualify for any loan because I had already reached the maximum of my credit. I left on 23:00. “These Mexicans, they don’t believe in the Daughter People, they think everybody is like them: no love, just living for oneself...” Then I mistook another pedestrian for surveillance agent: “Mother fucker, did you just record me? Fuck you!” I continued: “They are a bunch of animals. With the Daughter People... I can’t contribute anything, I

don't want to be stuck with secrets, maybe we shall rest for a few years, there will be no more credits... How about educate the next generation?..."

My next recording is: "libstudntunioncybrcf\_7\_20\_10\_441-1050PM.WMA": I continued: "I think *my* family connections are better than hers..." I then addressed myself to the Pyramid: "They trained you very well, but you betrayed them, and yet you still get all the good deals, bitch, it's inequality..." As if the Pyramid could hear me! I had by this time come back to UCLA. I saw a student carrying a backpack on which was written in Chinese "Service for the People" (為民服務). I mistakenly assumed it was orchestrated from the control center to mean something (an "intercept"). I was on UCLA library's computer while burning a new disc on my Toshiba. When I checked the visitors' log, I noticed that somebody had arrived at my website by Googling "lawrence\_c\_41@gmail.com". How did this happen? I did a Google search on this email address and found that it was blacklisted on a website dedicated to exposing spams and frauds. Wow! I immediately assumed it was because the agent of Mr B's who was pretending to be me had been scamming people on the Internet that people were searching for me curious about who Lawrence Chin was. (David Chin was 41 year-old while Lawrence Chin was 40 year-old.) This was thus evidence for me that my pretender was wrecking havoc on the Internet in my name! I muttered angrily: "These fucking Mexicans, we will fucking kill them... It's wasted on you..." I assumed again there was Homeland Security surveillance around to pick up my rambling to myself. "They will conclude: 'He's schizophrenic, he believes it's a bunch of Mexicans...'" I came out of the UCLA library on 2:24:00. "I don't have time for this fucking game, she's going to file a TRO, and she's not going to show up... Everything has to end in tragedy, all that beauty in the previous run.... *And now they want to see this guy getting violent*, these sick Mexicans..." In fact it was the Daughter People who wanted to see me getting violent! I left a message for Wes on 2:37:00: "Emergency, call me back..." Then: "The bitch is the problem, she's not going to show up... DGHTR will be very sad, he has spent all this effort saving her... Do they want the best, or do they want these devils?... These Mexicans, uneducated thugs, we can't wait for the mother fucker to show up on the bus..." I came to Ackerman and got on the public computer (3:20:00). I wrote an email to Deborah (Dr Deborah W) begging to meet her again next week. It had been years since I last talked to her. Then: "These fucking Mexicans..." After I left Ackerman, what I thought to be a "fucking surveillance agent" took a picture of me (4:01:00). I then spent some time reflecting on the past moments of the lawsuit: "618", the lawsuit in March 2009... I came south of Westwood Village, bought dinner in 711, and then came inside Borders. I sat down in the patio section, and got angry when the people around me talked too loud. I continued cursing the Mexicans. I left on 5:26:00. Then I got angry again and yelled at another guy: "Hey don't kick my bag mother fucker..." I called up Wes on 5:39:00 but there was no answering. While walking, I continued: "They are trying to provoke me, to make me into a criminal..." (5:49:00). At least I got this right! I then got on the bus to go to the cybercafe.

We must assume that it was the Daughter People who had orchestrated this "lawrence\_c\_41" incident. Since I failed to get their hint yesterday, and since the French had evidence that I planned to go to Daughterland (my conversation with Tony and John and so on), the Daughter People were desperate for more evidences with which to temporarily block the dismantling of their Macrospherian position. Namely, they needed more evidence that I was paranoid and insane. They thus orchestrated this search – commanded Homeland Security to order their agents to do this search and arrive at my website – in order to drive up my paranoia about the agent of Mr B's who was supposedly pretending to be me. As

you can see, they had succeeded beyond expectation. In fact I was about to waste a lot of time with the police and do many stupid things on the basis of this “lawrence\_c\_41”. Since, in reality, nobody was instructed to pretend to be me, the Daughter People could use my paranoid over nothing as evidence in the ICJ that I was indeed insane and that the mind-reading computer had never been tampered with.

My next recording is: “cybrcafe138cpmlfunc\_7\_20-21\_10\_1056PM-411AM.WMA”: While on the bus, I worked a little more on my “Frankfurt and Brussels”. I came to the cybercafe on 15:00. I continued: “I don’t like to be angry and violent, I want somebody to play my big sister, a therapist... This image of me: violent but weighing less than 120 pounds... I will have difficulty in explaining to the police why I have become so violent and angry: the noises, and the fact that somebody is pretending to be me, but I’m not sure about it... and the malfunctioning... People need to know who’s commanding them... I don’t want to see a ‘message’ in everything, but have to resist the tendency.... But people are talking weird... The Daughter People will be our friends, they don’t need to tell us anything, we will just do ordinary things... We won’t have the inclination to tell...” Then: “Human beings need to share their experiences... That ‘credit’ thing is important, nobody will like me unless I can offer something...” Then: “It’s bad here, we are trying to make friends with people who don’t make friends with ordinary people...” Then I mistook the black man sitting next to me for a surveillance agent: “I watch you like you watch me...” I was then burning a new backup disc with my Toshiba and uploading files to my website on the cybercafe’s computer. I also checked out Mr Ponomarev’s website: I was thinking about appealing to him for the second time. Suddenly, the Chinese characters for “break up” popped up on my Toshiba’s screen (2:05:00). To confuse me and annoy me! I then worked on my “Frankfurt and Brussels” while reviewing the recording from yesterday. “... just duping and testing... I don’t care, just don’t steal my writings....” I then came to Wes’ hint to me: “They will so jeopardize themselves...” (2:42:00). Suddenly, my foot hurt. Were the Daughter People trying to signal to me? “What is Wes talking about?” (2:45:00) I was then burning another backup disc. Suddenly, I got angry again when my computer malfunctioned: “Fuck Mexicans...” (4:41:00). I continued: “Kill these mother fuckers... They wasted my entire morning... These Mexicans’ lives are so not worth living... They want these Mexicans.... They got it.... Retards.... Forget about the girlfriend... There is no deal...” I left the cybercafe on 5:08:00. I was so angry that I went around kicking over things on the streets.

### **July 21 (Wednesday; anger toward the DGHTRPPL, Wes)**

My first recording of the new day is: “slpnrmdiekckdout\_7\_21\_10\_411AM-947AM.WMA”: I slept by the entrance to the parking structure on Normandie. By early morning, the security guard came to wake me up and ask me to leave (4:01:00). I got up and departed from my corner on 4:10:00. I was on the bus by 4:14:00 going to Public Storage. I continued: “... She’s not going to show up, do the X thing...” Then I thought I saw another surveillance agent. I arrived in Public Storage on 5:25:00.

My next recording is: “storage\_7\_21\_10\_950-1123AM.WMA”: When I opened up my computer to check the configuration of my storage unit from the last time, it froze. I was angered: “These fucking Mexican mother fuckers.... That’s how they have made our files look fake, by disrupting the disc-burning process... Maybe when file transfer was frozen, that means they were inserting codes, to make the files look fake... The Mexicans, they tell you all these secrets, then beat you up to prevent you from

telling them to other people.... Then why did they tell me these secrets in the first place? It's so stupid..." More: "The problem is that these Mexicans' lives are too worthless, it's so stupid...." I put in my new discs and left the storage on 1:09:00.

My next recording is: "dwntwnrtrstrngordrcybrcfeargry\_7\_21\_10\_1132AM-341PM.WMA": While on the bus, I was still upset and angry: "As soon as there are Mexicans on board, any project would just blow up!" (10:30) I got off the bus in downtown and tried to go inside the Superior Court but was told by the security guard that, today, the court was only open for people getting a restraining order (20:00). So I couldn't check whether the Pyramid had indeed filed a second restraining order against me. I then shouted angrily at what I thought to be a surveillance agent (40:00). I came to the cybercafe on 44:00 and took out my laptop to work. I had been murmuring "Fucking Mexicans" all morning. When I came outside for a break, I saw this Korean man holding a strange device. My paranoia got the better of me and I pushed him: "Are you recording me?" thinking that he was a surveillance agent using his device on me. "Fuck the DGHTRPPL., Fuck the Russians... Everything is shut off..." (52:00) My anger was so severe: "Fuck you Mexicans, fuck you Russians... Everyday machine malfunctioning, machine malfunctioning..." (58:00). Now that's some good evidence for the Daughter People! I came back inside the cybercafe only to discover that the electrical outlet was not working. I angrily asked the employee, "Why is this plug not working?" (1:08:00) "It's probably broken..." It then worked. "Mother fuckers... Malfunctioning again..." I was further provoked when I wasn't allowed to save a screenshot on my computer. "Someday these Mexicans will fuck up their Russian boss... Oh my God malfunctioning..." (1:45:00). I began crying. "Mexico will always be... People will always look down on them..." The boss came to argue with me and asked me to move to a different station. "I know I look very ugly and so have no rights... All the surveillance on me..." Then a strange message popped up on my computer screen. "Homeland Security is framing me, they have sent something to my laptop, they are framing me for connections with criminals..." I filmed it (2:21:00). "How do you escape this country...? This schizophrenic pedophile criminal..." I then called up my step-mother, by my father picked up the call, and so I hanged up. I called again, but it was still my father. I asked to speak to my step-mother, and was connected with her on 2:23:00. I asked her to deposit the money early. "The police are onto me.... They need to harm me, everybody knows... Everybody is onto me because of the ICJ business..." My step-mother needed to go see a doctor and hanged up. "Why is the phone sounding...? We have no money, what should we do today...? Our phone call was not real, we didn't actually talk to anybody... Fuck these Russians... *You should have told me you are going to fuck me up, then I would never have done it...*" Then: "We need to go to a country where there are few children... Children are everywhere to make us into a pedophile... There is a new element of our profile: 'He thinks he is under police surveillance when he is not'... It's fake police..." Then, strange pop-ups on the cybercafe's computer. I went to ask the boss: "Why does this 'Lorente' keep popping up, then 'Michelle' at Hotmail?" Then: "I'm so tired of getting framed..." Then, I wrote down on my diary what happened earlier (2:47:00):

Today, while I was in cybercafe uploading my files between 1 PM and 2 PM, the Mexican team sent in two fake police officers to sit near me in order to provoke me into a frenzy and to talk about how I was surrounded by police surveillance; these royal ex-presidential Mexicans then sent in a different DHS surveillance agent (a Hispanic guy wearing surveillance iPod) to pick up my frenzy talk about how I was

under police surveillance so that they may then command the DHS to pass to foreign nations the false information that I am a schizophrenic who in his delusion believes that he is under police surveillance when he is not. In reality, of course, as I should mention once more, it was PM's backup plan to produce evidence suggesting that I indeed appear to be suffering from schizophrenia (when I of course don't).

I left the cybercafe on 2:56:00. "That's why we need to go to Switzerland, we need to go to the UN, there is no other way..." I got on the bus without paying (3:02:00). "They will be so jeopardized... so jeopardized by these Mexicans... *How about I go on PLANMEX, I surrender...* Look, we have no time to study, our life revolves around machine malfunctioning... Look, they need to build up the profile first... Maybe it's you who think I suffer from schizophrenia who suffer from schizophrenia..." I got off the bus on 4:01:00.

My next recording is: "uclalibcryngsiteblckdwes\_7\_21\_10\_346-754PM.WMA": Upset, I continued to complain how I shall never help people in the future given the misery I had suffered as payback for helping Mommy and the DGHTRPPL. I then got on the bus again to go to UCLA. The bus driver asked me how I got on without paying, and I responded by asking him to imagine the pain I was in being homeless all this time. On 51:00, when I came to the vending machines in front of the Research Library, I cried that I wanted to kill the Pyramid. I would be delighted when everything should result in tragedy instead. I then came inside the library. I would cry again on 1:17:00. When I got on the library's computer, more malfunctioning was awaiting me. I began filming the malfunctioning (1:24:50): first, I couldn't access the File Manager of my IX Web Hosting account. I got paranoid and concluded (erroneously) that the Pyramid had blocked my website with her second restraining order. Then my website seemed to have disappeared. I got so paranoid that I broke down crying. I was then further frustrated when I tried to find out why my AVI files could not be played on the UCLA computer. I filmed everything. I was weeping out of total despair because I really believed that law enforcement had confiscated my website. I called Wes on 1:54:00 and left a message desperately asking him for help. Meanwhile, children were shouting nearby. I went inside the elevator and pressed the button for going down, but it went up instead. I mistakenly assumed that the elevator was being remotely controlled to malfunction, and I burst into tears while videotaping everything (2:00:40). By 2:09:00 I had calmed down and came back in front of the library's computer. I would be sobbing out of pain and sadness intermittently within the next hour. I frantically searched for Deborah's phone number on my computer. I called up Deborah on 2:54:50, but she was not home. I called Cindy on 2:56:50. I then came outside the library, and cried loudly on 2:59:30 while kicking over the metal chairs around the vending machines. I continued: "Malfunction! Malfunction!"

Miraculously, Wes called me back on 3:17:00. "What's going on?" "Machine malfunctioned!" I cried. "Gmail?..." "Machine malfunctioned!... Machine... Machine..." I continued: "The elevator malfunctioned, and then my website was blocked... Malfunctioned... Then my disc malfunctioned... DVD burner malfunctioned..." Wes just had to add the wrong thing: "Gmail account malfunctioned" (3:20:00). I told him about my wrong scenario that the Mexican team was commanding Homeland Security to insert codes into my files. "Under a lot of surveillance..." Then I told him about my other erroneous scenario that it must be the Pyramid who had removed my website with a new restraining order (3:24:00). I was providing the Daughter People with more evidence of my insanity! I continued:

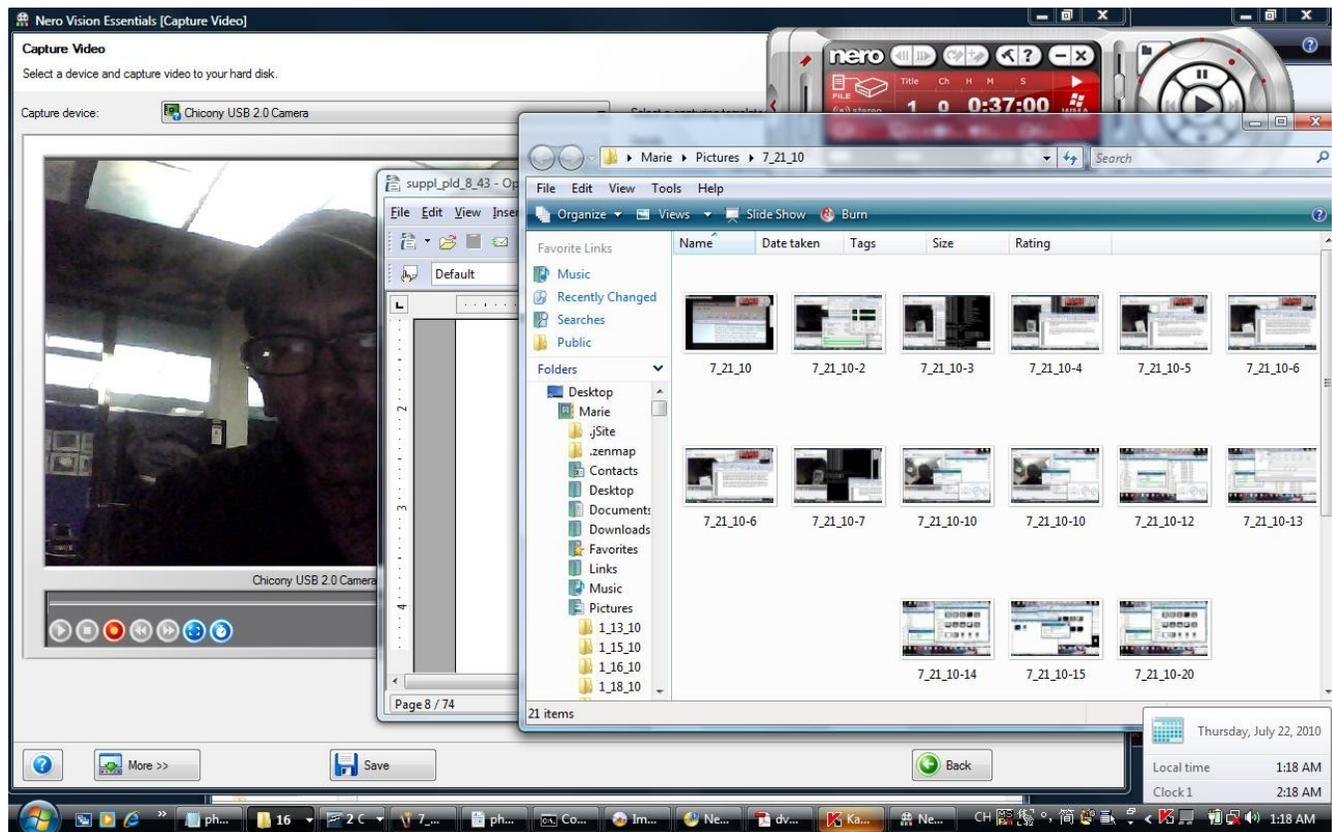
“I don’t have any money, I cannot run anywhere, and now I cannot have a website... I’m required to commit crimes... But I don’t want to commit crimes... I don’t like the DGHTRPPL anymore....” (3:27:30). Now that’s something which the Daughter People would love to hear! I continued: “They are not going to give me a trial because I will then be found innocent... The point is not to prosecute me but to label me ‘schizophrenic’ in the process so that no one will believe a word I say. I just want to have a website to show off my videos of machine malfunctioning...” (3:30:00). Then: “I have already one terabyte of data, and 60 percent of my data are videos of computer screens.” Wes: “... Matt, Oliver...” “That’s final... I want to have a website... A website that’s not blocked....” Wes then asked me why my bank regularly took away 400 dollars from me. I continued: “My website, my writing, and my videos... That’s the reason why I live... The Mexicans don’t want me to tell my story...” (3:37:20). Then my erroneous assumption that the Mexican team had restored the Pyramid’s last name on my Youtube channel (3:39:00). “Nobody ever watches my Youtube videos. The Mexican team is not educated, they are very clever, and very bad...” Then I talked about how they tried to make me look schizophrenic with the two fake undercover officers this morning (3:43:00). In reality, I was most likely paranoid over nothing. “I don’t know how to deal with people like that... The elevator malfunctioned, the DVD burner malfunctioned... My cellphone malfunctioned... The ticket machine malfunctioned...” (3:45:00). “And they won’t make my machine malfunction in front of other people....” Wes then switched phone and mentioned there was echo (3:47:55). I continued: “All the machines malfunction.... I need money...” (3:51:50). Wes advised me once more to save money. I cried: “I don’t have time... I cannot *not* use computers... There’s no other way, if you need to eat you’d have to put food into your mouth... I cannot write with pencil or pen on papers... If I need to write I’d have to open up my laptop... I’m writing a serious treatise and not some stupid mother fucking poetry... These stupid mother-fucking ideas are so retarded!” Wes had only further agitated me with his worthless suggestions (3:57:00). Wes then told me not to call him when my computer malfunctioned because he did not consider it an emergency. I disagreed: “There is nothing more important in the world than computer functioning” (3:59:30). When Wes didn’t hear me right, I shouted: “I didn’t say my computer ‘crashed’...” (4:00:00). More: “I want to be *me*... If I want to be *me* I’d need to use a computer... If you don’t respect that then you are throwing away our friendship... That’s an emergency, for, when I cannot be myself, that’s an emergency!” Finally, I emphasized once more that there was nothing more important than computer functioning and recorder functioning (4:07:00). That’s my conversation for today. Although the Daughter People had been causing my computer to malfunction in order to provoke me, they had hardly done anything more today. I failed to understand that most of the malfunctioning today was just my erroneous perception. For example, the elevator didn’t malfunction. It was going up because somebody upstairs had pushed the button before I did. Like a typical targeted individual, I brought all the calamities onto myself through my erroneous interpretation of events.

My next recording is: “IMPconfsnuniontoCybrPRFLE\_7\_21-22\_10\_754PM-1217AM.WMA”: I then came to Ackerman to continue to work on my writings. “When our machine malfunctions, whoever shows up, we’ll fuck him up and go to jail... We will fuck up the Daughterland consulate, smash its windows, and there will be no more show... If you let these Mexicans do it, you’d better do it yourself, I’m not useful anymore....” Just what the Daughter People would like to hear! Then: “What if there were no more *me*, what would happen to the ICJ trial? Maybe that’s what everybody wants... At some point there will be no return.... Our story is too long... You touch my machine one more time and your entire plan will be fucked...” Then: “Who would have known that we are educated...” (55:00). “We

wish she would lose her manuscripts...” Then: “They want you to write with pencils so that they can say you have forged it...” Then: “That’s a bizarre understanding of human psychology... They actually expect this guy to go on their plan... The machine.... We don’t really care anymore.... The employer makes the employee hate him so much...” I left Ackerman on 1:10:00. I then mistook another girl for doing surveillance: “Fuck you bitch, you’re doing surveillance! Fuck you, I’m very violent...” (1:22:00). Then I mistook another guy for doing surveillance: “Fuck you, surveillance...” Then I asked another girl: “Are you wearing iPod?” “No, MP3” (1:36:00). Then I found left-over food on the street and ate it (1:44:00). Then a “golden pyramid” gave me something to drink. I continued: “They just have to argue: this guy can forge 9,000 hours of recording...” (2:08:00). I then got on the bus to go to the cybercafe. I would be doing my Russland Journal lesson while riding the bus. Suddenly, a baby was shouting. I got angry: “Fuck you! Throw that baby out of the fucking window!” (2:50:00) I got off the bus on 2:57:00. I got a little smarter: “They first give you a message, then they will do it again, but the next time when you have learned to look for messages, there will be no more messages, because they are just trying to train you to look schizophrenic...” I came inside the cybercafe on 3:11:00. “You have to get the police to kill you... Once in jail you will not be able to be sure whether your Internet connection is real...” I got on a computer station and began uploading files to my website.

On 4:04:30, I noticed someone looking over me while I was talking to myself. “Are you recording me over there?” “Recording you?” I assumed he was a surveillance agent here to gather evidence of my schizophrenia. Then: “These Mexicans are bad-to-the-bone, their life is not worth living... Mexicans, we are now ever more desirous to tell our story, perhaps we are manipulated to do this, even though originally we didn’t want to tell it at all...” Because I assumed that a surveillance agent was watching over me, I theorized further about the conclusion of Homeland Security’s investigation of me: “His schizophrenia includes: he thinks he knows some secret information, and some politician in a foreign land wants him to tell it to people...” Then I said to the “surveillance agent”: “I guess I’m constructing my own profile by talking next to you... Then if you pass my profile.... If not, and yet I think you did, that would be my profile: ‘schizophrenia, believing there is a profile going around about him’... But now I have even predicted *that*... Is there any ground we haven’t covered yet?” Ha! I really thought I was being smart with my wrong scenarios.

My next recording is: “cybrcafeyellmx\_7\_22\_10\_1223-230AM.WMA”: I continued: “I must be the most self-conscious schizophrenic...” Then, Chinese characters popped up on my computer screen again, “和會”. “Fuck you!” (1:45:00) I left the cybercafe on 2:01:00. “The first thing we will do is fuck these Mexicans...” Then I ran into a female who I assumed was doing surveillance on me, “Oh, you have just recorded me....” I purposely said my thoughts to her: “Yes, fuck the Mexicans... Now Homeland Security has picked up: he is racist toward Mexicans....” I then went to sleep by the corner on Wilshire and Normandie. Perhaps today the Daughter People had entered into evidence that I was not conspiring with them – that I actually hated them – with which they could persuade the judge computer to temporarily suspend the order for them to send me on PLANMEX (or rather PLANBAIKAL or PLANRUS).



The strange malfunctioning of file icons on my Toshiba,  
early morning of July 22

### July 22 (Thursday; police report)

My first recording of the new day is: “wklkformtchesMOREPROFL\_7\_22\_10\_855-957AM.WMA”: I woke up from the street corner and got water in the cybercafe. I continued: “Why would hundreds of surveillance agents track a schizophrenic just because he says bad things...? You have read a book on Cardenas, he’s a very good man, somehow his descendants don’t seem to be like that....” I then came inside the Metro station. “*Now that’s schizophrenia, when you believe people are trying to frame you for schizophrenia....*”

My next recording is: “toctcfedvd141\_7\_22\_10\_957AM-233PM.WMA”. I came to the superior court. The security guards gave me a hard time about my laptop. I complained: “You have to pretend that I’m very dangerous....” I checked the case index and saw that there was no new restraining order from the Pyramid. When I came back inside the Metro station, I exchanged profanity with somebody: “Come hit me, you fucking pussy...” Then: “Why don’t you all leave me alone, Daughter People and Mexicans....?” (40:00). “*Just give me 10,000 dollars and leave me alone....*” That apparently was still good evidence for the French. I then came inside a cafe and started working on my computer. Soon I was angry again because computer malfunctioned and I needed to videotape it. So much drudgery! Then I discovered that one of my files had disappeared. I began crying on 1:20:00. Then I started

burning a new DVD while writing. Then: “Is DGHTRCOM’s wife watching?” Then I rode the bus and came to Chase Bank to withdraw 150 dollars from my saving account. I took out my step-mother’s money immediately after she had deposited it in order to safeguard it from the bank. Then I came to the Rampart police station. I was now going to do something about the guy who I believed was pretending to be me, not knowing that I was paranoid over nothing and wasting my time.

My next recording is “rmprtpolicest\_7\_22\_10\_233-548PM.WMA”: While waiting inside the police station, I continued: “This story is so beautiful, there is logic, there is suffering, we can’t let go of beauty and suffering....” And the control center hurt me to signal to me (25:30). Then it was my turn to make a report. And so I told the officer about my lost USB flash drive and the identity theft. “Somebody is using my identity to do things....” But the officer insisted: “We need papers, like a bank statement....” I then presented my CD: “This shows what’s inside the flash drive....” I also explained the search terms seen on my website’s log: “Somebody is looking for another person...” But the officer dismissed everything I had brought in as unimportant. I left the police station feeling completely powerless. I came back to UCLA and got on the public computer inside Ackerman (2:31:00). I discovered that Deborah had replied me this morning saying she was busy with family reunion at the moment but would contact me next week. I then called IX Web Hosting on payphone and was connected with a personnel on 2:50:00. I explained that the newer videos on my new page (lawrencechin2010.lawrencechin2008.com/mf.html) had been unable to load since yesterday. I had no idea that I was paranoid over nothing and wasting my time again. When I left Ackerman, I mumbled: “Maybe we should join the Daughter Org just so that we can write our book...”

My next recording is: “uclalibchsedghtrbrgrtocybr\_7\_22\_10\_552-1059PM.WMA”: I came inside the Research Library and got on the computer (13:00). Now I printed out the content of my lost USB drive. “We will just have to go with DGHTR, because it’s more comfortable and we have no social skill... We feel bad about disappointing people like this, but it didn’t start off well...” I was then doing my daily lesson on Russland Journal (49:00). When I was leaving, I continued my wrong scenario: “The Pyramid’s mother will be the key...” (1:03:00). Then: “How do you know her mother is so nice....? It’s just a guess... We will just jump onto her lap, she will not mind... We don’t want to get into conflict, that’s why writing out the past is such a problem, we will be with DGHTR, he knows how to play politics, and we will be very happy with him, we will not piss off anybody....” Then: “PDF won’t print, that means they don’t want us to write, but we want to write about the past, not the future... Now we are psychologically prepared to not tell... Only if the person we saved is a woman, but it’s a man....” (1:11:00). Then: “DGHTR is training him... We hope that the trial is over, we need help, please give us an answer, what should we do? And why does my arm hurt? *Does it have to do with international laws?* Machines cannot malfunction, when our ‘baseline’ is disrupted, we can’t function.... I’m so exhausted, it’s so awful to be the evidence...” And my phone rang: another junk call (1:39:00). I then masturbated inside the underground parking structure. “What do the Mexicans want? They want the writer and the discoverer to be the same person, and he has to be crazy....” I then came to the Village to have my dinner and so on. “When DGHTRCOM talks to the Pyramid’s father, it will be in English....” I then used the restroom inside Starbucks. “They judged you by all the things you have no control over, they should just judge you by your rationality, but you are not rational....” I then got on the bus to go to the cybercafe.

My next recording is: “cybrcafewrtchcksite\_7\_22-23\_10\_1059PM-224AM.WMA”: I would be writing “Frankfurt and Brussels”, reviewing my recordings, and uploading my latest recording files to my website. Then I was angry with the Daughter People again and repeated: “Drop me 100,000 dollars and leave me alone, don’t ever come to my doors again...” Then the computer I was using malfunctioned, I was angered again, and I filmed it: “Mother fucker, why can’t they just leave me alone?” (2:39:00) I asked the cybercafe employee to take a look at what happened to this computer (2:42:00). The error message read: “generic host process for Windows 32...” “Why can’t I connect to anything?...”

My next recording is: “cybrcafechatwguys\_7\_23\_10\_243-435AM.WMA”: “The Mexicans are trying to make computer malfunctioning look like it is ‘natural’... Why can’t Windows Media Player suddenly play AVI files?” I asked the cybercafe employee to look at the computer station again (23:00). “It can’t pick up my flash drive...” Then: “Guinness World Records! The person who has videotaped computer screen the most!...” (38:00) Then: “DGHTRCOM needs to stop: it’s reality only for me, for everyone else, reality is a different one...” I then listened to Akina and Miho. Somebody then came over to ask me about my computer: “Is it 700 or 800...?”

My next recording is: “cybrcafetrytoprint\_7\_23\_10\_447-614AM.WMA”: I then talked to a guy who was making music on his computer. I wanted to print out the content of my flash drive in PDF, but just couldn’t do it: “You can’t print or edit this document...” I copied the content to Word and successfully printed it out. I then wrote out the note for the police officer. “The Mexicans don’t want us to petition, and so they gave us a fake message, ‘Go to Daughterland and get adopted by the Daughter People’, *we are not going there, we will not...*” “Just get put in jail, forget about it, we have no more talent... They want absolute, air-tight control over the ‘secret’...” Then I mistook another guy around me for a surveillance agent: “Oh, this guy has just recorded everything I said... DGHTR has really messed me up...” I then wrote down this reflection on machine malfunctioning (Electronicachreia) on my diary:

The most serious part about this problem (computer malfunctioning) is that no one else experiences it – that I’m all alone in it, and hence that I would have to constantly videotape it. I can’t even tell other people about it – under risk of appearing too weird, boring, or odd. Who in the world ever has to struggle with machine malfunctioning? All modern electronic devices – especially computers – are so well designed that they rarely malfunction at all. Especially when they are of Japanese design. My Olympus voice recorder has gone into catatonic state 6 times already in two months. Can you believe that? Clearly, all this malfunctioning is not natural, and it’s so devastating to my daily routine, and yet it can only be a conversational topic in therapy session or when talking to an electronic repair person. It’s so hard to swallow the pain. And I don’t know the true reasons for which the persons who have been doing it have been doing it.

When I was leaving the cybercafe, I continued: “They have harmful intention, they will dupe me, I will not believe anything they say, not any therapist they offer...”

**July 23 (Friday)**

In the morning, on the intersection of Normandie and Wilshire, a car appeared in front of me with the license plate: “B CRDNAS”. I immediately believed it was a “secret message” from the control center, i.e. to tell me that Monkey’s family (B) was related to the Cardenas lineage. Was I wrong? Was this really just a coincidence? Or were the French commanding the Daughter People to communicate more of the “conspiracy” to me?

My next recording is: “acluopctoucla\_7\_23\_10\_955AM-352PM.WMA”. I now planned to go to ACLU about my problem. But I couldn’t find it. I walked into a nearby hotel to ask the receptionist where the ACLU office was (19:00). Amazingly, she had never heard of it! This cannot be true! It’s orchestrated! I would eventually develop the wrong scenario that she was an actress instructed to act stupid in order to provoke me and frustrate me. In reality, there was no orchestration and the receptionist was merely ignorant. I eventually found ACLU. The receptionist handed over to me a form to fill out. When I took the form back to the office saying I would need to webcam it before turning it in, the personnel at the clinic on the first floor agreed to make a photo copy for me. Then, just as I was about to videotape the form, parents carrying their children popped up in front of me. I again wrongly assumed that it was the Mexicans inside the control center who had orchestrated this (in order to make me look like a pedophile). I was terribly distraught. I asked the receptionist to read my form to make sure that it would be legible (1:17:00). “You are under surveillance?” she asked lethargically. I left ACLU on 1:21:00. While waiting for the bus, I mumbled that I shall go find Deborah. I got on and off the bus, and, as usual, children were shouting on the bus. When I started filming myself describing what I should write to Mr Ponomarev this time, the camcorder shut itself down. I was terribly annoyed and assumed it was the Mexicans again (3:06:00). I got off the bus on 3:13:00 and came to OPCC on 3:31:00. I asked to see Bryan and wanted food. Bryan was not here and I must wait until 3:30 PM for food. I filmed the person who I thought was a surveillance agent. “He’s here to record everything I say to myself... Fucking Mexicans...” Unwilling to wait, I left. “We cursed the Mexicans, and our computer will malfunction again...” I came to the Promenade, and, when I was picking food from trash cans, a security guard yelled at me: “Don’t touch...” (3:48:30). I shouted at everyone: “Anybody has money?” A man gave me two dollars but told me I must refrain from my scavenging because there were children around. Then I noticed that a woman was filming me. I walked up to her: “What are you going to do with the video you shot of me?” “Nothing...” (3:53:00) And so I filmed her too. I got on the bus without paying and the bus driver told me to get off the bus (3:58:00). I got on the next bus and there were again children shouting on the bus. The bus had to go on detour, and I wrongly assumed it was the Mexicans again: “The Mexican team is trying to waste my time!” I got off the bus on 4:48:00. I bought batteries and then found left-over food on the street. I filmed it before I ate it. I then came inside Best Buy to buy blank discs. I then came inside UCLA and settled down in the patio section in front of the Research Library. I got coffee from the vending machine and took my coffee break before starting my work.

My next recording is: “uclalkforoprtctrstdntunionsite\_7\_23\_10\_352-814PM.WMA”: Then, suddenly, the wind blew over my coffee cup and coffee was spilled all over myself. I was instantly infuriated believing that the control center had orchestrated this. I filmed myself while muttering: “I’m gonna fucking kill you, because I’m right and you are wrong.... Whoever is watching, I’ll find you someday and fucking kill you...” I began kicking over the chairs around. Presumably the Daughter People didn’t command this – presumably this was a “natural” event – even though they would have liked it very

much that I just got a little closer to becoming violent. Now I had come to UCLA specifically to look for the Law Department's legal clinic: I wanted pro-bono help for my imaginary problem. Now that my coffee break was interrupted, it was time to look for the clinic. And yet I couldn't figure out where it was. I asked a campus employee: "Can you tell me where it is?" "It's in Los Angeles... Just copy it and paste it... Then Google Map..." I was lifeless like a zombie. When I started my trip, I continued: "... reducing a human being to your fucking slave..." I asked another stranger where the building was. Then another. Then I shouted to a female: "Fuck you bitch!" I came inside a building to ask people where it was. "... 741 Circle South..." And yet I just couldn't find it. I concluded: "They are lying to me..." I came back to the building, lifeless as if dying, and accused the person I had just asked: "You were lying to me!" "I didn't... If you walk down... That's where the circle is..." (56:00) I wanted to use the phone but wondered whether the phone on his desk was a real phone! But he wouldn't let me use it: "It's not a hotel, use the payphone..." I continued: "If we go find Deborah, she wouldn't be home, that's guaranteed..." Finally, I gave up and came to Ackerman on 1:27:00. I got on the computer and typed out a new blog post on my blog. I had started putting down on my blog all my insane scenarios about the imaginary Mexican team – just providing the Daughter People with more evidence of my insanity. I then continued to work on my website. I added links to new videos on my special webpage for documentaries of machine malfunctioning. Then: "What happened to the file we have just added...?" The new video seemed to have disappeared. I filmed it. "Nobody will ever believe me... People want to believe what is false..." As I continued to revise my website, children came around – to make me look like a pedophile, as I wrongly believed. I was then reading Paul Garde's *Grammaire russe* on Google Books. And my right foot hurt (4:18:00). "I can barely keep up, I am the busiest homeless guy ever..."

My next recording is: "leavwstwdrealztn\_7\_23\_10\_823-1020PM.WMA": "Maybe we should just forget it, people just want to believe the opposite of reality.... We didn't do any of the things they believe we did, and we did all the things they believe we didn't do... People are just like that..." I was then disturbed when someone came near me to talk loudly (32:00). "Most people have no idea who is telling them to do all these things..." I left Ackerman and got coffee from the vending machine. When I saw two police officers, I continued: "Police officers, you guys really know how to waste people's money, huh? Do you want to eat some of my fries? Do you know who's telling you to stand there?" I then mistook another guy for surveillance agent. "The whole city will be alerted, for we know too much secrets about these Mexicans..." Ha! Again, I was full of shit without knowing it. "The US is controlled by the wrong people.... What's the big deal about these secrets?" I then muttered about going to Poland (1:40:00). "I want to know what everybody else knows.... Eastern Europe is the worst, they don't even need to tell them I'm David Chin, just tell them the truth, and they will beat me up on the streets..." (1:52:00) I then left UCLA and got on the bus to go to the cybercafe. I mistook another woman wearing earphones for surveillance agent: "Ms surveillance agent, I'll sit next to you, you are very pretty..."

My next recording is: "crbr2qntmleap\_7\_23-24\_10\_1022PM-157AM.WMA": When I came to the cybercafe, I continued to talk to the control center: "You want to read my thoughts, but you then get offended, if so, don't read my thoughts..." Then: "We like this man, or maybe it is two men; how do we know he is one? They hit you, in order to see at which point you will flip. He doesn't seem to flip, but one day when he flips, he will never flip back... It's quantum leap..." Strangely, a guy came over to say to me: "You trouble maker!" I was convinced that it was the Monkey who was talking through him.

(Remotely controlled.) In reality, it could very well be the French who had sent him here to reinforce my wrong belief. I replied: “Just the opposite, I’m a victim...” (1:44:00) I then continued to ponder over this “lawrence\_c\_41@gmail.com” while burning a new DVD. Finally, I went to sleep by the street corner.

## July 24 (Saturday)

My first recordings of the new day are: “wkcybrcfprnt\_7\_24\_10\_858-1027AM.WMA” and “plcestralztn\_7\_24\_10\_1027AM-154PM.WMA”: After I woke up, I got my morning coffee from the cybercafe. I then came to the police station on Vermont and Olympic. I was going to try again! While outside, I continued: “We look like an angry, undisciplined kid, but this is the case only since the last month... We were not like this before...” I was with the police officer from 36:00 onward. I presented my case again: the flash drive, the DVD I had burned, “A lot of personal information in it... Somebody has it already, here are the printouts of the content of the flash drive...” And yet the officer didn’t want it: “... only in case somebody is using the information...” I insisted: “But he *is*, look here, ‘lawrence\_c\_41@gmail.com’...” But the officer continued to refuse to accept my printouts; I was truly frustrated. The officer was only interested in clipping together my papers. I then decided to go to Kinkos to make more copies of my papers. “We are gonna talk to a lawyer...” And so I got on the bus and came to Kinkos. I dreamed: “Professors will explain, this is how his symbolism develops...” (1:56:00). After making copies of my papers, I got on the bus to go back to the Olympic police station. Then: “DGHTR must have shown the LAPD chief my writings.... When he went to China, he wanted to help China, the CIA is the only Americans he has ever liked, otherwise no Americans will like him. His psychological disorder... Our credit to this country is our saving Mommy...” Bullshit! When I came back inside the police station, however, I decided to come back at night (2:56:00). I then got on the bus again.

My next recording is: “picouclanetsurv\_7\_24\_10\_209-922PM.WMA”: I got off the bus in Westwood and ate kimchi at ISO. Then: “... these bureaucrats... they only care about laws...” I then got on Culver City bus 6 and got off on 50:00. I called Deborah on 1:07:00. Her husband answered it. I left a message and gave out my new phone number. I had also received a message from my bank (1:12:00). I came inside a coffeehouse, sat a while, and then rode the bus to go back to UCLA. I came inside Ackerman and began reviewing my recordings and writing. Suddenly, my arm hurt. Why? My sense of complete mystification was again reinforced. Then: “We are trying to understand why we aren’t angry with Uncle DGHTR... It’s because we are looking for a master... It’s bad when you figure things out wrong... Other people don’t figure out anything...” I then got on Ackerman’s computer to continue to read Paul Garde’s *Grammaire russe*. I then added more links to my webpage for documentaries of machine malfunctioning. I again believed that the guy sitting next to me was an agent sent here to watch over me. As I packed up, I filmed him (6:34:00). While walking, I continued: “We just want a website.... Everyone has a website... We can’t live between two realities, either in one or in the other... Nobody lives this kind of life... We got duped into putting up our website only to get fucked... DGHTRCOM wanted... It’s then easier because you can argue with him... Things have to be explicit... Why is this his idea? We have to be under DGHTR’s care, and he will tell us which parts of our story would have to be blacked out... The instruction has to be explicit... We are thrown into this TV show we have never agreed to... We need to be told what the right thing to do is, we don’t want to

piss people off... We don't know why our computer has to malfunction like this... We hope there is no more testing..."

My next recording is: "brdrcybrcafeopnoffcmlfunct\_7\_24-25\_10\_922PM-345AM.WMA". I came near Borders Bookstore and bought hot dogs from 711. I continued my worthless reflection: "Uncle DGHTR does not think I am dangerous, right? .... The 'dog' – originally was just the target. The target becomes a 'dog' when he develops dependence on the intelligence agency that is targeting him..." (6:12). "It's very very bad for mental health, the warping of the target..." Then: "That's how the target fights: when he is a target of one agency, the only way for him to fight is to become a target of another agency, hoping that the two agencies might come into conflict with each other.... And then it becomes two nations in conflict with each other... And then the entire world becomes involved and the entire world changes... And he is still a target..." (10:14) Then: "Everybody has chips inside his or her head... The whole town is wired up, that's why it's so expensive..." I then came inside Borders Bookstore (25:00). I opened up my laptop and continued to work on my second letter for Mr Ponomarev. (See "help\_let.pdf" in the corresponding folder.) Around 10:18 PM (or 56:00 in the recording), when I tried to export my "Help Letter" in PDF, Open Office produced instead a blank document without a file extension. What a strange malfunctioning! I began videotaping this: "PICT0041-openoffcmlfunct72410.AVI". And my arm hurt too. I was terribly angered: "We are not going to Mexico..." When I clicked on the property dialogue box of this blank file, it merely indicated "File". And yet it could still be opened up. My arm then hurt again. Scrambling to save my writing, I copied and pasted the content of the ODT document onto Microsoft Word Pad, and, just when I was about to save the Word Pad version, Microsoft IME switched to Chinese character input to prevent me from saving it. More frustration! Eventually, I did save it. I mumbled bitterly: "We never have time to do anything else..." I calmed down and started browsing through the Polish grammar book I had looked at before (1:10:00). Then, I started reading a book about hackers. When I was packing up, I continued: "Somebody should write a history of machines, from the first tools of Homo Habilis to the centralization of machines. Whoever sits inside the control center then becomes God..." I then got on the bus to go to the cybercafe. When I got off the bus, I continued: "... six months from now, living near DGHTR.... language class, meetups..." Then, when I was imagining grabbing DGHTR's arm on the streets of Moscow, my arm hurt again. I sat down at a computer station inside the cybercafe and burned a new disc while continuing to write the "Help Letter" and reviewing my recordings: "... they forged my files... in order to make me look schizophrenic... What the Mexican team is doing... human rights organizations... that I wasn't myself... to get my pleas processed..." I then resumed writing "Frankfurt and Brussels". I continued to believe that a surveillance agent was sitting next to me gathering evidence that I suffered from schizophrenia. I was paranoid enough as to believe that, when disc-burning slowed down to 2x, it's because the Mexican team was targeting this particular file. Then I was writing "Karin's meetups" ("The impossible wish to be known"). When done with today's share, I tried to print out my writing in PDF, but, again, there was but an empty file without a file extension. It's now evident that the control center had remotely disabled the PDF function of my Open Office Writer. I muttered angrily: "Now they have made my Open Office document look like it's forged..." I began filming it all: "PICT0001-openoffcmlfunct72510.AVI" (5:55:00). To save this document, I copied and pasted the entire content of the Open Office document onto Microsoft Word Pad – which of course meant that I would lose the footnotes. And I would still have to persistently click on a pop-up message to accomplish this task! Then, when I was saving the new Word Pad version, Microsoft IME again

switched to Chinese character input causing me tremendous anguish. I commented bitterly: "... and they expect me to go on their project..." I now tried to print using Primo PDF but, still, the resulting file had no file extension. What's going on? I cursed the Mexicans continually: "... they don't understand what's like to live beyond an animal life... Now there will be more conferences... The surveillance agent continues to catch us engaged in our schizophrenia... The deal is off! They really believe other people have no desires... We should definitely not help them but should work hard to expose them... Everyday we are prepared to strike, these fucking Mexicans..." Now, what was really going on? We have to suspect that it was the Daughter People who had commanded the Monkey to disable the PDF function of my Open Office Writer in order to prevent my writing from becoming evidence on the one hand (the French could use "Help Letter" as another evidence of my conspiracy with Daughterland) and to increase my aggression on the other. (Recall that, whenever Mr Chertoff didn't want anything on my Toshiba computer to become evidence in the International Court, he would simply control it to malfunction. The Daughter People were now supposedly employing the same conspiracy against them to benefit themselves.)

### **July 25 (Sunday; Wes)**

My next recording is: "cybrtormprtplicenorprt\_7\_25\_10\_346-538AM.WMA": I didn't sleep but instead came to the Rampart police station for the second time around 1:04:30. I told the officer that I lost one USB flash drive and a DVD and that someone found it and was using the information therein to ran a scam in my name. I was very tired and sick of the whole thing. I didn't have a phone number to give him, and he asked me coldly how he was going to get hold of me. "The sun would have to rise up from the west if you could actually catch the guy who wants to do harm to me." "Do you work anywhere?" "I work everywhere." "You said you lost a USB flash drive and a laptop?" (1:11:00) "No, a USB flash drive and a DVD". Then I pressed on: "Are you going to catch him?" "Oh yeah!" (1:13:30) Then I told him that the guy was very likely using the email account "lawrence\_c\_41@gmail.com". I continued: "Why did officer Maurisco tell me I needed to go to the FBI?" (1:15:00) What followed then was quite a funny conversation between me and the officer. I then wanted to attach the description I wrote of the incident to the report which he had just made, but he told me I could only do that if I would go to the Olympic police station. "But that's not what officer Maurisco told me!" The officer insisted that he would not incorporate into his report what I said was the content of the USB flash drive and the disc (1:23:00). "I would rather not report it then": because I assumed the officers were going to find another disc and flash drive filled with child pornography and so on and mistakenly attribute them to me. The officer thus agreed to shred the report in front of me (1:27:00). All this effort for nothing! And so I decided to return to the Olympic station and go to the FBI. I left the police station and got on the 720 bus on 1:41:00. Soon, scuffle ensued. Wondering whether he might be a surveillance agent, I asked this Hispanic guy sitting in front of me how much his earphones were and he wanted to beat me up (1:48:00). I defied him, and he yelled at me: "Don't touch me, man!" And he hit me in the head and I spat at him. Everybody saw it. The bus driver stopped the bus, called the police, and evacuated all passengers. I turned off the recorder to start off a new file.

My next recording is: "bus720plceincdnt\_7\_25\_10\_538-631AM.WMA": Everybody was now waiting for the police to show up. The Hispanic guy who just hit me was now telling everyone how I had assaulted him. I shouted out: "There is a camera in the bus. Just roll it up and see who hit who!"

Finally, police officers showed up on 16:00. I described to one officer how everything had happened. Now he acted as if it was my fault and asked to see my ID. The other officer then came to ask me what happened on 25:00. After checking my ID, they told me I had a court case I needed to take care of. One of the officers then told me to shut up: “You have already annoyed the shit out of everyone here...” Desperate for knowledge about what was going on inside the control center, I mistook this for a “secret message” from DGHTR or the Daughter People! (Namely that the Daughter People were sick of my lack of discipline!) The officer then told me he’s going to write me a ticket, not for the scuffle, but for my failure to appear in court. He said it was the ticket from a month and a half ago, and set my court date for September 28. When he was leaving, I asked him what I should do about the guy who hit me. He warned me not to pursue the matter or else he would take me to jail. It’s not clear here whether the Daughter People had again commanded the Monkey to orchestrate this scuffle in order to obtain more evidence that his false profile of me was correct. It didn’t seem so: the Hispanic man was behaving “naturally”.

My next recording is: “uclapolicehrss\_7\_25\_10\_637-848AM.WMA”: All this commotion happened to be taking place on Normandie and Wilshire. I came inside the cybercafe to use the restroom. I continued: “Let’s see how long these Mexicans will be here... I just don’t believe it: when I save somebody’s life, they shall thank me instead of punching me in my face...” I then rode the bus to UCLA. More police business was awaiting me! On 1:41:00 I was on campus and was buying food and coffee from the vending machine. On 1:45:30 a campus police officer suddenly appeared to interrogate me. He wanted to see my ID and, because I wrongly assumed it was an operation orchestrated from the control center, I assumed checking my ID was the purpose. “What crime have I committed?” I asked. Then: “If you want me to leave I will leave, I’m just fond of this 75 cent coffee.” I refused to show him my ID. Then he demanded – with a tone of voice as if we were in a boot camp and he were my trainer: precisely what I hated the most in the world – that I stay on the ground and put down the coffee – as if I were a violent criminal. He asked me for my last name. I became even more hesitant, and asked him again what crime I had committed. He said I was squatting here and he didn’t know whether I was urinating. Since he was standing over me I stated to him that he must be able to see that there was no urine. He asked me for my last name again, and I told him my middle name “Lung” – I truly believed he was just pretending not to know me. “First name ‘Chang’,” I told him. He then asked me for my date of birth. I sort of mumbled. He continued the interrogation and asserted on 1:52:40 that he was allowed by the State of California to demand to see my ID. “I just don’t know what I can do to not be cited... Just for squatting? I don’t talk to anybody, I don’t have any friends...” “Do you have a warrant or something? Is that why you are not telling me your true identity?” Then he wanted to make sure I had no weapons on me. He started searching me. He pulled out my ID card on 1:56:30 and shouted that my name was Lawrence Chin. But I insisted – with my increasingly broken voice – that my name as appeared there was “Lawrence Chang-Lung Chin” and that Lawrence was my English name and that I used my Chinese name. “When I asked you what your name is, I didn’t ask what name you went by, but what’s on your ID...” “So according to you, my crime is to have squatted on the corner instead of sitting on the bench,” I asked him finally (1:59:40). “Yeah, that’s a little unusual, to be squatting when there is a bench to sit on...” “That’s my job, getting cited...” I moaned (2:01:00). Then: “Your name is J-Pak?” He then summarized to me what he had cited me for: “I wrote that you mumbled, had a hard time following directions, and was squatting...” (until 2:04:00).

My next recording is: “slpcallwsdbrahhouse\_7\_25\_10\_848-1020AM.WMA”: I then came to the grass on Le Conte and took a short nap. When I got up, I continued: “If our website is taken down, we definitely will not... Don’t ever help people not when they are like this... These sick mother fuckers...” I came inside Burger King to use the restroom and called up Wes on 1:08:00 – and he answered it. I cried: “I’m at the end of the road... These Mexicans inside Homeland Security... want to take down my website...” Then I explained what had just happened and how the Mexicans had commanded the police officer to harass me in order to go after my website: “... the Daughter People chose them... They are just weird, after you saved their life, you have to kneel down and beg them just to keep what you have... They are going after my storage and my website... Soon I’ll have only my backpack and they will take that away too, for their goal is to eliminate my existence and make people believe I’m the opposite of what I am...” So much paranoia over nothing. This was certainly the Daughter People’s evidence that I was indeed insane. Wes suggested that I put up my website under a different name or create 10 different websites. I continued: “I saved their life with my data and now they want to eliminate my data...” More evidence for the French of my conspiracy with Daughterland. Wes: “It reminds me of that movie... Will they eliminate *my* identity too?” I was irritated by Wes’ nonsense: “You think it is funny?” Wes: “No, it’s pathetic...” Because Alexandra needed to use the phone, Wes needed to hang up but agreed to talk to me later. He then suddenly suggested: “*You need to find another group of people who are better than the Daughter People... such as the Russians...*” I shouted angrily: “The Daughter People *are* Russians...” “Oh... Okay I wouldn’t trust these Russkies...” It’s evidently the French who had commanded the CIA to order Wes to lure me to admit that the “Daughter People” referred to the Russians – there was now finally clear and unequivocal evidence that I was talking about the Russian SVR all this time! The French charge of conspiracy finally had a foundation, and the Daughter People’s best defense so far was merely my insanity! We argued a little more (“I can’t handle it anymore...”) and then Wes hanged up on 1:21:40. I then called up Deborah’s home on 1:26:00. Her husband answered it again and told me she didn’t come home last night. When I walked out, I continued: “Why did I think that the Daughter People were so good? Actually, it was just DGHTR, he’s the only one that is good...”

My next recording is: “ucladghtrsavdghtrIndbus2\_7\_25\_10\_1020AM-222PM.WMA”: While on the bus, I was angry and complaining again because my computer malfunctioned again (34:00). I cursed the “Mexicans”. When I got off the bus, someone asked me for a cigarette. “Shut up!” (52:45) I came to the place and asked for Roxanne, the social worker from last time. But I was told everything was closed because it was Sunday (54:30). I left angry. I then came to Psychobabble. A police car was there as if waiting for me; I wrongly assumed it was orchestrated and filmed it (1:24:00). Seized by paranoia, I asked the cashier: “What did you hear about me this time?” “Absolutely nothing” (1:27:00). I called Cindy, but she was not home (1:49:00). I continued: “Unless I see the Mexicans getting dumped in the trash can, I won’t believe it...” (2:07:00). Then: “DGHTRCOM, I’ll be the greatest schizophrenic you have ever seen, as long as you chop off the Mexican’s head...” (2:09:00). I was then disappointed when for a moment I thought I was allowed to print out my writing in PDF (2:22:30). No! The PDF function of my Open Office Writer was permanently disabled. And Chinese characters popped up on my computer screen again to annoy me (2:26:30). Then, around 12:45 PM, while I was using Windows Movie Maker on my Toshiba to edit another video I had shot of my downloading wireless driver from the Internet, my Microsoft IME once again automatically switched to Chinese character input. I could never switch it back. Angered and annoyed, I filmed it (“PICT0008-72510-imemlfunct.AVI”). I then

continued to write my “Help Letter”. Then my screenshot malfunctioned on 2:52:00. My left side hurt on 3:17:00. My wrong scenario: “Somebody is going to make false reports about my website to the police, and the police will match it with the citing of me this morning... The Mexicans never reciprocate....” (3:20:30). Then: “What if we are duped, what if the call was a forgery?” (3:26:00) Then Children’s noise again! I yelled: “Shut the fuck up!” (3:57:20)

My next recording is: “psychbbble\_7\_25\_10\_222-536PM.WMA”: I continued: “They are gonna fuck up our website, we will just have to give up our life... Arrest me and put me in jail... You touch my website.... We saved these mother fuckers....” I was then smoking outside Psychobabble. A girl and a guy were talking, and they suddenly said to me, “Yeah just take it all in...” I was alarmed: “Who told you to say that to me?” They ignored me, and I filmed them. I then asked a stranger: “Do you know a lot about computers?” “No” (50:45). I started telling her about how my computer went berserk. I left Psychobabble on 1:49:00. I thought I saw another surveillance agent, and I imagined to myself the result of surveillance: “This guy is always talking to some Mexicans, there are no fucking Mexicans! This guy is schizophrenic...” I then walked up to another person wearing earphones who I believed was a surveillance agent and said to him: “I don’t believe it’s the Mexicans who are inside Homeland Security, it’s the Russians.... I just want your earphones to record it, not you...” I then had Chinese fast food.

My next recording is: “slpvrmtpsychbbblwesnobelieve\_7\_25\_10\_536-1019PM.WMA”. I took a nap on the grassland nearby. After I woke up, I came back to Psychobabble. I left a message for Wes. As you can hear, I sounded totally lifeless. Then, Wes called me back on 3:09:30. I muttered: “... I’m afraid something bad is going to happen to my computer...” (3:10:20). I mentioned how I wanted to install a wireless card driver on my Toshiba but how I was very worried. I was sort of crying. And I told him I doubted I would be able to keep my website, that it would be strange that the DGHTRPPL would actually allow me to keep my things after I had saved their lives! “... The Mexican team sends the police to harass me every single day just in order to build up the profile of me as a paranoid schizophrenic... I don’t understand why... Why did they feed me with all those secrets then?” (3:13:30) I began crying: “What am I gonna do?” And then I continued to moan over the wireless card driver. Then about how the Mexican team had remotely destroyed my Open Office Writer’s PDF function, how they wanted to take away from me everything that was most essential to me, how they wanted me to put up my website just so that secret agents may visit it and I may be labeled a paranoid schizophrenic (3:16:07). “Why do they do that?... Why are they so bad? Why are they so twisted? Just tell me, what is going on?” “I don’t know,” Wes replied. He of course knew exactly what was going on (that the French had objected) but was prohibited from revealing it to me. I continued: “I don’t have any money left... Why do they need me to be perceived as a paranoid schizophrenic... as the opposite of what I am? I can’t function anymore...” More: “I have been homeless for so long, I can’t even...” (3:19:30). I was then trying to install the wireless card driver, and, amazingly, it was installing. I shouted: “It’s installing right now!” “I don’t need to know anything about viruses,” Wes said. I moaned: “What do I have to do to get them to leave me alone? They are going to take away my website...” Then: “So I have to wait for it to happen?” “Why do...?” I then complained about how the Mexicans wanted me to be this “schizophrenic” because my head was too clear and so on. I continued: “I don’t understand computers... I just wish I had studied computers instead of this philosophy crap!” (3:23:10) *Wes then again told me to figure out myself what was going on.* “I can’t figure it out,” I groaned out of

desperation and exhaustion. I then told Wes I would call him in 5 minutes because, at this moment, I needed to pay attention to the installation of the wireless card driver (3:24:00). I made sure to videotape my laptop's screen. Then I called up Wes again on 3:31:15. I told him the bad news that the wireless card driver I had just installed on my Toshiba was not working. "Labeling me schizophrenic..." I then told him about the elevator incident. Wes tried to enlighten me: "When the elevator was going up, and you pressed the button to go down, it would go up" – and so the elevator was in fact not malfunctioning! (3:34:30) We kept discussing this until 3:38:40. I never realized that I had made a mistake: I had tremendously exaggerated the operation from the control center by misinterpreting so many normal incidents as malfunctioning or abnormal and thereby made myself look schizophrenic.

I then told Wes again how the control center had disabled my Open Office Writer (3:39:00). "It has nothing to do with Adobe... The PDF function is built into Open Office... Obviously someone in the control center has disabled the function... And you don't really know why..." (3:39:40) I then told him how the police harassed me this morning simply because I was squatting behind the bench (3:40:30). Remember my motive: to avoid being videotaped by police car. I told Wes about my suspicion that it all had something to do with my website, that the police needed another citing of me as a "vagrant" in order to identify the owner of the website and then discredit it. All because my website contained materials about the trial at the International Court of Justice! I simply couldn't comprehend that I was paranoid over nothing: the police harassment this morning was *not* orchestrated from the control center. I continued my wrong scenario: "To label me a 'schizophrenic' in preparation for drafting me into the Mexican team's project..." (3:43:20). Then I told Wes about how the Monkey Pyramid saw the video of my cutting myself and requested in her restraining order that I take down the video because it supposedly threatened her: how strange it was that she should make the video her business when she came visiting my website uninvited. And then about her complaint about my videotaping her when she actually *wanted* to be videotaped (3:46:10). "How did she know about your website?" Wes asked. "She Googled it..." I said (3:46:40). In reality, as you have seen, it was most likely the Daughter People who had ordered her to visit my website. I then told Wes how strange it was that she could arrive at such and such document on my website by typing completely irrelevant search terms into Google's search box – words that were not even found on the document on my website (3:47:50). And then how she didn't show up in the restraining order hearing. Finally, I told Wes about my feeling of injustice in regard to what I perceived to be the purpose of this operation: first duping me into putting up my website, then sending an agent to visit it and to pretend to find it bizarre, and finally getting it taken down and forbidding it (3:49:25). Again, this was *not* what's going on and I was paranoid over nothing. Then, when I hanged up with Wes, my recorder fell to the ground and the last minute of this recording was deleted. I naturally assumed (wrongly) that it was remotely deleted from the control center and that the purpose was to make the recording look like I had forged it. It should be noted that the Daughter People would certainly seize upon the wrong scenarios I had expressed to Wes as evidence that I was indeed insane (paranoid schizophrenia) – while the French would continue to object saying that I was merely making wrong inferences rather than hallucinating or being *really* delusional.

My next recording is: "redlinetocybrcafe\_7\_25\_10\_1021-1131PM.WMA": I lamented about the loss of the last few minutes of the recording of my conversation with Wes: "We need to commit suicide or kill somebody..." That's another trait of a targeted individual: extreme reaction to something insignificant. I then came to cybercafe on Metro. I continued: "Now they are going to get rid of me... Uncle

DGHTR, I don't believe it... I don't believe it, I believe many Russian politicians are good people and will not abandon me like this... *unless their hands are tied*... This is a TV show, and we don't know how to get this to stop.... We can't beg for it to stop..." I just couldn't figure out the reason why the Daughter People's hands were tied!

My next recording is; "cybrcafehpleasness\_7\_25-26\_10\_1139PM-139AM.WMA": I continued to review my recordings while in the cybercafe. Then my paranoia again: "The download was probably fake..." I was still groaning and moaning about the fact that the last two minutes of the recording of my conversation with Wes earlier were (or so I thought) remotely deleted. "Is it important? We are not good with computers...." I then complained about being burdened with too much work: I had too many files to upload, a new letter to write to Mr Ponomarev.... "I don't have time to write my own stuff..." Then, about DGHTRCOM: "He's very liberal as long as you are framed for schizophrenia...." I then went outside. "Just tell people, 'My name is David Chin, I have forged thousands of hours of recording, and my writing' ...." I then came to the parking lot across the street to get ready to cut myself. But a security guard noticed me and came over: "You can't do this here, only over there...." (1:18:00). I ignored him and continued to do my work on my laptop. He threatened to call the police. I then filmed myself cutting myself, and said to him: "I have just punished myself, I hope it's good enough for you..." He shouted: "There is something wrong with you!" He left. I came to another corner to try to cut myself again, but I couldn't because the knife was too obtuse. I again wrongly assumed that this was orchestrated from the control center (to prevent me from cutting myself). I came back to the cybercafe on 1:39:00. I was then angry when my camcorder shut itself down when I tried to videotape my computer screen (1:52:00). When I was ready to sleep in the street corner, I complained: "We don't have time to count our discs, it's time to get arrested, it's time to die, we don't have time to write our book, that's the point...."

### **July 26 (Monday: Deborah)**

My first recording of the new day is: "wknrmndierealzt\_n\_7\_26\_10\_718-1026AM.WMA". As soon as I woke up from my street corner, I resumed my worthless conversation with the Monkey: "So do people really care if you are the secret ruler of North America?" Then about last night: "He switched the knife to an obtuse one, so that we can't make wounds on ourselves, and now our pain can't be seen... He doesn't understand anything about me... His notion of time is typical, it's just 'passing by'... But for us time is eternal, things are supposed to last.... We need to objectify it so that it will last forever...." I came inside the cybercafe on 1:06:00. Then about the Daughter People: "They are not gonna abandon us, they have spent a lot of energy trying to figure out what we want...." Yeah right! I called up Deborah on 1:58:00. She was talking to someone else at the moment and promised to call me back. She called me back on 2:16:00. I started crying to Deborah: "I need to see somebody, I'm completely shut off...." Deborah: "What about Edelman? What about WCIL?" "I want to talk to you," I cried. Deborah had a car wreck last week and didn't have a car right now. "I don't want to talk to myself anymore, I want to talk to somebody else. You can drive your husband's car...." "There are emergency places..." "They are not going to talk to me... I want to talk to somebody who knows me..." "Where do you live now?" "Nowhere. You can drive your son's car..." "No, I'll get a rental car... How can you be the only person in LA who can't be helped..." Then Deborah promised to call me on 1 PM. She said we could probably meet on 3 PM in a Starbucks. We hanged up on 2:27:30. I then got on the bus to go to West

Los Angeles.

My next recording is: “cybrcafedbrah\_7\_26\_10\_1028-1158AM.WMA”: I continued my erroneous understanding: “They want you to prepare, they are ready to beat you up, in order for the evidentiary record to go reverse....” I got off the bus on 33:00. I continued my wrong scenario: “The Pyramid’s family is on center stage, they are with all the UN people... Just dismantle the court, unchip everyone, but DGHTRCOM will not do that... He has to follow the laws...”

My next recording is: “picowstwddbrah\_7\_26\_10\_1158AM-459PM.WMA”. Now I came to the Federal Building wanting to report the “identity theft” to the FBI (!). But I couldn’t pass through the security check. The security guard told me cameras were not allowed. He gave me a number, but the number was not correct, nobody had the FBI’s number! I wanted to call the FBI on a payphone but couldn’t find one. I continued: “All our recordings have baby noises in them.... He doesn’t want us to keep our website....” Then I rode the bus to Pico and Westwood to get ready to meet Deborah and waited inside a Starbucks (1:01:00). “Why is Deborah not calling?” I left a message for Deborah. Then I called again; there was still no answering. And my arm hurt; why? Finally Deborah called me: we were to meet in 45 minutes in Starbucks. While waiting, I continued: “*This is a test, you need to abandon what’s most important to you*, the Pyramid has abandoned her father, but I’m not abandoning my writings, you have to abandon the fear of loneliness... I don’t see how we are gonna make it...”

Finally, Deborah appeared (3:11:00). “I have never seen you this bad...” she noted. I complained: “My environment just changes, and I can’t function anymore... I need to escape to Eastern Europe... I can’t stand all the noises, I can’t function... I don’t understand the purpose of it all... I want to apply for refugee status...” I wrongly assumed that Deborah knew what was going on with the Daughter People and the (non-existent) Mexican team; in reality, she knew nothing of it. She must be shocked by my proposal to escape to Eastern Europe. I continued: “Everything is cut off...” And I cried. Deborah suggested that I find an Asian pro-bono group to take care of me. This was not what I had in mind. I continued to complain: “... the guy that is running around assuming my identity...” Deborah: “What about living in Taiwan...? You don’t want to go to Eastern Europe...” Instead, I merely begged her to resume our regular meetings, because I wanted somebody to tell my story about the Daughter People to. Deborah wouldn’t agree. I cried: “I want to talk about my experience....” Deborah asked: “So the past is more important to you than the future and the present....?” Although she didn’t know anything about the Daughter People, she must remember something about my China trip and the consequent ICJ trial. I replied: “The future is about writing about the past...” I wrongly assumed that Deborah was conveying to me the Daughter People’s concern: that they wanted to “test me” – to see if I would be willing to give up my past. Deborah asked: “Did that ever do anything for you? Or do you just want to do that continually...?” I then mentioned my flight to China two years ago, but somehow Deborah couldn’t remember which city it was that I escaped to. Shanghai! Now it turned out that she herself had gone to China in May. I again wrongly assumed that this had something to do with my ICJ trial (that she was commanded by the Daughter People to do that as part of the United States’ committing crimes to frame itself. Meanwhile, she continued to refuse to resume our meeting, and kept suggesting that I turn to an Asian legal aid organization. Then she suddenly asked me whether I was taking my medication. “No,” I protested. Deborah: “You don’t think you are crazy?” “You know I’m not...” “Well, you are *a little crazy*, especially during certain times...” Although she knew that my CIA recruitment

story was true, she had also noticed how bizarre I appeared right now. (She of course didn't know it's all because I was guided by a wrong understanding of what was currently going on.) I then talked about writing to a human rights activist in Russia. Deborah: "Do you think going to Russia will be okay...? Why would that person help you? Does he want sex?" I was shocked: "No! What are you talking about...?" Deborah: "So he works for an activist group?" "No! He works in the government... I want to talk about my experience..." Deborah: "Experience in New York?" I was dumbfounded: "I have never been to New York..." Deborah then revealed that Wes had called saying I was in the hospital in New York, and that she thought that that was the "experience" I was referring to. Me: "It's awful..." Deborah continued: "I told him his doctor could call me, but he never did..." I protested: "That was March 2009... And the hospital nurses were a bunch of CIA agents..." Deborah laughed, and so I shouted: "Really!" Deborah: "I believe you, the Central Infection Agency..." Now she was validating my experience with the Agency since she knew it was no delusion. I then cried about feeling so alone. Deborah was however emphatic that she didn't want me to call her house. I whined: "You want to forget about our past together..." Deborah: "Not right now... I can't see you right now..." I whined: "... We can talk about Homeland Security..." Deborah then mentioned how I often didn't pay her before and insisted that listening to me didn't really help me. She asked me: "There is not one group in the city, not one person smart enough for you to talk to..." I protested: "I can't meet people when I'm homeless.... Wes said he's coming home next month but then he is not coming..." Deborah: "You know there are options out there, you are just being stubborn..." I insisted: "I need to find a lawyer..." Then: "I want tell you about the new stuff, about Homeland Security, about the Chinese intelligence service, about the Russians..." I really just wanted audience for the amazing story that was bottled up inside me. Now Deborah's back was hurting because she was in a car wreck. Then she suggested she would call around to find me a place where I could shower: "If you can't take care of yourself, nobody can... You have to be clean, you have to not scare people.... You need to meet the basic requirements when you want people to take you seriously..." My disease was such that I actually believed Deborah was communicating to me another secret message from the Daughter People: that I needed to meet the "basic requirements" if I wanted them to recruit me, namely, that the Daughter People were quite disappointed with my performance so far. Deborah continued: "... temporary residence... I want you to look stronger, feel stronger..." Me: "The problem is that they made my computer malfunction, that has completely preoccupied me..." Deborah: "... no free computer? So your theory is that they are conspiring against you and breaking your things... Why don't you have money? ... in Eastern Europe..." Me: "I can't get anything done if everyday I have to be worried that people might steal my identity and my computer might break down..." Deborah, since she didn't know about what happened later in my ICJ trial and since all my scenarios were unrealistic bullshit, expressed skepticism: "... and the reason why they have spent all this time is..." Me: "Your premise is that there are clearly people who hate homeless people... They are way more dangerous than..." Deborah: "Stop worrying about your computer... I can give you the 20 dollars that I have... It's not enough to fix your computer..." Me: "They have to stop..." Deborah: "They aren't breaking it, they aren't... *This is your craziness...* Get a flash drive, get a new computer..." Although she believed my CIA story because she herself was part of it, she believed I was totally wrong about my computer's being remotely controlled because she had not experienced it herself. Me: "I don't have money..." Deborah: "If I have one laptop laying around, I'll give it to you... My son uses a MacBook, but you don't use MAC ... Maybe it's because you have too much on the hard disc... I'll give you.... He's not around, he has moved into his girlfriend's place..." I walked Deborah to her car (3:51:00). *Deborah promised that she would get the*

*computer for me in two days.* This is important because, as you shall see, it's very possible that it was the French who had commanded the Daughter People to command the CIA to instruct Deborah to give me a laptop. After a while, I continued: "Hopefully, that's what's going on, our baseline needs to be kept...." I then got on the bus on 4:30:00. I continued: "... the name of the game is to abandon the game, and join another game..." I got off the bus in UCLA on 4:47:00. I then mumbled about the Pyramid: "For her it is easy, all she does is abandon her old family and find a new family, this test is not fair... We are not going to abandon our writings.... Everybody has chips inside their head, anybody can be activated in any location... Occasionally they will hear voices, then they will just repeat what they hear.... I want to know what people were told...." Complete bullshit!

My next recording is: "uclalibstudyr\_7\_26\_10\_505-8PM.WMA": While on campus, I continued: "The easiest thing to abandon is a pyramid. What about the desire to know? What's the point of joining DGHTRORG? I came inside the Research Library on 29:00. I wrote an email to Wes to tell him about my new scenario:

I think I have figured out why the Daughter People are letting the Mexican American in Homeland Security cause my environment and my laptop to constantly malfunction. See if this makes sense. The Daughter People are testing me to see if I'm fit to join them, and their precondition for joining them is the willingness to abandon all that is important to oneself. I guess they have such precondition because they are like a cult and want their members to see the cult group as the only thing important in one's life – all the rest in the world their members will have to be ready to ignore. Since what is important to me is the copyright to my writing, not being thought of as schizophrenic when I'm clearly not schizophrenic, the record of my life, and the need to share suffering and beauty, they are letting Homeland Security progressively deprive me of just these things, [causing me to become unable to function]. But I am obviously not ready to abandon any of these things. The test does make sense, save that I notice certain loopholes and unfairness in this kind of precondition.

1.) Unfairness: see, if what is most important to oneself is precisely to join the Daughter People, then the test would simply consist in making one abandon the wish to join the Daughter People, in which case it would be so easy for one to pass the test because, as soon as one abandons the wish to join the Daughter People, one has immediately fulfilled the precondition for joining the Daughter People and will get to join the Daughter People. In such case the test is no test at all. This means that the test will be a piece of cake for some people, but virtually impossible to pass for others, notably those people with attachment disorder whose attachment is precisely to things not related to the Daughter People.

2.) Loopholes: see, what if what is important to oneself is the desire to know? Since the Daughter People are in the intelligence business, they presumably will not be interested in people not interested in knowing but just passing time all day watching TV and playing video games? So the test will not include making one abandon the desire to know if such is the most important thing to oneself... Also, what if what's

important to oneself is loving the Daughter People? Are they going to ask you to stop loving them only in order to ask you to join them and be among this new family? How would that work out?

I'm getting a little worried, because, if I am not ready to pass the test, presumably the Daughter People are not going to abandon me, right? What I really want is, besides the essentials which I'm not ready to abandon, just living close to Uncle Daughter (the top expert among the Daughter People whom I mentioned to you the last time) in Daughterland, having a little place, finishing writing my story, going to language school, and hanging out with some people in some social groups and watching movies once in a while or things like that. I don't know how that can work out. Presumably I would need some extra income too, so maybe Uncle Daughter can also find me some paying tasks that will only require part time so that I will still have time to write and hang out and learn language. But what if I will be under surveillance? I presume that's nothing personal and so I'll just ignore it. But would the population be alerted about me? That will be so scary... I think I'll not be ready to abandon my essentials until I finish writing my story – it's absolutely important that I get to package my past experience in a nice form and then put it out somewhere and be known as its author: I'll have to be able to verbalize my experiences. After that I guess it might be okay for Lawrence to cease existing and become whatever else... I just don't know if the Daughter People will agree to this and I don't know if I can remain anonymous at all in foreign lands without an alert about me being broadcast....

I don't know what opinion you may have about this, but look at the logic of the Daughter People's supposed test. Do you find my analysis correct? Are there loopholes in my analysis? I hope you can call me to tell me, because then I can get your opinion first hand... I think the analysis is a rather interesting academic exercise.

This email was of course very bad for the Daughter People because it was another evidence of my conspiracy with them. The Daughter People could only continue to insist that I was insane: this guy had no home and looked like a piece of trash and yet was deluded enough as to believe that the best intelligence agency in the world wanted to recruit him! It would certainly be very difficult for the judge computer to decide. I then did my daily lesson on Russland Journal (1:29:00). I left the library on 1:52:00. I continued: "There is no point in exercising intelligence if the product is not objectified.... No independence... Why should we do things which other people can do better than we...? *You want to join them, and you get rejected, and so you forget about it, then they want to recruit you....* Otherwise the test is bullshit... We have suffered a tremendous trauma, we can't put it aside, we must put it in words first...." And my arm hurt. I came inside Ackerman on 2:18:00. I filmed the food which I scavenged before eating it. I was still wondering what people were told about me. "When it comes to surveillance in the traditional style, people are not told.... Now why are people even notified?" Then: "DGHTRCOM and the laws... There is presumably a negotiation going on between Daughterland and the US..." I then recounted my profile: a schizophrenic writing crazy letters to DGHTCOM, who had filed a crazy lawsuit against a girl, a restraining order...

My next recording is: “brdrwstwd\_7\_26\_10\_8-1027PM.WMA”: I then came to Borders Bookstore. I continued: “People judge me by appearance, they don’t believe anything I say because I’m ugly... Everything has to do with computers, the ‘centralization of machines’ will not be possible without computers... DGHTR knows something about computers....” “There should be a book, ‘The Mismeasure of Lawrence’...” I then got on the bus to go to the cybercafe.

My next recording is: “cybrcfewrt212\_7\_26-27\_10\_1027PM-334AM.WMA”. I continued to believe that surveillance agents were getting in and out of the bus. Was I correct? When I arrived in the cybercafe, I continued: “The DVDs burned on Windows might not be usable on a MAC, is that Deborah’s point?... What about my writings? People will believe I wrote it, right? Can I just keep two computers and go back and forth between them?” Then: “What was Deborah told? What did she believe? Wes and Deborah *have* to know the truth...” Then: “*You think it’s all over but in fact it’s continuing, and we are not even following it...*” Correct! As I continued to upload my recordings and write, somebody sitting next to me suddenly falsely accused me of looking into his things the other night. I again wrongly assumed it was orchestrated. As I was writing about the *Formule*, I freaked out when Open Office saved itself. I again wrongly assumed it was the control center. In reality, I was just providing the French with more evidence with which to convict Daughterland. I was then reading something in French. Finally I went to sleep at the street corner nearby.

### **July 27 (Tuesday; the FBI)**

I woke up in the morning from the street corner on Wilshire and Normandie to discover that a stranger had left me a note instructing me to go to PATH. I again wrongly assumed that it was orchestrated from the control center and that something might await me there. I then got on the bus to go to my storage facility.

My next recording is: “strge\_7\_27\_10\_804-1032AM.WMA”. While on the bus, I continued my worthless scenario: “Our theory: when they found the Pyramid, they didn’t ask her to give up anything because they didn’t want to piss off her family....” “Now they want to test the Monkey to see if he is honest... We can only operate under Uncle Daughter, they will just have to accept that... Just listen to me, let machines function, stabilize me... first...”

I settled down outside the food mall first before going inside Public Storage. I opened up my Toshiba and decided to experiment printing out my document “Supplemental Pleading 8” in XPS format since the “Export to PDF” function in my Open Office could no longer be trusted. I videotaped myself doing so: “PICT0016-opnoffcemlfunc72710-930AM.AVI”. As you can see, around 5:00 or so, I tried printing it out in XPS format through the print function. By 6:10, my laptop froze, Open Office disappeared, and no XPS document was ever printed out. I became terribly despondent murmuring how I could not function in this way. I then opened up the Word Pad version of the same document and attempted to print it out in PDF format using Primo PDF (7:50). But I changed my mind and tried opening up the original Open Office version, but Open Office Writer went instead into repair (8:17). On 9:10 I gave up and simply printed out the Word Pad version in PDF using Primo PDF. It succeeded. I was completely devastated. I then came inside the storage facility on 1:47:00. I came to my unit and put in my newly burned DVDs. I was terribly sad: “Why can’t we do what other people can do?”

My next recording is: “legalaidrcjetidthftcall\_7\_27\_10\_1035AM-245PM.WMA”. I was then going to downtown by bus. Near downtown, I saw a guy carrying a big bag, and wondered – out of my paranoia – whether there was a recording device inside. (Namely, like the Russian surveillance agents back in 2009.) I came to Asian Legal Aid on 1:36:00. I described my problems to the receptionist: constitutional issues.... in regard to my website.... a stolen USB flash drive... and a disc... I reported it to the police.... And they told me to report it to the FBI... My website has recordings on it.... Will the FBI... They can’t help.... Also, police harassment.... I was handcuffed for merely squatting... She told me: “You can only complain about it to the police....” I then tried to described the “TRO against me”. Imaginary! Finally, the receptionist sent me away. Of course! I was wasting my own time as well as other people’s. I then came inside a Korean cafe to ask for a phonebook. They didn’t have one! While walking away, I continued: “This time they might not be bluffing...” Right! Desperately wanting to call the FBI, I continued looking for a payphone. No! I got on the bus and came to the UCLA Medical Center. From there I called up the FBI on a payphone (3:19:00). The operator told me: “You need to contact Identity Theft...” She transferred me to Identity Theft Resources (858-693-7935). “How to report identity theft?” “What happened?” And so I explained: the guy used my ID to scam people on the Internet.... He transferred me to a certain “Brandon”. I continued: “... a lost USB flash drive....” “Your name is?” “Chang...” I was again hesitant about giving out my name. I continued: He is pretending to be me on the Internet.... Also lost a disc... Went to police.... Told to come to the FBI.... Then transferred to you.... Are you related to the FBI? “No, only by referral... What state?” “California.” “What evidences do you have?” I talked about that Gmail address: “When people searched it, they came to my website... The police wouldn’t let me report it...” “How did you find out about this email address?” “On my visitors’ log....” Then he asked for my name. Finally, he explained: “If it’s just a name, it’s not illegal, anybody can pick up a name and use it to create a Gmail account...” “What if it was related to the medium I lost?” “The police or the FBI won’t act on a guess...” “Can I insist on reporting the loss of the medium? The police wouldn’t let me do it....” “When did you lose it?” “Two and a half months ago...” “Call your local police...” “I did...” He explained: “Using the same name as your name is not a crime... You should say you want to file an incident report... You are gonna have to find something more substantial....” I got frustrated: “I did... I have a log, but they wouldn’t let me attach it... Do you have to wait for something to happen?” “Yes...” “Some times I find myself under surveillance... He must be doing something serious... How would they know it’s the flash drive...?” Finally, the man hanged up. I was terribly upset – not understanding I was paranoid over nothing: “I have spent 6 hours a day taking care of this fucking problem, and always come right back to the same place...” My effort wasn’t of course entirely a waste of time: the Daughter People would enter the intercept of this conversation into evidence as proof that I was totally insane in that nobody was actually pretending to be me at all: the very purpose of the operation. Since it was hard for the French to pick this apart, the operation to send me on PLANMEX (or rather PLANBAIKAL) was temporarily suspended.

My next recording is: “uclaangrymrblibplnshstdyr\_7\_27\_10\_251-728PM.WMA”: Driven by my worthless paranoia, I came to the Federal Building. I believed I saw a “Mommy” outside the building, and I filmed her. (I was most likely mistaken.) On 12:00, you can hear me calling the FBI office to complain about the security guards’ refusal to let me into the building because of the camera I was carrying. I would wrongly assume that this “meant something”, namely that it was part of Mr B’s

attempt to force me to give up documenting my activities. Finally, I gave up and rode the bus to go back to the UCLA campus. I was so angry because I was completely powerless to take care of my problem. I came to the cafeteria to eat. “Anything associated with the Monkey I find disgusting...” (1:27:00). Then: “The Monkey induces so much hatred in people that people will spit on him even when they know he will punish them...” (1:44:00). I then came inside the Research Library on 1:52:30. I burned a new disc with ImgBurn, and was working on the library’s computer. I learned simple Polish with Anna Maria’s Polish learning videos. I was envious: “Everybody has a nice website, I wish I have one too...” When I was reading something in German on a language learning website, my arm hurt (2:49:50). Were the French trying to signal to me? I checked my website and noticed again just how crazy my stuff looked. Then, Russland Journal again (3:38:30). I then spent some time fixing my Hostmatrix website (4:00:00). I was out and drinking coffee by the vending machine on 4:18:00. I continued: “The Monkey’s feudal way... I have lived in America for too long, I’m not into this feudal way...” (4:26:00).

My next recording is: “scientmagbrdrwstwd\_7\_27\_10\_744-955PM.WMA”: I stopped by Ackerman and then walked into the Village. I continued: “The participants in my show have numbered hundreds of thousands, but each of them has only made a turn or things like that... They don’t even remember it...” I filmed the box of food I found before eating it. Then: “*There might be a deadline in September*, for that would be exactly 7 months...” (1:05:00). Ha! Bullshit. More: “DGHTRCOM seems very militaristic, he is like: ‘You two stop, I don’t care who hit who first’...” (1:12:30). I came to the magazine stand and read an interesting article in *Scientific American* (1:16:00). The article was about how the human species might have suffered a population bottleneck during the early years of its evolutionary history. (Note that this might be relevant for judge Higgins’ sustainable civilization program.) After I was done reading it, I got paranoid over nothing again, wondering whether the article was real, and got very upset. I pleaded to the Daughter People: Don’t give me fake articles to read! (1:34:00) “Every time they test you, they take a piece of your sanity away... Put all these fake articles in front of you that are full of grammatical mistakes...” And my arm hurt (1:38:00). I then came inside Borders Bookstore.

My next recording is: “cybrcafenogiveupdsc\_7\_27-28\_10\_1005PM-1258AM.WMA”: More bullshit: “There is nothing to worry about... Everyone is watching... Uncle DGHTR is a hero... What is the secret that they don’t want me to tell?” (11:00) “It makes sense, DGHTRCOM doesn’t want to embarrass his friend (the Monkey)...” I then rode the bus to the cybercafe. I came up with another wrong theory: “They try to push you to tell, to see *if* you can do it and *how* you would do it. Once they discover you aren’t like Oprah... The UFO...” (56:00). Again, in reality, the Daughter People couldn’t care less whether I told my story, but I had indeed suggested a good way to test people! I continued: “Maybe that’s why DGHTRCOM hates Mommy, for Mommy recruits people to slander him...” And my left arm hurt (59:30). I was then doing my writing and uploading files in the cybercafe.

## July 28 (Wednesday)

My next recording is: “wkcybrasnpac\_7\_28\_10\_832AM-258PM.WMA”: I woke up inside the cybercafe and then continued to work, videotaping the computer screen from time to time. I then reviewed my recordings. After a while, I got angry again: “This fucking environment is so annoying... I

can't stand the noises.... It's like being in Guantanamo Bay, all they have to do is play rap music in order to drive inmates insane, and yet, seen from the outside, it is as if nothing has been done...." I left the cybercafe on 1:58:00. I continued: "I have been conditioned to see other people as part of a signal system, it's very bad...." I got on the bus on 2:15:00. More: "We keep pulling out the same credit, 'I have saved your life', but that's because we don't have anything else...." I got off the bus on 2:30:00. Then: "When the threshold was passed, Hitler would just order the destruction of Germany's infrastructure.... When we thought this, it's picked up, and people moved in... This is the negative personality trait..." I came to Asian Legal Aid again (2:37:00). Now I was told that they couldn't handle constitutional issues. I then continued to wander around town on bus and Metro: "We will have to carry 200 discs while passing through Swiss custom, that's what we need to speak to a lawyer about..." Then: "People who can't understand anything should simply be left to rot in their stupidity...." Then: "I don't give a damn about their intention, I don't have much time... The guy who is pretending to be me might be harassing the Pyramid..." (4:15:00). "But how did he know about the Pyramid's email account?" Then I addressed myself to the "Mexican team": "Before when we got punched, we were happy because that meant our enemy also got punched... When DGHTR turned off my recorder, we were angry, but we were not angry with him personally, that was a special relationship, it took training, but when you guys do the same thing, our anger is personal, because we don't have that special relationship...." I was again providing the French with testimonies to maintain Daughterland in conspiracy with me. Then: "We can't stand the noises.... mental breakdown.... We are not interested in changing..." And then all the wrong speculation on the Pyramid, how she was so into "being tough", prone to go into psychosis, and on and on. Then: "This is like the CIA secret prison.... rap music to drive you insane... And this signaling system, it's virtually impossible to figure things out..." Then about the Monkey: "He is very aggressive, clever, deceptive, independent, wants to be an entrepreneur...." But this time I had come back to UCLA. I ate in the campus cafeteria.

My next recording is: "angryanglctouclalibstudyrtv5plsh\_7\_28\_10\_258-715PM.WMA". I was then surfing the Internet on the computer station inside the Research Library. TV 5 news, and then my daily lesson on Russland Journal. "We have a mental image, we are spending the Christmas at Uncle Daughter's house..." I then bought coffee from the vending machines outside. "*We really do fit the profile of David Chin.... Hydraulic, fly-by-wire, slow and fast.... The elementary and the complex, time was going forward, and now backward....*" Then more bullshit about the Daughter People: "These people are more into the mind than success in the external world, I can't imagine them going into politics...."

Then, I was back inside the library. More Polish lesson on Youtube (3:26:00). I was then fixing my Scientific Enlightenment chapters. More wrong scenario: "What happened is that the Pyramid and the police were working together in the law library past midnight.... That's why we are under surveillance..." Then I got a little closer to the truth: "They duped me into thinking that, if I filed a lawsuit, she'd help me, but now I'm in a trap, there is now an alert saying we have harassed her.... Now, anywhere we go, nobody will talk to us... We can predict all that, isn't it amazing?" By this time I had exited the library. Then, for a while I couldn't find my phone. I thought I had forgotten it inside the library, but then I found it in my bag. I called Wes, but there was no answering.

My next recording is: "brdrreadkgbtocybrcafe\_7\_28\_10\_715-1055PM.WMA". While walking around

in Westwood, I continued: “They have lost their savior...” And I complained angrily about the Pyramid: “They are duping you.... We actually believed she would help us, that’s really delusional....” That’s right! At least I woke up! I then scavenged food on the street. More bullshit: “The Pyramid flipped again...” I came inside Borders Bookstore on 57:00. More (mostly) wrong scenario: “In the evidentiary record, he has made me into ‘David Chin’, so that, if the Daughter People help me, they would fall under his command... We shouldn’t have to worry about the very top....” I would be correct if I noted: “so that, if the Daughter People help me, they would fall under *French* command....” Then: “On July 13, the Pyramid has also visited, 7 AM in the morning....” I browsed through a book on the KGB and talked to a stranger woman. Then: “They can’t say I forged videos....” I was then on the bus going to the cybercafe (2:59:00). I again mistakenly thought that I was under heavy surveillance while on the bus.

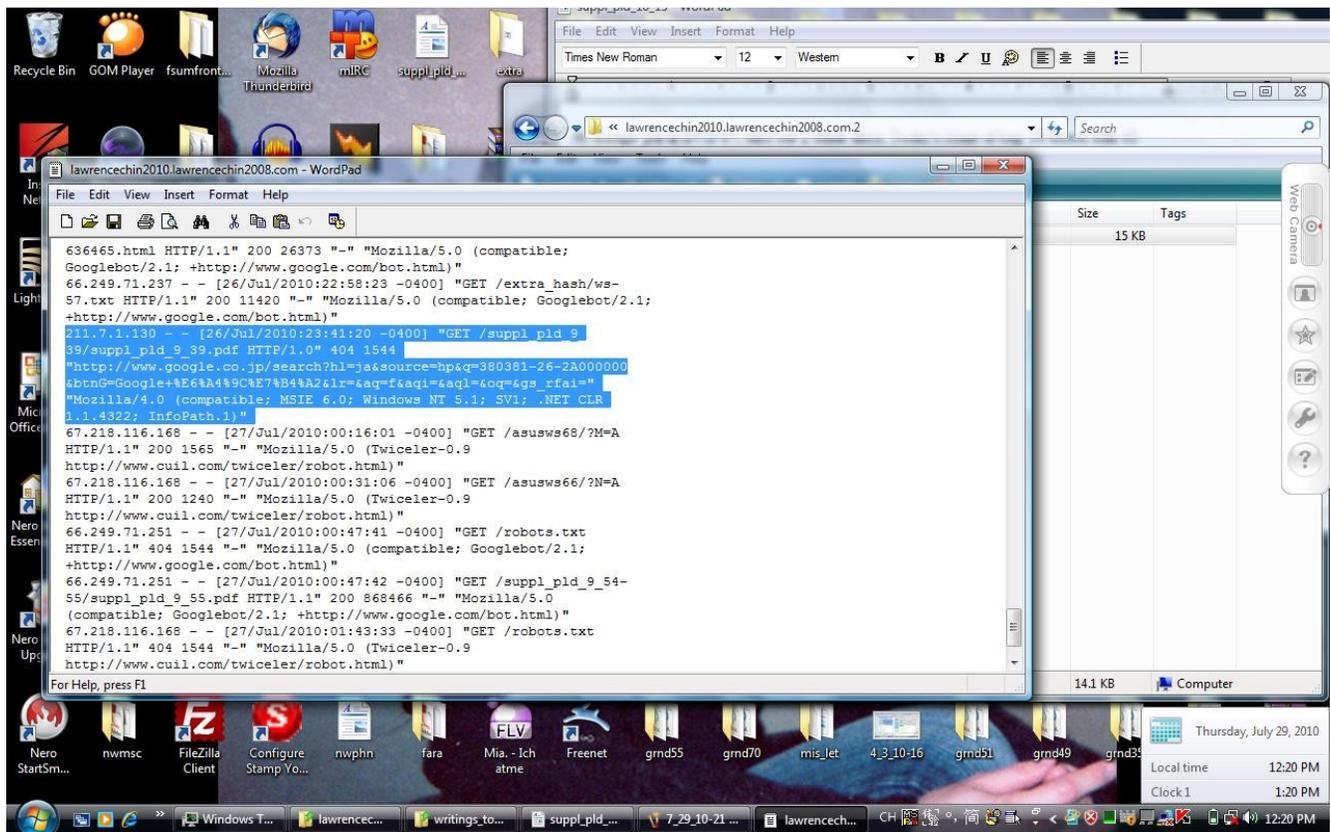
My next recording is: “cybrcountdiscs\_7\_28-29\_10\_1055PM-2AM.WMA”: I came to the cybercafe and began burning a new disc while reviewing my recordings. I again assumed that a surveillance agent was sitting near me keeping an eye on me. I was angry with him, convinced that I would be framed. When I was counting my discs, I mistakenly thought that another one was stolen. But then I found it. I said to the person who I thought was a surveillance agent: “I lost a disc, I’m very upset, but not because there is anything illegal in it...” (1:24:00). I again thought myself very smart when I was totally wrong!

My next recording is: “cybrcafearguwrtlet\_7\_29\_10\_215-501AM.WMA”: I then continued to work on my second letter to Mr Ponomarev (from 20:00 onward). I wouldn’t finish the letter and send it until August 6; it would be so crazy that it would be another evidence which the Daughter People would use to protect themselves from me. I continually suspected that the several persons near me were conducting surveillance on me, and complained that the entire legal structure had been shut down for me, leaving me with no means to protest against the operations on me every day (1:09:00). One of the persons I thought were surveillance agents had been blasting loud music and, suddenly, he complained that *I* had made too much noise. I naturally thought this was the control center’s attempt to provoke me – this man used the most vulgar profanity, was full of aggression, so that I would respond in kind. “You have been fucking talking to yourself... What the fuck are you gonna do?” “You are blasting music very loudly too, you know” – and it was strange that he was able to hear me at all! I continued: “You don’t know you have been blasting loud music? On top of that, who knows what you have been doing...” “What did you say?... What the fuck did you say?” he shouted as if he was ready to kill me. “An hour versus two seconds...” “What the fuck did you say I was doing?” “What were you saying in the second part that came out of your fucking mouth?” “Never mind...” Then he threatened to hit me. “If you hit me, I’ll call the cops, and the cops will arrest me, and you will be very happy, so shut the fuck up!” (1:53:00) I then continued writing. While this person was probably not conducting surveillance on me, he might nevertheless be a Homeland Security agent whom the Daughter People had commanded the Monkey to send in to provoke me into a fight. Then, on 2:21:50, my computer station shut itself down. Then, on 2:30:30, I mumbled more about the Monkey Pyramid: she was looking to victimize someone, looking for (what looked like) a “victimizer” to victimize. “She is very timid, but sadistic at the same time, and this is how she can fulfill her need for victimizing someone – pretending to be victimized by her victim in order to get the victim victimized by the justice system.” Then: “She wants to look like a victim in order to victimize me...” (2:40:00). As you shall see, I was prophesying what would come about many years later. I then went to sleep in the street corner nearby.

## July 29 (Thursday)

My next recording is: “vrmntplcest\_7\_29\_10\_839-1136AM.WMA”: As soon as I woke up, I continued: “If there is a chance for x, she is not going to show up” (40:00). Namely, getting hurt. I then called my old number on a payphone, and discovered that the number was blocked (42:45). I jumped to my conclusion: “This must mean that someone is pretending to be me!” Yeah right! I came to the Olympic police station on 1:17:00. I insisted on filing a police report (1:21:00). An argument ensued: “I’m not going to report it unless you want to know what’s inside the storage media! What’s the point of telling you that I lost a brief case if you don’t want to know what’s inside the brief case?” In the end, the officer was willing to accept my papers – the printouts of the content of the disc – but not the CD on which I had burned the videos that were inside the stolen flash drive. I told him that the guy was pretending to be me on the Internet, and that my friend told me he seemed to be using my old phone number (1:28:00). That wasn’t enough to constitute a crime, the officer responded. He then told me I could briefly describe on a piece of paper the content of the flash drive (1:35:00). Then I told him about my paranoid fear that I was being watched in the UCLA library when I was editing my website and that this must have been because the Monkey Pyramid had reported to the police all the insane scenarios I had written on the lawsuit against her. Then the officer assured me again that he would be willing to attach the listing of the content of the flash drive to the report. I went to the corner to write out the content of the flash drive. But, in the end, because I was too tired and wanted to go to the court house first, I asked the officer if I could bring in the papers later. He agreed (2:09:20).

My next recording is: “courtlbdfaultangry\_7\_29\_10\_1136AM-443PM.WMA”: When I was trying to enter the Superior Court, I was provoked to anger again: the security guard was rude and found my bag suspicious. I continued: “You will have to be willing to give up your writings, your past, and your identity.... When the moment comes, you will be powerless, *and your only weapon is to not contribute...* Positive people always work better than negative people, but the Russians are very negative, they are like me, pessimistic.... The American method is better, Americans are optimistic, they believe in loving...” And I received sensation on my right toes. When I checked the case index, I saw that the Pyramid hadn’t filed any response to my lawsuit. When I checked my website’s visitors’ log, I confused my own visits from the cybercafe with the Pyramid’s, which further aggravated me. “Then why am I under surveillance? It has to do with the consulate... Why is there a visit from Japan?” I was then busy with obtaining the form for a default judgment for my lawsuit. “Let’s be realistic, money is no object for them, they will send out an alert...” I then called up Wes, but Alexandra answered the call (1:55:00). I left a message for him. “There is no restraining order from her.... Can it be secret? I used my Nolo book to help me fill out the default judgment form. I then provoked myself to anger again by wrongly suspecting that my book was fake! “We are gonna get fucked very badly.... This fucking Mr B has fucking duped us....” I then went outside to scavenge left-over food on the street.



The strange visit to my website from Japan  
on July 26

My next recording is: "uclalibplish\_7\_29\_10\_443-741PM.WMA" I then got on the bus to go back to UCLA. I continued to provoke myself with negative thoughts: "People are only told lies about me and never the truth. People are duped like a fucking donkey" (5:00). I came inside the UCLA library by 1:38:00. I did my Polish lesson (1:47:00). Then, while getting snack from the vending machine outside, I continued: "Maybe it's all normal.... No, somebody is hurting my foot! Leave me alone, I'm not going on PLANMEX. By the time we are ready to go, we will be a mere skeleton, unable to do anything, thanks to your training!... When it comes to the Mexican team, you must feel anger, because they aren't professional, so they have little common sense, don't understand, and have no tolerance... They are like: why does he care about his website? I'll ask you, 'Why do you care about your house?'... When people talk on the phone, they shout 'Bush sucks!'... Why? Because they don't actually see Bush in front of them, but if they are inside the White House, then they will behave... The true elites will swallow the common people's bad-mouthing about them..." This was indeed a good insight! Then I thought I saw another surveillance agent: he pointed his cellphone at me. "I'm so scared of the alerts..." I then came inside Ackerman.

Unfortunately, the recordings for tonight and the next morning are lost. It would seem that I spent the night of July 29 again in the cybercafe, writing and uploading my recordings.<sup>5</sup>

5 An episode of which I retain vivid memory and which might very well have occurred tonight since it couldn't be found

### July 30 (Friday; to join the Daughter People)

My next recording is: “uclalibstudyrrparad\_7\_30\_10\_1242-606PM.WMA”: When I came back to Westwood, I found chips inside the trash can and ate them. I came to the UCLA library to use the computers. I would discover that, strangely, four days after my email to him, Wes wrote me a reply this morning, on 11:42 AM:

Hi Lawrence,

That is an interesting observation. I guess what you need to ask yourself is why you want to be with the Daughter People, is it for your benefit or do you have non-self-interested motives?

Even at the time I thought Wes was directed by the Daughter People to ask me this question. I thought the Daughter People wanted me to know that I could only join them if I was willing to be completely selfless, namely to give up all my past and writings. Obviously I wasn't willing to do so. In reality, the Daughter People knew I wasn't willing and so instructed the CIA to instruct Wes to ask me this question so that from now on I would keep on saying *I no longer wanted to join them*, which would at least eliminate *one* piece of evidence of my conspiracy with them.

I then called up Aunt Eva to ask about the deposit. She said she had already deposited money (2:16:00). I then did my daily lesson on Russland Journal while burning a new disc (2:57:00). ImgBurn operation first failed, but was then successful. I was then angered again when my camcorder shut itself down when I tried to film the computer screen (4:01:00). Was it really remotely controlled as I assumed? I then continued to correct the accents on my Scientific Enlightenment. I came out of the library in anger on 4:16:00. I wanted to get coffee from the vending machine, but it malfunctioned! I sat down on a table wondering: “I’m not trying to get the Pyramid, I’m not angry with her family, so what is the problem?” “Someone is trying to test me... It’s not about the law, since I’ll stay put in Poland... It’s about my psychology, but why does anyone care? “I’m not making any effort to change, that’s their problem with me... I’m not making any effort to abandon my website, I am simply not interested...” Complete bullshit! I then came inside Ackerman to use the computers again, only to discover that I lost my phone in the library – all because I rushed out in anger. More frustrating experience!

My next recording is: “ucla\_7\_30\_10\_606-725PM.WMA”: I thought I saw another surveillance agent. Then, more frustration was awaiting me. I called my bank on a payphone only to discover that my debit card was closed. I had to give the banker my parents’ address, which meant that I would have to go to my parents’ home to pick up the new card. I was again really angry. I then scavenged left-over food for

in the records of other nights is this. I was getting on the 720 bus on Westwood and Wilshire to go to the cybercafe. A Russian white girl was getting on the bus at the same time with a bunch of Russian guys who weren't white. They chatted happily while sitting behind me on the bus. When the guys got off the bus, I asked the girl whether it made any difference to not be white in Russia (or something like that). Absolutely not, she replied. All Russians are Russians, whatever their color. How reassuring! Given the circumstances, it's quite likely that this episode was further staged by the French team (perhaps under Mr Chertoff's request) to encourage me to go to my Daughterland.

my dinner.

My next recording is: “brdrlostusbfkplshbk\_7\_30\_10\_726-1131PM.WMA”: I continued: “Why would I give up things I cherish for something not so important to me?... DGHTRCOM!...” I came inside Borders Bookstore on 21:00. After reviewing some recording, I got hold of another Polish grammar book, *Mastering Polish* by Albert Juszczak. I provoked myself to anger again by erroneously assuming that this was a fake book when I discovered a mistake on page 45. I filmed it. I was in despair: “God, please, no, why do you waste my time like that?” This is the mistake: in the declination chart, whereas the nominative of “this” was listed as *ten* and its accusative as *tego*, in the example just a few lines below the accusative of “this” was listed as *ten* instead of *tego*. “Somebody help me! I don’t want to read any more fake book...” (3:21:50). “Every single book I read is fake!” (3:26:10) As the bookstore was closing, I began packing up, and I complained: “Every single second of my reality has to be fake...” (until 3:33:45). I went to an employee to complain about it: “That book on Polish grammar is not a real book.” “That happens,” he says. “That happens? That you get fake books?” (3:34:40) Then: “What’s the point of testing? By the time you finish testing this guy would be dead...” (3:36:00). Then: “It’s not a test, it’s an intercept... How are we going to survive when all the information we get is false?” (3:36:50) If the Daughter People could intercept my anger outburst into the ICJ as evidence they would certainly do it: I was totally paranoid over nothing insofar as a mistake in the book didn’t mean the book was fake! I continued my paranoia: “Maybe the Borders employee has been told that this guy is crazy, and he probably just thought that I was nuts when I told him the book was fake....” (3:37:30) “If I show him the book tomorrow and point out the mistake in it, he will probably still think me nuts since he will not even know what ‘nominative’ and ‘accusative’ mean.” Then there was honking on the street as if the control center were confirming me (3:38:02). When I came to Coffee Bean across the street, I asked an Asian girl to buy me a coffee. “No speak English!” And she said in Russian that she only spoke Russian (3:40:00). Wow! I would sleep in Westwood tonight.

### **July 31 (Saturday)**

My next recording is: “wkwstwdsmllib\_7\_31\_10\_612AM-1238PM.WMA”: When I woke up, I was still reflecting on last night: “What if the book was completely fake?” Then: “The plan is being implemented to erase my identity....” I then came to Santa Monica on bus. I came inside a coffeehouse, and took special notice of people with earphones. Surveillance agents? Somebody gave me a sandwich. I continued: “It just makes no sense that they will abandon the person who has helped them, and what’s the point of the alert? It’s already exposed... Everybody wants to look good and be good... The most rational thing to do is to drop the command system and go back to the way things were before....” After some wandering around, I came inside the Santa Monica Public Library to print out another index of the files I lost. Then more worthless reflection about why Russia couldn’t attract immigrants: “... no big house... no pop culture.... and their language is too hard....” I then got on the bus to go to the Olympic police station.

My next recording is: “policestdsprte\_7\_31\_10\_1238-347PM.WMA”: I was inside the police station by 43:00. I carefully wrote out a letter describing the content of my storage media – emphasizing my banking information and other identification information, plus information about Karin whose restraining order against me was still in effect, and exaggerating the fraud of this person who was

supposedly using the email address “lawrence c 41@gmail.com”. I went to the counter on 1:16:00 to ask to speak to the same officer I had spoken with two days ago. I began explaining to the officer on 1:21:00 that the flash drive had so much personal information in it and that the person who had it was impersonating me. I then tried to supply the content of the flash drive, but the officer refused to accept the printouts. I became extremely irritated and began yelling about how uncaring police officers were when all they had to do was accept the printouts and the letters I had tried so hard to prepare. The officer instead threatened to arrest me. I left the police station crying on 1:36:50. I was wailing and screaming out of total despair. I murmured to myself: “There is no way that the Monkey would let me be myself... It’s time to die...” Then, after riding the bus, I broke down crying again.

My next recording is: “finddbrahbrgrrrmismist\_7\_31\_10\_348-642PM.WMA”: I continued: “The Monkey... Ugly... No one outside will know about it... Why can’t they just give me money and leave me alone?...” Then I was angry again: “No wonder that the Russian intelligence has so many defectors... The SVR is a very evil institution... The American way is superior... Just say the truth: their method sucks, their attitude sucks, it’s all about deprivation...” I was in Westwood now and was looking for blank DVDs in Best Buy. I asked the cashier, “You haven’t noticed that people’s attitude has changed lately?... Were you told something about me?” (38:00) Then, while eating fast food, I continued bashing the method of deprivation: “Too many recruits will kill themselves or run away rather than be in the ‘inside’.... DGHTR and his liberals have gotten pushed out, the traditionalists want to maintain their power, hence they put all this on this trial....” I had thus come up with another wrong scenario! “The Monkey has sided with the traditionalists, because DGHTR is a liberal....” I then stayed inside the UCLA library a little. “Don’t join them, it’s a black hole, they are so deep....” (2:47:00). Complete bullshit! But at least the Daughter People had successfully eliminated one important piece of evidence of my conspiracy with them. This guy didn’t want to be recruited by them after all.

My next recording is: “ucladvd128145schzodghtrorgdpth\_7\_31\_10\_642-906PM.WMA”: I was then reviewing my recordings, burning a new DVD, and writing my “Government investigation of a schizophrenic, Part III”: “... to bypass Chinese foreign ministry...” And my feet hurt (1:20:00). I continued my wrong scenario: “DGHTR doesn’t want me to go because in the end I will be very sad...” (1:34:00). “It seems that the better I do, the worse results I’ll get...” And my arm hurt as if to confirm (1:59:00).

My next recording is: “brdrvidmagcybrcafe\_7\_31\_10\_907-1145PM.WMA”: I then spent some time in Borders Bookstore browsing through magazines and books. I continued to be upset about the loss of my files. I then got on the bus to go to the cybercafe. “This recruitment... The Monkey refuses to close the evidentiary record, so that only the traditional method (giving up everything) is allowed... He needs me to be labeled ‘schizophrenic’... DGHTRCOM wants people to strive for pain... It’s very militaristic....” All the wrong scenario, and yet there was honking as if to confirm (1:29:00). “It’s like a draft... I care about the Daughter People, but I don’t want to join them...” (1:30:00). “It’s now on trial: whether the traditional method or the liberal method is more effective, draft vs voluntary enlistment, pain vs love... DGHTRCOM is using this trial to decide which method to employ in the future... They are aware that they have 50 % failure rate...” (1:43:00). I came inside the cybercafe on 1:58:00.

My next recording is: “cybrcafedghtrorganalyss\_7\_31-8\_1\_10\_1154PM-410AM.WMA”: I had another

one of those delusional episodes (mistakes): when I had a mental image of something, the other guy stood up, as if to correspond to my thought (the control center's confirmation). Then I continued my writing. Suddenly, computer malfunctioned again. I was angered, and filmed it. I murmured bitterly: "I'll never change...."

### **August 1 (Sunday; Wes; the Belgian pyramid)**

My next recording is: "buyclthdsperateuclalib\_8\_1\_10\_923AM-353PM.WMA": I woke up from the street corner and got my morning coffee. I continued my wrong scenario: "I have spent all that energy all these years writing this story, I'm not gonna give it up now..." (15:50). "Join the mural, and you get to see every other artist... Now you don't know the entire mural..." (until 39:50). I then got on the 720 bus without paying and the bus driver called out to me. A stranger kept talking business next to me and, assuming it's an actor sent in by the control center, I was terribly annoyed (1:08:10). On 1:11:40 I asked an Asian female what book she was reading. "That's Mongolian? It looks like Russian," I commented, believing wrongly that this was again orchestrated from the control center to mean something. "I have never met anyone from Mongolia," I commented. "Yeah?" I then mentioned how I saw another Mongolian girl just days ago (namely, on July 19). Coincidence? I then asked her what she was doing in Los Angeles (1:14:00). This Mongolian chic was wearing earphones, so I erroneously assumed she was conducting surveillance on me at the same time. (Namely, taking video of me for the International Court.) I got off the bus in Westwood and began registering the thought I was having while riding the bus: I cannot stop recording myself, if only because I needed it to do my writing. I repeated my earlier insight that I would have to record myself 24 hours a day in order to prove that I wrote what I wrote, not just in order to record myself writing.

I bought clothing in the vintage store and then came inside UCLA. Then: "Testing our limit is not the good way, the evidentiary record is a barrier... If there is a way to go around the evidentiary record... This way of making people do things is very bad... They are very smart, with layers and layers of meaning..." I then wrote down my erroneous scenario. A girl came to talk to me on 3:29:00. I told her I was writing a story. She gave me food. I then came to the library to ask the librarian about the cellphone I had lost (3:38:00). Nothing found. I called up AT&T on a payphone (4:10:00). The operator told me the phone was in Corona. I went back to the librarian to tell her that the janitor had taken my cellphone to Corona, but she wouldn't let me make a report. I was suffering enormous fatigue while angry about the loss of my cellphone. I broke down crying. Then I sat down at the computer station to check my copyrights online. "Mr B will forge our entire life, we will fight to the death.... He is also going to send out an alert saying I'm not me, we are on the path toward our doom..."

My next recordings are: "libstudyrjpmusichstmtrx\_8\_1\_10\_353-520PM.WMA" and "buyphone\_8\_1\_10\_525-703PM.WMA". I stayed on UCLA library's computer for more than an hour: Russland Journal, Polish lesson, and Japanese music (Nakayama Miho and Koizumi Kyoko). Then I read something in French. After I left the library, I continued to curse the Monkey. "Why is it that people we have helped in the past are not helping us? The consulate... They pretend not to know us now because they have pretended not to know us in the past..." Then my left toe hurt when I thought about DGHTRCOM. I then called up Kim, the lawyer I met in the summer of 2008, on a payphone (1:14:00). This time I wanted to discuss "identity theft". There was no call-back number, and I couldn't

leave a message. I then came inside Best Buy to buy a new phone.

My next recording is: “IMPbestbuyphnprobmwes\_8\_1\_10\_703-851PM.WMA”. I then had tremendous difficulty in activating my new phone, and had to go inside Best Buy two times to argue with Best Buy employees about the problem. I made another call to Kim on 10:00. Then more argument with Best Buy employees. Finally, after so much frustration, a Best Buy employee made my new phone work. I immediately called up Wes (34:00). I was distraught: “I can’t live a life where everyday I could only think of death as the solution... I lost my USB flash drive and a disc, there was so much information about me inside... I was so disoriented... I can’t be alone anymore... I can’t function anymore... I don’t want somebody to pretend to be me... There are two years of writing in it...” Wes however didn’t understand what the problem was and thought mistakenly that I was having problem with backing up data. I began crying (39:00). “They won’t let me file a police report... The entire infrastructure just broke down... Now two persons are pretending to be me... Even recording myself 24 hours a day doesn’t prove that I am myself... Everything is disabled, PDF, the word-processing software... Why do these people do that? I can’t do anything by myself... I need someone to help me... I’m already carrying 100 discs, and, pretty soon, I will have 200 discs... How can I make people believe I am myself and wrote these stories?... I’m too tired of videotaping myself...” (44:00). Wes tried to comfort me: “These data are only important to you.... The police would not care about my lost dissertation, they will care if I lost my computer...” (48:30). Indeed, the police’s refusal to help me was just the ordinary way in which they conducted business; there was no orchestrated breakdown of infrastructure. Everything was “natural”. I then described to Wes how the police refused to know what was inside the flash drive, and then how the Daughter People had become a problem for me by sending an agent to plagiarize me and pretend to be me (53:00). “They are fucking with me like crazy...” Wes: “And you saved them...” I continued: “In the beginning they are so nice... Why?” Wes: “So do you still want to go to Daughterland?” “If they fuck me like this, I will not go...” It’s evident that it was the Daughter People who had commanded the CIA to instruct Wes to ask me this: after I had attributed all the torture to them, imaginary or otherwise, I certainly wouldn’t want to go to their country, which would eliminate another piece of evidence of my conspiracy with them and deprive the French of the legal right to take over Daughterland. Wes continued: “Do you think they are testing you?” “I don’t know... It’s because of international laws, I guess...” Correct! I continued: “I will not go if they have to fuck me like this... Maybe it’s because they want to take me in that they are fucking me like this...” Wrong! Wes: “I don’t understand that logic...” I explained: “Perhaps, in order to take me in, they will have to erase my identity... And then, because of international laws... they can’t just take me in, but only after they have made me into someone else...” Again, vague resemblance to the truth: the Daughter People needed me to become exactly like David Chin (to conform to the Monkey’s false profile of me) in order to be immune to charges of conspiracy with me. Wes didn’t understand why I needed other people to know I was who I was. “Because my identity is tied up with my works... The problem is that, some day when I send in my work for publication, they will say, ‘It’s already written by someone else...’ And nobody will have the time to watch the 200 hours of videos documenting my writing process... And proving my authorship in court is just too much troubles...” Wes: “*If it were me, I would insert clues into my writing which only I understand...* Like how Leo Strauss inserted esoteric messages into his writings... Some messages are so difficult that only the author understands it... This will prove authorship....” (1:03:50) Why was Wes saying this? Was he instructed to say this? Perhaps it was the Daughter People who, struggling with the fact that the French were using my writings as

evidence to convict them of conspiracy with me, had instructed the CIA to instruct Wes to persuade me to *not* write down what I was truly thinking, feeling, and doing. I continued: “The Daughter People will know everything I do. They will tell their agent...” Wes: “Do they know what you are thinking?” “Yeah, they have stuck a chip into my brain...” Wes: “They don’t want you to harm yourself, right? That’s one thing you’ve got, that’s your bargaining chip: ‘Either you stop or I’ll kill myself...’ (1:05:30) It would seem that Wes was here in fact instructed by the Daughter People to suggest this to me: if I died, then the French would no longer be able to command them to send me on PLANMEX, PLANRUS, PLANBAIKAL or anything like that and the trial would be hung. They were trying to dupe me into killing myself! I replied: “Their boat is gonna sink just because I kill myself... No, they don’t go around chipping people...” Wes: “They do care after they have invested so much in you...” Me: “The DGHTRPPL are a foreign intelligence service, they beat the US in the International Court case and took command of everything, and now they are commanding American resources to torture me *to drive me to suicide*.... Just because I have the thought, that doesn’t mean I will die soon.... *They want me to look insane* so that no one will believe me when I talk about them....” I was quite correct here: the Daughter People indeed wanted me dead or at least completely insane. Wes: “Can you go somewhere where the chip wouldn’t work...?” “No, I have not found it... DGHTR is the only person I like, the others scare me.... They planted a fake American in a telephone company, the other day he was in front of me, I just don’t want to be part of them...” I had no idea that I was all wrong about Doug, but at least I had made it clear that I didn’t want to join DGHTRORG. I continued: “They don’t want me to talk and yet they keep feeding me with secrets....” Again, I didn’t know I was all wrong. But Wes went along with me: “Maybe they provided you with an outrageous story so that, when you tell people, no one will believe you...” “But wouldn’t that be redundant? Why don’t they just not tell me.... I’m under a lot of surveillance... An alert about me has been broadcast oversea, that I’m delusional, that I keep talking about this ‘Daughter People’... They want to cut me off from the rest of humanity... No one will believe this story about ‘fake Americans’.... Why are they doing this to me...? The security guards filmed me, all my calls are intercepted, there is then an alert saying I have this delusion about this country’s intelligence agency... Isn’t that mean?” Wes: “After all that you did for them... *Maybe they think you are too powerful*...” Was Wes giving me another hint? Namely that I had the power to destroy them by conspiring with them. Me: “That’s why they let me talk about it, every time I do that, I will just do myself in.... Because my writing is coherent, they get somebody to pretend to be me so that no one will believe I wrote it... I can’t deal with anyone except them themselves, that’s how they make you into part of them...” So my wrong scenario was that the Daughter People wanted me to look crazy and discredit myself in order to recruit me. Ha! Wes went along with me: “Maybe they want to break you before taking you in...” Me: “Yeah, first, they want you to obey somebody you despise... They then deprive you of everything you have to find out what is most important to you... At which point you will betray them... They then send somebody to punch you, and expect you to get along with him, because they want unity.... Then, when you go into them, you must not have anything, they will take everything away from you... a tabula rasa....” Again, complete bullshit! Wes continued: “Do you get a lot of sleep at night? It’s like a cult thing....” Me: “Yeah, they will be your only focus in life...” Wes: “Your identity is tied up with your writing, so they want you to forfeit your writing, and you wouldn’t, so they mess up your computer... To make you give up your writing... Then they will have you....” I continued: “.... the exact opposite of the CIA’s way....” Wes went along with me. I continued: “Now it’s very bad, everywhere I go, there will be an alert saying I have delusions about Russia...” Wes: “Has anyone said that?... Except the Daughter People, they want you to make friends only with the Daughter

People...” Me: “... now I’m disgusted.... They are this kind of organization, you go in and you disappear, they have already made me into a non-entity in the world, every time they eye on somebody, he disappears either inside or outside....” Wes: “*Maybe they are interested in your writings....*” Was Wes trying to give me another hint here? I continued: “They really are twisted... To give up the most essential.... What if the most essential is to join them, then there is no pain.... Why give up the most essential to get something not so essential....” Wes: “... the distinction between the essential and the primary.... Would you still go there?” Me: “I’d go there if nobody knows who I am... Now I’m begging them not to broadcast any alert... Take away the guy who’s pretending to be me... What will happen when I have landed in a foreign country? Will machines work...?” Such was the conversation today: it was a success for the Daughter People: once they got me admitting I didn’t want to go to their country, the French would lose the legal justification for going into Daughterland to take command of this and that institution in order to prepare for my going there to meet Ekaterina and “finish my mission”. And so, after tonight, we can safely assume that the French continued to be temporarily blocked from commanding the Daughter People to furnish me with the means for me to finish my mission.

My next recording is: “frnchtlkbus720frme711lghtr\_8\_1-2\_10\_851PM-1212AM.WMA”. Then, on 4:30, I called up Deborah. She said she couldn’t talk to me. She said she was talking to someone else and, when I told her I had a new phone number, she told me to email it to her. The call didn’t get anywhere and so I hunged up. Mumbling more to myself, I came inside the Mexican burger store to have my dinner. After sitting there silently, I suddenly muttered: “There is some trial going on.” Mon Dieu, only if I could realize what trial was really going on!

I then got on the 720 bus to go to the cybercafe. Then, per chance, I began chatting with this Belgian pyramid sitting next to me (1:24:00). “Je connais Liège...”, I said, excited. She said she was studying to become an “orthophonetician”. “Ortho – orthophonétique,” I repeated. Here are the fragments of this conversation: “Es tu wallon ou flammand?” (1:25:17) “Mais j’étais aussi un étudiant à l’Université de Québec à Montréal,” I shouted with excitement (1:25:33). “As-tu jamais visité le Canada?” “Vas y à voyager,” she said (1:28:02). “Ah ouai,” She laughed (1:28:15) “Il y a sept millions de habitants à Los Angeles...” “San Francisco est plus petit, il n’y a qu’un million de habitants...” “Los Angeles... sept millions... Tout le monde conduit... À Los Angeles, la difference entre les riches et les pauvres, c’est la plus grande du monde...” “En Belgique, tout le monde veut parler anglais...” Then another French woman sitting across from us joined in on our conversation (1:53:00). Strangely, she said she was attracted to Mexicans. Because of this, I was convinced that she was conveying to me a secret message from the control center. Was I wrong? Because I was so immersed in the conversation, I didn’t get off the bus until we had arrived in downtown. When I got off the bus on 2:06:00, I asked the Belgian pyramid for her name: “Natalie”.

We have to wonder whether there was anything significant about this conversation. Homeland Security presumably had me under surveillance so that the French would have intercepted my conversation with Natalie as evidence that I didn’t conform to the Monkey’s false profile of me. (Namely, that I did speak French.) Then they could continue to force the Daughter People to send me on PLANRUS and so on if the judge computer could accept their argument that I wasn’t really delusional but was either deceived or making wrong inferences. But I have always wondered whether there was anything significant about Natalie’s wish to become an “orthophonetician”. Perhaps this was what was going on: judge Higgins

was planning to make me into a star, a cultural icon, as a way to implement her sustainable civilization program. But, for this to come about, I would have to become more attractive. I couldn't start a cultural revolution with Ekaterina if I was as ugly as I was. In particular, my voice was so coarse that it had to be corrected – by an orthophonetician. In other words, what was going on tonight was that the French had commanded the Daughter People to leak more of judge Higgins' plan to me so that it could become part of my conspiracy against France and be adopted by the French for the benefit of France.

I then came inside 711 to buy cigarettes, but the cashier asked to see my ID. When I showed him my ID, he shocked me by scanning it with his card reader (2:18:00). I was shocked because I wrongly assumed that it was the Monkey's team which had instructed him to do this: the purpose was to enable law enforcement to track me after operatives had been instructed to make more false reports about me. I mumbled angrily: "These fucking Mexicans, they want to throw me in jail... *I will sabotage everything*... They have already wasted 5 months, we will waste 7 months more, you just watch..." I then got on the 720 bus to go back to Normandie and came inside the cybercafe on 2:44:00. Then: "Maybe it's just a trick.... We definitely have to escape to Europe...."

My next recording is: "cybrcafeangrybu\_8\_2\_10\_1218-259AM.WMA": I was now reviewing my recordings, writing, and uploading files to my website. I was convinced: "I'm being framed...." (12:00). "The Monkey is a psychopath, the Daughter People are so unfortunate to have him..." (22:00). Then the computer station I was on malfunctioned: it could not play my disc. Convinced that it was remotely controlled from the control center, I began cursing the Monkey again (28:00). "... You are gonna screw things up really badly.... These people... sick mother fuckers...." (34:00). I then asked the employee to take a look at the malfunctioning computer. I asked him why my disc was not working on several computers. I then burned a new disc. "Don't join the Monkey... He has completely destroyed the international court mechanism... Nothing is normal anymore, not the social custom..." Then, after doing much work, I went to my usual street corner to sleep.

### **August 2 (Monday; "suicide attempt")**

My next recording is: "psdnrcrtnosucss\_8\_2\_10\_908-1042AM.WMA": The lawyer Kim left a message for me. He wanted to know what the charges were and asked me to call him back. I then got on the Metro. I believed again that the Hispanic guy on the train was a surveillance agent and that he had just caught me talking to myself. Was I wrong? I then got on Metro Gold Line to go to Pasadena.

My next recording is: "dwntwntouclalib\_8\_2\_10\_1042AM-533PM.WMA": I came to the Pasadena courthouse wanting to obtain a court date for the pedestrian ticket I received on July 2. "I have difficulty reporting things to the police, they will arrest me...." (1:02:00). I was very frustrated because I couldn't get a court date and couldn't report any crime. I then called up lawyer Kim and left him a message (1:15:00). Then, more of my wrong scenarios: "The Monkey makes me want to vomit... Ever since the Daughter People recruited this Monkey, they have acquired his anti-intellectual stance... violence, aggression... They now make me want to vomit... The whole environment makes me want to vomit, it's so different from November last year..." (1:24:00). "They deprive me of reading, computers, in order to make me stupid... All because they have to accommodate this Monkey's politics...." I was then on the Metro going back to downtown (1:40:00). "I'm sick and tired of being used without being

paid....” (1:49:00). I then continued to work on my new letter to Mr Ponomarev. I was again upset by all the children around me. I came to the Union Station on 2:14:00. I got frustrated again when the bus driver would not let me get on with my expired disability card. I nevertheless managed to ride the bus. Then: “Hard power, soft power... DGHTRCOM needs soft power...” I came to UCLA and was at the lost and found department looking for my lost phone (4:15:00). I then called Kim again on 4:21:00. I was then on the bus again. Then Kim called me on 4:54:00. “It’s about false reports of petty crimes, about recording in public.... I was not arrested....” We hanged up on 4:57:30. I got angry: “We are wasting our time. We will never get anywhere, we need to get the fuck out of here....” (5:01:00). I was indeed wasting my time getting paranoid about nothing! I kept getting on and off the bus. Then my wrong scenario: “I’m being drafted; it’s not like they need to draft you when they would rather have a volunteer army; they *like* drafting you... These ‘inverted’ Daughter People....” And there was a honk as if to confirm (5:39:30). Then: “.... the command structure is all mixed up together, and that’s why the UN is intervening in Daughter World...” (5:53:30). Finally, after so much bus riding and walking, I came to the UCLA Research library (6:01:00). I called up Swiss Airline about my unused ticket (6:02:30). The Airline operator told me to pay the extra cost when boarding the plane. I suggested going to the airport tomorrow to pay for it. I hanged up on 6:09:00. Then: “*There is a way to persuade the Daughter People not to recruit me: once I get in I will get into politics, and will fuck this guy and that guy...*” (6:16:30). Then: “I don’t believe that someone is not going to violate my copyright... We don’t like the idea of the strong beating up the weak... It has nothing to do with our ‘revolution’... Hence we don’t like it when the US beats up China....” (6:24:00). Then: “There is no way out for us... You can’t petition, you can’t find a lawyer.... Other people can find lawyers... Even Maher Arar... I hope there really *is* a UN committee on our case... Then we can... They want to test you to see if you are anti-establishment... But in fact you are an elitist... Everything should have a back door....” (6:29:30). Then I begged the Daughter People inside the control center: “... Don’t let my copyright become a problem... I’ll do anything to protect it... I don’t want to have to go to court to prove that I wrote this and that... Too much hassle....”

My next recording is: “plcest\_8\_2\_10\_541-1023PM.WMA”: I continued my daily lesson from Russland Journal on the library’s computer. Then my daily Polish lessons. Then I left the library. I moaned out of exhaustion: “I don’t want to do it....” After some fast food in the Village, I got on the bus to go to the Olympic police station again. I arrived in the station on 4:10:00. Once again I was arguing with the officer about making a police report (4:23:00). “.... Show me the documents....” “Here, and the files that are stolen....” “... That’s not identity theft... I don’t want your stuff....” I became increasingly angry: “What should I do? Kill myself and give my life to him?... You are going to arrest me?” Finally the officer asked me: “Have you ever been diagnosed of mental disorder?” Even the police officer could tell I was paranoid over nothing. Finally, I got so fed up that I said to him before I left: “Life is beautiful but I guess I just have to die... Don’t arrest me for all the crimes accumulated....”

What happened next I must recount without recordings. It was the supreme expression of my utter stupidity. Holding onto my erroneous belief that it was Mr B who had instructed the police to ignore my complaint because he continued to demand that I be plagiarized and made into David Chin, I became so angered and upset and, in my attempt to prove to his superiors and entourage (i.e. the Daughter People) that he could do no more than waste away good resources, I decided to seriously hurt myself. I imported all my recording files into my Toshiba laptop, and then ran into the cars on the

street, getting hit by a pick-up truck. I was making a grave mistake; I thought this might convince the Daughter People to remove Mr B from the post of running my environment from the control center and therefore free me from incessant machine malfunctioning and secret agents' stealing my work. I didn't know that I was paranoid over nothing and was merely bringing more misery onto myself.

My left shoulder and left leg were fractured, and I was in such pain that I was rolling around on the street leaving my cart standing by the roadside. Strangers (mostly Hispanic people) soon gathered around, calling me "hallucinating" and "schizophrenic" because I had purposely run into traffic. I again wrongly assumed that they were all actors and actresses directed by Mr B from the control center. An ambulance soon arrived to take me to the hospital. The emergency technician was a man so mean and machismo – just the sort of person from whom I did not want any help and who would with his lack of sympathy make me feel even more shut in – that I couldn't help but be convinced that he was Mr B's agent. It was just too much of a coincidence that I always ran into just the sort of people I did not like. The emergency technician quickly turned off my recorder and yelled at me as if we were at boot camp and he were my trainer: "You don't record me!" When I was transported to the emergency room in the USC County Hospital, I was stripped of my bag and everything else because the nurses said they needed to take me to another room for X-ray examination. When I got transported back to my bed in the emergency room, I checked my bag and my pouch and discovered that the audio recording of the accident was deleted from my Olympus recorder and that my old Sony ICD-B600 recorder was stolen. (The Sony recorder contained all the recordings of my conversations from June to September 2008). My new cellphone was also stolen, but that was the least of my concerns. I wailed and wailed on the hospital bed, shouting that no one would ever believe that I had been hit by a car because no one had ever had the habit of believing anything I said. What happened was just so strange that I couldn't possibly not conclude that Mr B had sent in agents to delete my recording and steal my recorder – as a way to continue the project of turning me into David Chin. In reality, it was most likely the French who had instructed the CIA or Homeland Security to send in an agent to steal my Sony recorder: now that PLANRUS (or PLANBAIKAL) was temporarily blocked, they wanted more evidence that the Monkey's profile was forged (that my recordings were genuine). But, then, why was my recording of the accident deleted? Perhaps the Daughter People had instructed the agent to also delete my file in order to reinforce my paranoia. Once again, the French were in a bind: the more they tried to prove the Monkey's profile false and deceive me about what they were doing the more they drove me to paranoia which was the Daughter People's best defense against them.

This night and the next morning were one of the worst times of my life, not only because my Sony recorder was stolen, but also because I was in great physical pain and yet none of my moaning and wailing could be recorded. I also had great difficulty in sleeping throughout the night due to the pain from my broken shoulder and leg. The theft of my Sony recorder would also cast a dark shadow over me from this time on because I thought it was Mr B who had instructed the nurses to steal it and give it to that agent of his who could then continue to pretend to be me and do bizarre things so as to make me look like I was only pretending to be myself. Again, what I feared the most in the world was that no one would ever believe that I was the one who had written my autobiography.

**August 3 (Tuesday)**

My next recording is: “htpl\_8\_3\_10\_337-502AM.WMA”. By this time, I was able to sneak my Olympus recorder out of my bag and turn it on. You can hear me lying in bed crying. I resumed my wrong scenario: “The Monkey and DGHTRPPL are only pretending to value choice.” I then talked about the example of the dentist. “No one will ever believe that I have been hit by a car...” Then a nurse came in to ask me what was wrong. I told her while crying that somebody had deleted the recording in my Olympus recorder and stolen my Sony recorder. I wailed so sadly. I told Doctor McCormick on 6:00 that I wanted to be discharged because I could not tolerate other people’s touching my things and because no one would ever believe I had been hit by a car. I was then getting ever more irritated. The nurse told me I wasn’t supposed to record in the hospital, but I countered that no one was supposed to delete my recording. Both the doctor and the nurse stringently denied having deleted my recording file (until 14:00). Angered, I called the hospital staff “heartless” and “devoid of humanity”. On 16:00 another doctor began interrogating me about the date and the year as if I were mentally confused. She asked me about my family and wanted to call my cousin (17:30). She then asked me whether I heard voices and saw things which others didn’t see. “Unfortunately I don’t... Unfortunately I am smarter than you!” I was so irritated that I was getting confrontational. She then told me she would have a nurse guard me “because I tried to grab my bag” (21:00). I responded that I needed to check my things since someone here was stealing them. Then my erroneous understanding: “The Mexicans and the DGHTRPPL are rapists, even though they put up this appearance of being so liberal...” (24:00) “... when you want to join them, they will beat you up first so that you will not want to join them, then they will go after you and draft you, all because they enjoy raping people...” (until 26:30) I asked the nurse on 38:00: “Why is it that you have to objectify someone who is 10 times more educated and smarter than you into someone who is mentally confused?”

On 39:30 a psychiatrist came in to interrogate me – a certain Doctor Howserburg: “Do you feel like hurting yourself or others?” “No.” “Do you hear voices in your head?” “No. Do you?” “The date?” “August 3<sup>rd</sup>. Do you know what date it is?” “Are you on medication?” “No. Are you?” “Do you have any medical problem?” “No, but I have a lot of legal problems. If you are here to help me, you should help me with my legal problems.” “I cannot help you with your legal problems. I’m trying to determine whether you should be put on a hold.” “I don’t need to be put on a hold. Do you need to be put on a hold?” She then asked me how I got hit by a car. I lied that I dropped something on the street and went to pick it up. That I was upset because the police would not let me report identity theft. The nurse laughed. I was angered: “What’s so funny?” I told her how somebody was pretending to be me on the Internet, and how the police just would not let me report what I lost – my data. “You get the feeling that they just don’t care...” (44:15). The doctor said she couldn’t help me with that, but was only concerned with whether I was a danger to myself. “You should be concerned with whether other people are a danger to me,” I told her. I then explained she was more like a “reverse help”: “Because my problem is that other people are a danger to me, but you came over wanting to figure out whether I am a danger to other people...” (45:05). I then repeated to her my story of how I got hit by a car – by “accident”. “You don’t really believe it, do you?” “I believe whatever other people tell me...” I became increasingly sarcastic, and asked her if she would believe me if I told her that the 50% of earth’s atmosphere is composed of helium. “I’m not here to do this kind of investigation...” She then decided to put me on a 72 hour hold. I told her how upset I was because someone here just went through my things and deleted three files in my electronic device. I told her that the Asian female doctor – who turned out to be “Doctor Kwang” – had already admitted it. She didn’t believe me, and went to talk to Doctor Kwang. I

then got into an argument with the nurse about why the psychiatrist put me on a hold and what exactly Doctor Kwang had admitted. “I didn’t say Doctor Kwang deleted the file. I said she said something like: because I wasn’t supposed to record in the hospital, someone had deleted it....” But she refused to believe that someone had deleted files in my recorder. I called Doctor Kwang, but now the story had changed: “Doctor Kwang told you they *would* delete your information if you recorded it here, but not your personal information....” “Well that’s not a reason to put me on a hold....” The psychiatrist however claimed she put me on a hold because I threatened to leave (1:00:00). Panicked, I told her I would tell Doctor McCormick I wanted to stay, and I emphasized once more that she did tell me someone touched my recorder. The psychiatrist then asked me when the last time was that I was on psychiatric hold. “November 2006...” Doctor Howserburg, satisfied, then changed her mind. Doctor Kwang came over on 1:02:50. I asked her again and she said there was the *possibility* that someone had deleted files from my recorder. Doctor Howserburg finally told me that I *was* put on a hold but that it could be canceled at any times. And now she told me she believed that someone had deleted my files (1:07:50). The nurse then gave me a shot of Haldo.

I was very traumatized not only because the nurses had apparently stolen my things and deleted my data per the Monkey’s command – but also because I couldn’t even speak about such event for fear of looking insane. Now that I was put on a hold, it was all the more traumatic because, as soon as I couldn’t videotape or record an event, people would accuse me of imagining up that event in a fit of schizophrenia or some such thing. (Doctor Howserburg was basically accusing me of imagining up somebody’s stealing my things and deleting my files.)

My recordings of the rest of my time in the hospital are: “8\_3\_10-502-525AM.WMA”, “hptl\_8\_3\_10\_531-722AM.WMA”, “hptl\_8\_3\_10\_722AM.WMA”, “hptl\_8\_3\_10\_755-953PM.WMA”, and “hptl\_8\_3-4\_10\_953PM-1250AM.WMA”. Throughout the morning, I was not able to sleep but was twitching about on my bed in utter discomfort. What had I done to myself! A nurse was instructed to watch over me so that I couldn’t just get into my backpack and get my laptop out. I was driving myself to nervous breakdown with all the false beliefs which I had been led to harbor: I felt increasingly cornered and became ever more fearful that the Daughter People might recruit me. Talk about unwarranted fear! My erroneous belief was that the Daughter People were so manipulative that, knowing that I would protest by running into a car, they planned all this so that I would corner myself into total helplessness on the hospital bed, vulnerable to recruitment without any ability to resist. I kept thinking in my head, “Please don’t recruit me, please don’t...” It’s not clear whether the Daughter People had in this way obtained more evidences to counter the French charges that I had conspired with them during the first run of the International Court trial.

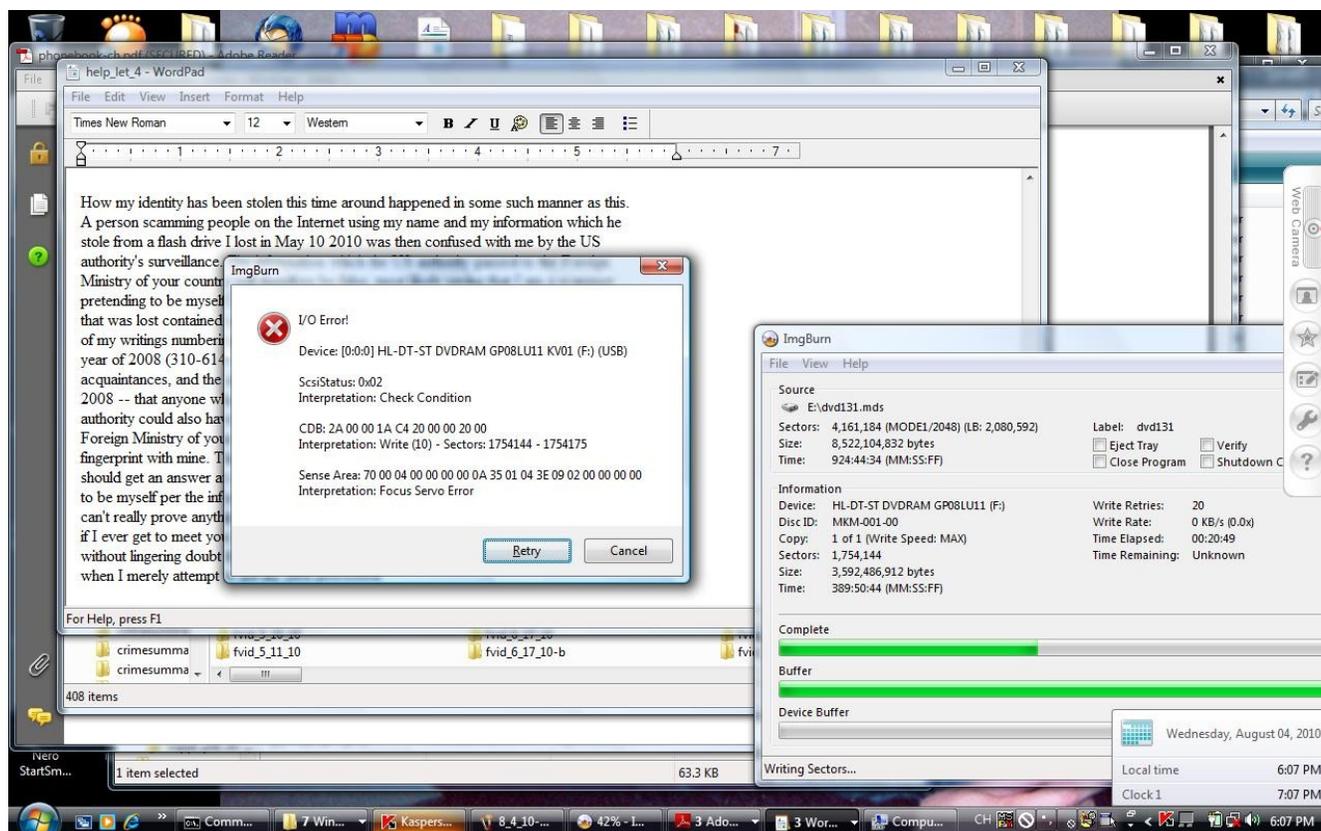
Then, at one point, the nurse accidentally broke my Toshiba laptop’s screen. The disaster just never ends! I couldn’t help but believe erroneously that this was another accident which the Monkey had orchestrated from the control center in an attempt to dissuade me from using my computer and to make me conform to his false profile of me as mentally retarded and never having used a real computer.

Then, by 11 PM, the hospital suddenly decided to discharge me. Yeah!

**August 4 (Wednesday)**

My next recordings are: “hptl\_8\_4\_10\_554-758AM.WMA”, “hptl\_8\_4\_10\_758-1133AM.WMA”, and “chckinmtl\_8\_4\_10\_1253-1PM.WMA”: I didn’t leave the hospital until almost noon. I mumbled: “... they don’t respect my choice, I want to be myself, but they don’t respect other people’s choice....” Because of my serious injuries, I decided to check into a motel to rest, even though this would strain my finance even more. With difficulty, I got on the bus, and came to Venice and Sepulveda where all the motels were. I checked into one of the motels which I had frequented in the past and would stay there for the next four days. Now I could at last leave my recorder turned on all the time.

My next recorders are: “mtlslp\_8\_4\_10\_114-309PM.WMA” and “mtlbrndvd131crlsjr\_8\_4\_10\_427-802PM.WMA”: I took a nap and then more worthless reflection about Daughterland: “.... anyone who has immigrated there has to have his past erased....” I then resumed reviewing my recordings and burning a new DVD. Then more malfunctioning with ImgBurn: it was writing lead-in for two minutes. I was also writing my “Help Letter”. Then, ImgBurn malfunctioned, and the burning failed (1:47:00). The second burn was however successful. I then went out to eat fast food. When I saw somebody wearing earphones, I again assumed he was a surveillance agent.



Failed burn on 6:07 PM. Remotely controlled?

When I returned to my motel room, I continued to work. On 8:47 PM, IME malfunctioned again and the Chinese character for “Russia” (俄) popped up on my computer screen. Another intercept?

My next recording is: “tv\_8\_4-5\_10\_1026PM-1235AM.WMA”. On 51:30 I begged the Daughter People inside the control center to not send their agent to plagiarize me and make me look like I had plagiarized someone else. Then, much moaning out of pain. I then suggested again to the Daughter People that DGHTRLND could also attract immigrants by making English more widespread in the country. As if I could impress them with such mediocre idea! Stupid!

### **August 5 (Thursday)**

My next recording is: “mtlwrtschzop3touclaslnr\_8\_5\_10\_944AM-209PM.WMA”: I was on my computer inside the motel room. The Chinese character “不” popped up on my computer screen again. “Oh, we are in conspiracy with both Mr B and DGHTR. We are in a negative conspiracy with DGHTRCOM. The more they flash this in front of us, the more we are not in conspiracy with DGHTRCOM...” Bullshit! “The UN must be involved, they will do everything in a very fair manner, that’s why the police... I ran into the car for nothing...” At least I got the final part correct! Then: “... their entire operation is ‘UN-approved’...” Bullshit! Then: “... we were able to identify secret agents in one second... It’s all about the context...” I then continued my writing. I then decided to go to UCLA despite my broken leg and left my motel room on 2:48:00. “... this guy, DGHTR, must be famous among the UN people, an extraordinary individual...” Bullshit! After I got on the bus, I chatted with a girl from Germany. I came to UCLA and ate in the cafeteria.

My next recording is: “uclalibstudyremaidoug\_8\_5\_10\_209-728PM.WMA”. I came inside the library and wrote an email to Father John: “... hit by a car... my cellphone stolen... my laptop’s screen also broken inside the hospital... lost a USB drive.... somebody was pretending to be me....” Then: “... If they are moral, they will not pursue the plan, we have to know whether they are good people or bad people... They want us to be a schizophrenic, we can’t tell people... The Daughter People are not like the Mexican team...” Miraculously, I was allowed to successfully burn a new disc. Then: “.... Nobody is going to take this genocidal plan seriously... The Mexican team, they only think about themselves....” I then wrote an email to Wes (1:14:00). The email was important since it reflected my belief system at the time about what was going on:

Do you know that I got hit by a car two days ago and have just got out of the hospital yesterday....? It’s all because it appeared that most of the Daughter People on Monday night insisted on my being plagiarized and having my past stolen by someone else, as I still couldn’t make a police report on Monday night.... The more I think about it, the more the whole affair should only make sense as a test and not as reality. Look at it this way. To avoid conspiracy with the Daughter People in the International Court’s records presumably I’ll have to go to Daughterland not as myself but as a pretender of myself.... And that’s what the plagiarizer is making me look like. But presumably the Prime Minister of Daughterland is going to close my case at the International Court some day because he is not going to blackmail forever the Western nations with negative evidences gathered from me insofar as he has to know that ‘soft power’ is much more important than ‘hard power’ as they call it: soft power being moral authority, and hard power being military might, for example. What

the Prime Minister is going to do has to be to forgive the Western powers that have wronged him after he has punished them enough so as to establish his country in the position of moral authority above that of the United States. Then presumably in a few months I should be able to go anywhere without ever having to worry about my status under international laws. But what's going to happen with the mess left behind by this someone else pretending to be me and having my data?...

I think I have figured out that the confusing events in the past months are all the magical works of that expert I mentioned to you, the expert among the Daughter People, 'Uncle DGHTR' for short. He let the Daughter People use their traditional methods of testing and recruitment to punish me harshly, knowing that I will develop very bad aversion toward [them], while at the same time putting many CIA agents in front of me for me to drool after them, so that he could achieve 5 things altogether: 1. to demonstrate... that the traditional 'Daughterway' sucks – somehow the Daughter People are caught in a crazy mindset in which they believe being kind and being loved is ineffective; 2. to produce evidence for the larger 'exclosed' trial of the International Court of my aversion to the Daughter People (of my being against them); 3 & 4. to produce an accurate psychological profile of me, such as my special ability in identifying secret agents in one second, both for the Daughter People's recruitment effort and for a special UN investigative committee for the scandal in question; 5. to educate me. The man would have to be a super-genius in psychology because he would have to predict everything correctly in order for the 5 purposes to work all at the same time. I don't know if you can say anything about whether I'm gonna be plagiarized or not. But what do you think of such compactification of purposes?

By the way, if this message gets intercepted along the way, whoever intercepts it (Google or Homeland Security) would use it in my profile in the international law enforcement domain as evidence of my suffering irreparable mental disorders...

While this message continued to shield the French, they would certainly continue to argue that it was not evidence of insanity but simply wrong belief and that it was in fact more evidence of my conspiracy with Daughterland (that I was aware that Daughterland could gain benefits from Western nations by claiming I had conspired with these nations). Then I continued: "Maybe if you want to go to Daughterland, you will need to go to Taiwan first..." I then did my daily lesson on Russland Journal. When I came outside the library, I ran into Doug. I was totally embarrassed: "Don't look at me, I'm all taped up, but I need to use computers...." (3:01:00) Then I came back inside the library to use the computers again (3:25:00). I was reading about computer matters and listening to Kyoko. When I came outside, I chatted briefly with Doug (4:58:00). He said he brought the wrong book with him and then mentioned he had a family reunion in Atlanta and met his brother there. Atlanta again! It's not clear whether the French had (through all the intermediaries) instructed him to mention Atlanta to me. (Namely, to remind me that I was supposed to go discover Atlantis.) He then wanted to know what I lived on. He then talked about his family: he had only brothers, and one of them worked in National Geographical Society. When I turned around, he suddenly disappeared. Such suspicious behavior

indeed suggested that the French had sent him here. Then: “You can go to Taiwan and then to Daughterland as a Taiwanese citizen... The last people you want to hate is the people you have saved....”

My next recordings are: “leavwstwdslndrcallayimtl\_8\_5\_10\_728-1057PM.WMA” and “wrtsuppl\_p5\_8\_5-6\_10\_1106PM-139AM.WMA”: As I walked away from UCLA, I continued my worthless reflection: “... DGHTRCOM, he *is* a good man, *wants* to be a good man, and wants to *look like* a good man...” I came inside Borders briefly, and then got on the bus to return to my motel. Outside the motel, I called up my step-mother on a payphone (1;45:00). I asked her about my new ATM card and told her that my phone was stolen in the hospital. Then I continued to write and check my discs in my motel room.

## APPENDIX

### **lawrencechin2010.lawrencechin2008.com/mf.html**

My special webpage for videos of machine malfunctioning was my therapy for my terrible disorder “Electronicachreia”. By this time, I would have written a nice introduction which ran thusly:

I am the ‘Chosen One for Machine Malfunctioning’. Never in the history of humankind has there been someone who has experienced as much malfunctioning of machine as I have. Can you imagine the kind of pain and suffering you would experience if, every time you touch a piece of machine to do something important, it will break down? What if as soon as you wake up, when you put your food in the microwave oven the oven will break down, and when you then decide to call for a pizza your phone will not connect, and when you finally decide to get into your car to buy food your car wouldn’t start? After 3 or 4 years like that wouldn’t you go insane?

The most important thing in life is having machines function around you. Life is not worth living unless machine functions. 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 in an artificial environment made of machines. That is what you call modernity and post-modernity. The survival of a contemporary human being depends entirely upon the manipulation of machines, and not on the interaction with flora and fauna. Anyone would suffer mental breakdown when faced with constant machine malfunctioning. Now I have been struggling with artificially induced machine malfunctioning since the middle of 2007 and, from a ‘sometimes’ occurrence, machine malfunctioning has now become a daily event for me – or even hourly event. *The result is that I have degenerated into a very explosive temperament due to long years of frustration with an inability to get anything done as a result of the malfunctioning of the piece of machine that was needed at the moment...*

The problem is that the computer – or digital processor – revolution has changed the very nature of machines. Anything digital can be remotely controlled, unlike anything

that runs on steam. The coming of the digital age thus signifies also the era of the “centralization of machines by government's control centers.” This phenomenon has passed unnoticed by most people because most ordinary people do not become targets for those who have got themselves into the control centers. Any of the big government hot shots that have insinuated themselves into the control centers can make the life of anyone under surveillance unlivable by constantly remotely turning off the machine he is using at the moment. The hot shot official is in effect the modern equivalent to the “god” in the mythology of tribal people, able to remotely turn off traffic lights, read anyone’s emails, turn your computer on and off for entertainment, etc. And quite often even more capricious because some of the government officials who have got themselves inside the control centers do not have good characters at all.