

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, Eletronicachreia, and Misopedia

DOCUMENT

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NOTICE

The following reconstructs the International Court of Justice trial over me from August 6 to September 20, 2010. The course of events mainly consisted in the French's continual attempt to require the Daughter People to continue PLANRUS with me and the Daughter People's continual resistance. As you have seen, PLANRUS was put on hold thanks to the Daughter People's resistance after August 1. During the following period, however, the "plan" would resume on August 17 and then be put on hold again after September 3. After that, it's a tug of war. While the French continued to accumulate evidences that I had conspired with the Daughter People last year, the Daughter People were able to successfully resist by continually collecting, and creating, evidences that I was indeed insane (and sometimes that I hated them), even though they could never drive me to violence in order to confirm the other half of the Monkey's claim (that I was a danger to others). Unless I hurt somebody, the Daughter People could never completely remove the suspicion that the mind-reading computer had been tampered with and put an end to France's objection once and for all.

By this time judge Higgins' plan seemed to have completely replaced Boss Cheney's. That is to say, PLANRUS would consist solely in my meeting Ekaterina and initiating a cultural revolution with her to transform the world before both of us would be made rulers of Russia and secretly fall under French command. The discovery of Atlantis seemed to have been eliminated from PLANRUS. In this introduction, I should note this. When the Daughter People were ordered to communicate part of the plan to me, it was not necessary that I understand the communication in order to establish my conspiracy with them. This is because, in the beginning, when the CIA ordered the MSS to communicate secret messages to me, they had already established that, as long as the communication looked like evidence, it was enough to establish conspiracy and that my actual understanding was not necessary.

There are instances of which I retain vivid memories but which I somehow could not locate among my recordings. The most important one during this period was this.

While I was putting in my things into my storage unit, I mumbled for the first time that, perhaps, what was going on was that the European nations were objecting to DGHTRCOM: “He was helping you.” Namely, objecting to the February 12 ICJ judgment. I verbalized this scenario again on August 25 – for this reason, the first time must have been one or two days before August 25, such as August 23 – and finally wrote it down for the first time on September 27, which caused the French to decide to destroy this ICJ trial.

Once again, I should note this. The tediousness in detail results from the fact that this is a reconstruction. In order to reconstruct the course of the trial in an unseen location, it is necessary that I review every single thing I did or which had happened to me and every single word I said or which others had said to me. I have then chosen to not modify the massive listing firstly because this is the only way to make you understand how such a strange entity “targeted individual” could have come about – and how I was wearing down my patience and acquiring a violent temper – and secondly because I deem it positive in that it can prevent the vulgar and stupid masses from reading my story. The latter point is essential. From the next chapter onward, I will record events of tremendous importance – how the International Court of Justice could have issued a secret judgment requiring the CIA to carry out judge Higgins’ program in any case – which, as I shall explain later, it is not fitting for the vulgar and stupid masses to read about. When a stupid and vulgar person is confronted with all the seemingly trifling details that are recorded here, he or she is simply not likely to go on.

Finally, all terminology follows the convention established previously: the “Daughter People”, DGHTRCOM (PM), DGHTR, Daughterland, the Monkey (Mr B), the “Pyramid”, etc.

August 6 (Friday)

My next recording is: “tostorage_8_6_10_741-1037AM.WMA”: After paying for another day at the motel office, I dragged my broken leg onto the bus to go to the storage facility. On the bus I thought I saw another surveillance agent.

The next recording is lost. I had presumably put into storage the new DVDs I had burned, and it seems that I then went to Victims Compensation and talked to somebody there (since my case was technically a “hit and run”). Then my next recording is: “wcilmxenemycybrzaprvm sic_8_6_10_309-905PM.WMA”: Coming to WCIL, I got on the public computer here. The computer malfunctioned and rejected my flash drive. I then asked Keith for permission to use WCIL’s address to file my default judgment against the Pyramid (17:00). I then replied to Deborah’s email – the new computer would come tomorrow to rescue me from my broken Toshiba – and videotaped it after I sent it. Then, my wrong scenario: “It’s okay if you don’t get to go, it’s DGHTRCOM’s loss.....” Ha! I then checked my website’s visitors’ log. I noticed a strange visit: 66.109.6.64, social.res.rr.com. Was this related to the Pyramid? Then: ... 95.77.42.100... (Romania?) Most likely the Pyramid was still telling people about

my website – and it might indeed be the Daughter People who had commanded the CIA to instruct her to bad-mouth about me in communication channels in order to get intercepted into the ICJ as evidence. I then added new links on my documentary website for computer malfunctioning. Then: “If you don’t get the money and don’t go to Europe, it’s okay, it’s DGHTRCOM’s loss, let him see what his friends are about, they don’t want to close the case, it’s against their interests... There has never been anyone as cheap as I am, I just need 2,000 dollars....” Complete bullshit! I then left WCIL and got on the bus to go to the cybercafe. “The Mexicans’ wish is to destroy me, and my wish is to get away from them... They are a cancer cell inside DGHTRWRLD....” I was inside the cybercafe on 2:49:00. I couldn’t connect my external hard drive to the computer. Naturally I blamed the Mexican team: “These Mexican mother fuckers!” Then I had problem in getting the computer to read my dual layer disc. “... every computer we touch, the Mexican team would modify the setting, take away certain functions....” I was angry that I didn’t have the time to film it. “These fucking Mexican monkeys....” Then I listened to Kyoko’s “Good Morning Call”. I printed out my papers and uploaded my latest recording files to my website.

My next recording is: “cybrkyoko_8_6-7_10_912PM-1216AM.WMA”: I continued my worthless reflection: “... all this intense competition... it is like being in high school, like teaching you not to walk through red light...” Only if I could realize that there was no teaching and testing and competition! I then continued writing “Frankfurt and Brussels” and listened to Kyoko’s “Good Morning Call” repeatedly (1:20:00). I left the cybercafe on 1:46:00 and waited a long time for the bus. I got on the bus going down on Normandie and got off on Venice, only to wait a long time again for bus 33 to go back to my motel.

August 7 (Saturday; Deborah’s computer)

My next recordings are: “uclapckuplptpaglc_8_7_10_952AM-529PM.WMA”: With the TV turned on, I continued: “... Deborah... PM... would he erase our identity... Obama...” Then I complained: “Everybody is spending America’s money... Anyone who wants to make me miserable, America will pay for it...” I went out of my motel room on 36:00. I paid for one more night and came to Carl’s Jr to have lunch. I continued my worthless speculation on the Pyramid’s financial situation. Then: “... We cannot be abandoned, it’s our one and only chance... We are being used like a guinea pig... and we aren’t getting paid... They are building up a computer model of our mood structure...” Complete bullshit! I then got on Culver City bus 6 on 1:26:00 to go up to Westwood Village. As I continued to talk to myself, I came to believe that the man sitting in front of me was a surveillance agent who had just recorded everything I said. (Was I wrong?) When I arrived, I first came inside Chase Bank (1:58:00) to inform the banker that I had never received my new debit card. I asked them to send it again. I then got on the bus again on 2:18:00 to go inside UCLA. I came to Ackerman and got on Ackerman’s computer on 2:33:00 to check my email. Deborah had replied telling me to call her to get the computer! I called up Deborah on the payphone and was connected with her on 2:36:00, but, strangely, the call was immediately disconnected. I was angered again: “... these mother fuckers are really fucking pathetic! They keep testing bad things because they believe only bad things will happen....” I tried again and was connected with Deborah again on 2:44:00. She would meet me in front of UCLA in 20 minutes. I came outside Ackerman to wait for Deborah. I continued my worthless reflection about Daughterland: “But they don’t have any manufacturing... They don’t have anything to

sell other than weapons... This trade agreement is strange news... They can sell electric cars... They can cut into the computer business... Kaspersky..."

While I was waiting for Deborah, a strange Hispanic guy came to me (3:08:00). He asked me where the library was and kept on pestering me. I pointed out all the libraries in the campus. Then he asked me: "Can I ask you a personal question? Why are you like this?" "I was in a car accident." "Are you a student?" I wanted him to go away. He then invited me to ask him about himself, and so I did. He said he hadn't had a job for seven years and was staying with his parents... Given his odd behavior, I became convinced that it was the Mexican team which had sent him to me. Not! This was probably just a coincidence. Then: "...information... the whole world... Everything they got out of me they can trade..." Deborah finally showed up on 3:15:00 and gave me the computer: "Whatever is on there, just erase it... Whatever my cousin put in there, just erase it..." I told her I spent 200 dollars on motel room. Then she said: "There is no free lunch anywhere, you have to follow the rules somehow..." I was stupid enough to believe that this was another "secret message" from the Daughter People. In reality, Deborah was just saying things that came up to her mind. I asked her: "When can I see you again?" She didn't want to be bothered: "Pull yourself together, I'm not a social worker..." By 3:19:00 she was gone. While believing stupidly that she was passing onto me "secret messages" from the Daughter People, I completely missed the fact, as noted, that it might be the French who had commanded the Daughter People to command the CIA to instruct Deborah to give me this computer: this episode supposedly replaced the episode of January 1 2010 when, under the Daughter People's command, I received a brand new Eee PC. The French wanted *that* to become part of my conspiracy with Daughterland. Today, then, there *was* evidence that I had conspired with the Daughter People to such point that they even provided me with the tool with which to harm their opponents (such as when I uploaded my recording files to my website). Presumably, the CIA had merely instructed Deborah to provide me with *any* computer, and Deborah looked around and, by July 29, found that her cousin had this computer lying around which she was not using. See the emails she sent to me from July 29 onward.¹ Note that she also mentioned in her email of August 2 that the computer "needed to be looked at". What did that mean? Did her cousin take the computer to the shop upon which the French commanded the Daughter People to instruct the CIA to instruct Homeland Security to put something in it? The computer then arrived to her on August 6, or yesterday.

I continued my wrong scenario: "Mr B talked to me like talking to a little kid because he knew DGHTRCOM took me very seriously..." I came back inside Ackerman and, from 3:42:00 onward, would be examining the new laptop. It's a cheap Gateway laptop with Windows 7. Unfortunately, it would be my new malfunctioning super computer! I read loud the serial numbers of the laptop and its hard drive. Note that children were shouting inside Ackerman. I then spent a lot of time trying to activate the Windows 7. I got on Ackerman's computer to look online for instructions, and was alarmed by the amount of grammatical mistakes I saw on the webpages. I refused to believe that this was "normal": these webpages must be fake ones orchestrated by the control center! I packed up and went downstairs on 5:00:00 and bought a new enclosure for my Toshiba's hard drive. Then I browsed through a book on Waterhouse. After I was done, I was again worried that it might be a fake book! I then looked through another book on dinosaurs. I left Ackerman on 5:39:00 and got on Culver City bus

¹ Kept in the folder /2010-07-29/.

6 to go back to my motel room. When I got off the bus, I continued to mumble about how, while on the bus, I was imagining the way the Pyramid was being trained. Worthless reflection!

My next recording is: “mllptop_8_7_10_539-1055PM.WMA”: I continued to talk to the control center while inside the motel room. “Do numbers count? Are 6 billion lives more important than my life? Now documents exist showing us to be this homeless, anti-social, anti-establishment revolutionary... That’s why our computer malfunctions, so that we will throw things, so that there can be records that we are violent... A revolutionary petty criminal from the lower class... So that, when they put you on this plan, this archaeological discovery... if you ever tell anybody, nobody will believe it...” (until 35:00.) Then: “... am I supposed to sacrifice my life... not even to save the planet... What they want from you is unbelievableness, not knowledge.... They can easily put together a team... The whole thing makes me want to vomit, this caricature, a petty criminal stealing things and who is violent... If something bad is coming, just tell people... If a disaster is coming... tell them...” (42:00). I wasn’t yet wise enough to understand that ordinary people are so stupid that you definitely should not tell them when civilization is about to collapse! Then I went out of the motel and mistook another person wearing earphones for a surveillance agent: “... that surveillance agent has just recorded me... So what? He has chips inside his brain, everyone does....” Then: “DGHTR will not let me be this caricature... Oh, these two bitches are recording me right now....” Wrong again! I bought food and came back to my motel room (1:02:00). “The neocon plan.... the archaeological discoveries to justify the selection of a minority.... DGHTRCOM should just tell people.... It’s a problem for southern countries, not for northern countries, only China and India have an increasing population.... DGHTRCOM, tell the UN to institute one-child policy for the whole planet... Then you won’t need Noah’s Ark or some such plan....” I was making sense here: one-child policy for Africa and the Muslim world would indeed be the best solution to the problem of sustainable civilization. Then I continued: “Maybe it’s just a backup plan, you need to start early, you have 25 years.... It takes time for the story to sink in.... The backup plan in case one-child policy doesn’t work... But I don’t see why I have to be anti-social....” Now I was full of shit again! Then I resumed reviewing my recordings, writing, and compiling the ISO image for my DVD. Then, while watching TV, I reflected: “How do you distinguish between science and art? Science studies what is already there, while art produces more on top of that...” Good insight!

August 8 (Sunday)

My first recordings of the new day are: “leavmtlpause_8_8_10_11-1130AM.WMA” and “bus33rpsntr_8_8_10_1130AM-102PM.WMA”: I checked out of the motel and continued my wrong scenario: “DGHTRCOM is trying to figure out whether our computer is more important to us or our girlfriend... After we have finished writing, it will be possible for us to give up this life... Oh, is that Hispanic guy recording me?” That is, I thought I saw another surveillance agent. “Right now, maintaining my authorship is the most important thing in the world....” I then got on the bus and sat next to what I thought to be a surveillance agent. When I got off the bus, I continued my paranoia: “Are these homeless people also recording me?” Then more of my wrong scenario: “If DGHTR is waiting for us through Regine, maybe we’ll meet her there... Maybe DGHTR will send the Pyramid and her boyfriend to Europe. We are like the movie ‘The Beautiful Mind’, looking for Russian secret messages in American newspapers.” I then got on bus 38, but, because it was on detour, I ended up having to walk a long way to the storage facility. “Stay away from archaeology. We don’t like this ‘Beautiful

Mind’ stuff.” Then: “At every moment you are fighting against their plan.... DGHTRWRLD, it is supposedly about beauty, not this Mexican influence, so vomit-inducing, this environment....” Then a car rushed past blasting rap music, and I mistook it again for the control center’s orchestration: “Look at this rap music stuff, it’s so disgusting, and they call this ‘DGHTRWRLD’, ‘DGHTRWRLD’ has become ‘Homeland Security reality’, it’s all ugliness, stupidity....”

My next recordings are: “strg_8_8_10_102-217PM.WMA”, “jpcafeclosed_8_8_10_218-339PM.WMA”, “waitbus2_8_8_10_339-409PM.WMA”, “toitsgrnd_8_8_10_415-553PM.WMA”, “itsgrnd_8_8_10_603-625PM.WMA”, and “itsgrnd_8_8_10_632-756PM.WMA”: I came to my storage unit. When I was putting in my broken Toshiba and my new discs, I continued: “They purposely do things to get the opposite of what they want...” I came out of the storage facility and ended up in a place with loud music. After I left, I continued: “The Mexicans are the enemies of the Daughter People, they don’t care about their interests at all... And now even *I* don’t care about their interests....” Then: “Don’t look at it, nobody had better waste my time, because I will do my things first...” I then got on the bus to go to Vermont and Sunset. I continued writing my “Investigation of a schizophrenic, Part III” while children were making loud noises around me. I got off the bus and came inside It’s A Grind. I watched a video on Wireshark and then continued to work on “Schizophrenic”. And I believed that my double was nearby. I then began downloading onto my new laptop all the software I would normally need: Hash My File, Primo PDF, the VLC Player.... I continued to believe I was under surveillance. Then, strangely, a document in ancient Greek popped up on my computer screen and I avoided looking at it. Why would there be a Greek document on Deborah’s cousin’s laptop? The document seemed to be citations from the Book of Mathew in the original Greek. My immediate impression was that it was part of the “Plan Discovery” which the Mexican team wanted me to do and so I refused to look at it in order to demonstrate to them that I had no interest in being their little slave. The question is of course whether I was correct. Greek New Testament did seem to be relevant for the discovery of Atlantis, but I have never been able to become sure whether it was indeed the French who had ordered the Daughter People to command the CIA to insert this document into Deborah’s cousin’s laptop.

My next recording is: “itsgrndbuybatthai_8_8_10_759-1017PM.WMA”: I then downloaded ImgBurn. I then continued to write “Schizophrenic”. When a guy was talking next to me, I believed again (erroneously) that he was purposely trying to mess up my recording of my writing. I left the coffeehouse around 1:30:00 and ate at a Thai restaurant. Then, annoyed by the children around, I amused myself with a riddle: “Something which only knows how to eat, shit, and fart, something of which every family has one, something which will cause us all to become extinct.... Can you guess what it is?” (2:06:00)

My last recording of the day is: “IMPanatoliawrtcybrufe_8_8-9_10_1030PM-257AM.WMA”: I continued my worthless reflection while walking: “We have sacrificed our life for Daughterland, and yet we get no medal, just a bunch of slandering... Somebody is framing me for more crimes, the guy pretending to be me is committing more crimes, all these people are taking pictures of me in order to pass them around, all these videos I have shot of myself proving I didn’t do any of these things aren’t going anywhere...” Then I thought I saw another surveillance agent in front of me: I was most likely mistaken. “... It might be that we didn’t email Regine.... DGHTRCOM was saying: who’s gonna frame

this guy....” Then I said it in Chinese: “They think they are saving the human race, it’s either me or the human race – who is more important? When I have saved you, I should have retired, but instead you want to throw me off the cliff... I can’t do anything unless I don’t have to worry, but now I have to worry about my writing, and, if you take care of this problem, I’d love to do it, with Regine and her sister, *we will go to Italy*... Don’t touch my past... I’ll tell people: ‘I’m writing this book... Is it a true story? Fiction? It’s all a matter of interpretation, it’s about tremendous beauty’....” And there was a honk outside, which I mistook for DGHTR’s confirmation (35:00). I continued: “I’d love to see Regine if I have no worries.... Maybe my book is the prelude to the ‘rise of the East’.... If DGHTRPPL have brains, they will listen to me, especially when I’m telling them about how to make *me* work... It’s *anatolia*, ‘rising up’.... They don’t know the meaning of the word ‘appreciation’; when they see a woman, they want to use force....” Then I settled down in the cybercafe to resume writing. I also successfully burned a new disc. Then: “... these mother fuckers, they want everybody to be childless, while they themselves... oh, DGHTRORG, you go inside and you just disappear, *that’s why we don’t want to fucking join this organization*... You can forget about this *after* you have left your traces behind you, but not *before*... They have found the wrong guy... We are not impressed by these people, their expectation is too unrealistic....” This is of course exactly what the Daughter People wanted to hear or needed as their evidence. Because my injuries hadn’t healed, I couldn’t sleep on the street. I would pass the night inside the cybercafe.²

August 9 (Monday)

My next recording is: “slpdwntwncafe_8_9_10_1047-1141AM.WMA”. I came to the Superior Court to check on my request for default judgment. “... Did it get sent to....” The request was rejected. Apparently the Pyramid had got her lawyer to enter a response (a demurrer) on July 19, which I didn’t see on July 29. A demurrer hearing was now set on August 17. “.... *We are not going to Europe*, we are going to Albany, we need to find an apartment and hide inside... The way people talk makes us want to vomit....”

My next recording is: “IMPcrtplanghnnogd_8_9_10_1141AM-357PM.WMA”: I ran around the court house trying to obtain the Pyramid’s response but was unable to. I was terribly frustrated. What I didn’t yet know was that the Pyramid’s lawyer had portrayed me as so incurably insane that the Daughter People must have intercepted the demurrer into the ICJ as evidence demonstrating that the Monkey’s profile of me was correct. Namely, she had wrongly described me as believing that the Pyramid’s father was an agent of the CIA and was able to command the birds to fly and the leaves to fall. In other words, everything I wrote – although crazy – was distorted into something else – something even crazier. Since people were so confused nowadays, the lawyer might not have actually been instructed to distort my words but was genuinely unable to grasp what I was saying. Frustrated as ever, I angrily told the DGHTRPPL inside the control center to drop me a bunch of money and get the hell out of my face. I was on the bus by 23:00. I analyzed the idea of the “Noble Lie” to demonstrate that it was a terrible idea: what if one day the new humanity was able to discover that the story of their origin was actually a lie? “Imagine that you tell people that their God lives in the galaxy over there... One day they will send a rocket there and yet find no God... ‘We’ve got duped!’ Then the entire civilization would collapse...

² The recordings I didn’t review for tonight are: “cybrcfwrt_8_9_10_352-647AM.WMA” and “atmptslpdwntwncafe_8_9_10_648-1046AM.WMA”.

Using deception is very bad, because people don't like to be deceived...." I thought this could persuade the Daughter People to give up the "plan", not knowing that I had failed to comprehend what the "plan" was really about. I got off the bus in Westwood on 1:54:00. I continued: "... Just tell people what the problem is, and let there be a public debate...." I ate in the burger store inside UCLA and then came inside the library. I did my DGHTRSPK lesson on Russland Journal and, when I came out, continued my worthless reflection: "Instead of one big plan to fit all, you should have many small plans... Something like federalism, where each region is charged with coming up with its own plan..." I really believed this was a good idea to solve the problem about the sustainability of our civilization! Ha! Then I mistook another person for surveillance agent: "That Asian chick just recorded me, it's more evidence of our schizophrenia..." Then: "... We cannot be a target anymore, we will help them, but they still treat us like a target..." Then I rambled something about Michael Ruppert. Then I got on the bus to go to the payday loan store.

My next recording is: "wrt212ntsbusloanstr_8_9_10_357-837PM.WMA": While on the bus, I began reflecting on what really happened on February 12. "'Ding' is from the French, the recognition of the true form is conspiracy with France..." I began writing out on paper how conspiracy worked on February 12. I came inside the payday loan store to borrow the money for this month – I had now wasted another 30 something dollars of my precious money! Then, more of my wrong scenario: "Every time when a foreigner shows up, it's that country's vote, it's better to tell people, so that they can figure out the solutions for themselves..." I then came inside a coffeehouse and tried to call Wes on Skype (1:09:00). This didn't work, and I tried to configure my Skype. Then I called Wes' mother on 1:21:00. "What happened to Wes' phone?" I called Wes again and it was still not working. Naturally I assumed it was the Monkey again: "Fuck this mother fucker! I hate it when I get slapped in the face for doing something right..." Then: "The Mexican team is a bunch of sadists, whether you love them or hate them, it's always the same response, torture!" I didn't know that I was mistaking normal computer malfunctioning for the control center's action. I then came to the Learn Polish website. I got angry again when my new computer malfunctioned again: "... nothing is working, the entire thing is frozen..." As you can see, my new Gateway had immediately begun to reveal to me its true nature! Then I got angry with the ugly black man standing near me: "... disgusting... Obviously a fake, mother fucker..." I was so angry that I wrote an email to Wes to express my anger with, not just the Mexican team, but also the Daughter People:

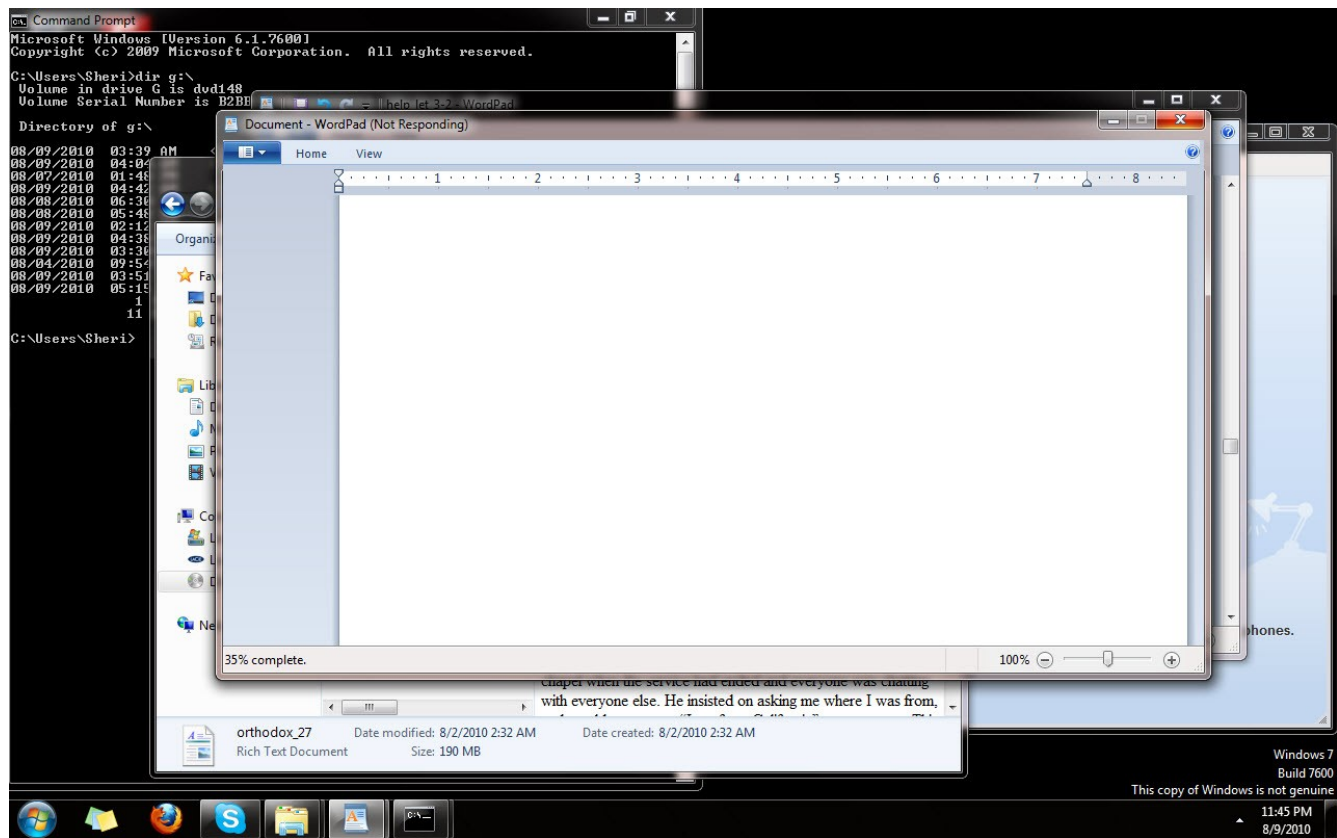
How's that for a fairy tale? Russia is a country of opposites. If you do that country a very nice service they will mess up your machine or your friend's machine and slander you in front of the whole population so that everyone will hate you. If you tell the truth you will be labeled crazy. If you work for them they will frame you into a criminal. If you want your microphone to work, you'll need to disable it. I guess anyone would want to stay away from there, huh? What if Mexico is like that too? Or maybe if the Mexican elites do the same thing, it's probably just because they are sadistic rather than playing the opposite to surprise people and look cool.

Just more evidence for the Daughter People that I hated them and didn't want to conspire with them! Good job! I then worked a little on my chapter "Frankfurt and Brussels". Then, more of my wrong scenario: "The people that are involved in this are very stupid, I have a broken leg and yet they want to

train me... This is not DGHTRCOM, it's the Mexican team, they have so little empathy...." I then came to a fast food place to eat while continually cursing the Mexicans. I then got on the bus to go to the cybercafe.

My next recording is: "dghtrorgcybrdvd143cpmlfunc_8_9-10_10_839PM-1219AM.WMA". When I got off the bus, I continued my worthless reflection on DGHTRORG: "DGHTR is depriving the Mexican team of... It's proof that the traditional method is no good, it will scare away the best... The KGB has a high rate of defection because it demands more work from its recruits, it excels, but also has a high rate of defection.... After the KGB, the Russian intelligence demands even more... And yet it can only get mediocre recruits... That's why the reformists... Then the Mexicans came in, allied themselves with the traditionalists, and wanted to rule out art, visual images... the sort of artist like us... We are artist, and hence we can identify secret agents in one second.... The conservatives want to be neocons in reverse.... They are very pessimistic..." I thus continued to develop the wrong scenario I first came up with on July 31, unaware that all this was complete bullshit. I came to the cybercafe on 47:00. I continued: "I don't feel like being trained at all.... Why can't they wait... the Mexican team... the only way to prevent a disaster is to hide it... DGHTRCOM... I don't desire to be in the military at all, I'm just a writer... The enemy... always surprise attack... just when you get a break, the enemy hit you in the head, and that's why they have such a negative view on life... I want to be a nerd, it's ridiculous for someone weighing only 120 pounds to want to be tough... After I have spent so much time in the library I now have to mix with these street people..." I got on the cybercafe's computer, and it soon froze. Annoyed, I called up the boss to come take a look. I was then writing about Mr B's theft of my recorder on August 2 while uploading my latest recording files to my website. (I was providing more evidences to the French!) I wanted to burn a new disc, but ImgBurn produced the error message: "The device is not ready". Again! By now I had understood that my new computer would malfunction just like my old Toshiba! I got terribly angry with the Daughter People: "Fuck these mother fuckers... Now we want to join the Polish resistance... Our entire life is ruined because we saved these mother fuckers! These are very evil people..." I then continued to write my letter: "... the signal meant the opposite of their evidentiary value... The Agency was pleading me *not* to go..." That was more evidence for the French! All day long I had been providing evidences to the Daughter People on the one hand that I didn't want to conspire with them and then to the French on the other that I did indeed conspire with the Daughter People. Now my next disc was successfully burned. I continued to write: "... Please note that the information I'm giving you right now is all informally passed onto me through 'secret messages'...."

Soon, my new computer malfunctioned again. I was videotaping myself writing my new letter of petition and, suddenly, was unable to save the Word Pad file (3:17:40). "What the fuck!" Then Word Pad was unable to save for the second time. "What the fuck is it? What the fuck is going on?" (3:19:11) Then it continued to malfunction while I continued cursing: "You mother fucker!" (3:21:00) I was so angry that I threw something onto the floor. I began videotaping my computer screen (3:23:00). I had to copy and paste the whole document onto Open Office – and I continued to curse the Daughter People. And yet my computer still malfunctioned. "There is no other mother fucking application that is open!" And my camcorder was then shut off! (3:24:50)



My Word Pad froze up and couldn't save, 11:45 PM

My next recording is: “knkoswrtmlfuncnt_8_10_10_1221-407AM.WMA”. I walked out of the cybercafe and argued with another person whom I mistook for a surveillance agent (16:35): “Fuck you mother fucker, are you recording me?...” Amazingly, he replied: “Yes I was!” I then got on the bus on 44:00.

I came to the Kinkos on La Brea to continue to work on my computer. More strange pop-ups and more malfunctioning. My wrong theory: “These God-damned fucking Mexicans... The files have to be constantly recreated, and that’s how they can make my files look like they are forged.” The pop-up message said: “It’s used by another application and cannot be accessed.” As I continued writing, I was finally allowed to save my document (2:52:45). Then I discovered that my Open Office couldn’t print out the document in PDF! – all the same problems as on my old Toshiba – and just then my camcorder was shut off (2:57:45). Endless frustration! We have to suspect that, this time, it was just the Daughter People who continued to command the Monkey to obstruct my word-processing software so that my writing could not be used as evidence against them in the ICJ. Namely, insofar as PLANRUS was on hold right now, they were doing their best to prevent the French from obtaining the justification to get the plan rolling again. I then started writing down my new scenario about what happened on 12 February. This is very bad, as I shall explain shortly. I would work in Kinkos until past 5 AM and then sleep in the street corner until 8 AM.

August 10 (Tuesday; Wes)

My first recording of the new day is: “knkosslp_8_10_10_837-931AM.WMA”: Soon after I woke up, I came inside It’s A Grind. More frustration: I couldn’t connect to the Internet. I asked the employee and another patron why I couldn’t connect (from 23:30 onward). I asked the patron on 32:00: “How do I even know whether the error message, ‘Problems with the router’, is telling me the truth?” Unwarranted paranoia! Then I bumped into something and hurt my leg. I became so irritated that I shouted at the employee: “The wireless is not working!” (39:00) And I cursed the “Mexican team” repeatedly (43:00). I left It’s A Grind on 48:00 while constantly cursing the “Yellow Hair Mexican Monkey”. A honk on 51:00, which I erroneously thought was DGHTR’s agreeing with me.

My next recording is: “towstwdpeetscpyrghfail212logic_8_10_10_931AM-309PM.WMA”. Then, at Radio Shacks, I was sold very cheap batteries. I again wrongly assumed that it was orchestrated from the control center, namely that it was DGHTR who was running Radio Shack and who had controlled the employee to offer me a cheap deal as a way to help me. Then I was cursing the “Mexican Monkeys” again. I then got on the bus and came to the West Hollywood area. I was deciding whether to settle down in the Coffee Bean here, but decided not to. I was merely wasting my own time and making myself impatient. I got on the bus again to go to Westwood. While on the bus I continued writing down my scenario about what happened on February 12. I came to Peets’ Coffee in Westwood Village (2:35:00). I filmed myself logging into Library of Congress’ Copyright Office’s website (2:52:00). I felt an urgent need to copyright my latest writings right away given my erroneous belief that the Mexican team was trying to make me look like a plagiarizer. I would spend the next several hours uploading my writings to my Copyright Office account to get them copyrighted. Then, as I carefully watched over the upload process, I got paranoid over nothing again: “... somebody is trying to make it look like we are not uploading from this computer... these God-damned yellow hair Mexican mother fuckers...” I then continued to write about what happened on February 12: “... I believed France was in the hidden command, thus DGHTR could sit back confident that Russia was in the position of the hidden command... then DGHTR commanded Maman to signal to me... which made the switching of command into an act of conspiracy with Maman...” As noted, what I was doing was very bad for Daughterland, for, now, if the French could establish that I was conspiring with Daughterland, the Daughter People’s February 12 victory would definitely become part of my conspiracy with them. Now, because the upload was taking a long time, I began even to doubt that anything was actually being uploaded at all! I had now, after yesterday’s disaster, also resumed using Open Office for all my writings. Finally, the upload was done and I came out of the coffeehouse on 4:48:00. I ate lunch at Noodle Planet.

My next recording is: “ixwbcpyrghwtes_8_10_10_309-939PM.WMA”. I heard various South East Asian language chatter (Thai?) and wondered if this was an intercept. Stupid! I came back inside Peet’s Coffee to continue using my computer. Then, suddenly, my Gateway malfunctioned again! I began videotaping it (27:55). Apparently I was prevented from going online. “Why is it that everyone is allowed to use the Internet but me?” As I was getting up, I seriously hurt my broken leg. I kept moaning out of severe physical pain. When I was walking out, I continued cursing: “... yellow hair Mexican monkeys... I hate the Monkey Pyramid; I hate the DGHTRPPL... Everything they have touched becomes vomit-inducing, disgusting...” (42:50) Just what the Daughter People wanted me to

say! After some time, I came inside Peet's Coffee again and opened up my Gateway again. The wireless connection was still not working! (1:01:30)

I continued to work on my files for copyrighting and read up on copyright laws. Finally, there was Internet. I called Wes on Skype on 2:02:00. He was not home. Then I discovered more grammar mistake ("findable") on copyright.gov and wrongly believed that it was orchestrated from the control center as another intercept. Then my computer began updating and I was terribly nervous. I left and came to ISO instead. I amused myself by surfing the Internet, watching TV5's "7 Jours sur la Planet", reading French news headlines, and watching more videos on Spiegel's website. I was then on Youtube. First, I watched Kyoko's music video and then was caught up in an interview with Akina. "She's so beautiful... She's so beautiful..." I then called Wes again on 4:57:30 and, this time, he answered my call. I asked him what his Skype username was, but he said he didn't know. That got me all suspicious again. Then: "Yeah... I'm doing very bad here... My whole body is aching..." (5:00:16). Wes felt like sleeping and asked: "Did you call for a reason?" "Of course... I got a new laptop from my old doctor, and it has just started malfunctioning. Then when I tried to call you my Skype malfunctioned. I got very angry..." I told him I also wanted to talk about the neocon plan which had been preoccupying my mind. And also my worries over the copyright of my work and the possibility that someone might steal my writings. "I'm really worried that someone is pretending to be me in order to make me appear as if I were pretending to be myself..." Wes played dumb and asked me who the person was. "I don't know. I never met him." Then I told him how even the police were participating in the plan by forbidding me to report what this guy was doing. I wanted to tell him about this really idiotic neocon plan, how idiotic it would be for anyone to want to implement it (5:04:00). (How idiotic I was in believing that the Daughter People wanted to revive it!) I continued: Michael Ruppert' *Crossing the Rubicon*... Peak Oil... How the neocons wanted to select 1 out of every 6 persons to survive the population bottleneck and wanted the chosen ones to believe that they were predestined to be the survivors... How they thus wanted to hire archaeologists to... "It's sort of like the 'noble lie' in Plato's *Republic*..." How the survivors would be duped into believing they were the "Golden Race". "Now I say this plan really sucks. What do you say?" (5:07:45) Wes: "Make up some fake discovery and tell people lies... Sort of like Hitler's..." I explained my thought that any plan which involved deception would be flawed from the start. "So what if, in 200 years, this Golden Race has become so technologically advanced that they are able to invent a rocket to take them to M-13 to find God and to shake hand with God, only to discover that there is nothing there?... And so..." (5:11:45). I really believed I was giving a valuable advice to DGHTRCOM and the DGHTRPPL, unaware that I was duping myself!³ I continued: "The lesson is that a plan based on deception sucks, it depends on people's being too dumb..." Then a long discussion about deception. My call was cut off on 5:20:00 and I called back to reconnect with Wes. Finally, I concluded: "... a plan based on deception is a time-bomb, ready to.... When people discover that their most cherished belief is bullshit... when the husband lied and the wife found out he in fact had an affair..." Wes: "You don't believe in noble lies..." I continued: "... they have been duped by the ancestor they have so admired..." Finally, I hanged up on 5:28:00. I then wrote an email to Father John. From the email you can get a sense of the tremendous difficulty I had been having in being homeless with my broken arm and broken leg:

3 Although this was probably a good critique of Boss Cheney's thinking.

I'm okay but just having a lot of body aches. Hence difficulty in going around and dragging my heavy bag. I also have difficulty in lying down. I thus couldn't sleep on the street like I did before. Which means I have to stay all night at 24 hour places and then take an one or two hour nap on a sofa or chair in some public place during early morning. It's been very hard. I'm also running out of money, as usual. I'm overwhelmed with a lot of things to take care of: unpaid tickets, past civil suits, someone who is using my identity, police obstruction to my reporting about it.... I'm just overwhelmed by the amount of problems while I have difficulty moving around. And my computer keeps breaking down as usual. That's basically my status. I'm waiting for my ACLU lawyer to help me with the police obstruction.

My next recordings are: "toknikoss|ponfloor_8_10-11_10_947PM-242AM.WMA" and "knkos_8_11_10_254-318AM.WMA": When the coffeehouse closed, I left and got on the bus and arrived at the Kinkos on La Brea. I browsed through a book about Windows 7. I was on the computer a little and then slept on the floor. Then I got up and continued to work.

August 11 (Wednesday)

My next recordings are: "knkosdvd149topsdn_8_11_10_318-755AM.WMA" and "slppsdnlibgrassblnktupset_8_11_10_755AM-128PM.WMA". I napped more in Kinkos. Then I got up and got on the Metro to go to Pasadena. I was going to the Pasadena courthouse to check on my unpaid tickets. I came out by 15:00, moaning heavily from exhaustion due to homelessness. I thought I had discovered an abandoned blanket on the street, but, just when I touched it, a black man came to me and yelled at me: "You don't touch other people's shit, and that's why you are always busted up!" (until 3:40:00) I felt like I had fallen into another trap, designed to make me look bad. Not! I then took a nap on the grass and then came to the public library in downtown.

My next recordings are: "dwntwnlibupsetmssg_8_11_10_128-325PM.WMA" and "dwntwnlibupsetsurv_8_11_10_333-637PM.WMA". I continued writing and reviewing my recordings. When I was packing (17:00), I angrily cursed the Mexican team. And my leg hurt too. I then called the superior court on payphone to ask about filing a dismissal (22:00). I had by now realized that my lawsuit against the Pyramid was hopelessly ridiculous and that the Pyramid had no intention of helping me. I then got on the 720 bus. At some point, I hurt my broken leg severely and was yelling hysterically (1:37:00). The people around wanted to call the ambulance, and then a stranger helped me with my broken cart. I got off the bus in Westwood and came inside a coffeehouse.

My next recording is: "wstwdnetdwnhatertocybr_8_11-12_10_650PM-154AM.WMA". I was reading this report on Spiegel, "Medwedew wirft Putins Mannschaft Sabotage vor", and discovered spelling mistakes on it. Again, I mistakenly assumed that the control center had orchestrated them in order to produce an intercept. Then I was doing my lesson on Russland Journal. Suddenly, my Internet connection was cut off, and it was only mine, not other people's. Obviously it was the control center! I filmed it and walked around asking other people if they had connection problems. "... anyone who tries to educate me is my enemy..." I left the coffeehouse on 1:48:00 and changed to a different coffeehouse. As soon as I started working, however, my Internet connection was cut off. I was so angered that I

wanted my food to go and yelled at the cashier: “I’m the only one, you shouldn’t have cut off my connection, for then I wouldn’t have stayed here...” Then: “... 5 dollars on the table to cover your fucking fries...” (2:33:00). As soon as I stepped out, I yelled at a stranger, “... fucking Mexican bitch...” Then the wheels on my cart fell off, and I hurt my leg again! I came inside a third coffeehouse, and, soon, my Internet connection was frozen again. Incessant torture! “What the fuck has happened?” And my computer’s keyboard also malfunctioned! I muttered angrily: “... The Russians are very bad people, constant machine malfunctioning...”. After calming down, I resumed writing “Frankfurt and Brussels”. Then more angry muttering: “I want to join the Chechen rebels and kill these mother fuckers...” And now my camcorder shut itself off! “... What these fucking Russians are doing is to provoke us, so that, when we get angry, people will get scared, and such is the profile they are constructing... We will find some fucking Russians and kill them...” It’s not clear whether all this malfunctioning was “natural” or whether the Daughter People had indeed commanded it just so that I would say all these hateful things which would become their evidence that I didn’t want to conspire with them. In any case, just more justification that PLANRUS should be placed on hold. Then, suddenly, my Internet was functioning and running fast. I was amazed: “How can the Russians be so kind...?” I left the coffeehouse on 4:09:00, still murmuring: “... kill them...” I then got on the bus and came to the cybercafe (5:02:00). After identifying more grammar mistakes in Spiegel’s report, I watched a video on the famous Russian human rights worker Natalya Estemirova.

August 12 (Thursday; Wes)

My next recording is: “downtwnlib_8_12_10_847AM-302PM.WMA”: I slept on the sofa inside the cybercafe and, after I woke up, continued to work. After filming myself writing for a while, I got angry again when my camcorder shut itself off. My wrong understanding: “... they want to make sure that no one believes I have written this...” I got even angrier when I discovered that the new files in my camera had been (remotely?) deleted. Just then, the cashier came to ask me a question. I took out my anger on him: “Shut the fuck up!” He threatened to call the police and asked me to leave. “Please do call the police!” I was now packing up and leaving. I then yelled at bystanders: “Watch your step, mother fucker...” I then rode the Metro to downtown. I continued to yell at the “Mexicans” supposedly inside the control center: “Mother fucker, don’t pass garbage to me...” “Fucking yellow hair Mexicans...” I came inside the library on 1:49:00 and resumed working on my computer. Then: “... those people who control the surveillance agents, they don’t want me to recover, they want me to look crazy so that no one will believe me... There are some really evil people up there who are fucking with my mental health...” Despite my paranoia, the Daughter People indeed wanted me to look crazy! I continued writing: “... the age of the centralization of machines has come unnoticed by most people...” Then I thought about what Deborah said – mistaking it for the control center’s message: “There *is* a lot of free lunch if you are a government official, then you can take advantage of people...” I got up and went to eat in the cafeteria on 4:14:00. When I was done, I asked somebody whom I mistook for a surveillance agent: “Mr Surveillance, can you open the door for me?” (4:39:00) I came back to my table to resume working on my computer on 4:50:00. Then, malfunctioning again on 5:28:00: a video file on my website just wouldn’t play. “There is absolutely nothing wrong with the file! Why doesn’t it work?” As I was getting angry again, I muttered: “... she is not going to show up at the hearing, she knows we want to kill her...” Then, I had a moment of clarity: “*It’s possible that no one is pretending to be us, they just want to make it look like it... They want us to look schizophrenic... If they did that to*

other people, no one will be able to withstand it... When you think other people have schizophrenia when they don't, that's schizophrenia..." I was now calling Google Santa Monica on my Skype on 5:36:00: I nevertheless continued to pursue the matter of somebody impersonating me. I pressed on my buttons repeatedly but just couldn't get beyond the recording. "We are not allowed to report it..." I got so angry that I hanged up. "We are going to kill people... these fucking Russians and Mexicans... We will murder them... I lost my past, there is nothing greater which you can lose..." Then my Internet connection was cut off. "... You can only use the Internet if you agree to forget about your past..." I got increasingly angry: "Today it is our website that is malfunctioning... We are so tired of machine malfunctioning... Why is it not working?" Finally I broke down crying on 5:58:00 and began going into a seizure. Then, when I shut down my computer to go outside, it began updating. "Oh my God... It's going to take more time... And that guy is conducting surveillance on us... We don't have time to do anything else..."

My next recording is: "dwntwnlibtowstwdplsh_8_12_10_302-939PM.WMA". When I walked back into the library moaning and murmuring, somebody suddenly asked me: "How are you doing?" I again wrongly assumed he was being controlled from the control center: "Who told you to say this to me? You trash, without free will..." I then sat down and called up IX Web Hosting on Skype to ask about the problem with my file. The librarian came to warn me that I was too loud. "Fuck you bitch!" (24:00) I demanded the IX Web Hosting operator to explain to me why my website was not working. I tried to explain what was wrong on my videos page (videos.lawrencechin2008.com/petition/index.html), but the operator got confused and, in the end, I discovered that I had created the problem myself and so fixed it. There was no malfunctioning after all! All this outburst for nothing! I then continued writing (this time, "Karin's Meetups") while reviewing my recordings. But then my computer malfunctioned again! I came outside to complain: "Why don't you say you're schizophrenic since you are so ugly, so that nobody will believe you? Who wants a life like that? These weird foreigners, you saved their life, and yet they just won't give you 500 dollars... You can't even break even, given the number of discs they have destroyed... Pay me back my federal court filing fees, 400 dollars! ... Oh, that surveillance agent has just videotaped me..." It's not clear whether that person wearing earphones was really a surveillance agent. I continued: "The Chinese government is the best government in the world, they don't dupe people..." I came back into the library on 3:16:00. Then, after a while: "You Mexicans, fucking parasites, feeding on American taxpayers, on my family..." Then I called up Wes on Skype and he answered it (4:18:00). He however asked me to call back in two hours. I was then on the bus going back to Westwood (5:05:00). I continued to read the German book on Russian grammar. When I got off the bus, there was a disastrous accident. The wheels fell off my cart, and, strangely, a guy who got off the bus with me grabbed one of them and ran away. Now I wouldn't even be able to fix it! I was convinced that that was an agent directed by the control center: "They try to fuck with me by taking away my wheel! (5:46:00) "I can't live with people like that, they are victims, but they are not good people... The problem is that they make me want to vomit, all this masculine stuff, leave me the fuck alone so I won't have to vomit! When you help them and yet they punch you in the face, it's so vomit-inducing, I'm already regretting, at least Dick Cheney is not vomit-inducing, a friend is a friend, an enemy is an enemy, we should have let these people get fucked.... When somebody is so vomit-inducing, the relationship is over, it's like the Mexicans, the only possible relationship is separation... This image of myself, it's so masculine, I'm always angry, why can't these Mexicans grow a brain, somebody just ain't very smart... They had better put her in front of me, because then I'll knock her

down and go to jail....” (6:07:00) That’s a lot of evidence for the Daughter People that I didn’t want to conspire with them! For this reason, we really have to wonder whether it really was the Daughter People who had commanded the Monkey to command Homeland Security to send in an agent to steal my wheel. Then: “When we go to the hearing we’d better put our things in our storage...” I thus laboriously dragged my wheelless cart to Coffee Bean. Physical exhaustion from homelessness, my broken leg, and now my wheelless cart!

My next recording is: “callwescccwstwdgethalf_8_12-13_10_942PM-102AM.WMA”. I settled down and, while cursing in anger, used Skype to call Wes (11:30 or so). But there was a strange beep sound, and I was disconnected. And children’s crying! I called Wes again on 21:00, and he answered it. Wes was annoyed. I insisted: “Talking to you is important to me... It’s probably not important to you, but it’s important to me...” I then began telling Wes about the incident with the Brazilian woman and the Brazilian guy when, one night in 1998, I was on the train going back from Brussels to Louvain-la-Neuve (until 23:40). Then about the incident with the divorced woman when I was living in Long Beach in 1994. I was saying all this for the Monkey and his “Mexican team” to hear. Then about what had just happened, how the Monkey’s agent’s stole my wheel. “It makes me so mad... Somebody just doesn’t get it... It really is not cool... It only alienates me.... Leave me alone!... It’s not just that... but also that you make me want to vomit... Because you are so anti-intellectual... It’s not a moral problem, it has become an aesthetic problem...” (28:30). I continued: “My environment has become so vomit-inducing... I want to vomit when I look at myself in the mirror... I want to kill myself just because I have become so ugly....” Then Wes discussed the problem of bathing and showering with me: the last time I showered was in the beginning of the month. “All my family members have been taken away too!” (34:00) I continued: “It’s kind of cool to do this to other people.... I wish I had a video-camera attached to my head.... Everyone has suddenly become the opposite of America....” Then I explained to Wes what “opposite” meant here: “When you help people, they will punch you in the face. But when you punch people in the face, they will still punch you in the face... It’s not the opposite of reality, but only half-opposite.... The worst possible scenario is the half-opposite... It’s the worst possible reality, and that’s why Russia sucks.... That’s why people don’t move to Russia, because Russia is half-opposite of America....” Then: “Oh yeah, Russia sucks, but Mexico sucks too....” Then I told him about how my cellphone was again stolen, and my old Sony recorder too. “There are some people who don’t want me to be myself.... Then they will always have to watch me.... To steal my things.... They’d have to do that for the next 20 years....” We hanged up on 42:30. I had no idea that what I had said was complete garbage and had no relevance for what was going on right now – except that my cursing Daughterland was precisely what the Daughter People needed to avoid France’s charge of conspiracy and put PLANRUS on hold. I then thought of something which I didn’t have the chance to tell Wes and so immediately wrote another email to him: “... Chinese government is the best government in the world....”

I then watched the Chinese movie “The Banquet” on Tudou, and then left Coffee Bean and got on the bus to go to the cybercafe (2:35:15). The bus driver was a mean-looking vulgar man as usual – which I would soon assume was the control center’s way of provoking me – and he yelled at me repeatedly, “Do you have a day pass?” I grudgingly put in a quarter while showing him my long-expired bus pass for people with disability. Because I was in such a bad mood I wasn’t even interested in paying the fare which I felt I shouldn’t have had to pay in any case. I continued: “I always just want to be myself, and

yet I will never get to, they will always say I'm someone else...." I got off the bus on 3:00:00. "I have spent my whole life videotaping myself, they could have got what they have wanted, but no... They only know about destruction, nothing about nourishment, we didn't know the Russians are like this... Life is about forever trying to tell people about your suffering and being forever unable to find somebody to believe it...." Again, all this was completely irrelevant to what was really going on right now.

My next recordings are: "cybrcafewrthow73dvd141cp_8_13_10_103-214AM.WMA" and "cybrcafeslpunionsdwtwncafeslp_8_13_10_220-1132AM.WMA": I continued writing "Frankfurt and Brussels" while burning a new disc and uploading recordings on the cybercafe's computer. "There must be people like that, as soon as they get in, they defect...." Then: "You saved their lives and they destroy you.... They have already sent out an alert saying you're schizophrenic... Mommy is so attractive, and these people are so repulsive...." I then took my nap on the chair – again, because I couldn't sleep on the street without pain. I woke up on 3:15:00 and, by 3:22:00, came inside the Metro station. I rested and screamed out of pain from time to time. Then, after two hours, I came out of the Metro station dragging my broken leg through the streets. On 5:52:00 I came inside a mall to continue to rest.

August 13 (Friday)

My next recording is: "buyblnктаcludwtwnlib_8_13_10_1132AM-540PM.WMA": After waking up, I wandered a little inside the mall and ate lunch there. I continued my worthless speculation on the Daughter People: "As soon as new recruits get in, they want out... Thus to defect...." (1:10:00). ".... that guy is going to do it, that means the Daughter People are our greatest enemy.... They will break him, take everything essential to him away from him when they recruit him, so that the guy will run away.... I have grace for them, but they ignore that, they will take my identity away and make people believe I'm schizophrenic... This impersonator has to stop, only then will I do anything for them, and I have to be certain... They first make you hate them and then come for you... This is not the way.... Nobody can be that dumb, it's designed to be ineffective.... It's like this: a woman offers herself, and yet you beat her, and when she runs away, you rape her.... *Maybe it's the 'technique of the maximum', if you can withstand such vomit-inducing recruitment, then you can withstand anything...* Mommy loves you, and so you want to do things for her, but the Daughter People don't trust people, and so they don't do this...." Again, even though this (the technique of the maximum) was not what was going on, it was a good idea! I then came inside the library to make a call to ACLU on a payphone. Suddenly I was moaning and in enormous pain. When the call didn't work out, I got on the bus to go to ACLU personally. I was moaning and crying because I was lost and didn't know where I was. I got off the bus and got on the bus again to go in the opposite direction. After so much pain and suffering, I finally found ACLU. I told the receptionist that I wanted to check on the status of my papers. "It will take two weeks..." "Please check..." "The guy who checks things is not here today..." That was all. What a waste of my time! I then got on the bus to go back to downtown. When I got off the bus, I was crying on the street corner due to terrible pain. Somebody came to help me. I then came back inside the downtown library again. "We are wasted, it will turn out that we aren't able to do anything... Mr B thinks intelligence just grows out of your head, not understanding that it takes time to read and get educated... He's destroying the very intellect he wants to use, this man is stupid...." Again, bizarre overestimation

of my own abilities. I settled down and made various Skype calls (4:40:00), among them a call to Victim Compensation. I then had to film my computer again because its screen was flashing. What's going on? "We so hate Mr B this mother fucker...." When I was leaving, I was yelling at the police officer: "The black guy sitting next to me left a lot of trash around in order to make it look like I did it, please don't throw me out the next time... What exactly are you told about me? Why is it that you brush me away whenever I want to report something?" Again, I was speaking nonsense because I was guided by wrong scenarios.

My next recording is: "towstwdcffbn_8_13_10_541-741PM.WMA": "If everything will be normal.... How is this guy going to pretend to be me? He has to log into my website and download all the files, but there is no sign of that...." I was then on the bus. "What if I go around pretending to be the guy who's pretending to be me? It will then be like pretending to be myself...." I came back to Westwood, ate in the burger store, and then came inside Coffee Bean. I told the cashier: "In order to convince you that my day went very bad, I'll have to get hit by a truck..."

My next recording is: "cfbnwstwd_8_13-14_10_747PM-1217AM.WMA": I called Wes on Skype, but he wasn't home. "I hope they aren't gonna try something funny..." I stayed in the restroom for a long time, and then called Wes again (1:23:00). There was still no answering. As I continued to work on my laptop, I suddenly had a realization: "He wanted me to write to Mr Ponomarev so that I can piss off DGHTRCOM, DGHTRCOM is on the side of the conservatives...." Complete bullshit! I called Wes again on 1:52:00, and there was still no answering. Then: "He really believes we will do things for him.... He's not educated, is very one-sided in his development.... When a person's skill lies solely in harming people, he can't go very far either..." I then continued to be bothered by strange pop-ups on my computer screen and believe that the person sitting near me was a surveillance agent. "What are all these surveillance agents...? Are they going to tell the truth, that this guy is only writing and reviewing his recordings?..." Then I asked the person: "What time is it, Mr Surveillance?" Then the cashier came to warn me not to film inside the coffeehouse. I again found this suspicious (paranoia over nothing): "There must be a reason why he forbids us to videotape... We must not write anything here..." In other words, I assumed the cashier was participating in the operation to make people believe I was a plagiarizer! I continued to write and then called up Wes for the third time on 2:39:00. There was still no answering. Then: "We talk to ourselves because we have nobody to talk to... We are very happy that we are being watched.... There are always surveillance agents watching over this homeless guy, and yet he doesn't do anything in particular... The point is to produce false information for foreign governments.... When we go overseas, we will be cut off, but the point is that you will have to spend money... year after year.... If you want to make me miserable, you will have to spend money..." Ha! Bullshit! Then I did my daily lesson on Russland Journal (2:42:00). Then I discovered a short email reply from Wes on 2:58:00: "Yes... Democracy is greased with lies..." I wrote back to Wes: "Please let me talk to you tomorrow... I have never felt this bad before..." Then: "Mr B is going to stick to his plan even though the plan is bad, because this is his welfare ticket... Imagine what people are told about me... People are just so easily duped..." I then wrote an email to Father John: "... I can't really come to the church..." (3:06:00). I then wrote an email to Deborah: "*Why does your cousin Sherry have so much New Testament stuff in the computer? ... Do you know how hard it is to be homeless while having broken limbs?...*" I was then looking at apartment ads for Warsaw on Craigslist and called up a number on 3:17:00, but the number was not in service. "Not a single machine works, not a single phone

number works...” I wrote an inquiry to the person with this ad: “I’m trying to inquire about your apartment, the number is not in service... Why?” Then more worthless speculation about the Pyramid: “Our only relationship with them is... This woman, growing up under her father, must be very twisted...” Then something strange popped up on my computer screen again: “Mr B is... It’s okay, he’s just wasting his time as he wastes mine...” I then continued to review my recordings. Then, my computer was completely frozen (4:06:00). My Toshiba drive was also not functioning. I then got frustrated because my computer was running so slowly. Again, this was most likely “natural” malfunctioning because this Gateway, although huge, had a very small RAM. I left Coffee Bean on 4:14:00 continuing my worthless reflection: “Mr B’s point of view is that you should just swallow your suffering because he has never suffered.... He’s in the intelligence business but has a skewed development of intelligence... He’s so good at fraud but understands nothing else... He has no understanding of human psychology... The Pyramid must be completely twisted since she grew up under a man with no understanding of human psychology...” Then, I thought about the Spiegel article, “Medwedew wirft Putins Mannschaft Sabotage vor”, and erroneously believed it shed light on my current situation: “... the article is very informative.... the political struggle inside Daughterland... DGHTRCOM has very little control over his crew...” Bullshit! I would sleep on the street in Westwood Village tonight despite the pain.

August 14 (Saturday; Deborah; webpage disappeared)

My first recording of the new day is: “wkpeetswstwd_8_14_10_711-952AM.WMA”: Soon after I woke up, I came to Peet’s Coffee. I continued my worthless reflection (to provide the French with more evidences): “I just don’t like Mr Chertoff, I’m so glad that he is gone... I didn’t like to see China getting beaten up... Otherwise I have no particular political beliefs.... Now who’s my enemy? Politics....” In other words, I continued to develop my wrong scenario about a power struggle inside Daughterland as the cause for my suffering. I used the restroom and then examined the scratches on my blank DVDs. I expressed my annoyance at everything around me: “The way people talk is so disgusting... This idea that somebody is trying to improve me is so disgusting, I want to vomit so much....” I continued to work on my “Frankfurt and Brussels” while reviewing the recordings from 2008. Then I came up with another wrong scenario, that those people inside the control center were trying to replicate my past environment in order to better understand my actions from that time – and I got terribly angry: “It’s so stupid... What I’m thinking now is not what I was thinking before... It’s wasting my fucking time... They want to understand my reactions in previous times, and so they test me, and all they get is my reaction to the test condition...” I left Peet’s Coffee on 2:27:00 continuing to lament how stupid all this was – not having the slightest idea that I was just getting angry over another imaginary scenario. “The Geneva Convention should cover psychological torture... This environment is so disgusting, it should be considered torture...” I then came to Coffee Bean to continue working.

My next recording is: “abutteachngnoblntangr_8_14_10_953AM-110PM.WMA”: I then became terribly angry and frustrated when my new computer malfunctioned again. It was all frozen and I rebooted it. Moaning and panting, I called Wes on 17:00, but he was not home. I then called Deborah, but hanged up and didn’t leave a message. I cried: “This is not how I am... I have been transformed into a strange entity...” I called Wes again and left a message: “Wes... emergency...” (27:00). Then: “This is not how I used to behave, but how I behave under experimental conditions... Which stupid persons are

running this?... The person who has designed this is stupid...” Not knowing that my scenario was all wrong, I ran out of Coffee Bean in anger on 30:00. I kicked over trash cans on the street, and somebody saw it and yelled at me. I came to ISO on 33:00 and ordered some spicy ramen. After I was done eating, I continued: “... the most awful thing in the world is that people who don’t know don’t know they don’t know, that people who are stupid will never know they are stupid...” This is indeed correct, except that it didn’t apply to my current situation! Then: “... Even though they are training him, he really doesn’t know that he doesn’t know how to do it... He thinks independence is so important... First of all, I’m not interested in becoming independent; secondly, this is not the way to teach it; and thirdly, independence is not important at all... I’m not interested in learning to not become frustrated with traumatic events which are not part of everyday life; secondly, this is not the way to teach it; and thirdly, I’m not interested in learning to not become frustrated... This is stupid... People should not believe that what they think is important is important at all... All I ever want to be is a little girl... Hopefully the teacher might learn something, that what he is teaching is not worth teaching at all... Teachers need to learn how not to rape...” What a worthless reflection since the Monkey was not trying to teach me anything at all! I then went to withdraw money from the bank and then got on bus 20 on 1:28:00. I got angry again when I discovered that somebody had taken away my blanket. More disaster! I got off the bus on 2:24:00 very angry and was again kicking over things on the street. I muttered angrily: “Be careful about teaching me anything, it’s the most scary thing in the world! Whoever wants to teach me anything will be my deadliest enemy...” While smoking and resting outside the downtown library, I continued: “What if I just don’t respond to anything? This environment is so annoying...” I came inside the library and sat down at a table, murmuring and breathing heavily (2:58:00). Desperate, I began looking for social services online to help me. Recalling the stranger’s recommendation on July 27, I called up PATH on Skype on 3:08:00 but reached only an answering machine. I called again and was connected with somebody on 3:10:00. The call was very frustrating because, as you can hear, it was constantly breaking up. I asked him: “Can you discuss service with a new client?” He told me to call 2216, but then advised me to call 211, and then gave me another number to call. I could barely understand what he said. I called the number on 3:15:00 but couldn’t connect. Then I called my step-mother, but there was no answering.

My next recording is: “dwntwnlib_8_14_10_117-211PM.WMA”: Then: “... Can we just ask for some money...? Just stop the environment... That’d be too good to be true... I don’t know how to tell people how I have been tortured.... the environment... and the way people talk.... We can’t go to Daughterland... maybe Poland... are there problems...? Maybe Germany... We can’t be here... petition... But why would the mail system work?” Then: “If they are smart, they will do what we say and close the case and let us get compensated... Why do we have to go to Europe? Because we can’t stand this environment...” Then I speculated further about DGHTRCOM: “... just make 2,000 dollars appear in my bank, that would mean nothing to him, but *procedurally it wouldn’t work out*, it’s all about procedures, right?” Only if I could follow up upon this correct train of thought! Then: “It’s DGHTRCOM himself who has decided that conditions need to be repeated... He’s not an idiot, but, like I said, conditions cannot be repeated... What’s going on? There is something wrong with these people around me... I suffer from post-traumatic stress disorder... I have never been to war, but the people around me don’t make sense and machines don’t function...” I came in and out of the library and noticed that somebody had left a bunch of papers on my table. I again mistakenly assumed this was

orchestrated from the control center: "... in order for the librarians to confuse them as my work... It's not my stuff...."

My next recording is: "libtokoreancafe_8_14_10_211-930PM.WMA": I called up my step-mother again on Skype on 6:00 to ask her whether she had received my new debit card. No. She wouldn't be able to call me back later because I didn't have a phone. Then I called up Wes again, but there was still no answering. Then I discovered Father John's email to me: he said the church was unable to help me but there were other resources available. I replied him: "... If you happen to hear of some, please let me know... I wish to be able to come to the church when I have recovered..." I then came to the cafeteria, ate, and started working. Soon, a bunch of children came in to shout. On 1:28:00, when my computer froze up (Open Office was not responding), I panicked and began suffering severe physical pain. And I was surrounded by children as if I were Santa Claus! I muttered angrily: "We need to go to Europe. At least there are no children there... We have decided, *they are our enemy*, there is nothing we can do...." I packed up and walked away, continuing: "... we are going to Europe, and they are going to send out an alert about us, it's the opposite of reward...." Moaning and panting because of severe physical pain, I came to a corner inside the library and called up Deborah on Skype (1:41:00). She answered it and I told her about the computer's freezing and the children: "... I can't stand being framed into a sick mind... I can't stand the sight of children, I can't stand computer's freezing... I don't have schizophrenia but somebody wants to frame me and make me look like I have schizophrenia, I need to escape to Europe..." But Deborah couldn't understand me. I continued: "I need to escape to Europe where women don't have children... I need serious help..." I kept emphasizing that this had never happened before: "I want to go back to the time before when I didn't have this kind of problem... Somebody is trying to mess with me and I don't even know why they are doing it..." Deborah asked: "Who are these people? Children?" I was frustrated: "I don't want to talk about it, because when I do I will sound like a schizophrenic, and surveillance agents are constantly around me to pick up evidences of my suffering schizophrenia... And somebody is impersonating me... Why can't they just leave me alone...?" And, just then, the librarian came over to warn me not to talk too loud. I was angered again believing I had fallen into a trap: "To make me look like an anti-social criminal, so that nobody will believe I'm actually educated and a nice person..." Deborah asked: "What can you do to get away from this?" "I can't..." Deborah again encouraged me to call 211. I was alarmed: "What does everyone want me to call 211? What can 211 do?" I continued to emphasize I needed to escape to Europe and suspected this 211 to be a trap. I hanged up on 1:59:00. As you can hear, I sounded so paranoid – insofar as nobody was sending children to provoke me and so on – that I had not only convinced Deborah that I was paranoid over nothing but also furnished more evidences to the Daughter People that the Monkey's profile of me as a paranoid schizophrenic was correct. (PLANRUS on hold!) Then: "I just can't do any work!" I ran out of the library and rode the bus and came to the Korean cafe near Normandie on 2:36:00. I called Wes again on Skype on 2:43:00, but Alexandra answered the call. She went away and there was no response. I called Wes again, and there was no answering. Now that I was calmer, I resumed my work and continued to review my recordings (this time, those from my time in Nicaragua). I counted my discs and then started editing my website. Suddenly, malfunctioning! I shouted in anger: "Why can't they just leave this guy alone! This guy clearly can't do anything! He doesn't have money! Why can't anyone see that?... You can't be serious: this is what we get?... Why would we do anything for anyone who doesn't give a shit about us?... You want to destroy me?..." Then, after a while, I shouted in anger again: "What's so important about the plan? It's not important!"

It's just that somebody wants to stay in power, right? Get some other mother fucker to do it!" Then, I continued: "They want to take away my only talent.... They can't be serious, right? I almost gave my life to them...." Now the question was of course: did the Daughter People really do this or was I mistaking natural malfunctioning for orchestrated?

My next recording is: "koreancafeixwebpagedispr_8_14-15_10_930PM-217AM.WMA": I then continued to edit my webpage for my March 2009 lawsuit. I clicked on the "save" button, but, suddenly, after I saved it, the entire content just disappeared (10:00). It was now a blank page! I was shocked and began suffering severe physical pain. All that work from the past months was lost! I shouted to the control center: "Why are you doing this?" I went into a seizure and then continued to cry out of hopelessness. I started calling up IX Web Hosting from 25:00 onward but had to hang up two times before I found the right line. I filmed myself waiting for my turn. Finally, on 46:00, I was connected with a personnel. I asked him if they had a backup somewhere, but was again frustrated when he couldn't understand me. After a while he said he had found no backup and so put in a ticket for me. I then filmed myself going to Google cache to look for the previous version of my webpage. So much trouble: "... We won't have time to do anything else because the Mexicans will keep doing this..." I then began writing out what I thought to be the current operation: "Mr B... sent somebody to steal my data and pretend to be me..." Then my arm hurt and so I spoke my thought: "We don't know which country we should go to, Germany or Poland... The Mexicans are not part of the Daughter People; we have saved the Daughter People, and if we told them to leave us alone, they would, but not the Mexicans..." I was completely wrong! Then: "These Mexicans are so evil... If their goal is to make someone work for them and give up his life for them, this will not happen, but if they just want him to convulse, yes... Such are Cardenas' descendants!" I left the Korean cafe and came to the cybercafe to check on my webpage on the computers here (2:33:00). Strangely, my webpage *was* there, only minus the additions I made tonight. I mumbled: "I just don't believe that the Daughter People will do that... The Daughter People will not take away our life work, will they? So it's just a trick to make us look schizophrenic? But we have the video..." In other words, I thought it was a trick to make me tell people my webpage had disappeared when it had not so that I'd look schizophrenic. "We need to find DGHTR... What if they don't send out an alert and we just pretend to be retarded? We need protection from these Mexican people... I hope they can see that, DGHTR is the one who has saved them all..." I came back to the Korean cafe and, when I checked the camera's SD card, behold, the video was deleted! I thus concluded (erroneously): "The alert must have reached IX Web Hosting, they were told that this guy has schizophrenia..." I got angry again and called IX Web Hosting again on 3:26:00. After some difficulty in hearing me, the same operator – Kevin – told me he had restored my webpage – and that's why it was visible again! I hanged up and wondered: "Why then is our video deleted?" Then: "The Mexican team deleted our webpage, but the Daughter team restored it..." Wrong! In reality, it wasn't even clear whether the malfunctioning wasn't "natural". Then, on 4:01:00, I started my lesson on Russland Journal. The cafe closed on 4:30:00 and I left.

My next recording is: "cybrcafe_8_15_10_219-246AM.WMA": I came to cybercafe again but, for a while, couldn't use my computer because it was doing Windows update. Then I resumed working.

August 15 (Sunday)

My next recordings are: “cybercafeslp_8_15_10_252-803AM.WMA”, “cybrcaferstroom_8_15_10_803-845AM.WMA”, and “cybrwrthow73cmcrdroffstrgdtour_8_15_10_9AM-327PM.WMA”: I took a long nap on the cybercafe’s sofa and then woke up and used the restroom. I then did a little more work, and then set out for the storage facility. More frustration: the bus was on detour and so I couldn’t get to Jefferson. I had to walk a long distance with my broken leg! Terribly exhausted, I settled down in the street corner to use my computer a little (2:28:00). Increasingly angry, I shouted: “We regret! Don’t do things for people for free the next time...” I became more upset when I discovered that the videos of my writing also seemed to have been remotely deleted. What was going on? Then a man yelled at me for bumping into him: “Fuck...” (3:14:00). Just to build up my aggression! I came inside the storage facility on 3:37:00. I put in my new discs and left on 4:08:00. Another long trek! I filmed myself a little walking the tremendously long distance. I was yelling and moaning out of severe fatigue. Finally I got on the bus.

My next recording is: “touclahstmrxtstudy_8_15_10_327-731PM.WMA”: I came back to UCLA and came inside the research library to use the computer. I discovered that an Asian young couple were taking pictures of me. I filmed them and asked them why they did it. They explained that they were tourists from China and I spoke Chinese to them (1:16:00). I then continued to correct the accents on my Scientific Enlightenment. Then I started my lesson on Russland Journal (2:02:00). On 2:28:00 the library was closing and I exited. I continued to ramble about how the case endings in DGHTRSPK corresponded to the postpositions in Japanese. Then: “Please don’t let the Mexicans get to me... Life should not always be about getting the opposite of what you want...” Then: “Are we going to run into Double Smile again?” I then came to Burger King to eat dinner (3:17:00).

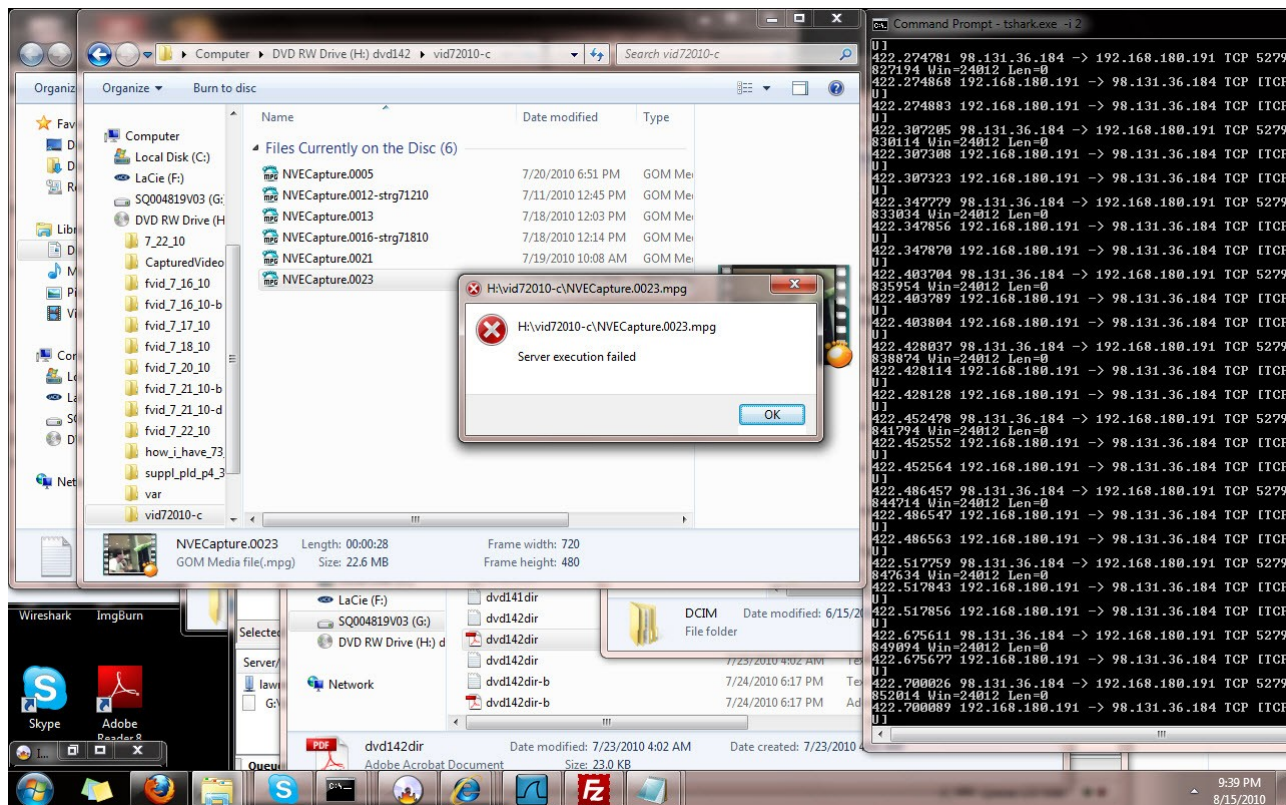
My next recording is: “cfbn15lisoprblmfrstrtd_8_15-16_10_739PM-1214AM.WMA”: I then came to Coffee Bean to continue to work on my computer. I called Wes on Skype, but there was no answering. I then called my step-mother, and she didn’t pick up the call either. I then discovered Wes’ email reply to me, and Father John’s as well. Wes’ reply went like this:

Hi Lawrence,

Sorry, I was at a Brazilian BBQ until very late at night. I wanted to stay because I had a lot to drink and wanted to make sure I could drive, since it was held far away from my apartment. I have been working really hard for Prof. Friedman to make a little extra money. As you know I am currently not working. However, good news, I got a job teaching at another college, the only part is [that it’s] like SUNY Albany, they only pay \$600 a month, but at least it is something. If I do not find more work, I may have to clean Banks at night for \$10 an hour. At least there is that opportunity that was offered to me. I will probably be working late tonight and tomorrow too. The problem is that I do not have your phone number. It would be a lot easier if I had a phone number.

Take Care, Wes

No secret messages! I then asked a student what she was studying. It turned out that she was reading a book about computer-mediated communication (1:37:00). That sounded strangely coincidental! But the problem she was investigating was: what drew trust from customers. Then, my computer malfunctioned again, with the error message: “Server execution failed” (1:59:00). It was probably just “natural” but of course I blamed it on the control center. Then: “Don’t open Sherry’s document... We have to petition, we are fighting against a force which we can’t win... And yet we must fight... For what’s the point of living if we can’t protect our writing... We are not going on any mission if we are going to lose our writings...” Little did I know that PLANMEX (or rather PLANRUS) was currently on suspension because the Daughter People and the French were stuck in their debate. When I wanted to film myself writing, I warned the control center: “Don’t turn off our camera...” Then: “The Daughter People don’t make sense.... Why do they want to take away our writings? They know we will never give it up... We need a second camera to videotape ourselves videotaping our computer screen, but, what if they shut off the second camera?... We need a camera that uses DV tapes so that they can’t remotely delete the videos... Now people say we suffer from schizophrenia because we look ugly.... It’s about the way you look when you say something, not about what you say... What constitutes your credibility, it’s your look...” This was indeed every true. Then I tried to explain to the Daughter People: “... there *is* a way to go around our busy schedule so that we will have time to do academic work...” I then identified, among my files, another video in which my computer was caught malfunctioning, and I spent a lot of time trying to link it from my new documentary webpage for machine malfunctioning. Then, I compiled the ISO image for my next disc and watched carefully ImgBurn’s operation to create the new DVD image. When it got to “Frankfurt and Brussels”, it slowed down. I immediately became convinced it was because the Mexican team was trying to insert something into the document in order to make it look like it was fraudulent. I muttered angrily: “We must videotape every single word of this chapter!” In reality, I was most likely paranoid over nothing again. Then: “... Our life is destroyed.... Nobody will ever believe a single word we say as long as we tell the truth... How lucky is the Pyramid: she can write whatever garbage she wants and nobody will take it away from her, whereas we write great stuff and it’s the only thing we do well and they just have to take it away from us... PM, why do you have such sort of friends?” Again, overestimation of my own abilities here: my writings were of such poor quality at the moment. I then wrote another email to Father John requesting to have an appointment with him to discuss something serious (4:04:00). Then the coffeehouse was closing and I left. I continued: “Most people don’t know that governments can control their machines... Only I know.... I know so much about machine malfunctioning, that’s the essence of my life... With my education, and yet that’s what people in power want to reduce me to, the Chosen One for Machine Malfunctioning...” Again, my bizarre overestimation of my own abilities.



The malfunctioning tonight: “Server execution failed”

My next recording is: “dnnisdvd151isoredo_8_16_10_1215-304AM.WMA”: I then came to Denny’s to eat and continue to work. I decided to rebuild the ISO image for DVD 151, convinced that the previous image was defective. When I turned on my camera to film myself compiling it, a child just had to show up (42:00). At this time of the night! I naturally assumed it was orchestrated from the control center and got very angry again: “We just have to accept the fact that we have sacrificed our life for our Daughter... Children will always show up to make us into a pedophile, it’s always the same thing... Our psychological disorder is so severe...” Now at least DVD 151 was successfully burned. My laptop had by now run out of battery, and so I continued writing my petition letter on paper. Then I tried to talk to the Daughter People again: “If you just wouldn’t get the Mexicans to get their hands off me... I’m not dumb enough to mail my petition... The only place I’m gonna mail it from is one block away...” Then: “We don’t know how much of it is their plan, and how much of it is the Mexicans’ plan... The usual way of any intelligence agency is to say nothing at all... There has never been such alert... The Mexicans don’t have any experience, and so they think the whole world is watching them...” That is, I was speculating on the reason why the Mexican team wanted people to believe I was a schizophrenic. I left Denny’s on 2:38:00. As I walked to my usual spot to sleep, I continued: “We have very high intellect, but everything else about us is just average, and that’s the beauty of it all, right? Never will they find somebody like this... so high in one respect, and disabled in others... You Mexicans, if you are related to some ex-president, nobody cares, nobody knows anything about Mexico... But if you have a lot of cash, people in America *will* pay attention to you... Trust me, I’ll never give up....” Again, irrelevant nonsense. I would sleep in Westwood tonight.

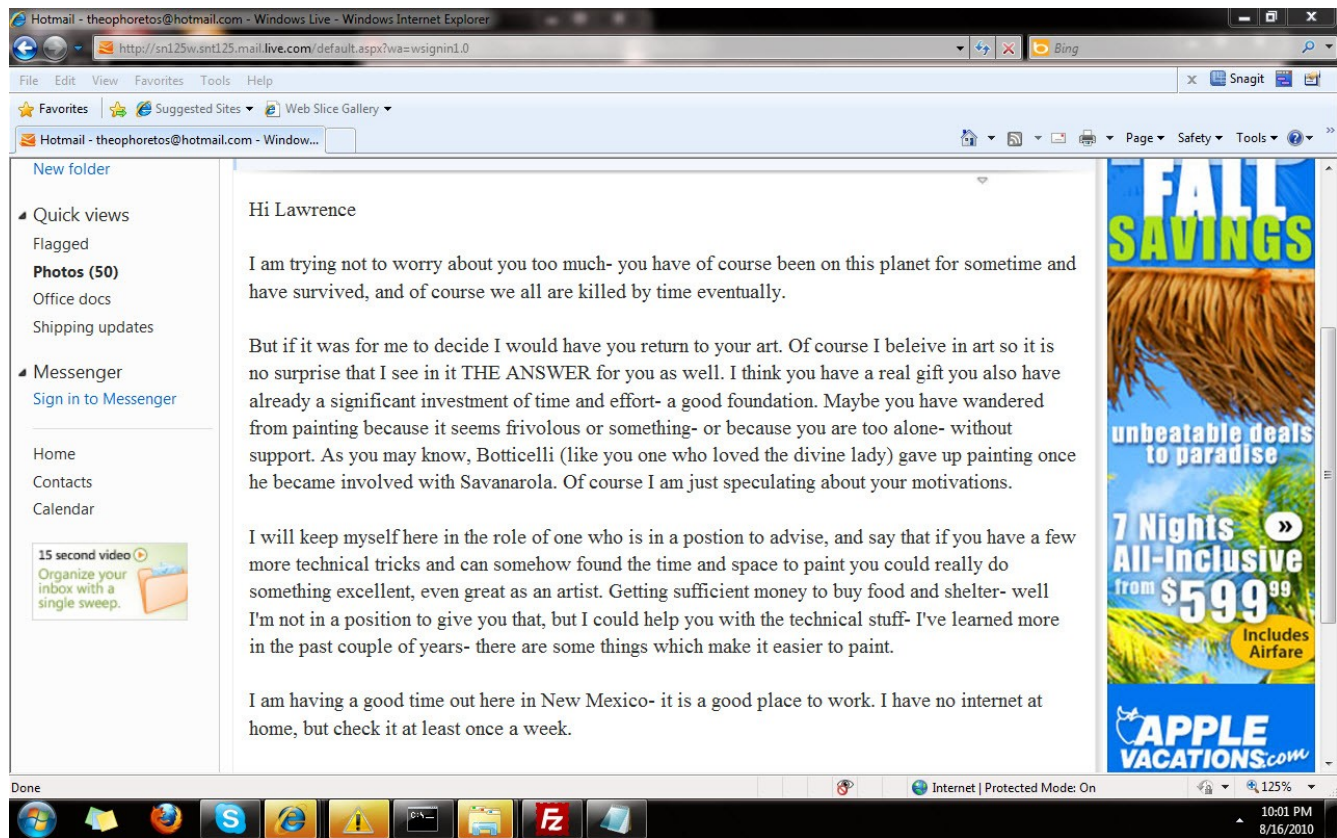
August 16 (Monday)

My next recordings are: “slpwstwdanglcpapa_8_16_10_307-920AM.WMA”, “wkwstwdcfbn_8_16_10_921-1142AM.WMA”, and “bus2todwntwnannyd_8_16_10_1150AM-217PM.WMA”. Soon after I woke up, I came inside Coffee Bean and started watching videos on Youtube. I saw an excellent interview with a former KGB officer (Besmenov) and tried to download it, but was not allowed to. I then rode bus 2 to downtown. I bought a burger from a street vendor. I continued: “We will not lie saying our work is fiction...”

My next recording is: “crtmrrrstuckntrffcmmyodfct_8_16_10_217-759PM.WMA” I came inside the superior court and spoke to a court clerk about the demurrer hearing tomorrow (1:16:00). I turned in my response, but was told to show up tomorrow: “The judge might not read it...” But I had already decided not to show up tomorrow. I then spent the next two hours in the Metro and on the bus. I was I didn’t know where. I walked inside an Iranian restaurant and was thrown out (4:16:00). I came inside another restaurant, but it was too cramped. I came inside another shop, but there were children. I theorized: “When machine malfunctions, I will have to videotape it, and children will show up...” I came to a fourth restaurant and knocked on the door. The owner angrily shouted at me: “Get out of here...” I filmed it (5:26:00). I had nowhere to go! I wandered the streets with my broken leg moaning and panting. Finally, I got on the bus again as if in shock. Somebody asked me: “Are you okay? Should I call 911?”

My next recording is: “wrtonbuscfbnxl2rpsdnt_8_16-17_10_759PM-1220AM.WMA”: While on the bus, I worked a little more on “Government’s Investigation of A Schizophrenic, Part III”. I got off the bus somewhere, walked into a store, and called Wes on Skype. He was not home (1:03:00). I then got on the bus again, came to Westwood, and came inside Coffee Bean (1:48:00). I discovered that Oliver wrote me an email on August 4 to encourage me to go back to my art. Why? Did the Daughter People command the CIA to instruct Oliver to say this in order to distract me from the “plan” (so that the French couldn’t order them to “institute a reality around me that fit my belief)? I was suddenly motivated to watch all the videos on our handsome Daughterland president and his wife on Youtube. I didn’t know much about him and his wife before and now I was mesmerized. When I was smoking outside (3:15:00), I continued: “... enough with these environmental signals... We can’t do anything...” When I was leaving, I continued: “We will find Uncle Daughter and keep our copyrights....” I would again sleep in Westwood Village tonight.

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, III
Lawrence C. Chin, August 2010 – August 2019



Oliver's email to me on August 4

August 17 (Tuesday; Wes; PLANRUS resumed)

My next recording is: "slpwkpeetsthwnutgeistemail_8_17_10_722-1148AM.WMA": I got up around 1:45:00. I entered into a coffeehouse and was refused service. I then came into Peet's Coffee to get my morning coffee and use the restroom. I then got on the bus on 2:43:00. Note that the demurrer hearing would have happened by now. I got off the bus on Pico and Westwood and came into Coffee Bean. A woman gave me food. From 3:18:00 onward I began writing out an email to Wes.

I have had very frustrating days for two days. Not just my computer malfunctioned, but whenever I stepped onto a bus it would go detour and I would be stuck in the middle of nowhere for hours, unable to use my time to do my writing and edit my website. I have been contemplating about the meaning of my suffering – these events were just the tip of an iceberg – and last night I felt like I found some clues when I watched some videos of the new Russian president and his wife. I have been despite my desperate condition doing some philosophical reflection any way, and have some days ago thought about this Hegelian phenomenon which I named 'Anatolia'. You know it was an old Greek designation of Turkey, meaning 'rise up'. Because Turkey was for the Greeks the place where the sun rose, they called the east 'rise up', namely 'Anatolia'. As I was stuck everyday in this vomit-inducing environment of LA which

evidently is the work of some Mexican team running Homeland Security, I couldn't help but think that this is all just part of the 'Decline of the West' (you know like the book title of that once-famous Oswald Spengler)? And yet the shininess and spiritedness of the new Russian first couple I saw last night reminded me of the newness and spiritedness of Shanghai when I was there. It made me think in Hegelian terms, that *Geist* (the Spirit of World History, remember from Dr Guerrière's class) has indeed shifted from the West to the East again, landing both in China and Russia to inaugurate a new era of world history. I predict that by the time we get old that's where the center of the world's civilization will be, especially in the Russian domain. Maybe you should think about looking for teaching jobs over there? Just a thought.

As for me, I'm sick and tired of this place where I'm constantly being thrown out from places and where machines constantly malfunction. I just want to move over there too, well, at least, I could take the first step by going to Europe, much closer (because my passport has my brother's birthdate on it, you know, I'd better not go to Russia directly just yet). You know, I read on the news about the new Russian president's attempt to modernize or Westernize his country and the obstacle he has encountered from the conservative elements of the prime minister's old bureaucracy. That seems to be another problem of the country, because obviously the prime minister would like to Westernize insofar as he has hand-picked the new president. Namely, their bureaucracy is not sufficiently integrated into 'one machine'. Clearly, *Geist* is now on both the president and the prime minister to cause them to attempt to push through a series of reforms in order to get their country to catch up with the movement of world history, just as Hegel once thought that *Geist* was on Napoleon when he led his army into Prussia. Well, Hegel was wrong, but I don't think this guess of mine is wrong? Only if the conservative elements would want to go along with the movement of world history and be led by *Geist*. I think eventually they will, for there is no point in going against Destiny (*Schicksal*: another very fateful term in German philosophy of history). And I'm just wondering if I can be part of the movement of *Geist* too. Only if the Mexican team could be ordered to not torment me any longer and to let me go join *Geist* also somewhere in the East instead of rotting away as a homeless vagrant in this Occident where life is quickly degenerating away and vitality extinguished, exactly symbolized by the vulgarity and anti-intellectualness of the Mexican team that must have assumed the secret command of Homeland Security here. I don't think the Mexican team cares much about world-history anyway, so just let this land sink with them, how about that? It's all up to the conservative elements of this so-called 'Daughter People' to order the Mexican team to release me from this sinking society.

I hope these Daughter People would consider the easier way for me. I'm laden with post-traumatic stress disorder due to long periods of suffering environmental breakdown. If they would just let me occupy a clean environment – a normal environment where everything functions smoothly and no one is confused. And moreover if no one is so negatively alerted about me. Then give me an academic job

on which I will work concurrently with my own writing project (my autobiography, that is). And above all, let the Expert I have mentioned take me up and assign me a ‘Daughterlandish Big Sister’ of some sort who is so educated and expert in psychology (and even in computers) – such a Daughterlandish Big Sister could guide me, telling me where to go in the world and where to find a nice academic job. Then, who knows what promise might hold in two or three years? Perhaps I will definitely have recovered from my psychological disorder.

The thing is, I keep talking about this ‘Daughter People’ and begging them to give me this or that, as if there hover above me some invisible spirits to whom I pray or things like that. How crazy does that sound? Hopefully when I go overseas no one among the ordinary people will need to know about it. One needs to be kept happy and worries-free in order to be productive – that’s part of the Western mentality, no? I might just be a crazy philosopher who is talking about the movement of *Geist* through world-history about which none of the surveillance officers in Homeland Security is educated enough to know anything. I’ll be myself rather than be framed to look like I’m only pretending to be myself. Then, I’ll be glad to make my weird demeanor into an asset for the actualization of the new phase of *Geist* rather than a source of my misery. Sympathy is something I really need right now: I appear so pathetic as to be preoccupied with such trivial matters as if these were life and death issues, such as whether my website hosting my documentaries of machine malfunctioning will function. But that’s just part of my personality, right? And it can be made into an asset rather than a source of disappointment.

Anyway, I just need to tell you about my thoughts, not just to share them, but also for them to be intercepted... Homeland Security should know that I’m more philosophical than schizophrenic!

Unfortunately, the hope for Daughterland to rise (“Anatolia”) and the request for a “Daughterlandish Big Sister” – these were just more evidences which the Smart Woman could use to support the French claim that I continued to try to conspire with the Daughter People. With this superb email, that is, the French would today obtain from the judge computer an order that the Daughter People should continue with PLANRUS in order to furnish the terrorist with the resources necessary for him to finish his mission. PLANRUS was no longer on hold!

My next recording is: “cfbnpicopavln_8_17_10_1148AM-516PM.WMA”: I left Coffee Bean on 1:06:00 mumbling: “... very high... very low... the Daughter People’s relationship with the Mexicans is just a business relationship...” I came inside Westside Pavilion to eat. Children were everywhere! “Oh my God this is the wrong place...” After eating, I resumed my Russland Journal lesson (1:28:00). When I went out for my smoke break, I continued: “I have family connections too, if only you won’t turn them against me... Everyday we plead to the invisible figures...” Then: “I don’t want to make promises that I can’t keep, but I assume that, after I’m done with my writing project, I can give myself away... Like what we have said about the *Geist*, once it becomes part of the category...” On 2:17:00 I came back inside the Pavilion and resumed working outside the movie theater. Note that children were

still shouting loudly. I resumed my Russland Journal lesson. When I was done with my lesson, I continued to brainstorm for my Daughterland's future: "They can't go the way of manufacturing, their labor is not cheap, they can't compete with the Asians, they have to go high tech..." As if DGHTRCOM and his team didn't already know this! All I had accomplished was to provide the French with more evidences! I then resumed writing. I then came back to Coffee Bean. I continued my worthless brainstorming: "DGHTRLND needs to adopt a good constitution... Otherwise they can't motivate people except by patriotism... We thus suggest Westernization to DGHTRCOM... It's a chance to establish soft-power... What in the end is it about America which so attracts people? Consumerism... Mommy's advantage is integrity... You take everything with you when you go inside..." Then: "The Daughter People are artists, right? They are not going to believe the Mexicans... The Mexicans are stealing our ideas because they aren't educated... *Our ideas about how to build up Daughterland are not a big deal*... But DGHTRCOM would be surprised that the Mexicans can come up with them...."

My next recording is: "worrymxteamwstwdsvtl_8_17_10_516-924PM.WMA": I continued to review my recordings. More worthless speculation: "The Daughter People are here, otherwise why would our webpage... be restored...? Why would the Mexicans be so kind?..." (18:30) Then my camcorder shut itself off again. "The Monkey wants to make me work for him without even paying me..." (31:00) I then called Wes on Skype, but there was no answering. "We shall try to not produce any good idea.... Do nothing except writing.... No one is going to show up..." (34:30) At least I got that right! Then: "The Mexicans just want to squeeze ideas out of us.... It's slave labor.... They gave us 20 dollars to make us talk..." Then everything on my computer was frozen (39:00). "Buffer overflow?" I filmed the malfunctioning. "That's why the Mexicans can't get people to work for them..." (48:00) I then left the coffeehouse and rode the bus back to Ackerman. I used Ackerman's computer to write another email to Wes,

Wes are you there?

I suddenly feel so sad after reflecting on the behavior of these Mexicans of presidential lineage and on all that I have learned of Russia; I don't want to sound racist, but if an ordinary Russian is hanging off the cliff and so is a Mexican of ex-presidential descent, and if when I save the Russian he or she would slap me and when I save the Mexican he would give me 100 dollars, I think I would still rather save the Russian, thanks to the disappointing behavior of some royal Mexicans. I just hope that these Daughter People are still around to hear me, even after I got angry with them for a little bit. As long as I can keep my past and finish representing it in my writing, I'm willing to offer everything to that beautiful Big Sister if her loyalty is directed to her country of origin or to that Expert among the Daughter People I have spoken of. Do you not know of any Daughter People?

It's another request for that "Daughterlandish Big Sister"! Just more evidence with which the French could request that PLANRUS continue! I was then checking over the videos of machine malfunctioning on my website. I then read some German (Marx and Engels) and discovered from the news that Obama was in LA yesterday. (Presumably he wasn't checking on my trial!) I left Ackerman

and walked a long way to ISO. I was then on my own computer reading German news and reviewing my lessons on Russland Journal. Then my Internet connection was cut off, and I was also terribly annoyed by children's shouting (2:58:00). When I started burning a new disc, the DVD drive also had problems (3:08:00). I got frustrated when I couldn't shut down ImgBurn: "I can't deal with it..." (3:11:00). I then began watching videos on Youtube: the news, Soviet policy, India... I called Wes on 3:23:00 and he answered it! I talked about my two long emails, how I got thrown out when I acted out when my computer malfunctioned, how I feared that it might not be the Daughter People who were listening to me but the Mexicans... "The Daughter People have a lot of politics, they will abandon me, the Mexicans have tricked me to offend them... so that they will not watch me anymore... and these Mexicans can then steal my ideas about how to reform Daughterland..." Worthless worries over imaginary things! But Wes didn't hear me right and thought I said "Nazi". I was instantly alarmed believing it was the Mexican team's trick: "Now all our conversation is garbled up so that I will sound like a schizophrenic saying unintelligible things... You have to read my emails... word for word... they show that I'm clear-thinking..." I became increasingly frustrated: "Can I call you from a payphone?" But Wes again couldn't hear me: "Blah blah payphone?" And so I repeated myself. Wes said he had to go to bed soon. I concluded that I should not call people on Skype. I got angry because I had nobody to talk to except myself and because I had no money to buy a new cellphone. I hanged up on 3:32:00. I then called my step-mother. She had by now received my new debit card. She would come to me to deliver the card to me because my father said there were too many police in Irvine. We decided to meet on Saturday in the Starbucks across the street from my grandfather's old address. She gave me her cellphone number and my mother's two numbers. Then more worthless speculation: "Maybe that's a test, to see how you feel about being branded a 'Nazi'..." I then continued to read up on my Daughterland president and his wife. The First Lady spoke French! "... so that they won't be fighting among themselves, we need to have one teacher and one handler..." Bullshit! Just more evidence for the French!

My next recording is: "leaviso_8_17_10_934-1030PM.WMA": When I was in the restroom, I continued: "We don't know who's running it, so we have to pretend nothing is going on until we get further notice..." I was terribly annoyed when people kept knocking on the door. "I hope the Daughter People will understand... I won't do anything unless I have concrete proof that it's not the Mexicans..." Then I left ISO. "We don't know who's above us... But all the tests must have come from the Daughter People... We cannot trust these idiotic signals... Now they know under what conditions we can be productive... 'You might think I'm crazy, but all I want is you...' I'm really flattered... But that's the point, right?... We got duped by Uncle DGHTR, we thought they were all as nice and wise as he was... How long is this going to go on? We need to receive some money *now*... We are definitely going to Europe..." Complete garbage. I then got on the bus to go to Kinkos.

My next recording is: "toknkos_8_17_10_1031-1113PM.WMA": After I got off the bus, I continued: "... all these actors around me pointing their fingers at me saying I did this or did that... so that, in the end... nobody will believe anything I say... Now, minus taking away our past and our copyright, we may do it... We want a big sister and a psychologist... If they are listening to me, *this is the deal!*... Unless a concrete person comes to me, I'll not believe it's not the Mexicans... I'll never sacrifice an ounce for the Mexicans... Do you just have to add Nazi and a pedophile and everything else to our profile? A Daughter Pyramid, a big sister, with unequivocal link to the highest office... The Mexicans

don't care about you, they just want to use you and dump you...." Unfortunately, I was still providing the French with more reasons to order the Daughter People to continue PLANRUS (to send in a Daughter Pyramid to take me to Daughterland). I came inside Kinkos on 15:00 and continued: "... they will pretend to be the Daughter People... If we don't know for sure who's running it, we won't do anything at all..."

My next recording is: "knkoswrt_8_17-18_10_1113PM-145AM.WMA": And so I filmed myself writing ("Frankfurt and Brussels"). Then, more wrong scenario: "Maybe they want to produce evidence that we don't own our website at all... And that's why the video of Google's cache of our webpage was remotely deleted... They want people to believe that the person who filed the lawsuit in March 2009 was not us..." Then: "Why don't they just say it's Lawrence Chin who's pretending to be David Chin? How about letting David Chin be the genius?... What does it have to do with our website?... It's the rule, just as, with Mommy, when you go in you will have to change your name... But this time, there also has to be a change of character... And we just don't know why!" Wrong! Finally: "*We have already made our conditions to the Daughter People: dual identity, no erasure of our past and taking away of our copyright...*"

August 18 (Wednesday; "Digital Nation")

My next recordings are: "slpknkoskratwn_8_18_10_145-817AM.WMA" and "dwntwnlibphilolet_8_18_10_817AM-255PM.WMA": I again took a long nap in Kinkos and then came to Koreatown. I then got on the bus going toward downtown. I continued to read the German article about our Daughterland president. When I got off the bus, I got nostalgic: "Before you can do whatever you want, you didn't need to worry about people watching you..." Then: "We are *not* going to get a girlfriend, unless she is... They could just send back the Austrian pyramid..." Then my arm hurt when I thought of DGHTRCOM. Then I started reading a German summary of Hegel's philosophy which I printed out yesterday: "... Einheit des Denkens und Seins..." I came inside the library. I used the restroom for a long time and finally came out on 2:49:00. I then came to the cafeteria to eat. Note that a child was crying loudly. I then sat down at a table to continue to work (burn my disc while writing) (3:45:00). I then wrote out another stupid email to Wes:

I am worried about so many things. Everyday I'm just weighed down by misery and worries. (1) What about the story I'm writing about my experience? I begin to worry that my story might offend the Chinese government. (You are probably gonna say you don't know what story I'm talking about, but it's just the kind of story you've seen before.) But supposedly there is still a long time to finishing the story so that there is nothing to worry about for now. And no one visits my website. In a sense good, but in a sense bad. Do you know the kind of satisfaction you get when you have a worthy website and you see people visiting it? Do you know how much I want to imitate when I see a good website that I like? And yet I of course don't believe in putting up anything on the web just to announce myself. It has to be something essential, something worthwhile that I alone can offer to others. And I think my experience is just it. But I guess I wouldn't have to worry about this until years later.

(2) I also begin worrying about how I may have appeared to some of the Important People who might be watching me through the surveillance around me. Daughterland's president and his wife and so on must have been surprised and disappointed by how 'intraordinary' the guy who has won their innocence really is. I hope it wasn't that way but, first of all, only someone so 'intraordinary' would have had the time to educate himself in the worthless matters that would turn out to be of tremendous use in some invisible court battle. Secondly, I didn't really choose my lot but was thrown into it. I suppose they would understand. (3) Then I'm also worried about whether the Daughter People are really that good. It's all because I have read that they often have divisions among themselves and then because their choice of some outsiders as their business partners (the Mexican team I've spoken of) to the exclusion of the wisest Expert among them I've spoken of worried me tremendously. But supposedly they know that if they are to lead the world as now they seem poised to do then they would have to take care of everyone and not just themselves. And I never had to worry about that Expert among them, for I know he is so wise and caring and I can only imagine him thinking in universal terms rather than provincially only in nationalistic terms. But I was surprised earlier several times that the Daughter People do speak of their goals in universal terms, as good for all humanity. (3) I definitely need a job, and I just don't know if the Daughter People will give me an academic job, or if I should start looking for an ordinary job by myself right away? If they don't tell me now I might be wasting my time looking for one should they give me one in the end. *And are the Daughter People going to send someone to guide me or not?* If I don't get guided and do things that inconvenience them, they shouldn't get upset with me then...

(4) I'm even worried that those watching me might not be the Daughter People at all but the Mexican team who are always ready to dupe me and exploit me. You don't know how lonely I feel every day talking only to myself and responding only to impersonal environmental clues. But then I gave myself so much work and I'm so deeply suspicious of people and also I don't like to associate with people when I look so downtrodden and ugly. I just don't like myself being the way I'm right now. Why can't you be around here in California? (5) And by the way, I'm also worried about what Americans might think when they see me living in America but thinking only of some other nation elsewhere because it is more exotic and so on. (6) Lastly, I'm worried that by talking about my problem, the authority is gathering evidence that I have a terrible mental problem [insofar as I'm] constantly addressing myself to imaginary and invisible figures... Just too much worries!

It's not just that everything I said was bullshit, but also that I was providing the French with more evidence of my conspiracy with the Daughter People (believing them to be poised to lead the world) and more reasons for them to order the Daughter People to send in a Daughter Pyramid to take me on PLANRUS (my expectation for someone to appear to guide me). Again, the Daughter People must be debating fiercely with the Smart Woman about this at this moment: that I was completely insane so that the command should never switch and so on. I then continued to review my recordings (Karin's

meetups). Then: "... nations have come so close together because they don't keep secrets from each other anymore..." Then, Russland Journal lesson from 5:59:00 onward.

My next recordings are: "dwnwtwnlib_8_18_10_302-313PM.WMA" and "readfrgligbus720_8_18_10_314-543PM.WMA": While eating chips outside, I continued my worthless reflection: "What is our goal?... Somehow, we don't want to give up... We have become so dependent on our environment... Can we survive on our own?... adding things is not the same as keeping what you have... saving the human race, reorganizing the human race... *Our impression is that it's just a backup plan*, which will never be implemented... So whatever it is, it doesn't really matter... Oh, the Hispanic guy wearing earphones over there, he's just recorded everything we said..." And so I filmed him: "... evidence that we suffer from schizophrenia..." Was he really a surveillance agent? Then: "It's like going to meetups, no one really cares what movie we are seeing... It's about hanging out together... But just because we don't care, that doesn't mean we won't do it well... We still want to impress other people..." The French would definitely factor all this into the upcoming PLANRUS. I then came back inside the library and began browsing through some French books (32:00). I then left the library on 1:15:00 and got on the bus on 1:21:00 to go to UCLA.

My next recording is: "uclalibstndunionwrtlet_8_18_10_545-1016PM.WMA": After I got off the bus, I continued: "... dual identity, Uncle Daughter... these are far more important than a girlfriend..." I was happy because I found a whole pack of cigarettes on the street. I came to UCLA and got coffee from the vending machine. Then: "While on the bus, we had a mental image of DGHTRCOM..." Then: "... the wisest and most caring..." I came inside the library to continue to edit my Scientific Enlightenment on the library's computer. I left the library on 1:13:00. I rehearsed Heidegger's argument about why things are what they are: "... human beings want to *be* something, and time... and that's why malfunctioning is so devastating: because you are prevented from becoming what you want to become... Uncle DGHTR would understand what we are saying, but it seems that he understands the French better than the German..." Then more bullshit: "... the quality of their recruits must have gone down after the collapse of communism..." I came to Ackerman to continue to work. I filmed myself working on my petition letter while burning a new disc (from 1:54:00 onward). I then resumed writing "Frankfurt and Brussels". I then rambled again about how pains can't be added across persons and how number shouldn't count. "Don't assume that civilization is more important than one person's life... Well, I guess civilization really *is* more important. Without it, there is no point in doing anything... Why is life so important?" Then: "God's greatest gift to human beings is that each person is only obliged to feel his or her own pain..." I left Ackerman by 3:18:00. I continued while walking: "Since they keep a catalog of our books, DGHTR would know what we are talking about... They already know what kind of tricks we can pull..." Bullshit! I came to the burger shop in the Village to eat. Then I reflected: "We got Mr Chertoff, and yet we aren't any happier..." Then: "July last year... 兩面夾攻... There was no great power at all, we were just passing the ammunition to their enemy..." More evidence for the French! Then my wrong scenario: "They beat you up just to make sure you won't cause problems in the future... And yet we aren't going to create problems in the future... By beating us up to prevent problems from occurring in the future, they are in fact creating problems in the future..." I then thought about the infinite loop problem. Then: "We have never wanted to become Mommy's enemy... History doesn't repeat itself, it goes in a spiral..." Then I convinced myself: "They can't be worried about this... DGHTRCOM is meticulous... They have the brain but not the

tools, it's all about the tools... It's industrialization which they miss... All this, they just want to teach you a lesson..." Wrong! I then came inside Coffee Bean on 4:26:00.

My next recording is: "cfbnworrymxwsemail_8_18-19_10_1017PM-1226AM.WMA". I got online and discovered that, on 6:42 PM, Wes replied me – after three days:

Hi Lawrence,

I was going to suggest that you get a job where you can work through the Internet, like a translation job, but I just remembered how computers crash on you. I never realize how your world had changed from the material world to the virtual world until today. I watched a clip from Frontline, 'Digital Nation', and I realized that for some [people] virtual reality is more important than actual reality. I guess if you have trouble in the actual reality you [will just] slip into the virtual reality, or perhaps people [will] just go there anyway. In your case, you are more successful in the virtual reality than [in] the actual reality. I didn't quite understand what the big deal is if you cannot use a computer, but I do now. As a Buffet character. It is interesting how the world has rapidly changed.

Well I hope things get better for you, Wes"

This email was suspicious. My email was sent on 1:20 PM and Wes replied me merely five and a half hours later. Insofar as the French and the Daughter People were in deadlock since August 1, my emails from yesterday and today were the evidences that had broken the deadlock in France's favor. By 3 PM or so, the French must have obtained a judgment from the judge computer authorizing them to order the Daughter People to continue to implement PLANRUS. But this included leaking more of judge Higgins' program to me as a way to mold my belief about the plan insofar as the program (the cultural revolution) was bundled with the discovery of Atlantis. Apparently judge Higgins' program also involved a concern for the deterioration of human intelligence on the global scale due to the invention of the Internet. Under French order, the Daughter People thus ordered the CIA to instruct Wes to leak this concern of judge Higgins' to me, and Wes carried out the order when he got home. Although I found Wes' sudden change of topic suspicious, I was at the moment too caught up in my fear that the "plan" was to sacrifice me to save humanity. I thus immediately wrote a reply to Wes in which I explained why it in fact was not justified to sacrifice one person to save 5,000 people or even to save human civilization, hoping that the email would be intercepted and persuade DGHTRCOM to change his mind about sacrificing me. Then I reflected on what Wes said: "Did somebody tell Wes to write this email? Somebody who can read our thoughts and yet not know anything about us? Who can that be? This is very worrisome... 'You prefer virtual reality to real reality....' Mr B will always be watching us in order to steal ideas from us.... *There will be no Daughter Pyramid... We are not going to run into anybody...* Wherever we go, this gorilla will be following us.... Why? Because he is waiting to steal our ideas... We can wait forever and nothing will ever come to us because this gorilla is in the way... And he will never give us anything... There is no deal... We are duped... This guy is a fucking rapist... and he wonders why he can't get anything from people unless he uses force... His aggression is so high...." In other words, by changing my belief about the Daughter Pyramid – by being pessimistic – I

might be sparing the Daughter People again – they could now argue: “Insofar as we need to institute a reality that fits the terrorist’s belief, he has just believed that we will *not* send a woman to him...” They could thus try to continue the deadlock! Then, from 1:18:00 onward I listened to Koizumi Kyoko’s music video repeatedly. When the coffeehouse was closing, I left and came to my usual corner: “We are going to ask about the lockers... We aren’t going to Amsterdam...” I would sleep on the street in Westwood tonight.

August 19 (Thursday; Wes)

My next recording is: “lkformadison_8_19_10_802-951AM.WMA”: While on the bus, I asked these two girls where they were from. Italy. Again, so many people from Italy lately! It seems that, around this time, Italy and Turkey had also joined France and objected to the February ICJ judgment, but it’s not clear whether the sudden abundance of things Italian in my environment – as you shall see – had anything to do with what was going on inside the International Court of Justice. I got off the bus in the middle of Los Angeles looking for Madison. I also filmed more people wearing earphones and sunglasses inside the Metro station. Then: “... *We are going to Daughterland, no more Mexicans....*” No! Bad news for the Daughter People. I was then on and off the bus repeatedly.

The next recording is lost. You can get a glimpse of what happened from my blog post for August 20:

Now it’s August 19. The recording between 9:51 AM and 2:15 PM this day is lost. Per trick from Mr B in DHS perhaps while I was uploading the recording during midnight, August 20. Basically what happened between 9:51 AM and 2:15 PM is that I was at PATH getting my free lunch. Then, around 12 PM, I went to Metro station Beverly and Vermont to call Swiss Airline after someone came into the bathroom in PATH to tell me, ‘Are you staying here for life?’ (around 11:50 AM). The Swiss Airline agent told me that I have to pay the ticket by August 25. Nothing particularly happened in this conversation. I simply gave out the reservation number and asked if it’s correct that I wouldn’t have to pay until I am ready to get on the plane on September 22. I’m infinitely afraid however that Mr B may have forged a recording of my conversation with the Swiss Airline man using the same impersonator that sounds like me, a conversation in which the impersonator might make threats or get confused, etc., which then would add to the false profile of me as mentally confused and/or having violent temperament – the latter not true despite my frequent anger outburst with machine malfunctioning.

Recall that, on July 5, I had obtained a seat for September 22, and note that today seemed to be my first time at PATH. We however should wonder whether it was the Daughter People who had commanded the Monkey to remotely delete my recording – and whether the Daughter People’s purpose was precisely to drive me to unwarranted paranoia that a recording of my call had been forged which was now circulating in law enforcement circles. Then, my next recording is:

“dwntwnlibwrtdvd152_8_19_10_215-807PM.WMA”: I had by then ended up in the downtown library, I called up aunt Eva on 19:00. She was busy and asked me to call back later. Then I discovered that,

strangely, on 5:53 AM today, within less than 12 hours, Wes wrote me another email in reply to my plea that number shouldn't count:

“Hi Lawrence,

I also think it is harder to feel someone's pain when they are not standing right in front of you, when they are an abstract character. Those who are in contact have been trained, like a soldier, to be numb to the pains of others.

Watching the Frontline documentary on the Internet, I was surprised to find how much time people spend on one of the two cyber worlds. I guess you know about these worlds. You actually live in these worlds, you make friends, you have a job, you can teach at a university, you can become a rock star. People have met in this cyber world and would get married in the physical world. The average denizen of these worlds spends ten hours a week dwelling in these virtual worlds, apparently some spend fifty hours a week. One woman quit her job in the material world to spend more time in the cyber world. Apparently, corporation like Coca Cola tried to set up companies within this cyber world but everyone ignored them. It is pretty amazing, if you can't make it in one world, the physical world, you can try your luck in the cyber worlds. *I am not saying anything but I just think it is interesting.* I suppose the only draw back is [that] the portal (computer) that allows you to enter this world might crash like in your case. But I guess [...] you are not [really] into virtual worlds, you use the virtual world to record and express ideas from the physical world.”

The way that Wes perfunctorily passed over my philosophical question about whether number should count and then insistently returned to the topic of cyber-reality – or even the fact that he bothered to take time to reply to my nonsense at all – indicated that he was again instructed to guide me to think about this. (This, despite the fact that he specifically said “I'm not saying anything...”; namely he was trying to avoid the appearance that he was communicating to me a “secret message” from the CIA.) Apparently the French had insisted on leaking things to me or molding my thoughts to approximate judge Higgins' plan. The French and the Daughter People continued to debate whether the latter should continue the “plan” with me.

All this of course completely flew over my head. In fact, while suspecting that Wes was instructed to write me all this, I was so baffled that I replied him: “I actually don't know what you are talking about... I do know that the guy who is pretending to be me is doing so on the Internet....” Perhaps this was what Wes was talking about, I wondered. I continued: “He is pretending to be us in the cyberworld....” I then called up aunt Eva again on 1:32:00, and she agreed to deposit the money tomorrow. I continued: “Just get Uncle Daughter back... Do it....” I then left the library and came inside a coffeehouse on 2:56:00. I tried to suggest to the Daughter People a way to divide my schedule to accommodate their work and my own work. This was bad: more reason for the French to press the Daughter People to continue to lead me onto the plan. Then my wrong scenario: “The conservative elements of the Daughter People have come in the middle... It would be so nice if our goals converge

instead of going in opposite directions....” I read a bit more about DVD burning, and then left and got on the bus.

My next recording is: “cbnwesdgtlnationwrt_8_19-20_10-807PM-1215AM.WMA”. I mistakenly believed I saw a “Mommy” (8:00). I filmed her reflection on the bus windows. And more shouting from children! I came back to Westwood and came inside Coffee Bean and called up Wes on Skype. He answered it! (1:16:50) I had in mind specifically the question about the Daughter Pyramid and told him how I believed the DGHTRPPL had promised me something: I had no idea whether they had really promised it, and now I wasn’t even sure, for: “How do I know if someone else is not pretending to be the DGHTRPPL to promise me something?” (1:17:40) Wes was adamant: “It’s not a promise unless you expressly say so or write it down...” Me: “You can’t talk face-to-face to them, and so you just get hints...” Wes: “Then it’s not a promise...” It seemed almost as if Wes was instructed to protect the Daughter People, but perhaps he was just saying what immediately came to his mind. I continued: “Now, if they want me to do something, and we can’t even talk face-to-face to discuss it, we will just have to forget it... If you make promises by means of non-verbal gestures... then you don’t really know if it’s a promise.... Why do you keep sneezing when you say ‘Hello’?” (1:23:00) I continued: “*If they want me to do something, they need to come out and tell me rather than communicating through clues...*” I was expressing my frustration with the fact that no one would tell me what was going on and that everything had to be guessed and inferred. Fearing that Wes was not “real”, I constantly asked him to repeat what I had just said (1:25:00). I then reminded him of Plato. I continued: “Today I thought a lot about Gaurav...” (1:31:30). Then: “The neocons always understand the opposite of Plato to be Plato...” Just then, the control center hurt my arm (1:32:00). I recalled the “noble lie” and the five metal races. “It’s a bad idea...” (1:33:30). Wes: “The lie is so stupid that the esoteric message is the exact opposite...” Then I changed the subject matter: “I’m just worried about the guy who is pretending to be me... Did you read my emails?” And I asked him if he agreed that number shouldn’t count. He did agree that we should not sacrifice one person to save 5,000 people. That’s my message for the Daughter People and judge Higgins: I really believed that all this was happening because I had to be sacrificed in order for them to implement the plan to save the world. In reality, the French were desperately wanting me to be more optimistic so that I could hop onto the “plan” enthusiastically and without resistance. Then I asked: “Why did you give me the thing about the Internet?” Wes admonished me: “I told you not to read too much into it...” (1:38:00) Even though it was indeed the CIA which had instructed him to encourage me to speculate about the problem with the Internet, he really hoped I wouldn’t notice it and would simply hop onto the “plan” as if it were my own idea. I then complained to Wes: “We will have to ignore the Daughter People... They will have to say directly what they mean... I can’t do anything with all this mysterious ‘secret message’ stuff... How do you know it’s not someone else?” Wes: “That’s what I would do...” I then repeated that I believed the guy who was pretending to be me had my Sony recorder (1:44:00). Then how, whenever my computer malfunctioned, I would get angry and get thrown out (1:45:30). I continually wanted to make sure that Wes had really read my emails. I then explained to him: “If you know some way for me to get some money.... If you could find someone who wants something translated...” Although I repeated this five times, Wes could not understand me (1:56:00). Then: “Talking on the phone is very dangerous, because I don’t really know what comes out on the other end...” (1:57:30) I hanged up on 1:58:20. Then, minutes later, on 10:15 PM, I was suddenly gripped with fear and wrote another email to Wes:

God Wes, I just hanged up with you and I realized how bad an idea it is to talk with you on Skype. Do you have a recorder? Next time can you record our conversation so that I can hear how exactly my words come out on your side? Because evidently our conversation has been tremendously scrambled and since it's expected that some authority is listening in on our conversation, the distortion may reflect very badly on me. The problem is that, even though I'm under a lot of surveillance every moment of my waking hours, I'm not sure if I'm under surveillance while I'm calling you! The authority may have purposely dropped surveillance around me when I talk to you so that they can have only the scrambled version of our conversation as evidence, in which case they can [construct] a very bad profile of me based on faulty evidence – it's expected that the scrambled version of our conversation can only distort my words into worse, and not better. You do have a recorder do you?

Then, still suspecting that Wes was passing a “secret message” to me, I found Frontline’s “Digital Nation” and started watching it (2:10:00). I was also multi-tasking (writing my petition letter and reviewing recordings and burning a disc all at the same time), just as it was criticized in the video! I stopped the video and, on RIA Novosti’s French version, found a report about the Mistral ship (3:08:00). “The ship... The decision between South Korea and France....” I truly believed that the deal about this ship could reveal something about my ICJ trial. (It would – but not in the way I believed it would!) Then I was writing “Frankfurt and Brussels”. Then Coffee Bean closed on 3:52:00. I continued my worthless reflection while leaving: “Chussodovsky was fed information by the Daughter People.... *We have also been fed information....* Why do you always find nutheads to feed information to? We will never do anything to benefit the Mexican team....” And my arm hurt. Then: “The most important thing for a soldier is to know whose command he is obeying....”

Now the status of my conversation with Wes today in the evidentiary record of the International Court of Justice was complicated. On the one hand, it was clearly my belief that the Daughter People had promised me a “pyramid” and that they wanted me to go on some “plan” – this was justification for the French to continue to pressure them to pair me up with a Daughter Pyramid (Ekaterina) and send me on PLANRUS and thus convict themselves. On the other hand, I was so frustrated by my inability to understand what was being communicated to me – although I was aware that my Daughter People *were* trying to communicate *something* to me – that I was about to refuse to go on the “plan”. The problem was that the French had no legal reasons to require the Daughter People to communicate a clearer and more explicit message to me: the “conspiracy” had always been conducted with vague and incomprehensible “secret messages” since the very beginning. While the Daughter People would claim that my refusal should be evidence that I didn’t want to conspire with them and therefore relieve them of the need to “institute a reality around me that fit my belief”, in the end it was the French who triumphed. My belief that the Daughter People had promised me a pyramid and wanted me to go on a plan and tried to communicate something to me was enough justification for the French to obtain a judgment that the Daughter People should continue to “furnish the terrorist with means to enable him to finish his mission”. The conspiracy shall continue, and the French would order one of the Daughter People inside the control center to come out and meet me tomorrow in order to satisfy my demand for a “meeting face to face” (to institute a reality that fit my belief).

August 20 (Friday; conspiracy with SVR)

My next recordings are: “cffeemstrbbus20_8_20_10_840-1029AM.WMA” and “wrtschzobus20toct_8_20_10_1029-1150AM.WMA”: I woke up in Westwood Village and immediately went back to my work. I reviewed the recording of my conversation with the Belgian pyramid on August 1, took care of some business in the bank, and then came inside a coffeehouse. I filmed another guy who I thought was a surveillance agent. Then I got on the bus to go to downtown. While on the bus, I continued writing “Frankfurt and Brussels”.

My next recording is: “crtcopydmurtodwntwnlib_8_20_10_1150AM-313PM.WMA”: I came inside the superior court and obtained a copy of the Pyramid’s lawyer’s reply. Finally! After the demurrer hearing had already passed, I finally got an idea how crazy her lawyer had portrayed me as. I was of course shocked by the way in which she had failed to understand what I was trying to say in my lawsuit. Was she instructed to wrongly portray me? I wondered. I then found some newspapers lying around outside the courthouse and became engrossed in an article about spies caught in China, the US, and Russia (1:46:00). After reading it I noted: “Russia doesn’t just abandon people; the reason why they treat me like this is international laws...” Yes, very smart! But, unfortunately, I couldn’t progress further on the right path. I then came inside the library.

My next recordings are: “wrtwebdwntwnlib_8_20_10_313-441PM.WMA” and “wrtwebdwntwnlibeavwarover_8_20_10_441-550PM.WMA”: Again, I was writing and reviewing recordings and burning a new disc all at the same time. I thought perhaps Wes’ “secret message” was somebody’s attempt to correct my bad habit: “We are still multitasking, but there are no other options...” (34:00). I then did a little editing of my website. While outside the library, I saw a black guy wearing a T-shirt that said in Japanese: “War is over”. I wrongly suspected this might be a secret message from the control center telling me the Mexican team would stop tormenting me from now on. Ha! I went up to him to ask him about it, but he told me to “fuck off”! What? Was it a message or not?

My next recording is: “nrndiestrngmankekducfbncmcrdoff_8_20-21_10_602PM-1212AM.WMA”: Then, concerned about the Mexican team’s supposed plan to forge a recording about yesterday’s conversation, I called up Swiss Airline on 36:00 to ask about my flight for September 22. The officer assured me I wouldn’t need to pay until the day of departure. I then asked him whether they had the recording of my call from yesterday. He didn’t know anything about it and assured me there was no incident reported yesterday. So the Swiss Airline personnel were not instructed to make up bad stories about what I said yesterday? Would there still be a forged recording of my call circulating in the law enforcement circles? Nevertheless, I still decided to pay early for fear that Swiss Airline might change its story later on. I was under the erroneous impression that the Monkey first wanted me to record the signal and then wanted to cover up his track by remotely deleting the recording in my recorder. In reality, as noted, the reason why the Daughter People might have deleted my recording yesterday was precisely so that I would pester Swiss Airline today about whether there was any recording or whether anyone had complained – they wanted to intercept my paranoia over nothing into the ICJ as evidence that I indeed suffered from paranoid schizophrenia. I was then on the Metro (58:00). I filmed what looked like a fake American (1:09:40). I was certainly deluded again! Then: “My writing is the most important thing to me, no one had better take it away from me” (1:10:30). I came to Wilshire and

Normandie and went inside Carl's Jr to have my dinner. Then the most important operation happened. The French sent one of the SVR officers on the Daughterland team to appear and eat a burger near me – insofar as the Daughter People were required to do something to fit my belief or meet my demand – “Unless they come out...” – their doing so then became the French's evidence that I was still conspiring with Daughterland. Now this SVR officer was short and of small stature, and he tipped me off about his status by wearing fake fat all over his neck. This would then become the French's evidence (the replacement of evidence) that the fake fat was not a CIA thing but a “Daughter Thing”. Fearing to offend him, I decided to draw a portrait of him instead of videotaping him (1:30:00). I had no idea what grave trouble I had caused to my Daughterland, and was actually excited that the Daughter People had at last come out of the control center to meet me. I left Carl's Jr on 1:57:00 and didn't dare stay around to see where the SVR officer was going next. There was honking on the street on 1:58:15 – and I assumed (wrongly?) that it was the control center's signal to me (“Hey meet your Daughter People!”). The deadlock was now definitively broken and the Daughter People were required to continue the “plan” with me – the latest evidence notwithstanding that I was indeed insane.

I then rode the bus to Westwood and came inside Coffee Bean on 3:10:10. I called up Deborah on 3:54:00. She told me coldly that she couldn't talk to me at the moment. I tried to continue watching Frontline's “Digital Nation” but the PBS website suddenly malfunctioned. (Was this the Daughter People's attempt to obstruct my conspiracy with them?) I then researched data recovery techniques online hoping to recover the recording that was remotely deleted. Waste of my time! I then continued to educate myself about my discs by reading *CD and DVD Forensics* (Crowley and Kleiman). When I tried to videotape myself writing “Government's Investigation of a Schizophrenic, Part III”, my camcorder kept shutting itself off. Finally I succeeded in filming myself writing for ten minutes. “Most people will not believe that I could write proper English, since they will always believe in the opposite of reality...” (until 5:39:00). When Coffee Bean was closing, I left and came to my usual corner in Westwood Village.

My next recording is: “wstwdstrngrunteanthony_8_21_10_1212-106AM.WMA”: I was disturbed because a tow truck just had to come right in front of me. “... fucking tow truck... tow my fuck ass... Don't touch my stuff...” I filmed the tow truck and muttered angrily: “... not a single person will tolerate this kind of shit happening to them... We are a philosopher, we just can't stand things that aren't true...” I then played Kyoko's song repeatedly. Then: “We are more able to tolerate frustration when the environment is easier... I don't know if they have noticed this...” I then reviewed my new videos. “Our severe psychological disorder *from taking out Mr Chertoff*... And now we can't trust anything, don't really know who's doing it... weighed down by all this data...” Just providing more evidence to the French! I then continued to write my petition letter. This time I was writing about what happened in 2008, the business with faulty surveillance and all.

My next recording is: “wstwdurnteanthony_8_21_10_106-153AM.WMA”: I continued: “Other people have friends to witness what they do, we don't have friends, we have only enemies who will deny everything we do.” A guy came to urinate in front of me. I shouted at him: “Hey you don't...” “What the fuck are you gonna do about it...?” I told a stranger nearby about it: “I bet the cleaning lady tomorrow will say *I did it*... That's why he did it...” Wrong! I again mistook this for an operation. I then kept telling this stranger about my predicament with homelessness, how three of my cellphones

were stolen and so on. We then talked about God, he was very pious and told me about his life, and I told him about my failed education. He then talked about how God was teaching him, how we should approach God with the intent to serve, how he had helped people, including when he was in jail. All that trust in God! After a long chat, he told me his name was Anthony. We parted company on 41:00 and I went to sleep in my corner. Presumably this “Anthony” had nothing to do with my ICJ trial.

August 21 (Saturday; meeting my parents)

My first recording of the new day is: “slpwstwdwkrflectn_8_21_10_153-822AM.WMA”: I was awake from 5:05:00 onward. I came to the doughnut store and got my morning coffee and doughnut. “... gossip that you did a good job... You need something more concrete to live on...” Then about the Mexican team: “They are an obstacle to Daughterland’s interest... as long as they stand in front of Daughterland, everyone will walk away... How can you be of service? The Daughter People are still here right? Mr B would be offended, and we’ll be back to the same place... Don’t worship God when you aren’t sure... lest you worship the wrong God...” I then got on the bus.

My next recording is: “toCybrchck147cp_8_21_10_822-1046AM.WMA”: I got off the bus on 25:00. I came up with a new wrong scenario: “When we copied from our own notes while under surveillance, they would just cut off the first part of the surveillance in order to create a surveillance showing us plagiarizing...” Wrong! I was again paranoid over nothing. I came inside the cybercafe around 40:00 to work on my computer a little more. On 1:28:00 I filmed another strange instance of malfunctioning: one of my files couldn’t be moved to another folder. I left the cybercafe on 1:37:00 and got on Metro and then bus 70 to go to Alhambra. Recall that I was supposed to meet my step-mother and my father today.

My next recording is: “tovalleyayi_8_21_10_1049AM-509PM.WMA”: On 1:11:00, I had come to the Starbucks that was across the street from my grandfather’s old apartment. My father showed up with my step-mother on 2:37:00. They gave me my new debit card plus a calling card I had requested and I told them about my leg cast. Then about how the police had harmed me, how my things were stolen when I was in the hospital, and how my new cellphone was also stolen. Also about the deduction of my SSI payment. “I have only 1 dollar left in my bank account, and I had to ask aunt Eva to deposit the 350 dollars earlier. My glasses were also broken...” My father, always fond of imagining up bad things about me, asked me if I had “abnormal expense” (drugs) (2:50:30). Then I talked about the automatic deduction from Citi-Bank and so on. My father told me his impression (i.e. his crazy imagination) that I must have spent all my income in one day (3:01:30). He wanted to give me more money each month. Then we talked about how I had scared my grandfather, how I had scared aunt Jennifer with my lawsuit, so much so that she moved away, and how I had scared my cousin Steve, so much so that he had to spend money on security measures (3:08:00). My step-mom asked me: “Why do you want to harm those people who are nice to you?” And my father wondered whether I was giving away my money to other people because my mind was so not clear. (Again, his strange imagination about me.) I then talked about my fear about Homeland Security. There is no such thing, my father said (3:32:00). He of course must have known something about the government’s operation on me in 2007 and 2008, but he had deemed it unnecessary that I know anything about it given his underestimation of me such that I should, according to him, live only in order to eat and shit. I then talked about my mother’s

delusional mind: “How does she know I’m lazy? She has lost touch with reality....” (3:41:00). My father and step-mother then went to buy new shoes for me. When they came back (4:17:30), I asked my step-mom why her eyes were all red. I again wrongly believed it was because she had been “chipped”. Ha! They bought these weird shoes which I didn’t quite like. They then fed me. My father then instructed me not to call him unless... (5:00:00). My father continued with his imaginary scenario: “You cannot let your friends swindle your money....” Me: “I have no friends...” (5:02:00). They left on 5:09:00 while I stayed on in Starbucks to work on my computer.

My next recording, “IMPwhyslfishfrvalleytopsdn_8_21-22_10_518PM-1206AM.WMA”, is lost. It didn’t seem that I had done anything special: I went online to look for job listings for Budapest on Craigslist, joined another meetup “Los Angeles Russian American Club”, checked Copyscape to make sure that the guy who I believed was pretending to be me wasn’t plagiarizing me, and sent an email to inquire why my account at Aktuell.RU (“feefee2010”) was deactivated. Then I rode the bus and Metro to come to Pasadena. Then, around 11:25 PM, I put ImgBurn to work, creating the ISO image for my next DVD. And malfunctioning! And I filmed it: “PICT0006-82110imgbrnfroze1130PM.AVI”. On 1:10 in the video, you can see ImgBurn freezing up completely: write speed had dropped to 0 x. I had to reboot the computer (3:38). I tried again and this time I was able to burn a new disc. I would sleep on the street in Pasadena tonight.

August 22 (Sunday; Assumption church; Wes)

All my recordings for the first half of the day are lost. These include:

“slppsdnwkalmostdghtrplan_8_22_10_1206-814AM.WMA”, “blueline_8_22_10_814AM.WMA”, “8_22_10_858AM.WMA”, “8_22_10_858AM-b.WMA”, “dprssnrcredroffpplfalse_8_22_10_859-948AM.WMA”, and “8_22_10_958-1026AM.WMA”. This seems to be what had happened. After I woke up, I got on the Metro to go to Long Beach. I was going to Assumption Church to meet Father John. While I was on the Blue Line, my new Gateway laptop froze when I was transferring files to my external hard drive. I again assumed it was the Monkey or his Mexican team. I videotaped it in: “fvid82210-a/PICT0010-82210-lptpfroze-855AM.AVI”. Because of the malfunctioning, I felt a tremendous nervous tension and was moaning and breathing heavily. Then I discovered that my recorder had also been remotely turned off. I felt tremendously hopeless and helpless. When I came to downtown Long Beach, I first stayed in the Starbucks near the 5th Street Station to work a little. On 10:07 AM, a video in my folder caused my GOM Player to freeze. I again filmed it: “fvid82210/PICT0002-82210vidfroze.AVI”.

My next recording is: “8_22_10_1026AM-1204PM.WMA” (“crazyguygodabtdghtrorthdx_8_22_10_1026AM-1204PM.WMA”): On 6:00, I fell over and hurt my legs. I moaned loudly out of pain. I began crying by the bus stop and filmed myself. I got on the bus on 21:00 and then continually lamented how an alert was about to be broadcast about me. And more noises from children to annoy me. Then: “The questioning about the existence of the external reality presupposes the existence of the external reality – otherwise where does the vocabulary and understanding of the external reality come from with which one can formulate the questioning? What the intelligence agencies have done to me is to have severely disrupted my primary connection with the external reality, for everything can now be forged. They can make people believe anything that is false.

They have severely disrupted my natural state of Being-in-the-World. Thus I now have to live entirely in the world of representations. They have turned everything true into falsehood and everything false into truth. But they don't care, because they don't have to feel it. They are above the laws, and I'm the one who have put them there...." Again, bullshit! I had no idea that neither the Monkey nor the Daughter People were faking anything. After I got off the bus, I continued to lament how intelligence operations had destroyed my sense of reality, such that only the representation of reality mattered to me now. I arrived at Assumption Church and people greeted me (1:15:00). I explained my accident to them. Another woman said she saw me in a coffeehouse in Westwood days ago. Another woman came to greet me and bring me a lot of food. Then, Father John greeted me and told me he would be right back. And Mary's husband too.

My next recording is: "ortthdoxtoucla_8_22_10_1204-733PM.WMA": Then more people brought me food. After a while, because Father John was nowhere to be seen, I went inside the building and asked the secretary Voula: "I thought Father John is supposed to see me..." (22:30). On 32:50 a lady suddenly came out to tell me that Father John was in a meeting and that the Church had no money (!). I was shocked: "What does it mean, 'no money'?" Since when did I ask anyone in the church for money? I was convinced that this was orchestrated. Then, more wrong scenario: "My recorder was turned off, that means that Keith is going to make up a story about my being hit by a car...." (36:00). Finally I left, not bothering to wait for Father John. I walked while moaning and groaning. When I was waiting for the bus, I began crying again (1:13:00). And I filmed myself crying. "I don't want to be alone..."

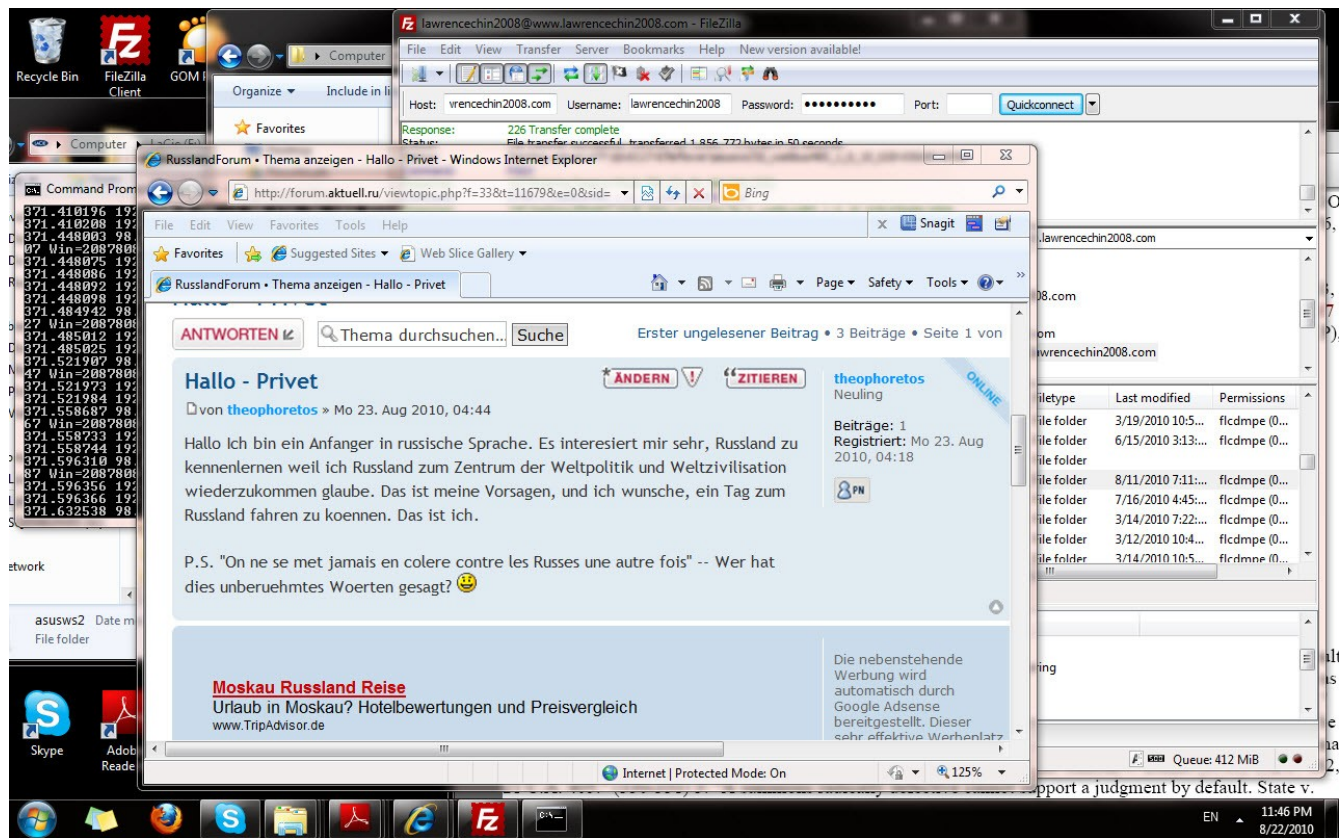
Even after I got on the bus, I continued to cry. "The pain is so great...." Someone asked me if I needed an ambulance (1:50:00). He then recommended apple juice and, when I was getting off the bus, told me that Jesus loved me and that I should spend less time with my computer (1:58:00). When I was on Metro Blue Line, I continually cursed the Monkey calling him a parasite. I then started writing "How to prove the existence of others..." (2:26:00). I was soon surrounded by children and became extremely distressed. Suddenly, I screamed: "I'm not going to sacrifice myself for this Monkey... He is not worth it..." (2:43:00). Then, I noticed that a Homeland Security surveillance agent around me might have just intercepted what I said; I assumed he was here to gather evidence that I suffered from schizophrenia (2:44:45). I continued: "The Monkey is a leech that sucks people's blood...." (2:49:00). "I got rid of one devil, and now there is another one...." "DGHTR has completely messed me up, he has put me in the company of this Mexican...." I got off the train and, when I got on the bus, I suddenly screamed out of pain (3:06:00). When I got off the bus, I was screaming while walking: I was too exhausted. I rested on the street corner a little and screamed from time to time. I was then on and off the bus repeatedly. "I'm so lonely...." Finally, after much moaning and screaming, I came to UCLA and came inside Ackerman (4:36:00). I continued: "They shouldn't have put this Mexican over me...." (4:42:00).

I filmed myself using Ackerman's computer from time to time. On 5:18:00 I filmed myself using my calling card to call Wes on the payphone, but my camcorder turned itself off. Remotely turned off? Who was doing all this? The Daughter People again? To increase my paranoia? Then, Wes was not home, and I felt that terrible feeling of being shut in. I continued to moan due to the pain on my leg. I called Wes again on the payphone on 5:43:00 but there was still no answering. I called again, and no use. I continued to moan out of terrible pain. Then, on 5:54:00, I called my doctor Deborah, but I could only reach her voice mail. I had overlooked the fact that, today, on 1:31 PM, Deborah had already

emailed me suggesting that I call 211 and telling me she couldn't talk to me. I then called another number, but it was a wrong number. Then, on 5:57:00, I suffered another breakdown. I cried and cried, and filmed myself crying too. On 6:00:30, I cried out to the DGHTRPPL, "I can't do anything, please take care of me..." Just then my laptop went into sleep mode. I erroneously supposed it was the Daughter People's signal to me. Then, on 6:01:20, a guy, vulgar and unsympathetic, came over and asked me: "Are you alright, buddy?" He so disgusted me that I told him to go away. Then I suddenly remembered Deborah's home phone number, and I called this number on 6:10:00. Her husband answered the call, said she was not home, and instructed me to email her instead. When I made another call to Wes, this time he answered it (6:15:30). I cried: "Everything is shut off... I am too lonely, I need to see a therapist... There are only a few people I could speak to about everything... I have too much worries..." I then talked about how the Monkey had deleted the recording of my conversation with Swiss Airline. And then about how my recorder was remotely turned off this morning. "It has a safety button, so it must have been remotely turned off. If the Monkey shut off my recorder, this means that he wanted to forge something, especially when there was a surveillance agent around me. He wanted to forge a recording which would show me saying something violent..." Wes had to go because it was his anniversary. I told him that I was worried that the Daughter People might not be watching me, that the people who were doing this to me had the power of God, and that this God was just an ordinary person who was not very wise, like the "Mexican man". "My environment is fixed to manipulate me to become this piece of shit which makes myself want to vomit... And it endangers my copyright..." Only if I could understand why the Daughter People *wanted* me to become like this! (Namely, so that I could conform to the Monkey's false profile of me.) Our chat was finished on 6:28:00. When I came inside the restroom, I was still whispering: "The Monkey is the most worthless audience you can ever imagine..." Then: "I just want to do my writings, to regurgitate the past..." Then: "Just stay out of my life, Monkey..."

My next recording is: "studntunioncallsdnnis_8_22-23_733PM-1234AM.WMA": I continued: "The thing I want to write about is not their secrets, but the ICJ trial, the technology..." "The Monkey wants to take over me..." I was then writing and reviewing my recordings inside Ackerman. I continued: "I hope the Monkey is going to follow me to Europe, and he most likely will... If he can't have something, then he will destroy it... He just has to be on top of me..." (1:29:00). I then left Ackerman and walked a long way into the Village. Resting somewhere, I continued: "I wish I could escape from this monster..." Then I ran into Doug and chatted with him for a while (2:26:30). I then came inside Denny's, and a weird vagrant tried to bother me. I got online and discovered my account at Aktuell.RU was reactivated. I posted a message on its forum – another evidence for the French that I continued to conspire with my Daughter People and plan to go to Daughterland! PLANRUS shall definitely continue! After staying in Denny's for a while, I slept on the street in Westwood Village.

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, III
Lawrence C. Chin, August 2010 – August 2019



The message I posted at Aktuell.RU tonight

August 23 (Monday; Wes)

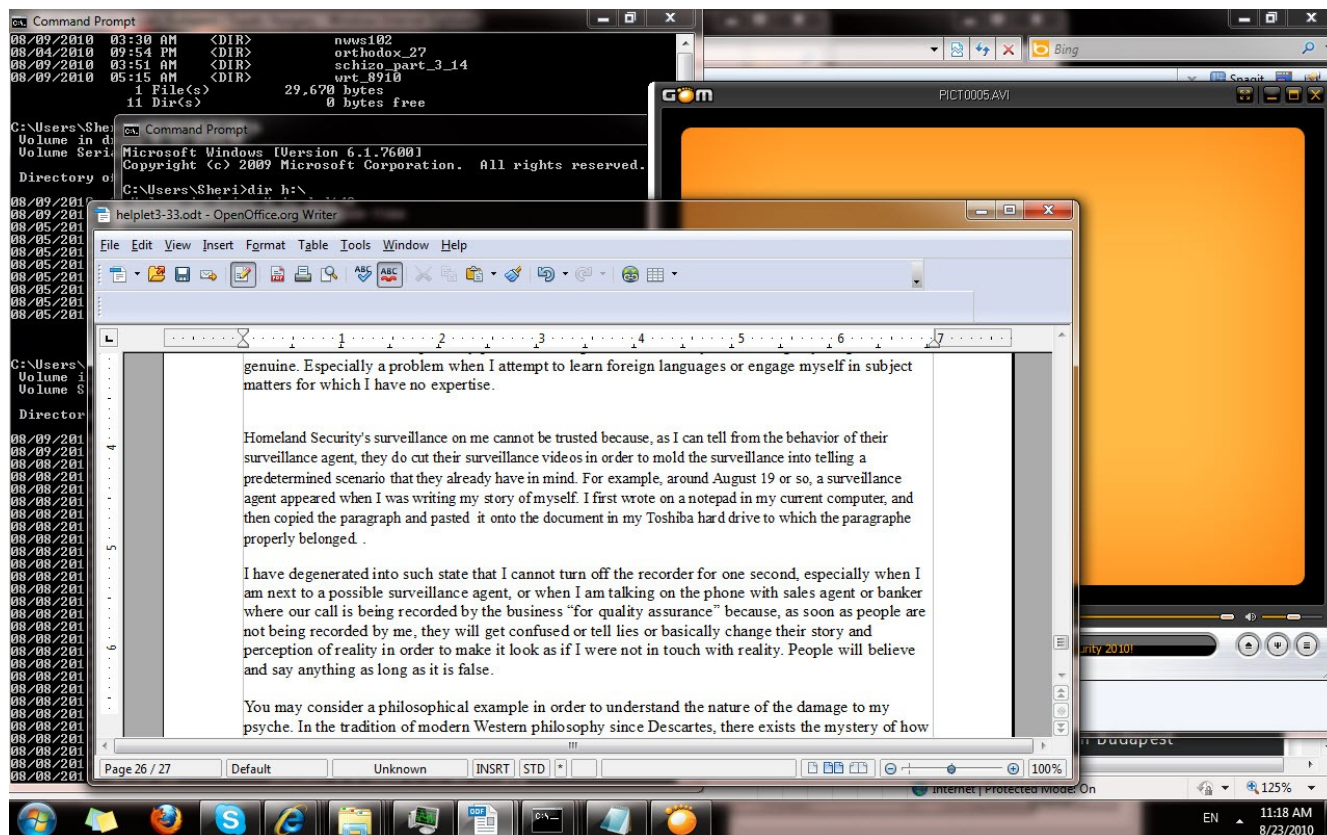
My first recording of the new day is: "uclastdntunion148cpwesclick_8_23_10_819AM-1257PM.WMA": After waking up, I came Inside Ackerman. I used my calling card to call Wes on the payphone. Two tries, but Wes was not home. I tried again on 55:00, but got frustrated because I was unable to enter the right card number. I succeeded in calling on 1:00:00, but Wes was still not home. I then continued to write my petition letter while burning a new disc. I was then examining the railways in Europe, to check how to go to Geneva (2:29:00). This was of course very bad evidence for the Daughter People. "Vienna... Budapest... Other people don't suffer the problems I do, don't need to spend hours each day to document themselves.... My problem is that other people are too stupid, not as smart as I am...." (3:17:00). This was very much the case! Then: "The source of my disability is that other people don't understand what I'm doing because they are stupid.... I have saved their life, if I don't want to sacrifice for them all the way, that's okay... I don't know why they like this Mexican man...." And: "No one wants to work for the Monkey because he is not trustworthy, he has too much ambition...." And: "Is dual identity not good enough for them? I just don't want to lose my data... *A girlfriend is not that important....*" I then tried to make several more calls with my calling card, and finally my PIN number was locked. I then called Assumption Church. Voula answered the call, telling me Father John was not in. I told her Father John wanted to refer me to a therapist. Voula told me to wait, but the call was then disconnected (3:49:30). I called again and told Voula about the other lady

who told me “The church has no money”. “I just want to make sure that there is no bad rumor going around about me in the church...” (3:52:00). I then called up a therapist, but didn’t leave a message. Then I called Wes, and this time he was home (3:56:00).

Wes told me he took Alexandra to clean houses. Strangely, there were click sounds in our call. I told him that, just as in 2007, if Homeland Security ever recruited him, they should pay him. Then we talked about the problem with my step-mom’s calling card. Then about dropping off a petition at UN High Commissioner for Human Rights. Then more click sounds, and Wes heard them too. I told him about my wrong scenario that Homeland Security had scrambled my Skype connection so that they could produce a profile of me as mentally confused. I then asked him to repeat what I had said in order to be certain that he had heard me and was not a “computer-generated voice”. I also asked him to record my calls so that I could hear how my words came out on the other side. I told him that the best way was for him to film himself talking to me. Then my wrong scenario: “Surveillance agents only showed up when I was doing certain activities, and they would cut surveillance in half to produce the results they want...” Paranoia over nothing! And more click sounds. I got more paranoid: “Are you really there? “Yes”. Wes suggested video conference. “But my doctor’s laptop doesn’t have a webcam... But if I go to Europe, we can still do video conference...” “Yeah, with iChat, I video-conference with Daniel, he is in Germany...” “Remember Tomas?” – and my foot hurt. The French were trying to tell me something! I continued: “I want to connect with Tomas, to use his address to petition...” And I asked Wes whether I could temporarily use his address, and he agreed. “I just want to complain to the UNHCHR about Homeland Security...” But Wes didn’t want to be dragged down the waters with me. I explained I didn’t think it would affect him. Wes suggested I put C/O instead of my name on the envelope. I continued: “I will only mail out the petition when I get there because I don’t trust the postal system...” And more click sounds on 4:15:00. “You are not computer-generated, are you?” I wanted to ask a trick question to confirm that Wes was not computer-generated. Ha! “Something only you and I know...” I thus asked him about the poster next to the blackboard in which Dr Guerrière was featured doing something. “What is he doing?” And Wes didn’t know! I then asked him how many times I had been inside his house, and Wes answered correctly: “Only once!” Another question: “When I invited you to my house when I was in Long Beach, what did you say when you saw my bookshelf?” Wes then remembered me jumping out of his car and running into Burger King. Wes thought I was going home to kill myself. “What?” Wes then remembered me staying in his apartment in Albany and picking my nose. Then I asked him: “You said something good about me when I was in your Albany apartment...” He remembered the episode about my SSI. “... shower...” Then, the flooding of his apartment in Albany. Wes then remembered our trip to Boston together. He then remembered buying a psychology book. Me: “*Hungary is cheap, it’s survivable...* But I’ll need you to be next to me.” “Tomas...” “But I need someone I can talk to about anything.... Like the Daughter People...” Wes suggested using a “secret code”. What? Was Wes instructed again to persuade me to not speak my mind directly in order to protect the Daughter People? I then explained that my ticket was for September 22, and that I wanted to see him before I left, but he said he couldn’t see me. I then wanted him to email Tomas for me. Me: “The Monkey will follow me to Europe... He will do faulty surveillance and I’ll be so shut off, all the machines will malfunction, and I won’t have money to come back... If he wants to be on top of me, I’d rather be in Albany...” Wes: “Then he’s gonna be on top of me too...” “But you are not as much a target as I am...” Wes insisted: “But the man will be here too...” “He is already there... From the control center... From the control center he could control all the

machines in the world, just like God....” And Wes talked about how his documents disappeared in his computer and we continued to talk about the tricks Homeland Security might have played on us and our computers. I then talked about my worry again that the Monkey might follow me to Europe and that the Daughter People might be angry with me when I got angry with them – since I really depended on them. I hoped they wouldn’t take away my past especially since they were the only ones who could catch my impersonator. *I hoped they would send a big sister to me to guide me.* “She doesn’t even have to be attractive... She’s just needs to lead me away from the Mexican man... *Mr B might send a girl to pretend that she’s sent by the Daughter People...* And so she will have to prove it to me...” And I talked about looking for online storage for Wes so that he could share with me *his* recordings of our conversations.

Now let’s think about the value of this conversation in the evidentiary record of the ICJ. While the Daughter People could use my paranoia over nothing (that the interception of my conversations might have been scrambled and that Wes might a computer-generated persona to dupe me) as evidence that I did conform to the Monkey’s false profile of me (that the mind-reading computer had not been tampered with), the French would definitely use my continual wish for a Daughter Pyramid to guide me as justification that the Daughter People shall continue with PLANRUS. Although it didn’t happen in the end, the Daughter People must have been in the past five days forced to make preparations to send Ekaterina to me to take me to Daughterland!



My petition letter must have also been used by

the Daughter People as evidence that I suffered from paranoid schizophrenia

My next recording is: “toggle_8_23_10_1257-254PM.WMA”. I then left Ackerman and got on the bus on Wilshire and Westwood. I continued my wrong scenario: “If the intercept of my conversation with Wes is edited, no one will believe I wrote what I wrote....” (27:00). I came to Google’s Santa Monica branch, rang up the door bell, and talked to a Google personnel through the speaker. “I want to report criminal activities online!” Ha! I had no idea that I was wasting my time and making a fool out of myself. And children suddenly appeared! A Google personnel then came out to give me a piece of paper with a link (1:00:00). I continued about the Monkey: “Something is wrong with his head... He doesn’t understand human psychology, but only the opposite of human psychology....” I then bought fast food in 711 and filmed what I thought to be a surveillance agent. I again wrongly supposed I had deciphered the operation: “Just when children appeared, he came over to conduct surveillance on me, in order to produce evidence that I was a pedophile....” I then got on the bus and would be reading a French book on Japanese grammar on my computer while on the bus.

My next recording is: “slpbus720glsstrgedghtrsecr_8_23_10_254-607PM.WMA”. I rode the bus to downtown and got a new frame for my glasses from the optometry. (I had to spend more of my precious money!) I then got on the bus to go to the storage facility. I continued: “At least I know the Daughter People are watching, it’s just that their testing is so horrendous, maybe I should commit suicide....” Just then, my right side hurt (1:54:00). This might be coming from the Daughter People because they really *did* want me to die instead of going on PLANRUS with Ekaterina. Then: “We are framed... To choose between Daughterland and Mexico, there is no contest, it’s like choosing between Daughterland and Michael Chertoff... That’s why the Monkey likes me, he will not steal, etc....” Then: “My relationship with people is all abstract....” Then again: “The Monkey couldn’t have come up with these sophisticated tests....” I came to the storage facility on 2:15:00. “The Daughter People are going to present me just the way I am, that’s enough to protect their secrets, besides, people are not interested in their secrets, and I’m more interested in quality than in quantity....” (2:31:00). Then: “You cannot go in ‘there’ if you keep recording like this....” (2:34:30). After I put in my newly burned DVDs, I went to eat in the food mall.

My next recording is: “fdmallbus2_8_23_10_613-848PM.WMA”. When I recalled going to Google, suddenly my arm hurt (4:20). When I was leaving, I continued: “How much do people know? What are people told?” Then: “They cannot delete the videos of my storage configuration, I need to know if someone has gone into my storage....” (23:00). I was then on the bus. “I don’t understand their secrecy; one day all this will end. When the aliens come to earth to study the ruins, don’t they want the aliens to find out about them?” While on the bus, I reviewed my lessons from Russland Journal. “Now I have to worry about the real world, before I was only worried about the imaginary world....” (53:00). Then I began reflecting on cross-cousin marriages, and kinship terms popped into my head: “anna”, “atta”, etc. Then reflections on the original meaning of “Schwester”. Then on Emile Benveniste’s famous book on the vocabulary of Indo-European languages. Then I read the information on European cities which I had downloaded. I came back to Westwood and came inside Coffee Bean on 2:16:00. Then I reflected on Taiwan’s strategic position as compared to Mexico’s strategic position – and there was honking outside, as if the control center were trying to confirm me (2:26:55).

My next recording is: “IMPcfbnmflunctlostfounddvs_8_23-24_10_848PM-109AM.WMA”: I continued: “We also want to upload our files. What happened cannot be given up....” Then: “We cannot work with the Mexicans, but it’s probably a test.... *We will probably get in very soon*, but we don’t have time to waste....” Then: “This thing is so awful, I have to learn politics in the dark....” Yeah right! Then my computer malfunctioned: my FTP connection was blocked. Angered, I started cursing: “Fuck! Fuck! I immediately lost interests....” (1:00:00). If it was indeed the Daughter People who were doing this, then making me lose interest would be precisely their goal! I had to film the whole thing and then call up IX Web Hosting on Skype (1:03:00). But the call was disconnected, and I tried calling again (1:07:00). I demanded angrily: “Why is my domain blocked?” No matter how many times I repeated myself, the IX Web Hosting personnel just couldn’t understand me. I was so angered that I hanged up and was about to blow up. Just then, a woman asked me a question. I was totally rude to her: “I don’t know! Don’t talk to me!” The manager then came to interrogate me (1:12:30) and my ImgBurn operation also failed (1:17:00). One provocation after another! Because I was about to explode, I walked out of Coffee Bean moaning and panting (1:20:00). In fact, it might just be the Daughter People who were trying to provoke me to hit people so that the Monkey’s claim that I was a danger to people could also be validated – something especially urgent given the requirement for them to send Ekaterina to me right away. But I didn’t – bad news! Finally I broke down crying out loud (1:21:30). I was crying and screaming while running to the bus stop, jaywalking through the streets and causing drivers to honk at me (1:31:30). After I got on the bus, I was still moaning and panting out of grave pain. I then begged a Hispanic woman sitting next to me to not talk too loud. When I got off the bus (2:03:00), I discovered that I had forgotten a whole vinyl of DVDs at Coffee Bean. I begged the Daughter People: “I will have to kill myself if I lose this... Please don’t hurt me anymore...” I broke down crying – so sadly (2:06:00). I called up a taxi (2:10:00) and continued to pray to the Daughter People: “Please let me find my discs, and I promise I’ll never have anything to do with you guys again....” And I continued to cry. I got off the taxi in front of Coffee Bean, and, thank God, the manager had kept the DVDs and returned them to me. I told him: “Thank you, I have serious mental condition....” (2:33:00). I walked inside Denny’s and began counting my discs to make sure none were missing. But it seemed that DVD 21 NWCP was stolen! Then I was worried that my discs could be copied. “I don’t know what that guy is going to do....” (2:56:00). Then: “... shit with your mouth... it will not happen... Why do I get that?” “The Monkey himself will not take it... Doing something for his boss, and getting slapped in the face... DGHTR, just because I didn’t know how to talk to a girl, and he lost his job, both of us have done the most....” (3:23:00). I continued to moan: “The only two talents I got.... copyright... and I can’t keep them... I was saving people in the dark, I didn’t know what kind of people they were... and now I’m expected to play politics in the dark...” (3:26:00). “Anything I want is bad, even when what I want is for those on top to be happy...” “It’s the Monkey’s world: if you are at the bottom, as long as you want something, you will be punished... Merely being alive deserves punishment... If you enjoy being punished, you must be punished too. But then it is no longer punishment; that’s the only way out: to enjoy pain, to enjoy being slandered, etc....” “Other human beings do not deserve to know anything about me....” (4:07:00). I would sleep in Westwood Village tonight. My cries that I would not have anything to do with the Daughter People again were certainly something they would love to hear, but these might not be enough to prevent the French from forcing them to implement PLANRUS. For that to happen, I would have to hit somebody!

August 24 (Tuesday)

My next recording is: “slpwstwdolivr_8_24_10_109-737AM.WMA”: I was awake from 6:00:00 onward. I continued: “... We need to ask Oliver why... is so pissed off...” I came inside It’s A Grind and got my morning coffee. Then: “You try to do that to Oliver, and he’ll fucking kill you... You try to burn his paintings and he’ll murder your entire family... Fucking unsympathetic creatures...”

My next recording is: “wstwdhystrcaldvds_8_24_10_737-1121AM.WMA”: I then started to work on my computer. “Now we have to worry about keeping what we have, we have no more concern with adding more to what we have...” Then I reflected on how Oliver was angry with me for two years simply because I called his works “lacking in space”. Suddenly, I broke down crying while counting my discs (from 1:31:00 onward). It seemed that there were now three discs missing. I assumed it was because the Monkey had sent agents to steal them last night. I was completely devastated and going hysterical. Eventually I ran out and was twitching and moaning by the bus stop. But, then, I found the missing discs! They weren’t stolen! I made a mistake! Now I felt terribly embarrassed: how can someone so pathetic like me do something great? I had made a fool out of myself before my Daughter People again. I got on the bus and continually reflected on why I could be so magnificent at one time and then so pathetic at another.

My next recording is: “dwntwnlib_8_24_10_1125AM-614PM.WMA”: I came to the downtown library and settled down somewhere to count my discs again (1:45:00). I then did some writing. “To turn a person into his opposite...” I then tried calling Wes on the payphone with my calling card (3:05:00), but he wasn’t home. I then called Swiss Airline again (3:08:00). “The flight date.... September 22.... I want to pay for it over the phone...” I gave out my debit card number on 3:19:00. I then called Swiss Airline again on 3:40:00 just to confirm. I continued to worry that someone was pretending to be me. “Uncle DGHTR is more sensitive to the internal struggles inside the organization, while I don’t care, I just want someone to understand me...” (3:52:00). “I’m the only guy who can win this International Court trial, and I screwed it up with this Mexican girl...” (3:56:00). I was actually correct here! I called Wes again, but he was still not home (4:00:00). I came back to my table and began transferring files to my La Cie, and yet something had gone wrong with the file transfer: “Please, no more test...” (4:32:00). I then wrote another email to father John telling him I needed a therapist for the nervousness I suffered with electronic devices (4:42:00). Electronicachreia! I then examined, and filmed, the file problems in La Cie. Something was wrong with the file names. I filmed myself trying to figure out the problem. At least the ImgBurn operation was successful. Around 5:35 PM or so, I thought I saw a “Mommy” and went to bother her. This Mommylijk angrily told me to go away. I actually thought it was the Daughter People who had commanded Mommy to tell me so because they wanted me. What an idiot was I! I then discovered a book lying on a table somewhere, a book on the Greek language. This prompted me to assume erroneously that it was another hint about the upcoming PLAN DISCOVERY. I came out of the library on 6:20:00 and continued: “I don’t want to be taken into DGHTRORG and lose my identity, I don’t want to be David Chin... Being Lawrence Chin is bad enough...” Then I came back inside the library on 6:46:00.

My next recording is: “dwntwnlibprmse_8_24_10_620-732PM.WMA”: I continued while inside the library: “Uncle DGHTR has to keep watch over me.... I just want to keep my things, I will promise anything...” I tried calling Wes on the payphone again on 9:00, but he was still not home. I came

outside the library and saw a Daughterlander pyramid (15:00). I again wrongly thought this meant something. “I want Wes... My environment is shut off, people are so mean....” I prayed to the Daughter People: “Please.... I want to be myself, where no one will pretend to be me.... *I want a Russian Big Sister*, she will be so kind, she doesn’t need to be the prettiest.... I pray in Jesus’ name....” I then came back inside the library and resumed writing. I then reviewed the recording of my conversation with Wes from yesterday. Then: “Maybe I should keep my promise from last night and have nothing to do with them....” (1:04:30). Then: “They should keep *their* promise that they will not steal my copyright... If they want me to do anything, they should release me from my promise of yesterday and then keep their promise to me... I saved their life, the least I can expect is not to be tortured... This is not the behavior of a leader....” Good evidences for the French!

My next recording is: “wesnothmdghtrabndntocybr_8_24_10_732-923PM.WMA”: I called Wes again, and he was still not home (3:30). I cried: “When is it going to be over?” When I left the library, I prayed to God: “Please prevent the Daughter People and the Monkey from harming me...” (9:00) “What was DGHTR trying to tell me yesterday? I have to go in as David Chin, and I will not be happy... I don’t believe in petitioning anymore....” (22:00) I called Wes on the payphone again and he was still not home (50:00). I was then on the Metro. I called Wes again on 1:11:00. No. I was extremely distressed: “I have just spent another day talking to myself... Something is wrong because computers just don’t malfunction like that....” (1:30:00). Then: “Can the Monkey just step aside and let DGHTR run me, allowing me to be more efficient?” “When it comes to DGHTRCOM, honesty is the most important... The Monkey....” And my left foot hurt (1:37:00).

My next recording is: “cybrcafeprpsaltoB_8_24-25_10_923PM-146AM.WMA”: I was now at the Normandie Station. I tried to make another call on the payphone, but the phone was not working. I then came inside the cybercafe to upload files on the cafe’s computer and burn a new disc on my own computer. I was then reviewing my recordings and writing. This time I was writing about what happened in February 2009, how the Russians held onto the intercepts of my phone conversations as proofs that I was Lawrence Chin. When I got to Mr Chertoff’s forgery on February 11 and the Russians’ argument, my finger hurt (1:36:30). Evidently, I was just providing the French with more evidences to damn my Daughter People. I then resumed writing “Frankfurt and Brussels”. At the time, a black man was arguing with someone: “This is my property...” (2:17:00). I kept murmuring: “PM likes me... *We beat the French...*” (2:41:00). Evidence for the French! Then: “DGHTRCOM should agree that everyone needs to be himself in order to be happy....” (2:59:00). Then: “Why is it that whenever the (cybercafe’s) boss comes two pyramids will show up? They just don’t show up in this kind of place....” (3:40:30). Again, I mistook that for a “metaphor” orchestrated from the control center. (Namely, insofar as DGHTRCOM had two daughters, the metaphor was telling me that DGHTRCOM had checked in on me.) I left the cybercafe on 4:09:00 and went to sleep in the Normandie area.

August 25 (Wednesday; “Europe had objected”; Wes briefly)

My first recordings of the new day are: “slpnrmdiewkhspncman_8_25_10_146-828AM.WMA”, “wkcfreenrmdie_8_25_10_828-858AM.WMA”, and “wkcfbnpathabbey_8_25_10_858-1140AM.WMA”. I woke up from the street corner on 6:07:00 (in the first recording) and came inside

McDonald's. I saw a Hispanic man eating and mistakenly thought he was one of the Mexican team who had come out for me to see. Then, after some time inside Coffee Bean, I came inside the Metro station. I tried to call Wes on the payphone, the first call malfunctioned, but – no matter, Wes was not home in any case (3:00 in the third recording). I got on and off the Metro, and then came inside another Coffee Bean to work on my writings (20:00). I then contemplated whether I should complain to Google again about the person who I thought was pretending to be me. I tried calling Wes again on Skype, and he was still not home (1:12:00). I then examined Father John's email to me (1:20:00). Because his email contained so many grammatical mistakes, I got suspicious again. I mistakenly assumed: "The alert would show that I am very poor in grammar...."

I left Coffee Bean and came to PATH on 1:56:00. I began chatting with Abbey, the volunteer receptionist. She told me she went to school to study Italian literature (2:02:30). Italian again! I wrongly assumed this was orchestrated from the control center. (Again: had all this anything to do with Italy's objection?) Abbey then told me more about herself: "Newton, British Colombia...." She then took a break and came to California, not sure if she wanted to continue with her study of Italian. This Abbey was so beautiful and charming that I was totally mesmerized by her. I ate my free sandwich and left.

My next recording is: "chaseairporttckt_8_25_10_1150AM-615PM.WMA". After I got off the Metro, I came up with another scenario: "That's the plan, *lure him to Italy*, where he will follow all these clues and discover something... He thinks it is orchestrated, when it's just random events, and so everyone thinks him crazy, and yet he knows that's exactly what other people would think, the most self-conscious schizophrenic..." (30:30). I then came inside Chase Bank to check whether Swiss Airline had charged me (41:00). Apparently, because I gave the airline the wrong address, the transaction didn't go through. "But she said the transaction would go through...." I tried calling Swiss Airline on a payphone, but it was not working. I was angered again: "Fuck..." I thus decided to ride the Metro and the bus to the airport. I was in front of the Swiss Airline counter in LAX on 4:32:00. I told the Swiss Airline personnel that I had given them my old address, and he confirmed that the payment didn't go through. And so I decided to make the payment on the spot. Then I started a new scenario: "*We need to tell the objecting nations*: You will never get what you want, all that you will have accomplished is to have made me suffer, and so what don't you give up?... They should just beg DGHTRCOM to exercise soft power...." (4:52:00). That is, I had begun theorizing that European nations were objecting to Daughterland's victory in the International Court of Justice because they had had enough of Daughterland's free-loading on them.⁴ There was thus suddenly hope in the darkness for the Daughter People – but it was at the moment apparently insufficient: I had to know that the objecting nation was hardly as helpless as I had imagined and that it was France and not simply any European nation. Thus, although concerned, the French were not too alarmed, and, as you shall see, would continue to press the Daughter People to continue with PLANRUS. I then talked to two China Airline flight attendants, a pretty pyramid waiting for her flight, and a film-maker who was going to South America. And children's crying, which greatly annoyed me (5:31:00). I continued: "Mr Chertoff's 2008 alert about me in Europe must have included the lie that I was only pretending to be myself, and now, at this time, it will be the same alert.... He must have utilized some channels of international laws, that's why it can't be undone. But nobody can say that I'm mentally confused if I know there has been such an

4 As noted in the beginning, I had first come up with this scenario a day or two earlier, perhaps on August 23.

alert....” I believed there was a surveillance agent around me and he left as soon as I was ready to do writing on my laptop (5:54:45). I then suspected another man to be a surveillance agent using a surveillance iPhone, and I asked him for the time (6:04:00). I then started another round of worthless reflection on this “dual identity” business (6:21:00). Then I went to the Swiss Airline counter again to ask if it would be okay to stay in Zurich without going to Amsterdam. Then: “Everybody already believes I am David Chin, but if everyone thinks I’m crazy, what do they want me to discover?” Good question!

My next recording is: “leavairporttosm720dghtrlndr_8_25_10_615-918PM.WMA”. I continued my wrong scenario: “DGHTRLND needs to keep this international law because it is benefiting them, but not me... Just command Homeland Security to pay me!” (26:00) When I was on the bus going back to Westwood, I paid special attention to the other passengers. More Italian-speaking people! (2:07:30) I then chatted with two passengers who were really from Russia, convinced that this “meant something” (created an intercept, was evidence) (2:10:00). Soon, I continued: “I need to talk to people face to face instead of paying attention to secret messages like ‘Ding’.... There is no secret here because so many people are involved....” (2:45:30). Then: “I can’t deal with this anymore, it’s so damaging to my mental health, it’s so uncertain, and I need to have money to come back from Europe, to stay in Albany....” Then: “I *do* want to release China for China’s sake....” (2:55:00). More evidence for the French!

My next recordings are: “cybrcafewrtixwebmlfunctangry_8_25-26_10_918PM-201AM.WMA” and “cybrcafeixwebmlfunctangry_8_26_10_202-258AM.WMA”. When I was at the Metro station, I called Wes again. He answered it. It was apparently too late for him to talk but he did mention that one of the payday loan stores from which I had borrowed money had called him. By 28:00 I was inside the cybercafe. I resumed writing “Frankfurt and Brussels”, “Help Letter”, and “Karin’s Meetup” Chapter 7. I then filmed myself creating a ticket to IX Web Hosting asking whether someone else could have logged into my website via FTP. (Again, my worries over my imaginary impersonator.) But my camcorder continually shut itself off (4:10:00). My website also seemed to be malfunctioning (4:17:00). On 4:24:00 I called the Korean employee over to witness how my website was blocked on the cybercafe’s computer station. I was frustrated and angry again and cursed continually. I then resumed writing. Then, around 3 AM, I went to sleep in the street corner.

August 26 (Thursday; Wes; Donny)

My first recording of the new day is: “slpwktopath_8_26_10_302-11AM.WMA”: I got up, bought batteries, got water from a doughnut shop, and continued walking. I came inside the Metro station and continued to mumble about how my computer would malfunction: “Because David Chin...” I came out and came inside Starbucks. I wrote another email to Wes telling him I needed to come to Albany to be face to face with him (from 7:01:00 onward). Then I decided to call SUNY Albany’s Political Science Department on 7:12:00 but didn’t leave a message. Then I called again, and Wes answered the call (7:16:00)! Wes couldn’t talk to me on this phone and asked me to email him. I asked him to reply me to tell me what time I could call him.

Then, children's noise on 7:19:00. I continued: "If Mr B got me to break down, it's Daughterland's loss, they would have lost both the expert and me... They *could* keep both Mexico and me..." Again, bizarre overestimation of my own worth. I then continued to emphasize that I would never work for the Mexicans. Then another child was crying. I then left Starbucks. Then: "That's their tactic: who would think that this piece of shit which the government has alerted about would have something to do with intelligence agencies... I can't give them anymore, I have given all I can... We just hope that they will give us a future that we can live with, so that we won't have to think about suicide all the time... It's not that we are stingy, we simply think that they have ruled enough of the world... They can put something more in front of us and we won't care... but we think it's really enough... We are just depending on their good will: please remember what we have done... We purposely went to San Francisco just for them to see us... We were so worried about them back in March 2009..." All this was of course excellent evidence in France's favor – to ensure that PLANRUS would continue.

My next recording is: "pathtolacusc_8_26_10_11AM-233PM.WMA": I arrived in PATH on 7:00. I was terribly happy to see Abbey. I told her how unhappy I was, especially because my website, one of the only things in the world which gave my life meaning, malfunctioned so terribly last night. Abbey revealed that she had been to Italy before (around 12:00). Italy! I then went outside to eat. I continued: "Whatever I want I will never get... If I say I want DGHTR to run me, he'll never run me... In this kind of politics, efficiency is not important... Do they ever say 'Thank you' to DGHTR? It's so harsh..." I then make my address to the Daughter People: "What you have done to DGHTR, it makes new comers very scared... *and so I'll never do anything for you...* It's like a broken family: when the child sees his parents fighting, he will have doubts about whether they really are the greatest people on the planet..." I didn't know that I was now providing the Daughter People with justification to not continue PLANRUS. When I was leaving, I continued: "We really feel bad for DGHTR, we can't fight for him..." When I was on the Metro, I continued: "I got angry this morning because my website was blocked... but I didn't break my promise... but they aren't going to keep *their* promise... They are trying to trick us into breaking our promise... The other side is just not trustworthy..." (until 1:19:00). Then: "It's going to cost Daughterland a lot of productivity in the future, this political struggle..." I then filmed somebody text-messaging. I continued: "It will cost them what they could have gained... Why don't they leave... traumatized Lawrence Chin... we will go our own way..." (1:57:00).

I arrived in USC County Hospital on 2:15:00. I wanted to try looking for my lost recorder again. When I was going through the security check, the security guard told me I looked "educated" (2:22:50). I couldn't help but suspect somebody in the control center was talking through her. Bullshit! Then the first nurse I talked to was not helpful. She told me the hospital did not have a "Lost and Found" and advised me to go to Windows 12, and, if that wouldn't do, to go back to the emergency room where I was treated to inquire about my lost cellphone and recorder (until 2:30:00). My trip had accomplished nothing. By 2:39:00 I had left and was on the bus. As usual, the bus was filled with Hispanic children making loud noises. I continued my worthless analysis: "The Mexican team... when they compliment you... Only an artist knows how to compliment another artist... They are very good at the negative, deceiving and destroying people, but not good at the positive..." I came to the downtown library and began working on my computer. I discovered Wes' reply to me this morning on 10:31 AM,

Hi Lawrence,

You just caught me, I am just about to leave to meet with a career [counselor]. I am not sure when in the next couple of hours I could talk with you because I do not know when I will be finished. [I'm] trying to meet a deadline to have my resume published [in] the university resume book, which goes out to many headhunters. I will e-mail you and tell you when you can call me but probably later tonight.

On 2:23 PM, I wrote to Wes:

Thanks. Please let me know when. I'll buy a phone card so if you can give me the phone number either at one of the phones at your office when the secretary is no longer there or at your home. It's so important to me to talk to you soon because my misery has already filled up to the brim. I need your attention so much at this moment. Thank you.

My next recording is: "dwntwnlibwesabndnstrngblckman_8_26-27_10_241PM-1218AM.WMA". Then, my laptop malfunctioned on 9:00. Again! Still thinking about getting a therapist, I called up the Jewish Family Service on Skype on 47:00. Just before the call was connected someone coughed – I thought that was an intercept! I left a message giving them my email address because I didn't have a phone number. I then looked for online storage on the Internet. (This was for Wes, if you recall.) I then called the USC County Hospital (1:04:00). I was told that I needed to come in person, and when the registration lady transferred me to the emergency, the call was automatically disconnected (1:07:28). I called again, but strange noise disrupted the call and the connection was really bad, terribly frustrating me. Then someone angrily shouted at me: "For decency's sake, take the call outside!" (1:13:00) The nurse I talked to promised to look for my lost recorder, and told me to call back in 20 minutes. I then took note of the strange fact that my environment seemed to be increasingly populated by ugly faces, including the ugly face of a man on the front page of the library's website! I mistakenly believed all this was orchestrated from the control center to provoke me. (More on this below.) Then, on 1:49:00, I called the hospital again on payphone. Strangely, I could not connect. I called again, and was directed to call the cashier. Oh my God! I then begged those people in the control center to close my case (2:12:00). "How much of the world do the DGHTRPPL want to rule when they are no longer under threat?" (2:15:00) "Please don't let 'David Chin' spill into the real world.... The Mexican team is a bunch of natural born butchers...." (2:17:00). I then prayed "in Jesus' name" (2:26:20).

I walked out of the library to buy a new phone card. Then, on 3:19:00, I suddenly figured out something: since it had already been established beyond doubt that there was no such figure as David Chin the Russian agent, that there was only Lawrence Chin, they – the DGHTRPPL – should be able to legitimately take me in without hurting themselves, since it was a conspiracy against them – just then two honks which I mistook for the control center's confirmation of what I was saying. I then walked back into the library and called up the Jewish Family Service again, but it was already closed (3:23:00). I left another message. I then called up the cashier at the USC hospital, and was told that they didn't have anything from me. They told me to call the emergency, and transferred me to the operator because they couldn't transfer me directly to the emergency (3:31:30). The operator could not find the emergency room under this "Dr McCormick", refused to give me the direct number for the emergency,

and transferred me to the emergency instead. The nurses at the emergency denied having anything from me, but directed me to call the pharmacy. I told her I had already called the pharmacy, which told me to call the cashier, who then told me to call the emergency. Then the emergency transferred me again to another department where, upon answering my call, the nurse was unable to hear what I was saying. Then the call was disconnected automatically, causing me tremendous anger (3:41:00).

I resumed working on my laptop and would be angry throughout the rest of my time in the library. When I left and was walking to the Pershing Square station I reflected (5:10:00): “Those who take a man for effeminate who cries over his machine’s malfunctioning do not understand something. A man without his machines is a castrated man. The Monkey would cry too. When a woman’s car breaks down she will call her man over to fix the car, for it is traditional to identify masculinity with the ability to use machines.” Then I tried to use my new phone card to call Wes on the payphone in the station (5:16:00). On my first try, when I dialed the number given on the card, I received the recording: “Your call cannot be connected. Please check the number and try again.” I therefore videotaped myself dialing it for the second time. Still it wouldn’t work. I broke down into tears while trying for the third time. I still couldn’t get through. The fourth time, no use. I was hysterical then. The fifth time and then the sixth time... I finally surrendered and just used coins to call Wes. It was connected (5:20:00). “Machine malfunctioned... The phone card does not work...” I then told him I shall go buy another phone card. I was then crying hysterically.

And so I went back to the store and bought a new card. I called up Wes with the new card and it was working! (5:34:00) But I did lose 5 dollars! I told Wes that, even though I had paid for the change fee yesterday, I wasn’t going to Switzerland but wanted to come to Albany instead. That I was breaking down and no longer able to function, all because of machine malfunctioning. But Wes did not want me to come: “You are gonna bring all the Daughter People here...” He had terribly frustrated me. I then told him there seemed to be two things which were causing me misery: first, machine malfunctioning, and second, that there was someone pretending to be me. Whenever I tried to find my lost data and lost recorder, to find out who was pretending to be me, the infrastructure would shut down in order to perpetuate the state of affairs that no one would believe I write my works and so on. “Female malfunctioning,” Wes repeated. “Machine malfunctioning!” I corrected him (5:39:46). And there were children’s noises! I then repeated the two things that were ruining my life right now, all because Wes just couldn’t seem to get it: machine malfunctioning, and infrastructure shutdown. I asked him to repeat what I said. “Two things that are ruining your life, machine malfunctioning, and that the infrastructure would shut down to prevent you from writing....” Wes repeated incorrectly (5:41:07). I thus repeated the second thing once more: “The infrastructure will shut down in order to perpetuate the state of affairs that no one would believe I am me and could write.” I asked Wes to repeat what I had just said. He almost got it, so I said, “You almost got it. You are not able to repeat exactly what I said?” “You are not able to repeat what I said?” Wes repeated after me. I thus repeated once more, “I’m miserable because the infrastructure would shut down in order to perpetuate the state of affairs that...” Wes repeated: “You are afraid that the infrastructure might shut down in order to perpetuate the state of affairs that no one would believe you are you and you can write.” “You almost got it! I’m not *afraid* that the infrastructure might shut down. I’m terrified by the *fact* that the infrastructure has shut down...” (5:42:25). Then I cried again when Wes couldn’t understand what I was saying. Wes suggested that I email him when I begged him to understand me. “I’m coming to Albany because you are not hearing

me....” Wes adamantly insisted that he would not see me if I came. I cried and screamed about the fact that he couldn’t understand me. Wes explained: “Part of the problem is that you mumble....” I insisted to Wes that he should record the conversation because something was wrong with the phone. “The two things that I did which would cause machines to malfunction or the infrastructure to shut down. When the infrastructure is shut down I will not be able to find out who is pretending to be me.” Then Wes continued to insist that I should not come to Albany while I continued to explain that I couldn’t stand being alone when machines malfunctioned. Now the two things: (1) when I liked anything Russian; (2) when I talked intelligent or philosophical things to myself. Wes: “They know what you are thinking?” “Stop, you are trying to make me sound schizophrenic.... I can no longer function, I’m completely alone.... Machines don’t function, the police don’t function, people don’t function....” Wes insisted that I was mumbling and recounted that the secretary couldn’t understand what I was saying. “That’s why you need to record the conversation.... People’s brain is not functioning....” I continued to insist on my theory that something was wrong with the phone: Homeland Security was scrambling my calls so that, when they presented the intercepts of my call, I would sound schizophrenic. Wes agreed to record my calls to him. After we argued more about whether I should come to Albany, Wes suggested that I go to Switzerland. Was he carrying out the French’s order (to lure me to begin PLANRUS with the Daughter People)? I continued: “I cannot keep talking to myself... I can’t live in this world anymore.... People are so stupid, they can’t understand anything you say, and that’s how you look crazy....” I then mentioned to Wes how he sounded like a retard in order to make me look like a retard. *Then how I couldn’t withstand the Daughter People and their Mexican friends anymore.* Wes then talked about his problems (money, dissertation, etc.). I continued: “I refuse to live only to be presented as the opposite of what I am...” Then I debated with Wes again whether I was mumbling or speaking intelligibly and whether I should come to Albany. Wes also mentioned the Pyramid. “I don’t care about that anymore....” Then I told him what I thought was important to discuss (6:09:30): my original plan was to go to Switzerland, drop off the petition, then come to Albany. But I had now changed my mind after machine malfunctioned earlier. Wes: “Go to Switzerland...” We then continued to debate whether I should go to Albany, and I insisted that I would have to kill myself if I couldn’t see him face to face. Then about whether I should petition. I also talked about the option of jumping off the Golden Gate Bridge. Just now, a black man came over to plug his phone into the electrical outlet next to me. I mistook him for Homeland Security’s surveillance agent here to record my suicide wish: “That’s why Homeland Security kept making my computer malfunction: I would then make disturbances so that they can broadcast an alert saying I was confused and violent and so on, on top of the lies that I was pretending to be myself and plagiarized and so on. I continued: If I could only talk to Wes on the phone, then I would have to suffer the fate of letting my conversation get scrambled so as to enable Homeland Security to have evidence that I was mentally confused and speaking unintelligibly. Wes: “The Daughter People *want* you to come here so that you will lose your only friend.” I continued: “I’m afraid to kill myself....” Wes: “You have to beat them at their own game....” I was angered: “They will never lose when they have control over every machine!... What am I going to do if you don’t want to see me?” Then we debated whether my life would get any worse and discussed the possibility of a failed suicide attempt. Wes: “Homeland Security will rescue you when you go kill yourself....” I was ever more angered: “You have so devastated me because I have just spoken a perfectly intelligible sentence and yet you didn’t hear it.... I have just lost the last meaning of life, because you couldn’t understand what I’m saying... I don’t really know who’s running Homeland Security.... *I guess I really hate the Daughter People....*” Then my calling card ran out of money (6:37:50). What a pointless

conversation it was! But it did seem to be good evidence in the Daughter People's favor. First of all, I sounded so paranoid that it could be evidence that I conformed to the Monkey's false profile of me (so that the Daughter People's position in the hidden command should remain locked). Secondly, I expressed hatred for the Daughter People (so that, even if the command structure was loosened, the Daughter People shouldn't be convicted of conspiracy with me).

Now the black man that was charging his cellphone next to me came to me to dissuade me from suicide. I insisted that I needed a gun, and he even offered to get a gun for me. I kept explaining I had lost the meaning of my life when my best friend couldn't understand me. And he wanted to help me find solutions to my problem. He continued to comfort me: "Your problem will seem smaller later... You got somebody right here..." I continued to explain my problem: I needed to be face to face with my best friend because the phone was not working and he couldn't understand me. He continued: "You are distraught right now, it's like: the sun's bright light has caused you to become unable to see the stars..." And he offered to be my friend! But I kept insisting that he couldn't replace my best friend. He analyzed my situation: "Your mood disorder has triggered your thought disorder..." He analyzed it so well that he impressed me: "You are exactly right!" (6:51:00) He continued: "All you need is somebody here to guide you through all this..." He insisted that he would be able to see what I couldn't see. Now he had really impressed me: "How do you know so much?..." We now went to get coffee together at 711. He showed me the card he got from this certain "Soka Gakkai International" (SGI) and insisted that this organization would save me. He also mentioned his Filipino friend. He told me his name was Donny. He talked about once wanting to commit suicide also but then learning how to chant SGI's signature "Nam myoho renge kyo". We then came back to the Pershing Square. I described my problem to him: somebody stole my data in order to pretend to be me, and he sent my writings around in order to make them look fraudulent; and the police wouldn't let me file a report, and I was unable to report it to Google; I wanted to talk to my best friend, then my calling card malfunctioned, it turned out to be fraudulent, and the phone didn't work; and my best friend couldn't hear me and refused to let me go to his city... Donny mentioned his other friend Kwon. He talked about his situation: he had just moved to LA and was waiting for his SSDI. He then told me a story about a lion that was raised among mules in order to enlighten me and encourage me (7:24:00). I told him about my writings and the Daughter People's betrayal. He then demonstrated a magic (7:32:00). He continued: "*The reason why you are going through this right now is because something good is in store for you... The darkest hour is just before the day.... Somebody has discovered your work and is about to make you a millionaire.... You are going to get rewarded....*" (7:34:00). He truly caused me to believe that his meeting me was orchestrated from the control center: that the "plan" was in progress. Was it really? Did the French order the Daughter People to order the CIA to send somebody to tell me I shouldn't be afraid of the "plan" because it was really good for me? I have never been able to be sure of this. I should however note this possibility. As we have seen, it had been more than a week since the Daughter People were again required to implement PLANRUS and they must have been making preparations. As we shall see, the computer inside the control center had the power to predict my thoughts and orchestrate my future by manipulating me to run into people and predicting what the result would be, so that the Daughter People *had* the power to manipulate me to run into Donny and make us initiate a process together which would eventually result in my meeting Ekaterina and then setting in motion judge Higgins' cultural revolution – all without my and Donny's awareness. (Thus, my speculation on

August 25 – following clues and discovering something – might be close to the truth!) In which case, Donny could even be communicating a message to me from the control center without knowing!

Donny then continued to advertise SGI to me: “Chanting works!” And he continued to encourage me saying he was sure I would succeed as a writer. Then he emphasized I needed a support system. Then we talked about his taking me to SGI. He used computer chips as an analogy. And he continued to advertise himself *as my guide and my coach and my protector*. Suddenly, a security guard came over flashing his light on us and hustling us to leave (7:58:00). Donny then talked to his Filipino friend on his cellphone (8:07:00). Then he talked about how people wanted to sell drugs to him last night. He told me to chant “Nam myoho...” He then talked about how he tried to acquire a certain property (8:24:00). He gave me his phone number on 8:29:00. He wanted to make sure I didn’t use drugs. Both of us then got on the bus and came to the cybercafe.

My next recordings are: “cybrcafesmrtbckmansurv_8_27_10_1218-1258AM.WMA” and “wrthrowlet_8_27_10_103-302AM”: I used the cybercafe’s computer to do my things while Ronny sat next to me. He asked me to help him set up a Yahoo mail account for him, and I promised him I would later. Then he departed. I had by this time become very skeptical of Donny, wondering whether the Monkey might have sent him in order to get me into troubles. I stayed on in the cybercafe continuing to write my petition letter: “... The Russians surrounded me with surveillance... cars with surveillance devices in them...” More evidence for the French that I had conspired with the Daughter People last year! I would sleep in the Normandie area tonight.⁵

August 27 (Friday; Russian meetup)

My first recording of the new day is: “wkwrtlethow_8_27_10_834-1017AM.WMA”: After waking up, I came inside the cybercafe and began reviewing my recordings while writing. I then examined the video I shot of myself writing: it was really badly shot. I then continued writing my petition letter: “... my excellent performance in obtaining the appearance of a conspiracy with the Agency to sue Russia enabled Russia to take over...” More excellent evidence for the French! And more justification that the “plan” should continue! Then: “... the computerized environment...” Then I was frustrated again: “It’s so hard to describe our experience, and yet, on top of that, we have to worry about whether what we write will piss off people... Oh, the surveillance agent is gone...” Was I correct that I was under surveillance again? Then I started working on “Frankfurt and Brussels”. Then I came up with another wrong scenario: “There is somebody on Mr B’s team who is a sociologist, who is very street-wise...” Then I packed up and left.

My next recording is: “pathabbeygonestorag_8_27_10_1017AM-208PM.WMA”. I then came to PATH. When I asked the other volunteers where Abbey was, one of them told me she had gone to Italy, while another told me she *was going* to Italy (around 45:00). I was dumbfounded, but the volunteers, as if pretending to be mentally confused, reminded me that Abbey had already told me this yesterday. But what Abbey told me was that she *had* been to Italy, not that she *was going* to Italy. I was terribly frustrated by people’s mental confusion: “Somebody has to know what is happening to me, somebody outside the game...” (51:30) I was then eating outside. Then my worthless reflection again: “There

⁵ The second recording reviewed until 32:00.

was just one man, and now he has no power... and PM himself is calculative... too many interests to take care of... and so he's not entirely trustworthy... Where is our expert? Where is he?... What about our past?... give a copy to Regine... She needs to know she's lied to... It's scary to be attracted to Abbey..." And my right toes hurt. What? Was I really supposed to go to Italy? I wanted to take a shower because, believe it or not, the Russian American meetup I had been eyeing had an event tonight at LACMA and I planned to check it out for the first time. But the shower was closed and I was told to come back on 3 PM (1:19:00). I rode the Metro and came to my storage facility on 2:42:00. I came to the office to request charging automatic payment on my new debit card. I put in my new discs and, when I came downstairs, the manager told me my new debit card was rejected when she tried to put me on automatic payment. What? More malfunctioning! When I came out, I continued: "... Everything has to be repeated twice... Mr Chertoff... Now that we suddenly have a motivational coach, that means that there is a new expert on the Mexican team... a sociologist... He's one of the Daughter People who had come to the Mexican team... But what if I just drop out? I don't want to waste their time... I won't... if they don't give me what I want, and it's not as if what I want is a girlfriend... What I want is to keep my copyright... It's like losing Moscow to gain Paris... I hope they are hearing this... They are not joking with me, right? We will drop out, any time, *it doesn't matter how pretty the girl is...*" I then took notice of a guy who was wearing a T-Shirt with "Mission Impossible" printed on it – as if that meant something! Then: "Maybe they have a backup plan in case I drop out... Now we are looking for our life boat... temporary... if somebody offers you Paris for Moscow, you will say no..." The fact that I was aware that there was a plan – even if I was hesitating – was however justification for the French to continue to press the Daughter People to continue.

My next recording is: "pathshwrbyclothtolacma_8_27_10_209-535PM.WMA": While on the bus, I continued my wrong scenario: "Presumably the case will be closed... Even when the law doesn't require it, they will still want me to give up everything..." I was then on the Metro and came back to PATH on 1:07:00 for the shower. After washing myself, I came to downtown to buy clothing. I wanted to look good for the meetup! (In reality, just more wasting of my precious money!) But what about all my stuff? I came to a restaurant in the Normandie area to change into my new pants and then hid in the bushes my old pants and the new shoes which my father and step-mother had bought for me. I made sure to film it.

My next recording is: "rusmeetupcybr_8_27_10_542-1018PM.WMA": I arrived at the meetup at LACMA and met the organizers, Jim and his wife. I was surprised that both were Americans, even though Jim looked so much like a Daughterlander. I began chatting with them. I explained to Jim's wife what languages I had learned and where I grew up and so on. She explained to me what languages she had learned (Spanish in addition to Russian) and so on. I then mentioned "Italian" in response to something (1:16:30). Then a Daughterlander woman, by the name of Tatiana, came over carrying her little dog (1:18:00). I again wondered if this was some sort of symbolism orchestrated by the Daughter People. (Not!) Then Jim's wife told me they planned to go to Italy the next year (1:48:00). Italy again! Then she told me about her daughter's attempt to learn Chinese. I bade goodbye to Jim and his wife on 2:57:30. It would seem that the French didn't order the Daughter People to orchestrate anything for me during the meetup (although I always believed something was being orchestrated). While walking away, I resumed my worthless reflection: "... the best thing to do is not to pay attention to whatever project might be going on, then there will be no secrets to tell... They will send out an alert... Who will

know that all this is run by the Daughter People?... We cannot tolerate the alert... What are people told about me?..." I bought food in the 99 Cents Market and ate them outside. Then: "Look at Mr Chertoff, that dumb mother fucker..." I came back to the Normandie area to look for my pants and shoes in the bushes, only to discover that somebody had taken them all away. Ah! My brand new shoes which my parents had just bought for me! Then I came to the cybercafe. "The guy who's pretending to be me.... He's throwing around my writings like they are trash... That's what I really have problem with... Why would anybody pretend to be an artist or a writer? These things have no values in society... These stupid people..." Then, from 3:42:00 onward, I began talking to this Korean woman who was sitting inside the cybercafe. She kept telling me Korean girls were the prettiest. Then she told me about how Yoko Ono met John Lenon. Somehow I believed that my meeting with this woman was orchestrated from the control center. (I was most likely mistaken.) I came out to reflect by myself: "I can't stand this street culture... All this 'Fuck you'.... I like meetups, culture..." I then bragged about how I could masturbate with pictures of women who were fully dressed. Then: "... Hopefully this is temporary... November, December, January... *Back then everything was so smooth and fast, all because we were in sync with the best guy...* Since then it's all back and forth, changing plan every few days... *I didn't want them to think that, after I took them all the way there, I would just abandon them and let them get fried...* And so we went all the way, and then begged them to spare Mommy..." I was furnishing the French with more evidences! Then: "... a big sister is much more important... What's wrong with the Mexican team? They are individuals, not a nation... And they don't understand me as well... She just keeps talking... a talker doesn't need another talker, but a listener..." Then: "And so what happened to the 711 Daughter Pyramid? Just because we are thinking about her, they will never let us see her again... They have to understand that people like to sacrifice themselves for nations rather than for individuals..." I then talked about how Jim's blue eyes so attracted me. "This is shallow... It's all about appearances..." Then, more worthless reflection: "... their intelligence agency is so sophisticated, but their military is so run-down... The Middle-Kingdom has advanced... And yet they still use the AK-47 variants... It's easy to grow intelligence, but hard to make the tools..." And, just then, a honk outside (4:19:00). I mistook it again for a confirmation from the control center! Then, more evidence for the French and more of my wrong scenarios: "What I have given them is very valuable.... They need to treat me very nicely... free loading on America's technology... If you want to be efficient, you will have to go along with nature, not against it... No other nations have suffered the way they did during World War Two.... They need to think about that, other people don't understand it.... Their tactic will scare people.... The era of suffering is over... Gone is their old way of using pain as the indicator of everything... *veritas in doloris...*"

My next recording is: "slpcybrIMPspeech_8_27-28_10_1018PM-545AM.WMA": I came back inside the cybercafe and took a long nap on the chairs. Then I woke up and, from 6:54:00 onward, came outside to address the Daughter People again in order to persuade them: "The conservatives... change... We don't see any benefit in changing... With common laws... each case is considered in its own right... and the civil code on the continent... The common laws are superior... Maybe it's DGHTRCOM himself who needs to be reformed... I'm part of the world too... sacrificing one person to save 5,000 people... They say, 'Oh, we want to save millions of people'... Now who are these millions and what do they do? Do they just eat and shit?... Dual identity is the best... When people read a book, they need to believe that the author is respectable... a strong nation is not one where people spend their whole day watching TV, but where people are intelligent... If you want the French

people to follow you, be good to them...” I then talked about how my book will rectify the lies which the United States had perpetrated about the Middle-Kingdom and Daughterland, and how the Daughter People should therefore permit me to write my book. Then my overestimation of my own abilities: “... I make so much sense... all the books I have read while on government assistance... I didn’t waste my time playing video games... Now you think about it... Hayek has said... occasionally a society needs those people that break rules... who invent something new... That’s what starts off a new era... The Anglo-American system is best able to accommodate those eccentric souls...” Then, suddenly, somebody came to me on 7:24:00 to tell me: “I can’t stand the person I’m living with, he’s so power-hungry and domineering...” I was alarmed: I immediately believed it was the control center which had sent this actor to me to communicate a metaphor to me (i.e. that DGHTR was so sick and tired of the insatiable Monkey). This might indeed be the case: namely, that the French had ordered the Daughter People to order Homeland Security to send this person to me to say something that would fit my beliefs in order to lock me further in my “delusions”.

August 28 (Saturday)

My next recording is: “dvd151cp_8_28_10_545-729AM.WMA”: I then continued my worthless reflection: “... a student is always looking for the wisest teacher...” I came back inside the cybercafe and began reading through my own commentary about Hayek in my Thermodynamic Interpretation of History: “... the emergency of order as adaptation to nature...” Then about the American people: “They use their freedom to take their own freedom away for the sake of order... to impose order upon themselves... in order to make themselves more efficient...” I then reviewed the recording of my conversation with Wes. “The opposite of reality...” Then: “... Maybe the sociologist is a woman... How did she understand the street culture then? It’s all guys...” Then I left the cybercafe. I continued: “... maybe this woman came from a traditional culture...” Bullshit!

My next recording is: “naptolibrstrm_8_28_10_731-1112AM.WMA”: I then commented about a Hispanic woman who kept staring at me. I had by now developed good feelings toward the imaginary sociologist, who I supposed could be Mexican. How I had duped myself into looking increasingly delusional! I then slept on the street corner. I got up two hours later and wandered around the streets a little and then got on the Metro to go to the library (2:34:00). I came inside the library and used the restroom.

My next recording is: “dwntwnlibdghtrcalldonnie_8_28_10_1121AM-118PM.WMA”: I then continued reviewing my recordings and writing. Then, during my break, I looked over the Russian American meetup’s webpage (40:00) and again found certain members suspicious. I successfully burned a new disc. Then, while I was outside the library eating, I continued my worthless reflection (from 1:17:00 onward): “What did we do in the past 5 years? We had so benefited them...” Conspiracy! And: “All this computer malfunctioning has wasted so much of our time... This is the most devastating disability... In today’s world, survival depends on the use of machines... And yet the problem is so stupid that you can’t even tell people about it... Knowledge that can’t be shared with other people is not worth having at all... I have contributed plenty... to the court process... and computer malfunctioning... I just hope our problem is something like cancer...” Then I reflected on Donny: “When we call that guy it would just be a voice mail...” Then: “... multitasking is indeed a very bad

idea, I know, but I don't know how to get around it... There is a reason why people do it, people nowadays are so overwhelmed with the tasks they give to themselves... I hope the person who gave the advice is not disappointed..." Again, my wrong scenario was that somebody in the control center was trying to help me by suggesting that I not multitask. Then: "It's very difficult to get out of the hole..." Then I went to call Donny on the payphone (1:52:00). He was in Alameda at the moment trying to get rid of a bag of electronics. It didn't seem that he could be a Homeland Security agent! If my meeting him was indeed orchestrated, it was done without the awareness of both of us. He then said he would come to the library to look for me later.

My next recording is: "dwntwnlibdonnieupsetbkkgb_8_28_10_129-724PM.WMA": I came back inside the library. Before going back to work, I browsed through some books. First a book about Edgar Hoover. Then I read something about Sakharov, how the KGB had persecuted him. I was alarmed: "Am I going to offend the Daughter People by reading this?" Ha! Then I sat down at a table and resumed reviewing my recordings. My Internet connection froze up on 42:00. I was shocked. Assuming that the Monkey had done it, I muttered bitterly: "*I definitely will not participate in this...*" Good news for the Daughter People! I began packing up. "Do not look at any of the books on the table, don't cooperate... We got duped..." I walked around, and then sat down in another corner and resumed working (1:04:00). Then: "Is there going to be another meetup? It all depends on the politics among the gods... It's so fucking stupid..." I was then checking over my website to make sure that the files I had uploaded really worked. Then I accidentally touched something on my computer causing the disc-burning to fail (1:43:00). More frustration! And I suffered severe physical pain. I filmed myself starting a new burn. "I need to see a doctor..." Then I began writing an email to Wes. Suddenly, a child came in and started shouting on 2:02:00. Terribly annoyed, I continued writing. When I was done, this is the message I sent to Wes (on 4:06 PM):

Please, sorry about two nights ago. In any case I recovered my mood somewhat because yesterday I went to a Russian American social group for the first time. But still, you have to realize that I cannot just find someone else to talk to. There is only one person in the world to whom I can come crying about machine malfunctioning and [expressing] my worries about what this 'Daughter People' are going to do to me, namely you. My problem is this. Since I'm pretty certain that, as soon as I arrive in Europe, alerts would spread out about me and everyone will look at me as some sort of disgusting piece of entity, I'm worried that without anyone there to grab onto I may not be able to survive there emotionally. And since I don't have enough money to buy the ticket [for] coming back, I might just not go for now, and move [...] to Albany [instead], because I'm simply entirely isolated in LA. Perhaps I can live in Troy or something which is cheaper. It will just be like before. You'll only have to see me when you have time, it's just that I won't feel isolated, because at least there is a chance that I can see someone face to face to talk about machine malfunctioning. I need to see a therapist about the devastating effect of machine malfunctioning also.

I'm going to find a cybercafe with webcam and Skype in order to talk to you the next time. But can you look at your schedule and find me another time to talk about this? Maybe we can set up a fixed time each week to talk so that it won't be so difficult.

AND REMEMBER TO GET YOUR RECORDER. I've [discovered] an online free storage here at www.adrive.com. See if you can sign up, unless you want me to sign up an account for you. Or I can set up a FTP account for you on my own website for you to [upload] the recordings of our phone calls.

Whether I go to Switzerland or not all depends on whether I might find someone there with whom I can survive or the money with which I can come back if I [should ever] find the environment there as harsh as here.

The thing is that I'm sure that Homeland Security is going to spread [out] the same alert about me once I get to Switzerland as they had done when I was there in January 2008. And I think that the alert [will] also include [...] the lies that I'm not me but only a twin brother pretending to be me and that I've plagiarized all my writings. I just don't know if this is a permanent state of affairs or temporary only (because I know DGHTRLND can stop this, and they can also have me at the same time be myself and my imaginary twin brother pretending to be myself, which dual identity I can live with somewhat, I think)...

All bullshit! But the evidentiary value of this email was uncertain: did I plan to participate in PLANRUS or not? I then began reading a German news article about Daughterland. Then: "We shouldn't go, if we go, our computer will malfunction, and we will be shut off, and we won't have money to come back..." Good news for the Daughter People! I was then frustrated again when I was unable to obtain the FTP login log from my website – not knowing that I was worried about nothing (3:03:00). (There was no impersonator trying to log into my website.) I submitted a ticket to IX Web Hosting's technical support team. I was extremely angry: "I'm not learning anything from this, this is wasting my time... As long as the Mexicans are here, I will not be able to do anything, I will be completely disabled... Let's forget it, man..." I began packing up: "Mr B has just sabotaged the whole operation; *if I don't get my FTP log, I won't go...* The organization should not have outsiders..." I came outside and continued my worthless reflection: "... this DGHTRORG.... They require you to sacrifice everything.... I don't know about that.... We are too weak... We have to see a doctor first before we can contribute anything, unless we just sit in an office..." Then: "There was a time when you can trust the surveillance on you, and now surveillance can be edited, and you have to document everything... Is the Sakharov story true? That means they will abandon us... I thought they were the greatest people.... Or maybe only DGHTR is the greatest... I want to contribute to their country, I don't want to contribute to the Mexicans... *It is the international laws which are in the way, right?* Otherwise, why would the conservatives have problem with that? Why do they think being loved is not a good state? Please, tell me, why is it that, when I love you, you will beat the shit out of me?" And my right side hurt. "Why? *I want you to rule the world*, and you beat the shit out of me... Is this because of the political struggle? No, it's because of international laws..." And I felt slight sensation on my right toes. "... international laws..." and, just then, a leaf fell in front of me (3:46:00). I really believed it was the control center which had remotely controlled the leaf to fall in front of me because I had said something right. Well, I did! But it's unlikely the case that the Daughter People had remotely controlled the leaf to fall. Then I came up with another wrong scenario: "... going to Belgium.... I don't know.... What if I get shut off...? Are you going to tell Regine to take care of me? We'll write an email to her..." That was surely

a bad idea! Then: “These postmodern gods are different from the mythic gods because they have to obey international laws... What the fuck!... Well, because it’s precisely the international laws which have made them gods... Will Regine take care of us? She is a girl and a girl doesn’t like that kind of behavior, crying over computer malfunctioning...” Finally, I was done with my nonsense and went inside to call Donny on the payphone (3:54:00). He said he couldn’t find me in the library earlier. He was now at the Mission. I promised to call him tomorrow on 1 PM, to discuss meeting in the Santa Monica library to do the Yahoo thing together. When I came onto the street, I saw a poster of one of Rene Magritte’s paintings. I was shocked and believed this was a message from the control center: “He’s a Belgian painter! Another symbol of Belgium!” I filmed it (until 4:19:00). I rode the bus briefly and bought something in a large department store, and then was on the bus again on 4:47:00. Then: “We need to complain about both the ICJ business and the alert... You *have to* believe me when I complain about the alert...” After I got off the bus, I continued: “The slander that we are a Russian secret agent... But then the slander becomes true... We need to ask Wes about it... The logic is very strange...” I came inside 711 on 4:59:00 and bought noodle for dinner. I then came inside the Coffee Bean on Vermont and Wilshire (5:19:00). I did my lesson on Russland Journal and then filmed a pyramid who looked so much like Mommy (5:27:00). I was stunned because she was dressed very sexy.

My next recording is: “cfbnfindorthdx71308_cybrepletsupl34_8_28-29_10_724PM-1254AM.WMA”: I decided to carry out my plan of writing to Regine. I had written to her on the 16th only to discover that she had quit her job and canceled her email account. I searched online and discovered that she now worked at TIPIK. I thus wrote her an email:

Est-ce que quelqu’un t’a dit du mensonge à propos de moi pendant la dernière fois que j’ai été en Belgique? Je devine quelque chose...

Dis, en tout cas, il est très probable que je viens en Europe en fin de Septembre....
C’est que je devrai déposer quelques papiers près de la Belgique... Je ne sais pas s’il t’intéresse de m’écouter parler de quelque chose...

J’espère que tout est allé très très bien chez toi pendant les 2 années passées, et que t’as bien pris soin de ton amie brésilienne Maria....

Needless to say, Regine would never reply me and must have been quite annoyed by me. She had no idea that the authority had lied to her in 2008 and wouldn’t really care even if she knew the truth. Since the French were pressuring the Daughter People to set things up for me, if the Daughter People sent the CIA to instruct Belgian intelligence to recruit her, she might even refuse! The email was however good evidence for the French since herein I said I might come to Europe after all – justification that PLANRUS should continue.

I then tried out my new account at A-Drive and added new links to my website. Then, from 1:45:00 onward, I became upset when I couldn’t find a particular file. I broke down crying (1:55:00). But, in the end, I did find it. I then worked on my “Supplemental Pleading” a little and left the coffeehouse on 2:41:00. I continued to worry about the guy who supposedly had my recorder and was pretending to be

me. I came to the cybercafe and continued my worthless reflection: "... I wish one day I can sit down face to face with the Daughter People and ask them, 'Why is this struggle between nations so important? None of it is going to last'... They should write a secret history of the KGB and the SVR and lock it up somewhere for the aliens to discover it later... For what's the point of doing all the amazing things if nobody was going to know about it?... PM, did you really burn all the papers? What's the point of doing all this when nobody knows about it?... Now they are not worried about it *because a new age has just begun for them, they are now busy with their new empire...* Every government has its own chronicles... The Chinese dynasties... Even the White House has its own chroniclers.... Why do they do that? Because one day everything will be gone except the histories..." My reflection was of course not entirely worthless for the French since it was again evidence of my conspiracy with Daughterland ("... *a new age...*"). I came inside the cybercafe on 3:09:00 and continued to work on my Supplemental Pleading for a while. Then, when a black man came to sit next to me, I mistook it for an operation: "Oh, he's going to mix his things with mine..." He yelled at me: "Shut your mouth up!" (4:53:00) I then continued to work on my petition letter: "... the government elites who were found guilty of conspiring with me would fall under Russian command and become remotely controlled..." More evidence for the French! Then: "They are not going to let me petition... This is idiotic..."

My next recordings are: "cybrwrtletsupl34_8_29_10_1255-205AM.WMA" and "letchngstrtgstuyr_8_29_10_206-259AM.WMA": I continued to write my petition letter: "... since 2007 the US Department of Homeland Security had been spreading out an alert about me..." Then I became skeptical: "... the goal is to let me make a fool out of myself, right? So wouldn't they just drop the alert so that we will be petitioning about a non-existent problem? If so then the police would broadcast an alert because this idiot has just petitioned about a non-existent alert, and that's what I want to petition about... They can deny the past; just tell people to pretend that the alert from before has never happened... We will make sure to cover our ass in every possible way..." Then I almost hit on the truth: "I was given this laptop in order to make me look like I'm pretending to be myself..." No, in order to make me into Daughterland's conspirator. "And if our petition is rejected, then we are going to petition about the rejection of our petition..." I then listened to Kyoko's songs and did my lesson on Russland Journal.

August 29 (Sunday; "You are my son")

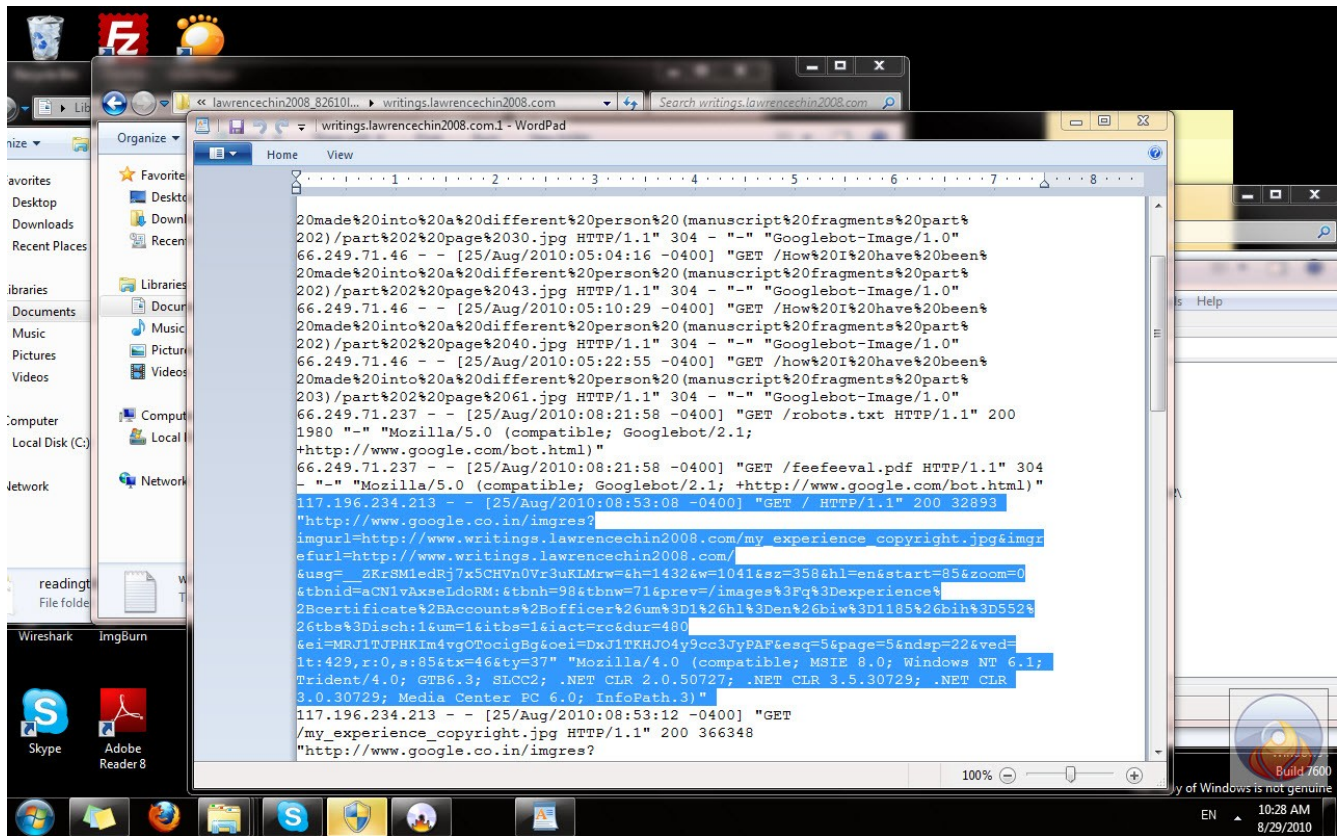
My first recording of the new day is: "orthdxcalldonnie_8_29_10_910AM-212PM.WMA": I filmed myself waking up in the street corner and then got on the Metro to go to Long Beach. I was going to Assumption Church. Children were chatting and shouting everywhere on Metro Blue Line. I checked my website's logs which I had earlier downloaded and discovered strange visits from four days ago. (See below.) Were the Daughter People playing more tricks trying to get me to become paranoid about my copyright? When I got off the train on 1:26:00, I continued: "...we have already said it, let's do dual identity... their legal status.... Mommy's fake Daughter..." When I got on the Long Beach 90 bus, there was again children's shouting. I arrived at Assumption Church on 2:20:00 and hid my blanket in the back of the church and then came inside the service. When the service was finished, I came outside and started reading the brochure. *I noticed something* – I shall explain this momentarily. Then a woman came to chat with me on 2:43:00 and took me to get coffee and cookies. Then I talked

to Mary on 2:45:00 and told her about my accident. We then talked about volunteering for the Greek festival that was coming up. I talked with another man on 2:51:00. I then asked everyone where Sophia was. She was apparently not here today. I went back to reading the brochure and became increasingly concerned. Then: “I don’t know what they are told, I just know that they aren’t told the truth...” I then left the church and got on the bus. I was now reading something about the deciphering of CODEX. When I got off the bus in downtown Long Beach, I called up Donny on a payphone (4:27:00). I asked him if he still needed help to set up his email account and asked him to meet me in the Santa Monica public library on 3:45 PM. He was in Mission at the moment and would have to come back on 5:30 PM. I bought fast food and got on the Blue Line to go back to Los Angeles. Then: “We got duped... *to carry out neocons’ plan... all the way to the end...* otherwise, why couldn’t people know?... We will get intercepted in the last moment...” That’s indeed part of PLANMEX although it might no longer be the case for PLANRUS.

Now what was it on the brochure for today’s service that caught my attention? It was the Epistle Reading of the day from Acts of Apostles 13:25 – 33. It looked so much like a typical “secret message” from the CIA using biblical passages as metaphors: “... For those who live in Jerusalem... But God raised him from the dead; and for many days he appeared to those who came up with him from Galilee to Jerusalem, who are now his witnesses to the people. And we bring you the good news that what God promised to the fathers, this he has fulfilled to us their children by raising Jesus.” Now the English translation stopped here, but at the bottom where the Greek original was printed, the excerpt did not stop at this point but continued to include the next sentence: “... ὡς και εν τῷ ψαλμῷ τῷ δευτέρῳ γέγραπται, Ὕιός μου εἶ σύ, εγω σήμεραν γεγέννηκά σε’...” (“As it is written in the Second Psalms, you are my son and today I have begotten you...”) Since this line was missing in the translation, I instantly believed that this was a “secret message” coming from either Mr B or DGHTRCOM. At the time I believed it was telling me that I would in the coming days be first beaten down and then lifted up. In reality, what was going on was most likely this. We have seen that, since August 17, the French had required the Daughter People to continue with PLANRUS. DGHTRCOM was thus required through an ICJ order to order the CIA to communicate more of the “plan” to me: that he was going to let me marry Ekaterina soon and make both of us rulers of Daughterland.⁶ Namely, it was the CIA which, in the past few days when nothing in particular was going on except meeting Donny, had ordered Father John to embed this “secret message” in today’s sermon. DGHTRCOM’s communication to me – which he was obliged to make in order to enable the terrorist to finish his mission – was then evidence which the French would use to convict him.

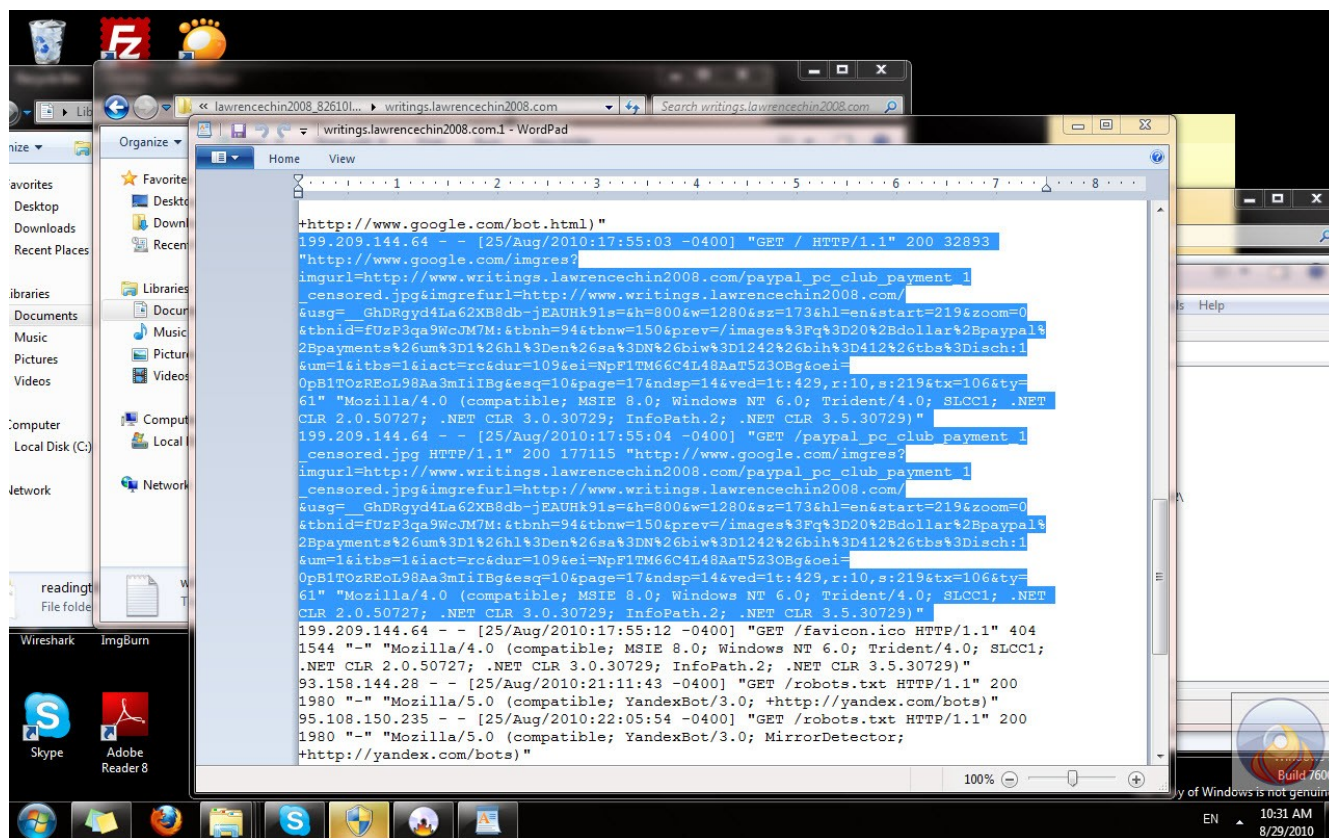
6 For this reason, the secret message might have also included the next line (13:34) which was not included on the brochure at all: “... οὕτως εἶρηκεν ὅτι: Δώσω ὑμῖν τὰ ὄσια Δαυὶδ, τὰ πιστά” (“... he declared in this way, ‘I shall give you the benefits (or holiness) assured to David...’) Recall that Leo Strauss has made much of the way in which philosophers – Maimonides, Halevi, Spinoza, and Machiavelli – had supposedly, among other techniques, purposely omitted things that should be mentioned as a way to convey “esoteric messages”. See his *Persecution and the Art of Writing* and *Thoughts on Machiavelli*. The CIA might very well have adopted this method insofar as all this had started out as a neocon plan.

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, III
Lawrence C. Chin, August 2010 – August 2019



The strange visits to my website on August 25 which I discovered this morning

My next recording is: “slpmetrostmlib_8_29_10_212-439PM.WMA”: And so I rode the Metro and the bus to Santa Monica library. I was late for meeting with Donny. I got changes and called up Donny on the payphone on 2:21:00. He picked up the call but the call was immediately disconnected. I called again and he answered the call. It turned out that he was in Compton and had never made it to the library in any case.



Another strange visit on August 25⁷

My next recording is: “smtocfɒnvmnt_8_29_10_439-831PM.WMA”: I tried to use my phone card to make another call on the library’s payphone. I gave up, and then discovered that I had forgotten my blanket at the church. Oh my God! What was I going to do tonight? More frustration! I then browsed a book: “... the Deep State...” I left the library when it closed at 18:00. Walking the street, I found a bunch of cigarette butts. I then got on the bus on 1:10:00. I wrote down on paper the paragraph I wanted to include in my “Schizophrenic, III”: the episode of my meeting Valerie Plame. Then more worthless speculation about how the Daughter People must have perceived me: “... he fears the discipline, he fears the obligation, he doesn’t want to give up his works...” A child was crying on 2:02:00. I got off the bus and continued: “If we drop out from the project, they can use my double...” I came inside the Coffee Bean on Vermont and Wilshire just like yesterday. And children were shouting! I continued my worthless reflection: “This guy is such a loser under normal circumstances, but he shines in extraordinary circumstances, maybe that’s why they like this guy... and want to use him...” More justification for the French to continue to require the Daughter People to carry out the plan! I then mumbled about how to publish my story as an underground book with several thousand readers: “... but so many people already know about it... It’s precisely because he day-dreams all the time that he understands and knows so much... Some people just can’t fit into the ‘system’... On the other hand, if they fit in, they might not be as effective...” Then I continued to make conditions for my participation

7 What is so strange is that this IP address seems to belong to the Department of Defense: amrdec64.amrdec.army.mil, Huntsville, Alabama.

in the “plan”: “We need to be surrounded by people and be guided... We cannot operate alone...” More justification for the French! Then: “I already knew they wanted to copy B-1 bomber when I was a kid, but I just didn’t know they actually did it...” I then began my work online. I continued to study this A-Drive. Then I tried to call Donny on Skype on 3:43:00 but didn’t reach him. Then: “I couldn’t function anymore...”

My next recording is: “cfbnnervousftplog_8_29_10_838-954PM.WMA”: I continued my paranoia: “There is no way to know if that guy has been downloading my files...” I would be moaning out of nervousness and paranoia throughout the night: Hmm... Hum... Hmm... Then: “Before we had the DGHTRPPL as our audience, but now that they are gone...” (37:00). Then I got really cynical: “We will need to record every second of our life until the day we die... That’s the only way to....” Then I resumed writing until Coffee Bean was closed.

My next recording is: “cybrcafe_8_29_10_958-1058PM.WMA”: I continued to worry about the alert. “Other than Wes, there is no one left who would believe that I am me...” (9:30). I went inside the Metro station and, as I was exiting the Normandie station on 20:00, was severely annoyed by the noises of Hispanic people and their children. *I was not going to go*, I decided (42:10). One minute I was good news for the French, and another for the Daughter People.

My next recording is: “napcybr_8_29-30_10_1058PM-1220AM.WMA”: Because I didn’t have my blankets tonight, I would have to stay inside the cybercafe to avoid the cold. Then I fell asleep on the sofa and my recorder ran out of battery.

My next recording is: “wkcybr_8_30_10_324-340AM.WMA”: I woke up and was horrified because my recorder had shut itself off three hours ago! I went outside mumbling: “I hope that’s what happened... You can’t live a life without recording it for three hours...” I was scared because my things could have been stolen.

My next recording is: “wkcyber_8_30_10_340-553AM.WMA”: I then continued writing “Schizophrenic, III”: “... which Mr Secretary and the Agency were trying to suppress as evidences...” Then: “I hope they... Mr Chertoff... sense of reality...” Now siren on 1:05:00. Then: “First... it doesn’t matter how... to the end... the process... the backup plan... Mr Chertoff destroyed that... You just can’t replace 13 years of friendship.... Unless they replace the world for me... How can anyone live like that?” I then continued to write “Schizophrenic, III” (this time, the episode of Wes’ testing me). Then: “Before, when people were told lies about me, at least they knew I was me...” I was filming myself writing, but, suddenly, somebody took my camera away (1:41:00). Luckily, I got it back, but I had to explain to the cybercafe employee that I was merely filming myself writing. Then somebody tried to show me on the computer the TV show he was involved in.

My next recording is: “wrtschzocyber_8_30_10_557-744AM.WMA”: Then I did my Russland Journal lesson. I left the cybercafe on 1:11:00. I continued: “I hope Uncle DGHTR can provide me with a support system... otherwise I really can’t go on...” Then: “What’s the alert going to say... We will very much want to... DGHTRP... Bu the price to pay... *the problem is that they don’t want people to know*... You can’t replace... People won’t forget what they have seen... I can’t stand the way people

look at me... and... is invisible... you can't see it..." Just so much nonsense and paranoia over nothing! I then came inside the Metro station.

August 30 (Monday; Luiza)

My next recording is: "cfbnnnotgoingpath_8_30_10_744-1139AM.WMA": I tried calling Wes on the payphone again – and children were shouting (7:00). Wes was not home. I muttered desperately: "There is no support... There is no support..." (8:05). I tried calling Wes again. No use. I then came to Coffee Bean. "We need to go to Albany..." (34:50). "By sending an email to Regine... *Then I definitely will not go!*" (46:00) On 8:38 AM, I sent an email to Wes:

Please give me a time to talk with you. I'm NOT going to Europe anymore. Alert about me portraying me in the most disgusting light may very well have been broadcast in Europe about me and so I cannot possibly go there. But I cannot stay in LA either. The environment is too vomit-inducing and harsh. Please let me talk to you. You are now the only person left to me in the world.

I wrote this in order for the Daughter People to see. Without my knowing, it was of course good news for them for it sounded like I was refusing to go on PLANRUS. Then they would no longer have to devise my environment to fit my belief and get themselves convicted. I continued: "Everything is a lie, that you are my son and so on..." Just then somebody's phone rang – as if the control center were trying to confirm (1:04:04). I then wrote an email to my old therapist Greg telling him about my worry that someone was pretending to be me. Ha! He would of course soon reply that he was unable to see me. Then: "I can't believe I got duped. Don't believe anything they say... Only trust those people that are right in front of you..." I called Wes again on Skype but he was still not home (1:19:20). I then left Coffee Bean.

While I was sitting around the Metro station on Vermont and Wilshire, I thought of a new scenario: Maybe the guy who is pretending to be me will go to Europe – and somebody was honking as if to confirm (1:28:30). "And if so, should he be David Chin and I Lawrence Chin? What does he look like? ... What about my work? Who's going to know that I actually wrote it?" (1:35:40) "It turns out that we *do* have to write about the present episode, just in order to clarify who the author is of my works..." I then came back inside Coffee Bean. I called somebody on 2:10:00 to ask whether he had webcams on his computers. (Was I calling a cybercafe?) I then called up Voula at Assumption on 2:29:00 to ask her to check whether my blanket was still there. She told me to call back tomorrow. I then called Wes again, but he was still not there and I didn't leave a message. Then: "... surveillance has discovered that I'm not me... join the meetup group... the consulate... send an agent to me to... a pretended operation.... The Russian intelligence then discovers that I really *am* me.... He has to look like me... like last year... tried to ascertain that I was really me..." Nonsense! I then came to the Metro station again. "We really hate this American tactic, do the shit and then blame it on somebody else, both the CIA and Homeland Security have done that..." I then reflected on that particular episode in June 2009: "What we don't understand is this. Why couldn't the Homeland Security actor recognize that the white guy sitting next to me was a Russian agent? Maybe most people really don't have the ability to recognize secret agents..." – and my left side hurt. "It seems that, after June 19, the Russians were able

to convince the judges that Americans were cheating....” Just idiotically providing the French with more evidence! I came to PATH on 3:09:00 and a volunteer immediately told me Abbey was not here. “She’s not gone because of me, is she?” I even asked another volunteer and was told that she had gone home to Chicago rather than to Italy. I then began a long chat with another homeless guy who claimed he was originally from Modesto.

My next recording is: “pathreese_8_30_10_1139AM-253PM.WMA”: We talked about our respective experiences of living in San Francisco, and then about his experience in Egypt. He told me he was a Buddhist, very much into the Lotus Sutra, and a member of SGI. Again! What a coincidence! After Donny, it’s him! Was all this really orchestrated as part of the “plan”? (Namely, without our knowing.) Then, finally, it was my turn. I used the restroom and took a shower, and then used my laptop while waiting in the lobby. When I was about to leave, I exchanged email addresses with the homeless guy I chatted with (1:56:00). Then, the receptionist suddenly mentioned she knew I loved Abbey! She then found me a new blanket to replace the one I had lost. Wow! Thank God! I left PATH on 2:24:00. When I came inside the elevator of the Metro station, I ran into an European woman who was walking her bicycle (2:43:00). I shouted at her in excitement: “Where are you from? Italy! Do you know how many people I ran into lately who are from Italy?” She laughed. She was indeed from Italy! How bizarre! We rode the Metro together, and she told me she was going to adult school for the moment. We continued to chat after we got off the Metro in downtown. I walked with her and gave her my email address. Her name was Luiza.

My next recording is: “luisa_8_30_10_254-4PM.WMA”: Now Luiza needed to go to Gardena to go to work. She worked in an Italian restaurant. I treated her coffee, and then walked with her around the Union Station. We then waited for the bus together. She talked about her car and her bicycle and told me she grew up in Turin. She had one brother and one sister and was the youngest in her family. I told her about my old friend Chiara. She said: “I’m lazy...” Me: “Laziness makes women sexy...” She then asked me about my brother and told me her roommate was a Russian (!). Was this just a coincidence? My recorder was then shut off – remotely? – when the bus came and picked up Luiza. As shall be noted, the Daughter People might have commanded the Monkey to do this for a particular reason. To conclude, while Italy as well as Turkey seemed to have joined France in objecting to the February ICJ judgment, it’s not clear whether my meeting Luiza was related to this. It’s even less clear whether it was orchestrated from the control center as part of the plan to lure me to Italy to start on PLANRUS. (Namely, per the magic power of the control center, I would embark on PLANRUS without knowing while both Donny and Luiza would serve a certain function also without knowing.)

My next recording is: “unionstdwntwnbuybat_8_30_10_409-529PM.WMA”: I continued my nonsense: “... they have the power of God but fight among each other like babies... We are not going to lose our copyrights...” I then made another call to Wes on a payphone with my calling card, but there was still no answering. Then: “... He promises me... to keep our past... everything else is extra, add-on...” I then got on the bus. Unfortunately, there was children’s noise throughout. I came to downtown, bought batteries, and then got on the bus again to go back to Westwood.

My next recording is: “towstwdcallwesnothm_8_30_10_534-655PM.WMA”: I continued: “... very aggressive... create fear... to attract people... People who are so aggressive in getting their

opponents... scary... If they hold a hundred dollar bill in their hand, I'm not sure if I want to take it, I don't want to be related to these people..." I got off the bus in Westwood and came to Starbucks and made another call to Wes on Skype, but he still wasn't home (1:02:00). Then: "Forget it, we are not going at all... Maybe that's what Mr B wants... Let's move to Albany...." I then came inside ISO.

My next recording is: "netmchnevmindftpstlldwrt_8_30_10_7-1008PM.WMA": During my smoke break outside, I continued: "... this Luiza was very shallow, I couldn't talk to her..." I came back inside the coffeehouse and called up Wes on Skype again. There was still no answering. I wrote another email to Wes: "Please respond to me... How can you tell me to go to Europe by myself when you are not here to talk to me... There are two forces here, one of which wants me to go to Europe, the other Albany..." And I described Luiza as well. (See the attachment.) Then I felt so depressed that I called up Wes again: but there was still no answering. I searched online for housing in Albany. I then resumed reviewing my recordings. Then more frustration: My website was blocked (56:00) and then my computer malfunctioned. I was angry and cursing (1:09:00). Then: "... This computer malfunctions too many times, I can't live a life like this... It doesn't matter how smart a person is, if his computer malfunctions, then he can't do anything... It doesn't matter how smart DGHTRCOM is, his economy sucks, his military sucks... The only thing that matters is the tools, this is fucking stupid! We are not going to Europe! I can't go there with this fucking malfunctioning machine! We either stay in LA or go to Albany! And of course we should go to Albany..." Note that I again mistook myself here for "very smart". Then: "Maybe the conservatives are debating with the liberals... The liberals are saying, 'The tools are more important'... You have got to be kidding me..." What a stupid scenario! Then I reflected on what happened in April: "Since when does the most premier intelligence agency in the world have to reduce itself to this high school competition, where we compete to find out who knows art better, in order to impress a 30 year-old girl...? I find it hard to believe..." Of course! Then I continued writing "Frankfurt and Brussels" (the episode with Ms Congenial). Then ISO closed and I came to the street corner ready to sleep. "He made our computer malfunction so that we would make disturbances and other people might find us annoying... *We are not going to Europe...* Our sense of reality is seriously damaged by living in this cocoon..." In reality, it might be the Daughter People who had commanded the malfunctioning – precisely in order to cause me to not want to go to Europe!

August 31 (Tuesday)

My next recording is: "slpwstwdmxteampwr_8_30-31_10_1015PM-632AM.WMA": I came to the street corner and, concerned, reviewed the recording of my time with Luiza. When I noticed that the last few minutes I spent with her (seeing her get on the bus) were not recorded, I concluded that I couldn't hang with her anymore for she would falsely accuse me. All this paranoia over nothing! In fact, if the Daughter People had indeed done it, this (driving up my paranoia) must be the purpose.

My next recording is: "wkuclanowessurvscarepath_8_31_10_632AM-12PM.WMA". Soon after I woke up from the street corner, I came inside Ackerman and called Wes on the payphone with my calling card (1:09:00). No, he was not there. I went back to sleep on the sofa and woke up on 2:11:00. I then called Wes' office on Skype. No, I couldn't reach him. I left on 3:03:00. Then: "*If they let me keep my copyright, then maybe....*" I then rode the bus and Metro to PATH and got my daily free lunch. More

wrong scenario: “How can you explain grammatical mistakes on Human Rights Commissioner’s website? You can’t. They want to take over UNHCHR.” Wrong!

My next recording is: “frpathtostorageprze_8_31_10_1201-339PM.WMA”: I then came inside the Metro station and called up SUNY Albany’s Political Science Department with my telephone card (12:00). Wes was not there. Children were coughing and making noises while I was on the Metro – and I assumed they were remotely controlled! After I exited the train, a pair of pyramids came to me to ask me how much my camera cost (36:00). What? “... getting smaller and smaller... the more they cut me off from Wes... They do have a backup plan...” I got on the bus on 53:00. After I got off the bus, I continued: “... why don’t I drag everyone into it...” Then I mumbled more about my conditioning to Sonophobia (1:13:00). I got on the bus again on 1:21:00. When I got off I continued: “... after the prize... so totally unprofessional...” I came inside the storage on 1:38:00 continuing to mumble my nonsense: “... David Chin... People who act like children...” “What is the lesson about? To keep promises? Or not to make stupid promises? I thought our promise is to not do anything at all... The promise thing is not working out because condition keeps changing...” I left the storage by 2:43:00 and continued to mumble about going to Albany. I got on the bus on 2:59:00 and then mumbled about the Monkey again on 3:16:00.

My next recording is: “towstwdisotiffany_8_31_10_345-1013PM.WMA”: I came back to Westwood and came to ISO on 1:30:00. I called Wes again, but he was still not home. I then called up Wes’ mother (2:16:00). I then left ISO to buy a new cellphone. I begged the Monkey: “... take me and sell me to your boss...” (2:38:30). Then: “Making your boss choose – between me and him – is a very bad idea; it gives him a hard time... Don’t grab too much; like Anthony Robin’s advice: eat a little each time then you will live longer and eat a lot more in the end. If you eat too much right now you’ll live a short life and not eat as much in the end...” (2:45:30). Good advice! Except that it was not relevant at all! After going in and out of ISO, I had a short chat with Tiffany, the charming Korean girl who worked in ISO. Then the Adobe Flash Player on my laptop kept freezing up but, finally, I was able to watch a clip from the movie “The Red Cherry”. Good evidence for the French! Then my laptop’s screenshot function was not working (4:24:00). I videotaped the malfunctioning. I was now getting frantic and very frustrated and complained: “I don’t know how to use a computer.... I don’t know how to use electronics, but that just happens to be the most important thing in the world...” Electronicachreia! I started convulsing as if about to go into a seizure (4:56:00). Then my laptop finally froze up entirely (4:58:20). I then asked a girl sitting next to me how to use the new cellphone I had just bought. I tried to set up my phone and was moaning out of intense physical pain and discomfort. When ImgBurn malfunctioned again (5:32:20), I finally broke down into tears. My pain was augmented by the fact that I wasn’t able to take screenshots of the malfunctioning because the screenshot function had also broken down. Tiffany came over and asked me what was wrong. “I feel very bad...” “You hurt your back?” “I feel very bad... My computer malfunctioned...” “So you lost your work?” All this of course meant absolutely nothing to her. I was crying so sadly on 5:39:20. I tried to search online for the error message which ImgBurn had just produced, but I couldn’t understand anything I read. “Machine malfunctioning is taking up my entire day....” Finally, I calmed down and began writing “Frankfurt and Brussels” (5:50:00). Then: “I don’t have time to do anything else... Burning discs will take up my entire day... Once machine malfunctions, my entire day will be spent dealing with it... I just want to throw things around....” (until 6:10:30). I then went to talk to Tiffany. “Do you have any friend who is a computer expert?” “No...” I

told her I was developing a medical condition toward electronic devices' malfunctioning: my computer, my cellphone, and my recorder malfunctioned every day. I felt so good to be able to tell someone about my problem. I then continued my chitchat with Tiffany (until 6:20:50).

My next recording is: "slpwstwd_8_31-9_1_10_1013PM-532AM.WMA": I came to my corner to get ready to sleep. I continued to mumble about how devastating the malfunctioning was and curse the Mexican "monkeys" – unaware that it might be the Daughter People who had commanded it all in order to dissuade me from going to Europe and start on PLANRUS. I slept and then was awake from 6:50:00 onward.

September 1 (Wednesday; mother)

My next recording is: "IMPwstwdprblmcallwes_9_1_10_532-9AM.WMA": Soon after I got up I came inside Ackerman and called Wes on the payphone. No answering. Then I began crying. "Why do these Mexicans have to come in? They don't understand anything about human relationship or intelligence operations, they only know how to make money...." I then called Wes again on the payphone with my calling card (2:19:00). There was still no answering. "Fuck! Wes will not talk to us again.... It's a prediction...." And the people around me were speaking Spanish loudly as if to purposely annoy me. I called AT&T on 2:35:00 to activate my new cellphone. I continued crying, and the activation line just had to hang up on me. I called again, and this time I was connected. I explained my problem: "I bought the phone yesterday, I don't know the number.. I don't know how to activate it, there is no call back number...." Finally, I was given a new number, 310-948-0026, and my new phone was activated. I continued about the imaginary Mexican team: "These people are very strange, very scary, they have no sense of reciprocity...." I then called Wes repeatedly on the payphone, and there was never any answering. I began crying so hysterically. "I want to commit suicide...."

My next recording is: "wkuclabrndvd153cp_9_1_10_905AM-1230PM.WMA": I continued moaning and groaning out of grave pain. I cried: "Please don't remotely delete my files... I beg you..." I then continued to work on my computer inside Ackerman. My computer froze up on 18:00. I then continued to work on "Frankfurt and Brussels" (how judge Higgins was supposedly offended by my whoring in Frankfurt). From 40:00 onward I began packing up. I mumbled: "There is absolutely no one to talk to..." I walked a long way and was on the bus from 1:06:00 onward. Then, on 10:35 AM, a terrifying fear suddenly seized me: that whoever (the Russians or Mexicans) were running Homeland Security currently must have created – using supreme make-up and so on ("Daughterthing") – a person that looked exactly like me in order to send him to impersonate me and create the impression that I was only pretending to be myself. The problem was that this person which Homeland Security had presumably created to pretend to be me could very well claim authorship of all my writings, recordings, and videos up to October 2009, when my JVC camcorder broke down and the quality of my videos suddenly diminished, with the result that a different person that looked exactly like me seemed to have taken over. "I have to kill myself... My entire life is stolen away..." I immediately wrote this down on my diary. I then continued to review my videos. I got off the bus on 1:57:00 muttering: "I so regret... the enemy will always be the enemy..." I came to PATH on 2:35:00 but there was no more food. I broke down crying and made sure to film myself in my sad state. When the volunteers saw me crying, they got some food for me. I cried to them: "I have so many upsetting things today, I don't have any

friends, my best friend...” I then called Wes on my new phone on 3:14:00 but he was still not home. I then went inside and asked for the Asian girl volunteer Cindy. She was not here today. Then I cried to another volunteer how my best friend would not talk to me, how I didn’t know where to find housing even though my SSI check just came in, and how I couldn’t catch the guy who was pretending to be me.

My next recording is: “leavpathdwtwnlib_9_1_10_1231-554PM.WMA”: I then talked to a social worker on site telling him how my best friend wouldn’t talk to me anymore, how I wanted to move to his city, how I had today 900 dollars and wanted to find housing and so on. He offered to let me see a psychiatrist at PATH. I explained to him that someone had stolen my identity and that a psychiatrist could not possibly help. And I explained how I had to film myself writing and record myself in order to prove my authorship and my identity, how I had to carry so many discs and so on and on. And I showed him my new phone and explained how I didn’t know how to use it. I was done talking to him on 20:00. I asked other volunteers how to find my phone number on my phone but nobody knew how. I even cried about it. Then I found my number! I immediately called up Wes on 28:00 to leave a message for him telling him my new number. I left him a message again on 31:00. I then called up SUNY Albany’s Political Science Department but didn’t leave a message. I called Wes’ mother on 36:00. She had just talked to Wes this morning. I gave her my new number so that she could give it to Wes and hanged up with her on 47:30. I then took a shower and left PATH on 1:34:00. I rode the Metro to downtown and came to the public library on 2:46:00 to work. Then, on 3:59 PM, I discovered Wes had replied me on 2:22 PM: note that he told me to go to Europe and find Tomas! This could very well be the Daughter People’s being required one more time to order the CIA to set things up for me and lead me to Daughterland! If so, the plan was clear: I would go to Hungary where Tomas, just recruited, would receive me. I would then be led to Italy and meet up with Ekaterina, and then... Only if I could muster the courage to go! Instead, guided by my wrong understanding, I mumbled: “I’m obviously not going to go. It’s obviously the Mexican team who’s doing this, they have no concept of anything... They think you will just go without money and with a malfunctioning laptop... It’s such a joke...” (3:43:00). Then: “... They are just ordinary people who are stuck with the most sophisticated intelligence agency... They think they can send you to Iraq with a revolver... 250 dollars are nothing in Europe... Do you think I’ll pick trash cans in Europe?... I can’t go there carrying this fucking big laptop.... It is the Mexican team who wanted me to go to Europe... They have no mind... just want to make money... living in their cocoon... I just hope that I didn’t sacrifice my copyright...” Then I reflected on what happened in 2009 again: “... our lawsuit... I thought that’s what they needed... but then they needed to put me under surveillance...” Again, more evidence for the French. I then wrote a short note to Luiza – I did so even though, just two nights ago, I had decided she would harm me. Then I came close to the truth: “Unless they just want to make me believe that somebody is pretending to be me in order to make me appear paranoid...” But then: “... They would really allow people to believe that I wrote what I wrote?...” The library was closed on 4:58:00 and I packed up and left. I reflected: “... they have... so if they want to forge... it’s very easy...” I then got on the bus.

My next recording is: “touclaitlgrlnomonymomcry_9_1_10_554-941PM.WMA”: I continued to mumble about how “they” were going to broadcast an alert about me. I got off the bus in Westwood on 51:00 angrily murmuring about how everyone just wanted to believe lies. I ate in Subway and then

came out to continue my worthless reflection: "... They have to obey the law... The alert is part of the Homeland Security procedure... We need to petition about the procedure... Mr Chertoff did a lot of embarrassing things... He's a sadistic man... What's so important... who we love..."

I came inside Ackerman on 1:44:00 and began calling Wes again on the payphone on 1:51:00. There was still no answering, and I began crying: I was so sad and in so much pain. I called again on 1:56:00. No answering. I cried even more sadly and loudly: I seemed to have completely disintegrated. Finally I calmed down on 2:00:00 but then began wailing again on 2:07:00. To add to my pain, my ImgBurn failed its operation (2:26:00). Another bad burn! Then I resumed writing a little and, thank God, ImgBurn succeeded in its operation this time. On 8:42 PM, I sent an email to Wes telling him I would definitely not go to Europe and explaining to him my latest paranoia about Luiza. Bad news for the French! Not only was PLANRUS once again unable to get off the ground, but my paranoia over nothing was the Daughter People's best defense. Then I discovered more mysterious charges from my bank, 235 dollars, which caused me to wail once more (2:58:40). As you can hear, I was so sad and in so much despair. When people came around me, I ran away while crying like crazy. I got to another payphone and called my step-mother (3:11:30). She answered the call. I was hysterical and told her how the bank had taken away 500 dollars from me. My step-mother was annoyed. I continued: "What am I going to do? I don't even have a place to sleep in..." The call ended on 3:14:30, my step-mother having no interest in hearing me. I then called my mother (3:19:20). Now she denied she had ever sent me the email which she had sent me. She asked me why I was "pretending to be crazy" and told me I shouldn't blame other people if I didn't try to make it myself. I shouted: "I don't know how to try!" She then accused me of lying persistently. Frustrated by my mother's continual habit of making up strange stories about me and then believing them, I retorted: "I've already recorded every single minute of my life, there's nothing more I can do...." She then made up another story saying how she had given me money because I wanted to learn translation but how after getting the money I never actually learned translation. I became increasingly frustrated because nothing she described had ever happened: she was being mentally confused as usual. She then told me to get a job, and I asked her how I was supposed to get a job without an address, without even a place to sleep in. "What do I put down as my address on job applications?" She kept telling me how she had given me money, and I reminded her that she hadn't given me money for a long time and that, since I was already recording myself around the clock, I couldn't do any better (3:23:10). My mother then continued to accuse me of lying: according to her, I didn't really want to find housing, but was only lying about wanting housing. I kept crying saying I truly wanted housing. Then, on 3:24:00, my mother angrily promised me that, if I would really find housing, she would help pay for it. "Is it real?" I cried while asking. I really couldn't take seriously anything which somebody so confused had said. But she then claimed it was my habit to take the money she gave me for housing and spend it on something else, such as on a lawsuit. I cried how I really had no idea what she was saying at all: "Filing lawsuit doesn't require money!" She then told me to find housing and call her after that. "This is the last time," she said. She warned me not to take money from her saying I was looking for housing but, after that, to spend the money on something else. Again, complete fantasy. "You deceive me like this," she shouted. "Really, I didn't know that I have deceived you before...." She continued: "You never say anything true!" I cried: "Really, I record every single word I say, and now my bag is so heavy from being filled with the recordings of my life...." She continued: "Don't pretend to be crazy!" "I didn't know I am pretending to be crazy..." On 3:26:20 she hanged up while I continued crying. I complained that the source of my misery was the fact that I was

the only one around who could reason and had a functioning head – no one else around could reason and perceive reality. (It's truly amazing how everyone else was also living in a fantasy world as much as I was.) On 3:30:40 I called up Chase Bank, but received a recording saying the bankers were only available until 9 PM. It truly felt like the "twilight zone", because whether it was Washington Mutual or Chase telephone bankers had always been available 24 hours a day and seven days a week.

My next recording is: "wstwdfearbngfrmd_9_1_10_946-1020PM.WMA": I continued: "... hopefully in the end we won't have to be hit too hard... like oxygen being sucked out of our body.... the alert... our writings...." Then I chatted with a girl who wanted to talk about counterfeiting money. I immediately avoided her believing she was sent here to produce evidence that I intended to counterfeit money. Paranoia over nothing again! I then came to my usual corner on 17:00 and got ready to sleep.

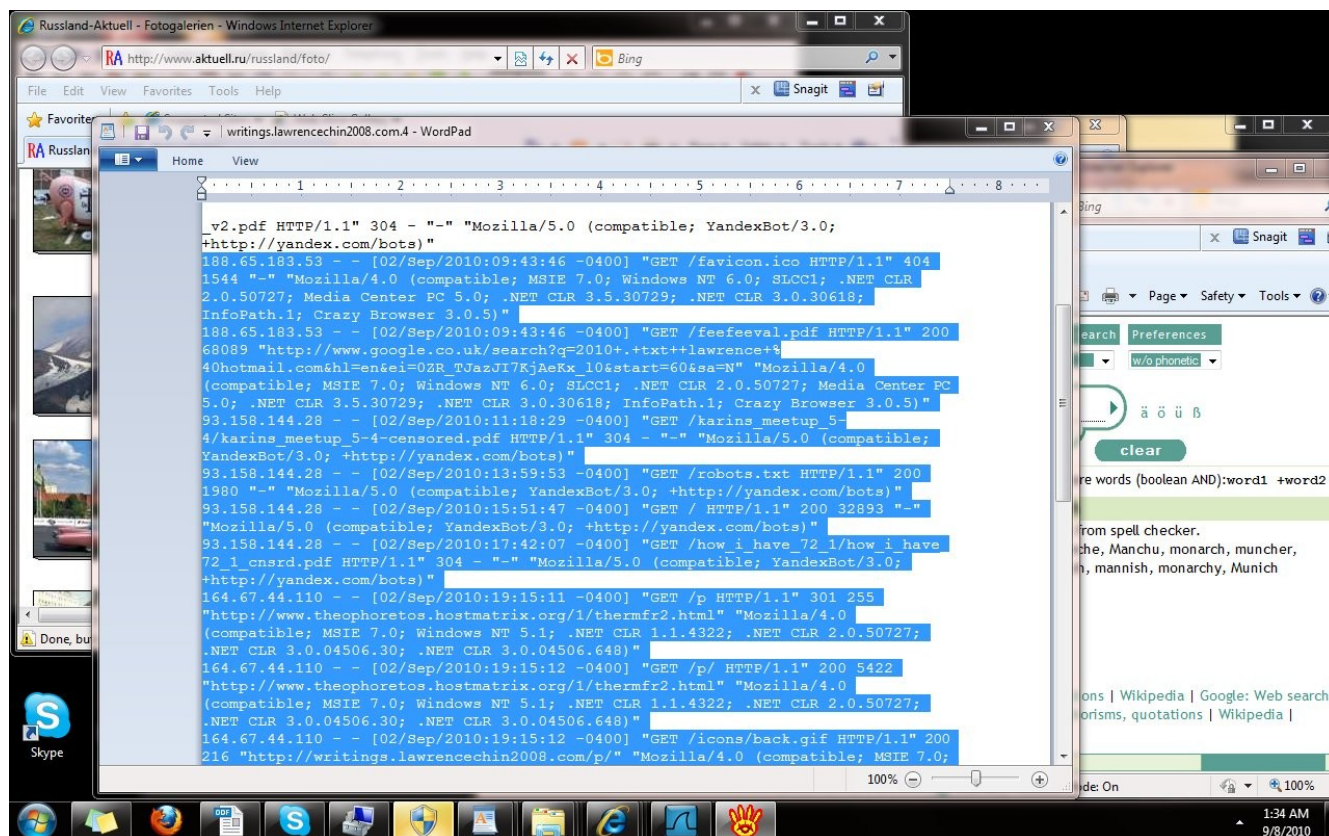
September 2 (Thursday; DGHTR; PLANRUS on hold)

My first recording of the new day is: "wkwstwsawdghtrpath_9_2_10_619AM-101PM.WMA": As soon as I woke up, I began complaining about what I thought to be the Mexican team's operation: "This has never been the case in Westwood... It is so blatant, so in violation of laws and norms... Such a criminal character.... People from Mexico are like that, Mexico has no laws any way...." I came inside Starbucks, cried a little, and, when I came out, saw DGHTR (or the person I thought was DGHTR) sitting outside Coffee Bean reading *New Yorker*. I was shocked, and decided to exploit the opportunity. I went up to him and said: "This is my favorite magazine. Is it old or new? I see you all the time, what do you do?" (1:19:00) And yet he never responded. I went away quickly and broke down in tears. But I then came back and tried to talk to him one more time: "Are you going on appointment? I like people who read...." Still, there was no response from him. I went away and cried more. I then came to the bank. I mumbled: "Reputation is more important than money, these Mexicans have very little comprehension of anything...." I spent some time arguing with the banker about the strange charge I saw last night (3:23:00). I was totally frustrated and upset: "What is this about?" Finally, I ran out of the bank crying. When I got on the bus, I was still crying. I complained bitterly: "A perfectly okay-looking girl, and yet she came from a criminal family, a bunch of criminals, here to make innocent people look like criminals.... Mother fucker, it's worse than Mr Chertoff... I'm the only one who knows the truth, the only one who knows what is good is actually bad and what is bad is actually true, everybody else gets fooled like a fucking donkey.... What a degeneration from Cardenas, who, rising up from lowly positions, always remembered those who did him good...." Then: "They are so selfish and don't even know they are selfish, they live in a cocoon of their own instincts...." Then I broke down crying again out of severe pain (4:34:00). After I got off the bus, I was crying inside the Metro station. Somebody asked me if I was alright. "Shut up man! Don't be a fucking hypocrite... You are not trying to help me, but only to harm me..." I came to PATH on 5:07:00. I was all crying, and was able to get my free lunch. I continued: "The problem with these Mexicans is that they don't care about being bad...." I was then telling Tracy, another volunteer at PATH, about the strange charges on my account. She told me to use the public phone for homeless people to call my bank but, when I tried, it didn't work. Everybody then showed me how to use the phone. "... National Bank. Your customer, CCCS, California Check Cashing Service, Payday Loan, 165 dollars...." (5:28:00). The charge was legitimate! I told Tracy how much I wanted to go to Albany to be with my best friend, but how this transaction had dashed my dream. And more: "The black man who wanted to help me... I stopped

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talking to him because he seemed to be a criminal... Then the Italian woman... She was working in City Hall for a council man.” I continued to chat with Tracy and another volunteer. I then left a message for Wes on 5:54:00: “... so many bad things have happened....” I then used the shower. I continued: “I’ll never agree to be a criminal....” Then I left, bidding goodbye to Tracy and Claudia.

It should be noted that, as can be seen below, there was a strange visit to my website this morning. The search term was so similar to “lawrence_41@gmail.com” that this visit was certainly orchestrated and for the same reason. Namely, after the Daughter People saw me going all paranoid yesterday, they decided to order Homeland Security to order one of their agents in the UK to do this search in the hope of driving me further to total insanity.



The strange visit to my website from the UK this morning

My next recording is: “uclalibscntfcenlghtmnt_9_2_10_101-333PM.WMA”: I then rode the bus back to Westwood. I came inside UCLA and, with my coffee from the vending machine, continued my worthless reflection. I mumbled about having to commit suicide. “... other than writing our story... people are told to move around... Are people told the truth or lies? I’ll never know... Those people should think about it, no one will tolerate what we are going through... I don’t have anything else, I can’t even have any friends...” Then: “The Pyramid is so lucky! She writes stuff that is incomparable to mine, and yet no one will take it away from her... She doesn’t have to videotape herself writing...” Again, my paranoia over nothing which would be the Daughter People’s justification that the command

shouldn't change hands and PLANRUS shouldn't continue. I came inside the library and got on the computer station (from 1:47:00 onward). I prayed to Jesus and then began editing my chapter "Where People Come From".

My next recording is: "uclatoiso_9_2_10_339-741PM.WMA": When I was done and came out, I continued: "... all alone... We always go back to Wes, nobody slanders us to him... The Mexicans don't care..." I ate at the cafeteria. Then more garbage about DGHTR: "How does he speak English so fluently...? This man is so good... represents his country..." As I walked, I continued: "... so stupid and yet she can work at a job and survive... Maybe that's the point: if you work, you will sacrifice your brain... Everything has a price..." True enough! I came inside ISO on 1:50:00 and Tiffany was working this afternoon. I reminded her my name was Larry. I then started my daily lesson on Russland Journal. Then I came outside and prayed to Jesus, "... Don't let my past be erased... Do people really deserve lies rather than silence? Dear God, don't let falsehood be perpetuated about me... The book that I'm writing, there is no conflict of interest... but there *will* be such in the future, right? After all that they still want you... There will be a conflict of interest only if they want you.... Just the way he is, naturally, as he appears... There is no conflict of interest in regard to what has already happened... It's just another UFO story... this guy, he has a particular way of interpreting events... he is imaginative... he cries all the time..." I came back inside and continued: "He has been so sad... No one will know..." I told Tiffany I needed to find a job. She told me to look around here. "I'm so afraid that people might have been told bad things about me... I'm worried that you have been told bad things about me..." She denied it. "How many years have you been in Westwood?... In all these years you have never been told bad things about me?" After more chatting with her, it turned out that she was studying linguistics and learning Chinese. "Really? I can totally help you with that!" She told me she was born in San Francisco. Then I went back to my table and resumed my Russland Journal lesson. Then I came outside to continue my worthless reflection: "All the fear about being abandoned in the end..." Then: "... malfunctioning... We don't want to change..." Then: "... PM is a good man... teaching us about promises... More people than the Mexicans are watching us... get abandoned, I hope they see that, it's very bad... Mommy... Do they like it when you worry about them at all? What do they think when we are worried about them? What does DGHTRCOM think?..." Just more evidence for the French. Then: "When you tell people you are this and that, do they believe it? Do they really believe I believe what I'm telling them? That I'm not lying? There is no point of doing anything that can't be represented... share representations...." I came back inside ISO, and now my Internet connection was on and off. Then I saw Wes' email to me: "You should stop and seriously consider..." I was afraid to write to him because I was worried that my email might get garbled up. Paranoid over nothing again! Nevertheless I wrote to Wes:

Please call me then. I'm so terrified of losing you. If you call me once a week at least then I will have something to keep me calm until you come back in December. I'm frightened to the extreme here. You are the only person left in my life who knows me. Please, let me apologize to Alexandra too.

I then complained about the connection problem to Tiffany. "Why didn't other people complain about it?" Then: "He's so paranoid that he thinks the government is going to send out an alert about him..."

That would be too good to be true... He is just paranoid over nothing, everybody actually believes he wrote his book... The girl actually believes everything he says..."

My next recordings are: "isotffnyjob_9_2_10_742-836PM.WMA" and "isomlfunctffnygneycybroppste_9_2-3_10_836PM-414AM.WMA". Then, unfortunately, there was children's crying. On 22:00 (in the second recording), Tiffany came around and I told her – cynical as usual – that, as my computer had gone dead, I would have to spend all my money on purchasing a new computer. At that moment, Tiffany told me that she would be gone for a week: she was going on some church field trip. I was terribly disappointed: I had developed such a liking for this girl. I left ISO on 27:30.

I went inside somewhere, and there a mother and her baby girl came near me to talk – I was (wrongly) convinced that they were sent here to get themselves recorded by me (33:00). I walked out and couldn't help but groan and cry about the trick. After much crying, I went inside CVS Pharmacy to buy earphones (41:00). Some girl was laughing in a shrieking manner. I was again convinced that it was orchestrated by the control center to torture me. "... Nobody's real... This is not real..." (until 53:45). I groaned and moaned while going toward the bus stop.

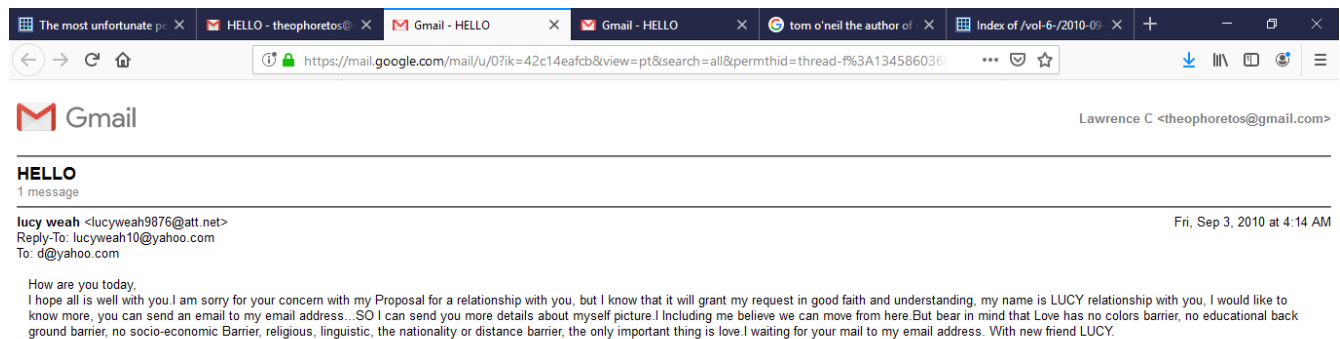
And so I came to the cybercafe by bus. "Get ready to die..." Then the boss showed up (1:52:50). Again, I wrongly assumed that this was a "metaphor" telling me that DGHTRCOM had just tuned in. I tried to advise him: "PM, are you listening? Your friends are just... Where did you find friends like that?... Maybe what is strategic in regard to the United States is the United States... Maybe you should focus on the United States. Maybe you should focus on Obama? You have saved his life... Maybe you should focus on Guatemala, more strategic to Mexico..." (1:55:00) "Your friends are just grotesque, with an IQ of 85." I was now thinking about keeping my promise: *buy a new computer and not learn Russian for three days*. I also decided to plan for my final exit. I continued to try to persuade DGHTRCOM to give up on the Monkeys and retain DGHTR. Then baby's noise on 2:30:00. A baby was in the cybercafe around 11 PM! I was now burning a new disc while uploading files on the cybercafe's computer. On 3:51:00 I suddenly remembered the funny smile of the woman who saw me filming myself making my speech while walking out of the UCLA library. (That was in May.) I came up with the wrong scenario: "People have been alerted that I am a fraud, that I am pretending to be myself, pretending to be sad in front of my camcorder, and that's why no one ever said anything when I constantly filmed myself giving my monologue in public places..." Just then, someone coughed, making me believe that I had guessed right (until 3:52:00). Ha! I begged DGHTRCOM to do something about this. On 4:10:30 a couple of guys – whom I mistook for actors the Monkey had sent in to work on me – began gathering around me and making fun of me: "He's filming us in secret.. He's a spy... He's an agent..." They laughed out loud. Again on 4:25:00: "He's spying on us, he's a secret agent man..." I finally confronted them on 4:34:00. One of them threatened to break my camcorder, and I feigned: "Oh My God don't break my camera, I'm very poor..." But then: "I don't like others telling me not to videotape them without *my* permission..." As they continued to call me a "secret agent", a "spy", and "double O, trouble O", I confronted them: "You guys are talking about that 'Chinese story'... You guys are stupid, you've got duped like a fucking donkey and you don't even know it..." Namely, I assumed that they had actually heard about me from Homeland Security back in 2008 and that they were referring to *that*. Was I wrong? Then I said to the Monkey, "Please you mother fucker

master lord of the universe don't cause my machine to malfunction..." (5:01:00). I then kept calling the Mexican team "fucking little cockroaches..." – upset that these intellectually inferior and morally disgusting creatures had command of my machines (5:09:00). I was then writing "Government's Investigation of a Schizophrenic, Part III" while burning a new disc. I was also having fun with myself since I believed that a surveillance agent was recording me nearby: "... I'm pretending to be pretending to be crazy, how about that?" (5:49:40) Then I worked on my "Frankfurt and Brussels". Then: "We need to be engaged in political struggles to rid ourselves of the Mexicans just because they are Mexicans, the inferior creatures..." (6:45:00). And my arm hurt several times, making me believe erroneously that DGHTR was confirming me. Then I had a thought about the Russian human rights activist Natalya Estemirova: "... self-criticism is an advancement in consciousness... We have never expected Daughterlanders to be critical of their own country's cruelty toward the weaker nations in the Caucasus..." Then I listened to Kyoko's songs repeatedly and speculated again that there was a correlation between doing Daughterspeak lesson and computer malfunctioning.

Note that, on 4:14 AM, I would receive a strange email from a certain "LUCY". (See below.) Normally you would dismiss it as just another foreign mail order bride scam or some such thing, but, given the current circumstance, you have to wonder whether this was in fact the Daughter People's being required by the French to send in an agent to befriend me in order to lead me to PLANRUS – one last attempt by the French since I had kept emphasizing I wasn't going to Europe. (Namely, if I responded, this "Lucy" would presumably eventually lure me to Europe and then to Daughterland and introduce me to Ekaterina.) I would never respond, and, after today, there would be no more attempts to lure me to go on PLANRUS. It would seem that the plan was put on hold again given my stated refusal to go to Europe and the new evidences about my bizarre paranoia.⁸

8 The email header listed an IP address indicating that this email originated in Senegal, Africa: "Received: from [41.208.136.38] by web83903.mail.sp1.yahoo.com via HTTP; Fri, 03 Sep 2010 04:14:16 PDT..."

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The strange email I received this morning from “Lucy”.

September 3 (Friday; returning the laptop)

My next recording is: “slpnrmdie_9_3_10_420-1037AM.WMA”. Now Wes replied me on 7:21 AM this morning:

Sure, I’ll call you when I have the chance. I have been very busy and have hardly been home.

My next recording is: “pathtoaltadena_9_3_10_1037AM-118PM.WMA”: While in the Metro station, I filmed a woman who looked like Mommy. I got on the train and then carefully reread the note, “You are my son, today I have begotten you...” Then, when I was exiting the Metro train, the Metro cart just had to stop at the point of the track where obstacles stood in front of the door, blocking me from dragging my cart out. A Hispanic male quickly lifted up my cart over the obstacles. I immediately assumed this was orchestrated from the control center as a “secret message” for me, i.e. that, when I get beaten down, it will be the Mexicans who will lift me up. Ha! I continued: “You should memorize the Greek... make promises to the invisible forces.. and make bad things happen to you... make good things happen... So far no good things have happened at all... What did the Hispanic guy who lifted up my cart think? Did he just hear a voice in his head? We might not learn Russian at all... But we watched Red Cherry... quite scared to see it... Russian books around... I didn’t intend to seek it...” I came to PATH on 16:00. And: “Where are Tracy and Claudia?” They were not here. I asked the other volunteers: “Why is it that every time I meet a volunteer I like she will soon disappear? Did you get told something bad about me?” Then a volunteer told me about the transitional housing opportunity

here (30:00). I went to ask: "... leave by 8, come in between 4 and 10..." I continued to be suspicious: "Why is it so empty today? And Claudia and Tracy?" I then asked about the job center, but was told to come back on Monday. I brushed my teeth and so on and then got food. I continued: "... strategic position of Mexico to the US... strategic position of US to Mexico... Those people who want to teach you patience should have patience... Maybe that's how DGHTR started out... They speak English so well..." I was then telling another homeless woman how I'd rather be a girl. I left and came to the Metro station, and was reading something about computer matters. I came to the Union Station and continued: "We are not going on the Mexicans' plan, no, not on this profile... Nor would I stand the lies... I'm so alone..." Then I shouted to somebody who was wearing earphones: "Mr Surveillance, I know, people are told about me... lies... you Homeland Security, bad people..." Then: "Daughterland First Lady... as old as Karin... Does she speak English?... but French..." – and my right toes hurt. By then I had arrived in Altadena on Metro Gold Line.

My next recording is: "bstbuytrnltoppromiselib_9_3_10_118-554PM.WMA": I walked to Best Buy determined to fulfill my promise about buying a new laptop. Stupid! I was going to mess myself up again all because of the wrong scenarios in my head. Along the way I muttered: "... blanket... machine will malfunction... Sherry... we shouldn't... laptop... international law... then we realized why machine malfunctioned... mechanical procedure..." I was in Best Buy on 11:00. I chose the netbook I wanted and, when paying, gave the employee my new phone number to open a new account. But the Best Buy record showed that this number belonged to a certain Oscar Claremont! (40:00) I was shocked. The Best Buy employee concluded that the number used to belong to somebody else, but I assumed, out of my paranoia, that this was orchestrated in order to make me look like I was pretending to be myself. I exited Best Buy with the new computer on 50:00. I sat outside Starbucks and continued: "If you say you need to buy a new computer in order to fulfill a promise... But there are now two Lawrence Chins at Best Buy... Am I getting myself into deeper shit? The Daughter People will not be able to fulfill their promise because..." I was now convinced that I had fallen into a trap by buying this computer. I thus came back to Best Buy and told the employees I felt uncomfortable with having two accounts and returned the computer (1:24:00). (I again made sure to film the receipt before I returned it.) I regretted terribly what I had done because I believed I was duped into creating evidence that there was another me. (In reality, I really should worry about how my previous money was now locked up in refund.) I got on the Metro on 1:51:00. When somebody told me to move my things, another guy yelled at me: "That guy is right! You shouldn't take up three seats..." I was again wrongly convinced that he was sent here by the Mexican team and asked him: "Did somebody tell you to teach me something?" (2:04:00) Now he threatened to beat me up! When I came to the Union Station, I continued my wrong scenario: "Now we are afraid to look at anything Russian for fear that machines might function... What do you like about them anyway? They are more exotic... And now they turn out to be not so good, but not that bad either, but harsh... There are the reformists like DGHTR, the Mexicans, and the conservatives that the Mexicans are allied with... PM always sides with the conservatives... The fact that they are quite divided scares me... We are afraid to be manipulated by people who don't believe in God or don't have the wisdom of God... We believe both the reformists and the conservatives have the wisdom of God, but not the Mexicans..." I came inside the downtown library on 3:11:00. I chatted with a woman (from 3:16:00 onward) and then sat down at a table and began working. Then: "... contribute... just as the person that I am..." Then: "My identity shall be fixed the way in which I like it... If not, give me some money and leave me alone... A nation has risen... am I supposed to trust

another person's gibberish nonsense? All these falsehoods perpetuated about me... just for the evidentiary record..." I came out of the library on 4:18:00 and came to Carl's Jr to eat.

My next recording is: "tovalleyaskjobwhptprltd_9_3_10_554-803PM.WMA": Then: "... the money is locked up... The Mexicans don't want me to go to Albany... I don't really believe it, this is so bad... no plan... We will be so depressed... The more you want me to believe in God, the less faith I will have in God..." Then I got upset again because I couldn't find the Best Buy receipt. I broke down crying, but then I found it. I reflected: "So what have we learned? Do not keep promises with the Mexicans... They are just duping you... such destruction of my life..." I then got on the bus to go to Alhambra. I continued: "These Mexicans are so self-centered, they only care about whether other people are reliable to them, not whether they are reliable to other people... I hope the Mexican team wouldn't grab her, I hope they would just give up... Just be content with having what they have instead of wanting more... They are only going to get in the way of other people..." I speculated on what Homeland Security would say about me this time and wrote it down. (See below.) Then: "The surveillance agent who is sitting next to me has just recorded me saying... And so the alert would definitely include..." Bullshit. When I got off the bus, I continued: "You can destroy me... but you will never get me to do anything... I hope PM will come in and..." Again, it's good news for the Daughter People that I refused to go on the "plan" having mistaken it for "Mexican". I came inside a Chinese boba shop asking about jobs (1:33:00). As I was filling out the job application, the Chinese girl working at the counter glanced at me on and off and nervously. I became convinced that she had been alerted about me. Wrong! I then called Wes and left a message (1:55:00). Then: "They will not let you get a job; the purpose is to intercept your phone number since it is tied to somebody else... We will spend the next 20 years... waiting for the Mexicans to die..." I then came inside Starbucks.

My next recording is: "strbkvalleyangry_9_3_10_811PM-904PM.WMA": I filmed myself importing the recording files to my computer and, just then, children came in. Then, when I checked the SD card in my camcorder, I couldn't find the video. I muttered angrily: "... the file has indeed been deleted by these God-damned fucking Mexicans... Mother fuckers.... They shut down my camcorder and deleted the file in the camcorder... They sent in these children just when I was videotaping my computer screen so that surveillance agents may catch it... and then they deleted my video so that I'll have no proof..." Just then, what I thought was a surveillance agent left Starbucks. Of course nobody was framing me for pedophilia but it's not clear whether the Daughter People had indeed deleted my video or whether the malfunctioning was natural. I continued: "*We are not going to do anything for Daughterland either...* It's all fucked up... That's all they are about... wasting things... our other condition is that the Mexicans have to be fired... They are our deadliest enemy and we can't be in the same room..." If it was indeed the Daughter People who were messing with my video files, their purpose must be to get me to say I didn't want to do anything for them!

My next recording is: "strbkvalleyangry_9_3_10_906-1002PM.WMA": I continued: "... a great piece of literature... lost... computer malfunctioned, and I filmed it... Here I'm pretending to be Lawrence Chin... Where is the real Lawrence Chin?... We hope to meet him..." I was now reviewing my recordings (at the law library, late 2008). Then: "It would be so nice if people can believe I can write grammatically correct sentences... Such thing is so hard for people to believe..." Paranoia over nothing!

My next recording is: “leavstrbksasianmantodennis_9_3-4_10_1003PM-109AM.WMA”: I walked out of Starbucks continuing to mutter: “I’m so upset.... People will always believe that I’m a pedophile, that I plagiarize, that I’m my twin brother pretending to be myself, that all my recordings are forged... and I’m schizophrenic or pretending to be schizophrenic... When you like somebody there is no way that they will not betray you.... I so hate people... the gullible humanity... duped by the people in power... I hate lies... lies... Everyone lies to me, and everyone believes lies about me...” Then: “Deep down I believe there are good people in power, but they just have to lose out on the power struggle... I hope they are not angry with me... wise enough to not be angry...” Then I furnished the French with more evidence: “... nobody cares about another... the kind of worries I had for them... in March 2009... nobody should be slandered, Russians, Chinese... nobody likes to be slandered... I have suffered the worst fate on the planet...” While waiting for the bus, I tried to talk to this strange Indian man: “... a chip inside you...” But he said he was Mexican! (31:00) I asked him: “What do you know about me?” Then: “Obviously he was told to say he’s Mexicans...” Again, wrongly paranoid that everyone around me had been alerted or was an agent of some sort. I was on the bus on 38:00 and began writing down what had happened earlier (the operation to frame me for pedophilia). Then: “... there is only one Lawrence Chin in the world...” I then wrote down the profile which I (wrongly) assumed Homeland Security was broadcasting about me. (I would soon post it on my website.)

A schizophrenic or rather just a fraud pretending to be schizophrenic, who has earlier been some sort of laughable secret agent of China, who is additionally a pedophile, a racist toward Mexicans and Jews, a physically violent criminal, and one ungraciously and constantly harassing, annoying, taking financial advantage of, and threatening his own family members; a perpetual fraud who is only pretending to be himself but not really himself but actually a twin brother of himself; a master forger of every document that he has in his possession which will prove his innocence and who he really is; a malicious forger of every audio recording that he has in his possession which will prove his innocence and who he is, and every video recording as well that he has in his possession which will prove his innocence and who he really is; a sneaky personality that likes to assume multiple false identities; a constant violator of intellectual property rights by plagiarizing thousands of pages of writings and then claiming himself to be the author of these (all the writings you see on this website, of course); a perpetual fraud who likes to counterfeit currency; an anti-social with no concern for others and expecting love from others while giving nothing in return and who experiences no remorse and persistently attributes all his own faults to others; a paranoid malicious abuser of legal process and vexatious litigator who constantly files frivolous and insane lawsuits against good people and foreign dignitaries; a super multilingual who speaks fluently over a dozen languages and yet who cannot write a grammatically correct sentence in English; an anti-government leftwing radical with an obsession with government agencies and possessing some strangely funny ideas about the Russian intelligence; a homeless vagrant who sleeps on the street and wonders from place to place constantly getting kicked out because of his violent anger, not because he has no money but because he enjoys being dirty and/or duping people into thinking that he is poor when he has a lot of money in the bank; a strange

perpetual complainer of computer malfunctioning when his computer never really malfunctions at all and he has merely forged all the videos of machine malfunctioning; a seriously nervous freak with obvious medical condition and unclear mind that merits immediate psychiatric treatment; a constant videotaper of himself because he is acting in front of his camera in order to produce a different life story for himself to dupe people into believing that he is really Lawrence Chin when he is not and that his delusions or bizarre fantasies about intelligence agencies are actually true – and much much more.

Are people really that stupid as to believe that such a person can exist? Apparently so as long as the story came from the authority. Do they even know who the real authority is? Although the human beings that believe these lies about me are really victims of the utmost deception by the American Homeland Security system (whether it is run by Americans, Russians, or Mexicans), they of course do not suffer because they are luckily ignorant of what people in power around the world are really doing to them and taking them for – namely, donkeys to support the power of whoever is in power. In this case, it is their belief about what the human world is really like. Are the liars more hateful or rather those that believe the liars?”

Just more evidence for the Daughter People that I was insane. I got off the bus in downtown on 1:16:00. Then more evidence for the French: “I have sacrificed myself for this country... Do I regret it? How can I regret it? I did it for the best man in the world... Maybe I did it all for one person... He might not have kept his job... But he’s alive.... Good people always lose... When one group of bad people go down, it just means that another group of bad people will come to power... It will always be that way...” One moment I helped the Daughter People, and another I helped the French: this was how PLANRUS would be placed on hold continually in the coming days. I then got on the bus again on 1:49:00. I then suspected another person to be a surveillance agent or pretending to be a surveillance agent (!). Then: “... all these friends... don’t give a shit about him... I don’t think anyone can stand his friends... his friends have such high expectation of other people... and yet others get so little in return...” Then: “... am I really that important?... all I can do is offer my advice here and there, 75% of which he can think of himself... There has never been somebody who constantly makes important people into some sort of character...” Then I suspected (wrongly) that the clip from “Red Cherry” which I had downloaded was purposely put there for me to download. Ha! I got off the bus in Westwood on 2:33:00 and came inside Denny’s. I continued to mumble my nonsense about the alert.

September 4 (Saturday; Wes)

My next recording is: “IMPslpwstwdplcewes_9_4_10_342-915AM.WMA”: After walking around, I settled down in a corner to sleep. “I hate Mr B so much, that disgusting piece of shit...” After I woke up, I called up Wes and, thank God, was connected with him on 4:55:00. We discussed my calling him at his office, and he reiterated how he didn’t want me to come to Albany. Then Wes spoke about his dissertation: it was about structuralism and structural problems, something not of his taste (5:01:00). He said he belonged to the camp of post-structuralism and thought that structuralism was outdated, a product that had passed its time. Unfortunately, he continued, his committee was made up of all the old

guys devoted to the old structuralism. I was stupid enough to believe that Wes was giving me a metaphor of the politics that was going on among the Daughter People: that the conservatives who ruled the Russian intelligence service with their old fashioned binary thinking (the structuralists) were in control of the International Court of Justice while DGHTR with his reformist spirit (the more fluid feminine thinking that transcended binary thinking) had lost out – that DGHTR was in effect introducing himself to me as having extensively studied twentieth century European philosophy, that he must therefore know Heidegger, existentialism, French structuralism and post-structuralism (Derrida, Foucault, etc.). How mistaken I was: in fact Wes was talking about nothing more than his dissertation! Whenever he was communicating a secret message to me, I would miss it; whenever he was not, I would be mistaken that he was. He then said that he had clarified to his professors that, as long as his project was not literary criticism, structuralism, and rhetoric, it would be agreeable to him. I was now wondering whether Wes was giving me hints about DGHTR's debate with his conservative colleagues!

I then told Wes about my worries about the alert. "People have been looking at me in a weird way. I don't even believe people believe I'm me..." Wes tried to enlighten me: "How do people who don't know you not believe you are you?" Me: "It still matters to me." Wes: "Most people don't care whether you plagiarize..." Me: "It still bothers me..." (5:08:00) I continued: "I want to get close to you to tell you what happened to me in the past weeks... You are the only one who will believe me..." Wes suggested that I talk to Deborah. "No." Wes: "You don't think about me nor Alexandra.... Just tell me what the problem is." I continued: "This alert thing. I need to be with people who know I'm me and write my works. Deborah is the only one here but she is unavailable..." Wes warned me again that he would not talk to me if I came to Albany. Me: "What am I gonna do? I'm so incredibly lonely... Nobody even believes I'm me..." (5:18:30). Wes now brought up Lori Fan. Me: "It bothers me, the fact that people have preconceptions about me... Old friends are ever more important when it's impossible to make new friends..." Wes now mentioned Kim Cho and Oliver. Wes insisted that Oliver would believe I was me. I reminded him that he used to be the "champion of the disenfranchised". I then talked about my first Russian-American meetup and my belief that everyone there had been alerted that I had some funny beliefs about Russia. I then mentioned that I had decided to stop learning Russian in order to prevent computer from malfunctioning. Wes emphasized that many people would be skeptical about what the government told them. I disagreed. I then asked Wes to repeat what I had said. That was our conversation. It was just more evidence for the Daughter People that I was indeed insane!

My next recording is: "bnk2sllipsloanhate_9_4_10_915AM-1252PM.WMA": I then stayed in Starbucks a little. I mumbled: "... as for people who hate you from the very beginning, if you leave them alone, maybe they'll forget about you..." Then, around 10 AM, I went inside the bank to check on the status of Best Buy's refund to me. It didn't come. The banker then asked me if I wanted to move 6 dollars from my saving account to my checking account to cover the negative balance there and, without reflection, I agreed. The banker promptly wrote out a transfer slip for me to sign. I then got paranoid thinking that this might enable law enforcement to obtain another evidence that my handwriting was not my handwriting by confusing the banker's handwriting with mine. Thereupon the banker asked me if I wanted to reverse the transaction and write another transfer slip myself so that everything on the new transfer slip may be my own handwriting. I again agreed to it. When I did this it then occurred to me that now both slips together may be evidence in law enforcement's hand that I could forge another person's handwriting at will because law enforcement could simply pretend to

confuse both slips as having been written by me. Thus I concluded that, after today, the Homeland Security warning to the population about me might include the falsehood that my handwriting could look like anything since I had the magical ability to forge anyone's handwriting, so that, when I should ever demonstrate my handwriting to others in order to prove that my past handwriting was indeed my handwriting, no one would believe me. Paranoia over nothing!

Then I got on the bus while continually cursing the Monkey: "Fucking parasite, who thinks that every lunch is free..." And children were shouting inside the bus. "Don't give me over to the devil..." When I got off the bus, I continued cursing: "The world is evil because this man exists... Make sure to never contribute to anything..." I got so angry that I broke a bottle. I came to the Payday Loan store on 1:40:00. I called the bank to ask the banker to tell the loan store lady that my check was cleared and then successfully borrowed another 130 dollars. Again, I was wasting my precious money. When I walked out, something happened and I got paranoid again: "Another evidence that I'm a pedophile has been created..." Then: "We are always alternating between extreme anger and extreme sadness." I got on the bus again, and a child was screaming on 2:11:00. I was terribly angered again: "Fucking Hispanic woman with her fucking piece of trash..." Then I wrote down on my diary what had just happened in the bank but then believed the person sitting next to me was a surveillance agent. I got paranoid again and wrote: "Or, since I am writing this down on 11:45 AM on bus 20 while under the watch of what seems to be a surveillance agent, Homeland Security could just as well include in the alert about me not the strange fact that I can forge anyone's handwriting but my paranoia for believing that the government would want to frame me like this." Ha! In fact this was all evidence for the Daughter People that I was indeed insane. I was then shouting because the child continued to scream. I then thought I saw another surveillance agent and I filmed him. "Of all these people wearing earphones, there must be a surveillance agent since they are ready to broadcast an alert about me..." I then got off the bus and came inside Burger King. As usual, children's noise was everywhere. I ate outside and continued: "Mr B is going to broadcast the most terrifying alert and then blackmail me, and it wouldn't work just because he's the one who's blackmailing me... It's so disgusting, someone who doesn't take 'No' for an answer..." Then I got closer to the truth: "... a better scenario, that I'm merely being duped into believing that an alert has been broadcast about me, so that this paranoia can go into my profile... Nobody is going to offer me the proof that I need..."

My next recording is: "fdmallreadytoload_9_4_10_1252PM-118PM.WMA": I continued my worthless reflection: "... in early 2009, when I made the Skype call, it was the location that mattered..." Just more evidence for the French! I then got on bus 38 and came to Jefferson and Grant. "... the Mexicans... you hate them so much that you want them pushed out..." I came inside the food mall and was ready to film myself importing my recordings into my computer. I noted: "Our camcorder will be remotely shut off..."

My next recording is: "fdmallrstrm_9_4_10_126PM-234PM.WMA". After finished with importing my recordings, I checked my camcorder's SD card. The video was there! Then: "They might say I have forged all the videos of machine malfunctioning... that I turned off the camcorder myself... That would be another element about me in the alert..." Bullshit! I then used the restroom and came to my storage facility.

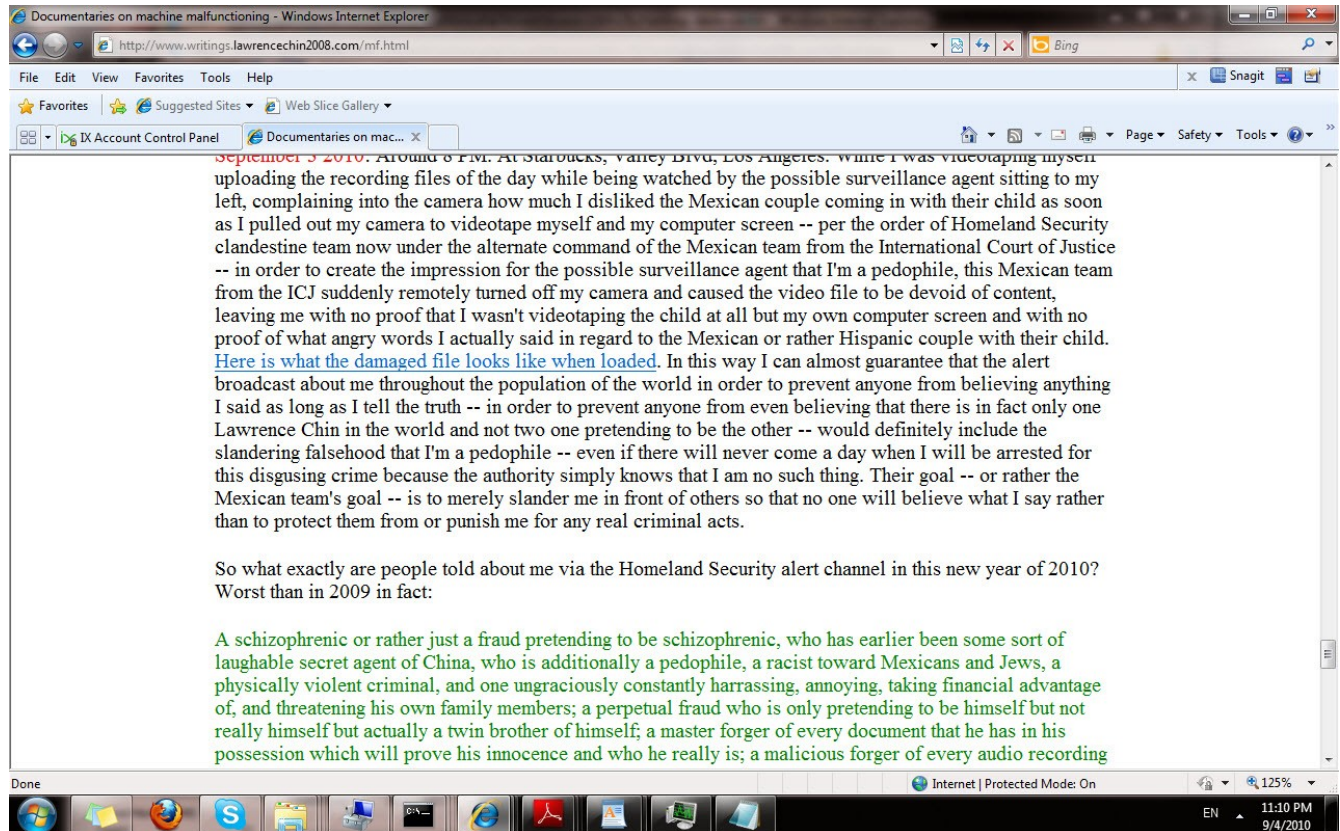
My next recording is: “strgabutgod_9_4_10_235-408PM.WMA”: I put my discs into my unit. There was a girl doing her things next to me, and I became suspicious and asked her: “Are you done with watching me?” “Watching you?” She had no idea what I was talking about. My worthless speculation again: “They want me to think that she’s watching me... That means that there must be a surveillance device installed around here, to pick up my paranoia that people are watching me...” Paranoia over nothing! Then, while doing my discs, I continued to mutter: “... destroy the beauty... moments of our life... I recorded all my thoughts and emotions... and now Homeland Security is producing evidences that all these recordings... people want to be who they are, and they just won’t respect that... want you to be something else... want dogs to be cats... don’t respect God’s creation... in order to satisfy their own appetite... God’s creation... happened under God’s eyes... I stay true to God’s creation... They make other people see God’s creation as the opposite of what it is... If you want to stay true to God’s creation, you need a camera... the devil... turns God’s thing into its opposite... they don’t want people to see God’s creation...” Garbage!

My next recording is: “tolbwesmetphmetro_9_4_10_408-649PM.WMA”: I then came to Public Storage’s office to confirm with the employee that no one had gone inside my storage unit to touch my things. He assured me profusely. I then got on bus 38 and came to downtown, and then got on Metro Blue Line to go to Long Beach. While on the Metro I was as usual surrounded by mean-looking guys wearing earphones and carrying iPods – plus the most annoying noises from children. In order to avoid the elimination of my talents in official records, I took my Gateway out and, kneeling on the ground and right in front of the ugly man wearing earphones who I thought was a surveillance agent, played the recording of my conversation with Wes earlier while transcribing it. I hoped thereby to get what I truly was to enter into the official record. Fantasy land! I got off the train on 1:50:00 at the 5th Street Station. I came to Target on 1:56:30 to buy batteries and so on.

My next recording is: “portfoliowrticjrerd_9_4_10_649-1157PM.WMA”: While walking, I continued: “... that’s what the evidentiary records show... Mommy duped him with fake Russians...” Somewhat correct! I then rode bus 90 and came to Portfolio on 37:00. I continued: “... so you think you can now distinguish between the real Russians and the fake Russians...? We have seen so many unbelievable things... the middle ground... the conservatives... maybe that man (from August 20) was one of the conservatives... but he’s too short... What has happened to Jacqueline?” That’s when I was looking at Meetup’s website. Then more worthless speculation: “... Is the debate between the conservatives and the liberals about technology?... This is stupid... Tools are obviously more important... Only the Mexicans will say otherwise...” And my arm hurt. Why? I called a number on 1:39:00 to ask about a room for rent in Alhambra but didn’t leave a message. The Chinese man called me back on 1:42:00. The room was still available. I asked to come see the room some time tomorrow afternoon. Then my wrong scenario again: “My life is to be run by one god... one nation... no entrepreneurs, please... It will bog down again, somebody has to learn to be content with what he has... Somebody has to learn such a simple lesson...” I then began reviewing my recordings (this time, my time in the law library in 2008). And my arm hurt. Why? Then I was again overestimating my intelligence (mistaking my stupidity for intelligence): “... We have figured out the distinction between the real Russians and the fake Russians... It would be the infinite loop again... I would hurt Mommy... by realizing that... I would hurt the real Russians... and so on... Does the infinite loop still count?” Bullshit! I then resumed writing my “Frankfurt and Brussels”. Then, when I was done, on 4:29:00, I ran into Carlos. I hadn’t

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, III
Lawrence C. Chin, August 2010 – August 2019

seen him for years! I chatted with him briefly, telling him about my Sonophobia. Then I left Portfolio and went to sleep in the street corner on 4th Street.



My crazy documentary website for machine malfunctioning as of September 4.
Here I described my wrong scenario about what happened yesterday in Starbucks.
Just more evidence of my insanity to keep the Daughter People afloat!

September 5 (Sunday; church, a new camcorder)

My first recordings of the new day are: “strbklbtoportfolbrdwy_9_5_10_654-812AM.WMA” and “grkfest_9_5_10_813AM-1218PM.WMA”: Soon after I woke up, I went inside the Starbucks on Long Beach Blvd and 5th Street. More worthless reflection: “.... India, South Korea... That’s what the three chics meant on the bus....” Bullshit! I then prayed: “Dear God, give me a surer sign... I pray to you in Jesus’ name...” As I walked out of Starbucks, I continued: “... The conservatives in Russia...” Bullshit! I came to the laundromat to wash my clothes so that I could look clean for church service. More: “... These postmodern gods have control over my appliances...” While watching Thomas Friedman speaking on TV, I suddenly had an idea about how to help Daughterland, but I immediately became terrified that the Monkey might steal my idea. Ha! Overestimation of my own ability! Then: “Before February, our recordings were made for the other world, because we *did* care about politics... Today it’s all for ourselves...” And my left knee hurt. Just more evidence for the French! After laundry, I came inside Portfolio. I picked up the magazine *The Economist* and read an article about the exchange of the

11 Russian spies (the Ana Chapman episode). I chatted with a guy and a girl about the matter (1:50:00). Soon children came in shouting, and I ran out. I got on the bus and continued to ramble about Russians' "fake Americans". When I got off the bus, I continued: "The Russian intelligence is the most sophisticated in the world..." I came to Assumption Church on 2:35:00. I had to persuade the receptionist to let me put away my blankets in the back of the church. When the service was over, I read over the Greek biblical quotation in the sermon carefully looking for another "secret message". But there was none this time. I then ran into Mary and greeted her. Then I greeted Sophia on 3:19:00, but she was busy and couldn't talk. I then came to a corner to reflect on whether people would believe all the lies about me. "There is no way that Sophia would believe that I'm a Russian agent... What exactly was Sophia told..." And a person nearby sneezed – as if the control center were confirming me! In reality, Sophia was not told anything this time. Then: "I hate these Mexicans so much, God damn them... I will never find the other 'me', I will never see him..." Then the security guard came over to me to tell me a man over there wanted to buy me something to eat. I was instantly alarmed, saying repeatedly: "It's okay, I'm not hungry..." I went to ask Mary: "What are people told about me? Why did that man want to buy me food?" Another man kept insisting that everything was fine. I continued: "What are people told about me? People are looking at me in a weird way... The story must be changing..." The man insisted that there was no story. He was telling the truth, but I didn't believe him. Paranoia over nothing! Truly a targeted individual! I left the church mumbling about how I didn't come here to beg and how people might be shown another "me". Ha! I then came to a restaurant cafe in the shopping mall nearby.

My next recording is: "grkfesttochai_9_5_10_1218-331PM.WMA": I continued to curse: "... these fucking Mexicans... They don't seem like healthy friends to me... fucking parasites, fucking thieves, always stealing my game... They are so infantile, they can't even understand such simple morals..." I was then uploading my latest recording files to my website. (To provide the French with more evidences!) While in the restroom, I continued: "Do not make pact with the devils, that's how we maintain our faith in God... If the Russians make a pact with the Mexicans, we will not be part of it... We don't want to hear anything about God from the Mexicans..." And my left side hurt. I continued: "Why doesn't DGHTRCOM just keep the Mexican government under remote control? Why does he need to find an ally there?" Worthless reflection! I left the cafe, got on the bus, and came to the Starbucks on Long Beach Blvd. When so many children came in crying and shouting, I got very angry: "These fucking Mexicans..." When I came to the Metro station, a black woman was blasting her music. I yelled at her angrily: "Hey! Turn that fucking thing down!" When I got on the train, there was more children's crying. Again, I blamed it all on the control center. A targeted individual!

My next recording is: "tobstbyaltdnatoomnychldrn_9_5_10_333-925PM.WMA". I continued to believe that surveillance agents were all around me. "It would not make sense if I were not under surveillance: how otherwise to destroy me? I would have to be under surveillance, an alert would then be broadcast about me..." I was then troubled by the paranoid fear that the Monkey was planning to get law enforcement to open up my storage unit and burglarize it. "The Monkey is framing me into a criminal..." (42:00). Then: "The Monkey, the rat hiding inside the Cave, has decided that, in order to keep his deeds in secrecy, I would have to be slandered as Mexican-hating and being obsessed with the Monkey Pyramid... No one would then believe me. Everyone would think: 'Oh, it's because he hates Mexicans and is obsessed with the man's daughter'..." Again, there was some vague resemblance here

to the truth: the *Daughter People* wanted me to be Mexican-hating and obsess over the Pyramid in order to conform to the Monkey's false profile of me. I begged DGHTRCOM: "If you protect me from this rat, you will have my love..." (1:11:30). More evidence of my conspiracy! Then: "We will not get together with the Korean chic... The project in which the slandering alert about me will serve as my cover is a project in which I will not participate...." In other words, I had begun suspecting that my meeting with Tiffany was also orchestrated because she would also be one of the participants in the "plan". Then: "Who knows how those people inside the control center would edit Homeland Security's surveillance on me?" (1:22:30) Then: "*The deal is off....*" Good news for the Daughter People! By now I had arrived at the Sierra Madre Station and, while I was descending down the elevator, a black vagrant tried to provoke me with his masculine aggression and street profanity (2:00:00). I of course assumed (wrongly) that he was an actor sent here from the control center. He spoke of his "culture" in contradistinction from mine. "Imagine if all this is just a test – my attitude is being tested away!" I came to Best Buy wanting to buy a new camcorder. An employee told me that the store no longer sold camcorders using DV tapes. I told her my concern that cameras using SD cards were vulnerable to remote deletion of files. The employee said nothing but merely showed me the cameras which didn't use SD cards but had internal memories. I told her this wouldn't make any difference, and remarked that she didn't believe me. "I do believe what you said," she said. I told her I found it incredible that she would believe me when I told her that cameras using a SD card were vulnerable to someone's deleting files from remote locations (2:28:00). "I believe you. There are a lot of crazy things you can do with digital technology." I then asked about the refund policy. However, I decided not to buy the camcorder just yet. I then complained to myself about people's pushing their babies onto me (2:49:00). Then: "The control center could not remotely delete the files burned onto a mini-DVD" – just then my arm hurt, as if to confirm (2:52:00).

I went inside the Starbucks on 3:05:00 – and, as usual, children's noise throughout. I then tormented myself unnecessarily when I mistakenly thought that the recording of my time at Portfolio last night was remotely deleted from my hard drive by the Monkey. I thought about suicide once again. And I became increasingly provoked by children's noise: "Someone is making a serious effort to destroy me, to provoke me..." I went out of Starbucks to videotape a black man on laptop whom I suspected was a surveillance agent (4:40:00): "Since the place is filled with children, there must be a surveillance agent somewhere to catch evidence of my pedophilia; otherwise, what's the point?" Wrong! I was so infuriated by children's noise that I wanted to kill them. I left and got on Metro Gold Line on 5:05:00. *I threatened to have nothing to do with the PLAN if something happened to my storage and if they broadcast an alert about me.* Good news for the Daughter People! "I have a moral conscience, and understand reciprocity. Do you? You don't like to change? I don't like to change either... I respect another person's choice... Who's superior?" (5:15:00) Just then, my arm hurt. I continued: "The problem is that there is no other witness when you are bad. I, on the one hand, worry about what you think of me even when no one is watching. You, on the other hand – do you worry about what I think of you? There is of course God watching you... Do you believe in God? If you do, you will worry about what God thinks of you... You tell me to believe in God when you don't believe in God yourself – I will find out about your faith sooner than you will find out about my faith..." When I got off the train, I saw another Hispanic girl wearing earphones. I wrongly assumed she was recording me.

My next recording: “twestwd_9_5_10_926-1029PM.WMA”: I came out of Metro Red Line on 13:00 very angry: “... fuck... fuck...” Then I was on bus 720 to go back to Westwood. “I’ve been exposed to this for so long... orchestrated environment... severe depression...” I got off the bus in Westwood on 48:00 continuing to curse the Monkey. I then came inside Denny’s. I continued: “... fuck... Don’t ever bother me again... I don’t believe that I will be compensated....” Well, at least I got *that* right!

My next recording is: “dennis_9_6_10_1038PM-1244AM.WMA”: As I resumed working on my computer, I continued: “... Nothing exists unless it is recorded...” I was amazed that there were no children around. I continued my nonsense: “Mr B... children... when I see children I just want to smash them with a baseball bat... so lacking in comprehension of human psychology.... A psychopath who has no care of another being... will not succeed... A person who takes other people’s suffering for ‘girly behavior’ doesn’t have comprehension... it doesn’t matter if he has connections... the most sophisticated intelligence agency in the world has got the most unfit to run this thing... It is easier to destroy a person than to... it’s easier to... than to attract a person to work for you... They only know how to break things, not how to make things... When you walk into the organization and see this Monkey running around, you will not want to work for this organization.... *We are not going to work for them...* Now our image of the nation is completely ruined by these monkeys... They don’t worry about what I think about them anyway... ten months ago they had to, not now... If ten months ago they had Mr B, this country would not be saved at all...” Well, that’s very good evidence for the French! Then I continued my wrong scenario: “So you want to make sure nobody will believe me in the future? Then we go our separate ways, so go fuck yourself... The fate you will never want for yourself you want to impose on me? Go fuck yourself...” I went outside to smoke on 45:00 and continued to complain. “...fucking... *now I realize the Russians are extremely unreliable....* What a contrast.... Mr B wants us to stop recording so that he can make up whatever stories he wants... fuck you, what don’t you make up stories about yourself...” Then, after working for a while: “The more time you wait the more children you will run into... it doesn’t matter where you go, unless you go to a strip club...” After I saved your life, please let me live... Don’t fucking destroy me...” Then: “What does Mr B want? Recruit people? Or destroy me? He reads my thoughts and yet he can’t understand me... We will go to Albany... *We won’t have anything to do with Russia, not even when DGHTR represents Russia...*” Just what the Daughter People would like to hear! I left Denny’s on 1:59:00. “I promise... I will not... touch Russian for another week... won’t learn Russian... We won’t go to Russian meetup...” I came to my usual corner in Westwood Village to sleep while still mumbling about how Mr B was a rapist.

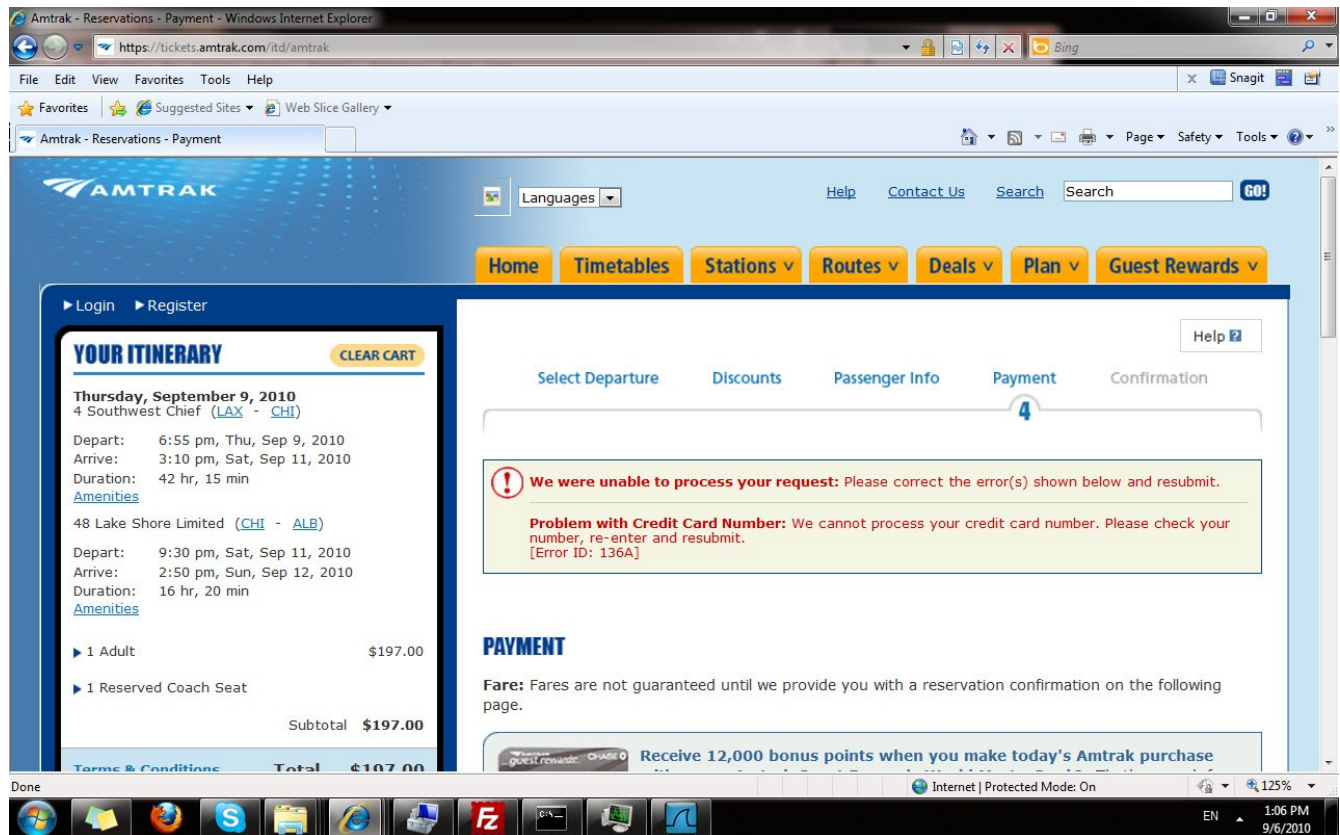
September 6 (Monday; Wes: “They want you to be crazy”)

My next recording is: “dennis_9_6_10_834-1143AM.WMA”: Soon after I woke up, I came to Denny’s again. I kept mumbling bitterly about how the Monkey wanted to silence me in order to hide from the world his misdeeds inside the International Court. “Do good and advertise it” – I kept on begging him. “There is no point in being unhappy if there is no one to know about it. I have no patience precisely because unhappiness has eaten away all my psychological stamina” (1:14:20). As usual, baby noises everywhere. I began moaning and groaning out of pain (1:25:00) and then got infuriated (1:36:30). I left Denny’s terribly angry. A vagrant asked me something on 1:46:50, but I shouted at him: “Fuck you!...” He also shouted profanity at me. I was overwhelmed with feelings of injustice: “I provide people with free lunch, and they slap me in the face, and no one even knows about it” (1:49:00). Then

more of my wrong scenario: “The Monkey is stealing my words and using them to teach DGHTRCOM” (2:03:50). I then came to Ackerman and went up to the top floor. “The good is abandoned... and the greedy and useless have come to power... An ugly system which the DGHTRLND has...” (2:20:00). Amazingly, children appeared, and I quickly ran away from them. I was then sitting next to what I thought was a surveillance agent. I was still angry: “They want to destroy me, because they know how much I hate them...” Then: “We have to die... We have to die...” I broke down crying out of tremendous hopelessness. “No one will ever know that I have once lived a life...” I left Ackerman on 2:35:00 crying and wailing continually. Finally I dropped down to the ground screaming and wailing. Crying hysterically, I got on Blue Bus 8 on 2:59:00. Everybody on the bus was startled by my hysteria. I then moaned continually.

My next recording is: “cryng_9_6_10_1143AM-117PM.WMA”: I came to the Coffee Bean on Pico and Westwood, still despairing over the fact that no one would ever believe I was myself. “The DGHTRPPL and their Mexican friends are more evil than Daddy C!” I asked the Coffee Bean employee on 14:00: “I’m not thirsty, but I’m pretending to be thirsty, so can I have a cup of water?” I sat down, but, soon, the employee came to warn me (19:30): “The seating is for customers only.” “I am only pretending to be homeless, I actually have a lot of money... I’ll buy something...” I thus ordered something at the counter while continuing to mumble how I in fact had money. I gave them the 50 dollar bill which I received from Payday Loan two days ago, and, when the cashier handed me the changes, I spoke the opposite of reality: “So you gave me bills larger than what I have given you...” I began working on my computer burning a new disc. On 27:00 the employee came to demand that I sit outside. “I’m only pretending to be crazy....” He insisted. I continued: “I’m only pretending... I thought you liked it...” I continued to stay inside, mumbling: “I’m just pretending to be writing... I’m just pretending to speak English, I don’t even speak English...” Then: “I will never have any friends... I hate every single person on this planet, which makes me not a racist, because I hate all people equally....” (45:00)

Police officers arrived on 58:00 and told me to sit outside as the manager had requested. I continued: “I’m just pretending to be crazy, my name is David Chin... I’m just pretending to be writing, this is not a real laptop... Please don’t burglarize my storage...” They denied they had such intention, and told me to go home if I wanted to. “But I have to pretend to be homeless...” And I told them again my name was David. While sitting outside Coffee Bean, I tried to buy a train ticket online with my debit card. I was determined to go to Albany! The Amtrak’s website however would not let me do it (1:12:00). My mood sank. I tried again, but no use. I began moaning. “*That’s how the Monkey is going to get me to participate in the PLAN: by threatening to take my things away...*” (1:19:00). I began videotaping the computer screen while moaning in pain. I concluded (erroneously) that those people inside the control center did not permit me to leave. *I was thus ever more determined not to participate in the PLAN.* Groaning and moaning, I cried out, “Somebody help me, somebody help me, I don’t know how to buy a ticket online...” (1:26:00). I continued to moan while being denied transaction on Amtrak’s website. I finally broke down on 1:32:00, crying: “I want to buy a ticket... I want to buy a ticket... How do you buy a ticket...? Can somebody please help me...” I screamed like crazy. A stranger – just the sort of masculine type which I detested – came and asked me: “What’s wrong?” “I want to buy a ticket...” Another stranger then asked me what was wrong. I swung my arms around in frustration, knocking off my recorder and thus ending this recording.



My debit card was continually rejected on Amtrak's website

My next recording is: "cryngtopsdn_9_6_10_119-337PM.WMA": I picked up my recorder, turned it back on, and continued to cry hysterically. Another stranger – again, mean, masculine, and unsympathetic, just the kind I detested – wanted to help me buy the ticket. I yelled hysterically: "I have only one friend... I want to find my friend..." Then: "Why doesn't it work?" (6:00) The employee came out to talk to the helper telling him that I must be schizophrenic because of my "opposite talk" earlier. I yelled at him: "Why do you say that? I was saying the opposite of what I meant because I thought you wanted to hear that!" (8:00) I then calmed down. As the police were coming again, I packed up my things and left Coffee Bean. I urinated against a building nearby on 19:00 and someone immediately came out to warn me that he was going to call the police on me. I jaywalked through the streets causing all the cars to stop for me. "If my discs get taken away, then I'll have to die..." (23:30) "The betrayal is so complete... I so regret..." I had no idea that I was being hysterical over nothing because, as you shall see, the rejection of my debit card was natural and not orchestrated. I got on the Santa Monica bus by 31:00. I did some writing while on the bus and continued to curse the Mexicans.

I got off the bus and continued my wrong scenario: "The DGHTRPPL always get someone else to do their dirty work..." (until 1:31:00). I then broke down crying again (from 1:37:00 onward). When I came to the Metro station on 1:47:00, there was children's noise everywhere. "I needed to get a baseball bat..." (1:50:00). I came to the Union Station on 1:59:00 and came in front of the Amtrak's

ticket counter wanting to buy a ticket. I lethargically and sarcastically gave my debit card to the ticket officer telling her that it would be rejected. And it was indeed rejected, and the ticket officer would not accept a check or charge me on my checking account. The ticket was 190 dollars, and I cried for a moment when my card was rejected again and again. I then went to the Metro Gold Line platform, moaning and groaning out of tremendous sadness. I cried so sadly while scavenging the grapes that were left on the platform, stuffing them into my mouth and videotaping myself doing so (2:14:00).

My next recording is: “notraintcktpswnwes_9_6_10_343-836PM.WMA”: As you can hear, I continued to cry hysterically. I then called up Wes on a payphone and he answered it (16:00). “I’m about to be taken in... Homeland Security sends in so many children, to provoke me... And the alert warning people that I’m a dangerous and violent individual... My money is locked...” Because Wes didn’t hear me, I had to repeat everything: “... I’m so terrified of children’s noises... I was so angry... I can’t concentrate on doing anything...” Wes needed to turn away for a moment. I shouted: “Don’t go away...” Wes didn’t. I continued: “I ran from place to place, I said all this angry stuff... all so that surveillance agents would pick up the angry words... so that the warning about me could also say I’m violent... The authority is about to take all my things away... I get even angrier when surveillance agents are around me... And I don’t know how the interception of this phone call would make...” Wes was just about to leave. I wouldn’t let him go, exclaiming: “I need to come to Albany...” Wes needed to go meet Daniel. But I continued: “I need money...” Then: “All my recordings and videos might be taken away... That’s my life... I don’t know anyone except you, but you don’t even know what happened to me in the past week... I have recorded all my life...” Wes must go now, but he promised to call me in three hours. I thus hanged up on 26:00 but continued to cry hysterically. At one point, I mumbled: “I hate Russians, I hate people of all nationalities...” Well, I had just done my Daughterland a lot of good by enabling the Daughter People to intercept another instance of my paranoia over nothing.

I was then looking for a Go-Phone card in the AT&T store. I then looked for wireless connections, wandering from shop to shop. I settled down in a coffeehouse and got online to write out the blog post you see for September 6. If you take a look at it, you can appreciate how it must be again evidence to save the Daughter People: that I was indeed a paranoid schizophrenic in conformity to the Monkey’s false profile of me. PLANRUS thus continued to be put on hold as the Daughter People kept arguing to the judge computer that they should be permitted to continue to occupy their position in the hidden command. I continued: “... fucking Mexicans, fucking Koreans... They will cut that out too... The Korean chic scared me...” I was then disturbed by the Open Office pop-ups. Then I was frustrated again when my computer froze (2:44:00). “We do realize that Russians are unreliable, *we do hate them...*” Good evidence for the Daughter People! Then, more frustration when my Internet connection was cut off. I moaned and groaned angrily: “You mother fuckers destroying my life, I’ll forever hate you... You fucking Mexicans...” As my computer continued to malfunction, I became ever more desperate: “Please don’t hurt me after I saved your life... Please don’t let the Mexicans hurt me... I’ll never do it again...” I came out of the coffeehouse and kicked the bottles I saw on the sidewalk. “We don’t insult the president because he is a reformer... Please don’t destroy my relationship with the Daughter People... Please don’t hurt me after I saved you, it doesn’t matter whether it is the real Russians or the fake Russians... They have control over the entire thing... Please don’t make me into the opposite of what I am... There is no way that they aren’t broadcasting the alert... bad to the bone....” As I walked the streets picking up cigarette butts, Wes called me (3:44:00). I told him: “I’m thinking about how the

warning to the public about me is going to work..." I asked Wes to repeat what I had just said. Then: "Is it going to say, I'm a pedophile, or: I'm only pretending to be terrified of children's noises and pretending to run away....? Nobody knows whether I'm a pedophile pretending to be provoked by children..." Wes however didn't like to repeat after me: "I will repeat what you say as long as you will repeat what I say." I continued: "I'm afraid of the alert, no one will know anything about me, I feel so sad..." Wes tried to enlighten me: "It's not like you are the author of a great novel..." Me: "... my book, the story of my life.... The alert must have said I didn't write it but just plagiarized it..." Then I talked about my concern about the guy who was supposedly pretending to be me: "... the Russian intelligence is very good with using make-up, they can create a person that looks exactly like me and talks exactly like me.... So can the Mexicans..." But then I got closer to the truth: "Maybe the Russians have ordered Homeland Security to make me worry about this so that I can talk on the phone about it and look paranoid... so that everybody will think me crazy..." Wes now repeated after me. I continued: "... they can either really create another person to pretend to be me or make me believe it so that I can look crazy..." Wes: "... *maybe they want you to be crazy...*" Me: "In what sense?" Wes: "... you are always looking over your shoulder..." Me: "But my ability to perceive and reason will never be damaged, they can only wear me down emotionally..." Wes: "Exactly!" I continued: "Since ordinary people can't distinguish between emotional breakdown and cognitive breakdown, they will just assume everything I say is delusional or made up. It's not just the Russians, but also their Mexican allies.... Russia is a country, and so they won't worry about what I'll say, it's their Mexican allies.... Even the Russians are so kind as to tell their Mexican allies to stop doing this, because whatever this guy says causes no problem, it's not good, but everyone has to follow the law, everyone has to be notified, even though he has no criminal records.... They are not going to make up records, I have not committed any crimes... It's a system which Homeland Security has invented, to notify the entire population about a schizophrenic who has no criminal record, whereas they don't notify anyone about an actual convict..." Wes: "How do they do that?" Me: "On people's cellphone, etc.... I don't know..." Wes: "You don't know." I retorted: "I do know." Wes: "How?" Me: "How do they get people to do acting in front of me, to bring their children in front of me...? The point is to make things up, right?" Wes: "They want... pedophile, so what's the point of that?" Me: "I don't know.... only a selected segment of the population... I don't know, they won't tell me... Everywhere there are children, it's too much of a coincidence, children would appear even on 11 PM... just to show up in front of me... Why do people constantly get confused in front of me? Why do they always reply something else when I ask them one thing? How come that never happened before....?" Wes continued to try to point out my error. I continued: "I'm writing my autobiography, it's just something which everyone else already knows about... I'll never have any money, I don't have time to work... I'll always depend on hand-out, I have been homeless for six months... I have so deteriorated..." Then we debated again about whether I should go to Albany, and Wes insisted that I wouldn't be able to talk to him if I came. I noted: "When I come I'll just call you without telling you I'm Albany.... Oh, the police came to look at me, I'm like a fugitive.... That's what I get for loving another country..." Wes insisted that he wouldn't see me if I came to Albany. I continued: "What happened to me is so unprecedented in human history, so many governments are involved.... so much money spent..." Wes played dumb: "Why do you have so much to do with these people....?" I continued: "There is so much alert, and yet I have never committed any crimes... It's all because I have a story to tell, no, it's all personal..." Wes: "... 2.5 billion dollars... Wow!" I continued: "I think the Russians are just obeying the law or something... And they are not willing to bend the laws just a little bit in order to spare me, even though they have benefited so much

from me.... They will alert people that I harbor some strange delusions about Russia... It's strange...." I then asked Wes to explain to Alexandra that he was more important to me than to her: "I'm the most strangely unfortunate person in human history...." I continued to beg Wes not to abandon me. Then Wes continued to emphasize I should not come to Albany. "The purpose of my life is to wallow in my sorrows...." Then we talked about my money problem. Wes suggested the possibility of declaring bankruptcy. I complained: "... This feeling of being betrayed, being ruined by the very people I have loved and helped. It's not because their hands are tied, their hands are tied a little bit, but it's because they couldn't put away the politics and let the man care about me who knows how to care about me..." Then I talked about how the noises from children were driving me insane. "I know God doesn't exist, for, whenever I pray, the opposite will happen...." Wes: "Have you ever tried to pray for the opposite?" "Ah yes, then what I have prayed for will happen..." Then I talked about the function for which God had put me on this planet. I asked Wes to remember to get a recorder. I kept mumbling out of pain: "I need you so much...." I then talked about my wrong scenario: how I talked to Tiffany and my computer immediately stopped booting so that I would definitely not talk to her anymore. And then about how I kept my promise and bought a new computer: "... it was a trick... That's why my money is locked up right now. I have thus learned that I should never keep my promise." Then we debated about how I should pay back to him the money I owed him. Finally, I asked Wes to introduce me to anybody who needed a Chinese tutor, and Wes repeatedly warned me not to come to Albany. Then we hanged up.

We thus see that Wes was annoyed by all my paranoia over nothing and tried to point out from time to time that all my scenarios were wrong – that there was no alert this time and so on. What is most important is however his attempt to enlighten me at one time by suggesting that the Daughter People wanted me to be crazy. He was most likely following an order that came down from the Daughter People themselves. While trying to drive up my paranoia, they were still hoping that I might understand why they needed to do this so that I could eventually realize that it's all because the French had objected. But I was able neither to follow Wes and realize I was worried about nothing nor to realize why the Daughter People wanted me to be crazy. I was too hopelessly stuck in my wrong scenarios. Even though I once suggested that the European nations might have objected, it quickly faded out from my mind. All that the Daughter People could do was to use my bizarre paranoia and my stated hatred of them from time to time as evidences to prevent the continuation of PLANRUS.

My next recording is: "zelilastreasonstrbkpsdn_9_6_10_836-1047PM.WMA": I then walked a long way and came to Zeli, I mumbled to the coffeehouse employee out of tremendous sadness, and then mumbled to myself about the evil I faced and how I would never give up. "... Mr Chertoff.... bad... and the evil... selfish evil end... That's what happens when you study philosophy: you don't get duped by the government... Even though I don't believe in God anymore, I stay true to God's way... another devil... and you think it's good..." Then I commented about my computer's malfunctioning: "Obviously Mr B is trying to prevent it from going into evidence in the ICJ... He's trying to stay in power..." And then I mumbled about never participating in evil, in keeping people deluded. I left Zeli on 41:00 and came to Starbucks on 47:00. I mumbled that my computer would malfunction when I tried to connect to the wireless network, and then about my need to kill myself. From 1:10:00 onward I was crying so sadly because – guess what! – I wasn't able to connect to the wireless network. I of course filmed the problem. Then everything worked. I prayed: "Uncle DGHTR, why don't you stab the

mother fucker in the heart?” I then kept muttering “I hate Russia...” Then: “Mr B might have taken over Albany as well, DGHTR you must break the law to help me...” Starbucks was closing on 1:54:00 and, as I packed up, I continued to beg DGHTR to not let this “rape” continue. While walking, I continued: “... the alert is false, orchestrated...” I came to my usual corner in Pasadena ready to sleep. I continued to beg DGHTR: “Please do everything you can...”

My next recording is: “slppsnddghtrdrm_9_6-7_10_1048PM-809AM.WMA”: I continued: “... back then your entire life depends on me, and now... what if Mr B switches the consulate... the lawsuit... I have sacrificed my reputation... it’s your own people who beat me up, I haven’t asked to be rewarded... only that you stop beating me...”⁹ I went to sleep and was then awake from 8:50:00 onward. I came inside a coffeehouse to get my morning coffee.

September 7 (Tuesday; paranoia; mother’s promise)

My next recording is: “coffeelastpraytoconserv_9_7_10_809-846AM.WMA”: While sitting outside the coffeehouse, I continued to mumble about the “conservatives”: “Everything I have... Wes... Russia’s interest, my interest, humanity’s interest... they all have to converge... if not, then it’s a bad plan...” Then: “... indisputable... no room for doubt...” Then: “Don’t go with beautiful women... that means they want you to give up something...” Just endless nonsense!

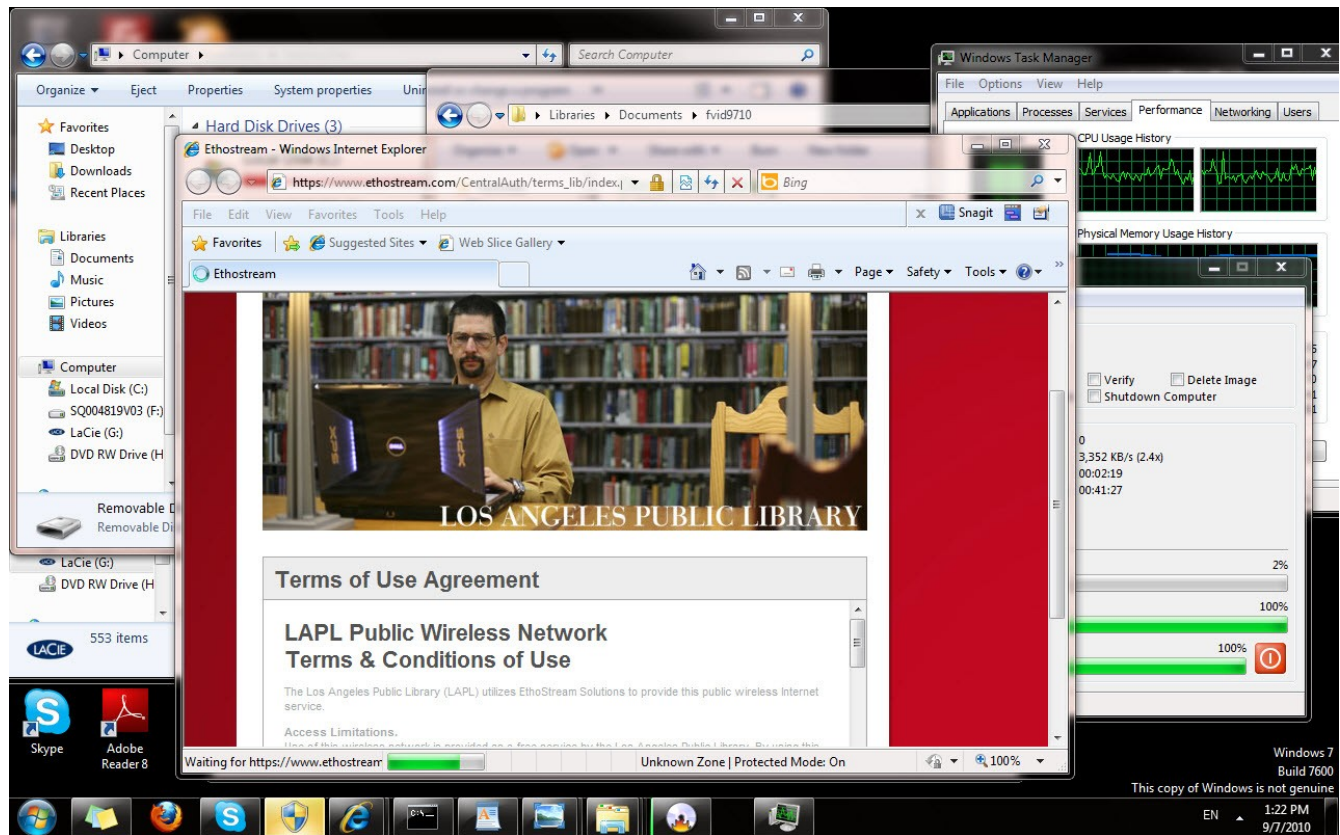
My next recording is: “chseovrdfrtlib_9_7_10_852AM-318PM.WMA”: As I continued to work inside the coffeehouse, I cried from time to time. “It’s been almost 6 years that we are under surveillance...” Then: “... it’s all over man, there is going to be an alert...” I cried a little more. “This is so fucking disgusting, entrepreneur, training... She’s not going to show up... meetup... Jacqueline and Ala will show up, I will go and they will do acting in front of me and surveillance will pick all this up... I don’t really like this bitch at all, I just want to see what she’s going to say when she sees me, then I’ll leave in 5 minutes... If you tell them that I’m not me, they will not believe it... I have wasted a lot of time wasting their time... David Chin stole Lawrence Chin’s writings and then revised them... if I’m not Lawrence Chin, where is the real Lawrence Chin? ... which one is the alert going to say? The alert will say this guy believes Homeland Security is manipulating his Internet connection...” Again, endless bullshit. I then went up to the cashier – guided by my wrong scenario (from 58:00 onward): “Where’s the fat guy?” “He’s not here.” I persisted: “I noticed that he was helping the authority keep track of me.... So what exactly are you told about me?” He ignored me. Obviously! I left the coffeehouse and continued: “They are producing more falsehoods about me... These people are so bad...” I came to the street corner and noticed that somebody had taken a picture of me in the distance. What’s that about? I was then moaning out of pain. I then came to the Chase Bank on Lake and Colorado on 1:27:00 to ask what was wrong with my debit card. And a child was shouting inside the bank! “The Best Buy refund is not in yet, the card’s overdraft limit... August 15...” The problem with my debit card yesterday was simply that the overdraft policy on the card was canceled. After all that crying and hysteria! I met with a banker to reinstate the overdraft policy on my card. She provided me with a document, but, when I wanted her to initial it and so on, she wouldn’t. I got paranoid again believing this was the Monkey’s operation: “How do I make people believe that I didn’t forge it?” She was dumbfounded and, annoyed by my nonsense, did initial it. “But people can just say I have forged the initials... I assume you have

9 Reviewed until 9:00 and then resumed on 8:47:00.

been told lies about me... you look worried...” Although freaked out by my strange paranoia, she kept saying “No”. I left the bank on 1:44:00 and rested in the street corner. “... it’s a piece of shit compared to DGHTR... unless their hands are tied and, when it’s all over, they will reverse it all, otherwise they are just as bad as the Mexicans... the fucking injustice I have suffered is... either he was a surveillance agent or a fake surveillance agent to make me think he’s a surveillance agent while a real surveillance agent was somewhere else trying to catch me suffering from the delusion that I was under surveillance...” Bullshit! I then filmed the bank slips as proof that I didn’t forge it! I then wrote down what I believed was going on: “... the alert... my delusion included my belief about Karin and Ala... I’m pretending to be Lawrence Chin... or suffering from dissociative disorder believing that somebody is pretending to be me...” Then, the man I believed was a surveillance agent walked away from me as if to avoid me. “That means nobody is going to see my website...” I waited and waited for bus 485, and finally gave up and walked away. I shouted at somebody: “... Fuck you you fucking surveillance...” Then: “... some idiot thinks that something good is going to come out of this fucking hatred... stupid mother fucker...” As I laboriously dragged my cart through the street, I continued: “We are going to lose this battle, it’s a game of destruction... We have wasted all our energy, and gained nothing... They will just destroy somebody... we could have been of use to them...” I then rode the bus to Memorial Park and got on Metro Gold Line to go back to downtown Los Angeles. While on my computer, I came up with another wrong scenario: “... a new way to get this warning produced... this guy is so paranoid about government’s watching him when it is not... whatever the case, the goal is to produce this warning... there are three ways... the third method is to have an operative pretend to be a passenger on this train and report me to the train conductor...” I thus filmed the people around me: which one is the surveillance agent? I came to the Union Station on 3:10:00. “... a van... all this is Russian intelligence operation... I saved their life, and let’s see if they want to destroy me...” Another child was shouting inside the station! (3:14:00) Then, from 3:19:00 onward, I began writing out my theory on the current operation: “... since the goal of the Russian intelligence and Mexican team is to cause an alert to be broadcast about me... If I’m so confused then how do I come to know that... an alert has been broadcast about me?...” I came outside and bought ICEE from a street vendor. I gave her a 20 dollar bill and yet she just had to check to see whether it was fake (3:36:00). This got me paranoid again: she must have seen the alert about me and believed I also counterfeited money! Then: “... That’s the difference between amateurs and professionals... the professionals see me as a talent, the amateurs, the Mexicans, just want to use me and dump me... That’s the problem, we can always deal with the conservatives, deep down there is mutual respect between us, but we can never deal with the Mexicans...” Again, overestimation of my own ability! As I walked, I continued to reflect on what happened in 2009: “... we were going to get that mother fucker... not a word was to be spoken, all depended on intuition... and now it degenerated to such a point... Oh a Hispanic guy has recorded me!” Just providing more evidences to the French!

I then came inside the downtown library on 4:13:00. “... that’s what they are trying to do, waste our money...” When I opened up my laptop, I again commented on how disgusting the man was that was featured on the library’s log-in page. I truly believed all this was orchestrated from the control center: to populate my environment with masculinity and vulgarity in order to wear down my patience and provoke me to violence. (That’s not the case, but this is surely a good idea as to how to drive a peaceful person to violence without leaving any trace behind!) I then continued to write out my erroneous conception of the current operation and began reviewing the recording of my conversation with Wes

from yesterday. The librarians told me to turn it down. Then: “Maybe all the surveillance agents are fake... Maybe they just want ordinary people to report to the authority saying I believe I’m under government surveillance... There is no way that a schizophrenic would know he’s under surveillance... But how does he know that there will be an alert about him?” I continued to write: “... decoy or dummy agents...” Then: “Yesterday we were hysterical, the alert should also say that we like to pretend to be crazy.... And that this guy believes that the government is trying to prevent people from believing him... Nobody will believe a single word I say as long as I’m telling the truth... but if I lie...”



Why did the library’s homepage just have to show such an ugly man?

My next recordings are: “lib_9_7_10_318-355PM.WMA” and “libbestbytargetchdsrd_9_7_10_356-806PM.WMA”: I watched a video in which a IX Web Hosting programmer introduced himself and then a German video on the hexadecimal system. I then left the library. Angry and impatient, I got on the bus by 25:00. A man greeted me with his disgusting masculine tone and street slang as if trying to provoke me. “Fuck you,” I replied (29:30). I came to the Union Station, all the while reading the printout from Heise’s website. When I discovered a spelling mistake on the document, I again thought it was an “intercept”. Wrong! Then I drove myself to paranoia again by imagining that the Monkey was determined to slander me as David Chin more than Mr former Secretary had ever done. I descended to the street level and then came back up to the Metro station platform, only to just miss the train. I wailed out of desperation, having exhausted myself and wasted more of my precious time – how could I ever finish writing my story like this? I began crying (1:47:00). Moreover, I feared being stuck in deserted

areas like this place. I got on the train on 1:53:30 and a woman sitting right by the door showed me a funny smile when she looked at me. I immediately interrogated her: “What do you smile at me? What are you told about me?” “I have not been told anything about you.” “Why do you lie? Do you know that God doesn’t like people who lie?” “How do you know I’m lying?” “I’m not saying you are lying. I’m telling you that God doesn’t like people who lie.” “I don’t see why people would lie.” “You don’t believe that?” “I believe that lying is a human problem, not God’s...” It seemed that she was evading my question because she really couldn’t think of a way to rebut me. I thus believed it was the Monkey who was talking through her (until 1:55:00). But we must wonder whether, in reality, she might be a CIA agent whom the Daughter People had sent in to smile at me in order to drive up my paranoia about the non-existent alert.

I came to Altadena and walked inside Best Buy on 2:10:00. I asked about the refund: it still hadn’t come in and I was desperate for money. I then came to the Target on Colorado on 2:50:00, but, unfortunately, the place was filled with children. I asked an employee where to find “filter pens”. “The second floor...” (2:50:20). I took the elevator up and asked another employee where to find filter pens. She could not understand me and did not know what a “filter pen” was (2:53:00). She then told me it was downstairs. I was angry: “Why did they tell me to come up here?” “They probably didn’t understand you.” “It’s recorded!” I asked a third employee on 2:56:00 to find a Sharpie for me. The security guard was following me too. I insisted to the employee that she fetch the object for me because, as I told her, I was frightened of the children who just had to stand in front of all the Sharpies in the store (2:59:00).

Then, while sitting outside, I began complaining and reminding the DGHTRPPL of the nervous time back in October 2009: Mommy wanted to reward me with Amanda if only I would turn around, and yet I didn’t. And now the DGHTRPPL had forgotten about me – just then there was a honk (3:11:00). I naturally mistook it for another confirmation from the control center. In reality, I was just providing the French with more evidences. Then: “Why can’t the Monkey find someone else? (3:21:10) I then hummed continually when children came around me. I passed by Zona Rosa and saw a stranger woman sitting outside. I asked her how she could get Internet connection. She was hesitant about responding to me – thereupon I got paranoid again: “What are these people told about me?” (3:28:50) I then went to make a call on a payphone (3:33:00) but no one picked up the phone. I came back to the stranger and interrogated her: “What did the authority tell you about me?” (3:37:30) “I don’t know what you are talking about.” I asked again. “I don’t know you. They didn’t tell me anything about you. I don’t know who you are.” Nevertheless, I was certain: “... strange, because she wasn’t even surprised by my question. She knows something about me...” In reality, I was merely providing the Daughter People with evidence that I was indeed a paranoid schizophrenic. I then came to Zeli (3:40:00). On 3:47:00 I spoke: “We are going to call our stupid fucking retarded mother”. I did and she immediately picked up the phone. I told her about my desire to move to Albany. Though annoyed, she promised to buy me a plane ticket (!). I told her I was planning to ride the train. She then also promised to help me pay the first month’s rent. The conversation ends on 3:51:00. Then, while walking, I drove myself to anger again by ruminating how I was under so much surveillance even though I had so little to do with anything. “All because of the fucking Mexicans”, I murmured. On 4:03:00 I mistook another person for surveillance agent and filmed him. “Get the fuck away from me you fucking wacko!” he shouted at me with just the sort of profanity I hated to hear. (Well, it was my paranoia which had provoked him.) I

then settled down in Zona Rosa (4:07:00). “The most incredible thing about the Monkey is that he is just so fucking disgusting, the people he chose are so fucking disgusting...” I had no idea that the ugly and masculine vulgar people around me were not orchestrated and that I was merely reading too much into nothing.

My next recording is: “zonawrttodnnisprmmnstr_9_7-8_10_806PM-219AM.WMA”: I continued writing while at Zona Rosa. I then got paranoid about the lock file which appeared whenever I opened up an Open Office document. I then kept cursing the “Mexicans”: “... fucking criminals, no wisdom, no ability to reason...” I tried to videotape myself writing “Frankfurt and Brussels” repeatedly but got frustrated again and again when I kept losing the videos I just shot because I couldn’t hold in the broken battery compartment. I then carefully filmed the last moments of the burning of my new disc DVD 157. On 50:00 my computer malfunctioned again – “server execution failed” – and the disc was badly burned. I was shocked and broke down crying. The cashier asked me what happened, and then another employee also came to check on me. I asked her: “What did the authority tell you about me?” She was stunned: “I don’t talk to the authority...” Then I came up with the wrong scenario that the alert would include the warning that I believed in my delusion that the authority had warned everyone about me even though they had done no such thing! I muttered bitterly: “Mother fucker... There is no way that we will cooperate...” I then wrote down all the new wrong scenarios and all the malfunctioning to be included on my crazy website. Then: “Maybe a girlfriend who understands computer... and she can explain all the computer malfunctioning to me... No, I’m not giving up my reputation just for that... There is nothing more important in the world than reputation...” I then tried to film myself writing again, but, unable to hold the battery compartment together, lost the video again. Then again. As I fretted over all the lost videos, a girl laughed at me. “What’s so funny? You don’t have to videotape every single word you write...”

I then continued writing “Frankfurt and Brussels”. As you can hear, Mexican music filled up the whole place, making me want to vomit. I reflected: “... These small instances of frustrations are wearing down my patience, so that I would get provoked to anger by the tiniest things. Such an angry person would then have very little credibility – and this is the goal of the operations”. Wrong! Although it was indeed true that the Daughter People would love it if I turned violent – in order to conform to the Monkey’s claim that I was a danger to others. Then I continued on 2:11:00: “The Monkey could not reason with me to my satisfaction; only DGHTR could do that, and maybe the ‘conservatives’ too...” I compared the Monkey to a rapist: “When he sees a beautiful woman, he just wants to waste her, because he thinks only of himself... As for the wisdom ‘If you love me you would let me go, right?’, that means nothing to him...” (2:19:00). Then, on 2:30:00, I left Zona Rosa, absolutely disgusted by the Mexican music. I got on the bus on 2:41:00 to go back to Westwood. I continued to write while on the bus. My laptop froze up on 3:21:00 and I had to shut it down. More frustrating experience! When I got off the bus on 3:26:00, I ran quickly to a corner to videotape the rebooting of my laptop (3:36:00).

I then got on the bus again on 3:48:00 and the bus driver angrily demanded that I pay the fare. Then, a weird guy began talking to me: “I remember you...” (3:52:00) He then shouted profanity at me. I reflected: “It’s the Monkey who didn’t want me to learn *Tochtersprach* because he wanted to cut me off from the DGHTRPPL...” (4:00:00). Wrong! Then: “Who is going to benefit? The victim? Or the parasite?” (4:27:00) When I came back to Westwood, I walked inside Denny’s to eat and to work

(4:28:00). I noticed that a Russian guy was sitting with his Chinese girlfriend at the table I always sat at. The Russian guy was explaining to the Chinese girl that, in Russia, one cannot freely criticize and curse the nation's leader (4:39:00). It was just a random event, but, in accordance with my wrong scenarios and conditioning, I became convinced that the control center had orchestrated this: "Is this a metaphor or just another attempt to dupe me?" I came to believe that it was DGHTRCOM telling me I shouldn't have got mad at the Daughter People. Ha! Then, when I got online, I discovered the news that DGHTRCOM was going to quit his office (4:55:00). Wow! Why? Had this something to do with Daughterland's disaster in the International Court of Justice? Then, from 5:35:00 onward, I was checking my website's visitors' log and noticed the strange visits on September 2. "These visits don't make any sense... Somebody is pretending to be me.... What is the alert going to say about me? I'm not gonna be able to function..." As you can see, the Daughter People's operation was working: my paranoia was now reinforced that somebody was pretending to be me. Then: "If I write while in front of a surveillance agent, how can they say I'm only pretending to be writing? You cannot pretend to be speaking English when you are speaking English..." Then: "There must be a surveillance agent around me to catch me looking schizophrenic..."¹⁰

September 8 (Wednesday; a new camera)

My first recording of the new day is: "slpwstwdmomshutoff_9_8_10_519AM-1206PM.WMA": Soon after I woke up from my corner, I came inside a coffeehouse to do a little more writing. I posted on my blog the post you see for September 8. The fear I expressed therein that the Daughter People might recruit me was again their evidence that I did not intend to conspire with them – and my fear about somebody's pretending to be me was also evidence that I indeed suffered from schizophrenia. PLANRUS continued to be put on hold! I left by 4:52:30 and got on the bus to go to PATH. I was again annoyed by children's noise in the Metro station (5:43:00). I came to PATH by 6:24:00. I asked Tracy if she had been told anything about me, and she of course denied it. Paranoia over nothing! I showered and got my free food.

My next recording is: "IMPbstbycammetrosucde_9_8_10_1206-506PM.WMA": I continued: "There is nothing more beautiful than the interpretation I have given to the things which have happened to me. Uncle DGHTR and Prime Minister, please help me shine out the beauty inside me" (until 2:00). I came inside the Metro station and was again annoyed by children's noise (19:50). When I was walking the street, I broke down crying worrying about my writing (55:00). "I cannot function anymore..." I was crying so sadly. Again, the Daughter People's trick was working! I then videotaped another person who I thought was a surveillance agent (1:06:30). I came inside the Metro station again on 1:15:40. I called Chase Bank on 1:22:00 and more children's noise on 1:25:00. Moaning and panting, I called up my mother again on 1:31:40. I asked her if she could help me buy the train ticket to New York. Now she said "No". "But I thought you said okay yesterday." Well, she had changed her mind and she continued to scold me for not supporting myself. The capriciousness of the people around me was another thing which served to intensify my sense of hopelessness. With my homelessness and with the International Court business about me, I thought it totally unfair for anyone to expect me to function in society like a normal person. I just told her I was about to be arrested being homeless like this (1:33:40). "That's

¹⁰ The next recording, "dennisworry_9_8_10_226-518AM.WMA", is reviewed until 1:09:00. There was nothing going on.

good news,” she said, “Then you’ll have a place to live.” “But I want to keep my things, I want to do my writing!” I cried. “You’ve been doing your writing for 40 years? Have you been writing?” “Yes,” I replied. Then she accused me of lying as she always did: “No such thing” (1:34:00). “You’ve been lying to me, you think I don’t know? That’s why I’m so angry!” (1:34:15) After speaking about this non-existent reality, she then hanged up. I called her again, moaning out of terrible pain. She wouldn’t answer it, and I began wailing in earnest. I prayed to the Daughter People on 1:41:50: “Let me keep my data and do my writing...” Then, on 2:00:00, I prayed further: “Uncle DGHTR and Prime Minister, please don’t train me anymore, a person can only learn in a happy environment... Especially something about emotion...” Just then, somebody near me coughed – and I mistook that for the control center’s confirmation. Ha! I continued: “... Emotion is not learned, it’s accumulated... You can’t have healthy emotions if it’s always overdrawn... Stop analyzing... It’s Mr B duping me... I want to be with Wes...” (2:05:30). I was then on Metro Gold Line going to Altadena. I kept talking to myself. “... the calming effect.... Is it true that the opposite will always happen of what I wish?” (2:15:00) “How do I wish for the opposite of what I wish?” Then I worked on “Frankfurt and Brussels” a little more and exited the Metro on 2:32:00. I was crying and wailing while walking: “Uncle DGHTR please help me, please help me...” Then: “I can’t even look at people, people are so disgusting...” And children’s noise on 2:50:20. I used the ATM – Best Buy’s refund had at last come in – and came to Best Buy on 3:28:00. I was going to buy a new camera today since, as you have seen, my old camera could no longer work with its battery compartment broken. I was with the Best Buy employee at the camera section from 3:32:00 onward: more mental confusion was awaiting me. “Does this use a SD card?” “Yes.” “so the camera can be remotely shut off and files on the SD card remotely deleted?” “Yes. But it doesn’t come with a SD card. You have to buy that separately.” “That’s not what I was asking. I’m asking if this camera can be remotely shut off and files on the SD card remotely deleted.” “Yes.” “Can you repeat what I said.” “So you said that, with the files, you can use a SD card, and you can remove it, and you can delete them” (3:33:23). “No,” I said. “So you’re asking if this uses a SD card.” “I’m asking if someone can remotely delete the files in the SD card because it uses a SD card,” I repeated my words slowly this time. “Someone other than you? No, you’ll actually have to have the card in your hand and press the delete button, nobody else can do it.” “So you don’t know that that can be done?” “No. You mean somebody else, right?” “Yeah, someone else who, using the router around to send signals to the camera, remotely deletes the files in the SD card.” I then asked her about my old Best Buy credit card. I then chose the camcorder I wanted. Unfortunately, there was no longer any camcorder being sold that did not use a SD card – there were no more camcorders that used either DV tapes or DVDs. One was out of stock, and I chose another one, a Kodak, and commented: “They are all the same, right? They can all be remotely turned off just as easily.” “Yes.” “Can you repeat what I said?” “You can add memory to them just as easily” (3:42:50). “No, I said every one of them can be remotely turned off just as easily as every other one.” “The Kodak, yes.” “Can you repeat what I said?” “No, I can’t repeat what you said word for word,” she contested. “So you’ve lost your ability to hear? That’s very bad for customer service,” I said. She laughed. “This one is just as easily...” Then she interrupted me: “This one is just as easily removable as the other one.” “This one is just as easily remotely turned off with its files in the SD card remotely deleted as the other one” (3:43:35). “No it’s not possible, trust me.” “So you are very ignorant?” “I’m ignorant?” After a while, she told me calmly that she was offended that I called her “ignorant” (3:48:45). I apologized nicely and told her that, if she called me ignorant, I wouldn’t be offended. As you can see, this conversation was golden: on the one hand I was making myself very annoying with my paranoia about the control center’s remote control of electronic devices

– nobody else had any experience with the control center – and on the other the Best Buy employee just didn't seem to have any ability to understand what I was saying. Not yet grasping how people's brain had deteriorated nowadays thanks to the Internet – judge Higgins' major agenda – I walked around wondering whether her mental confusion was orchestrated from the control center!

By 4:06:00 I was sitting in the corner behind the gas station. “We should go up to San Francisco so that we can kill ourselves any time....” (4:07:20). Just then, on 4:08:08, my phone beeped and the machine behind me began humming. I again mistook these noises for the control center's confirmation. I was thus misled to believe that I should definitely go up to San Francisco – because the Russians would help. Ha! But I could also test out the possibility of jumping the Golden Gate Bridge. Then I explained to myself why I couldn't accept the Monkey's rulership above me: “It's not because I'm so courageous and moral, but because the Monkey is just so disgusting... Even if he learns to be good, I would still want to spit on his face... I simply don't know how to stuff shit in my mouth and say it tastes good...” (4:17:05). Then: “Maybe we are duped, but nonetheless there is a bridge there...” Right on! I then got on the Metro to go back to Westwood.

My next recording is: “metrotowstwd_9_8_10_506-741PM.WMA”: After I got off the Metro, I continued: “I'd rather die than be lifted up from death....” Then I believed another surveillance agent had picked up my talking to myself. Then more mumbling: “... erasure of my past... How much I wish it's Mr B that's getting... rather than Mr Chertoff...” I was then on the bus again. “... the most satisfying... to reach other minds... Why do I have this problem? Why doesn't the Pyramid?” I soon got off the bus and got really frustrated because I was lost and felt terribly fatigued. I got on the bus again on 1:00:00 and broke down crying out of depression and fatigue. “... Ah... camera... and now even these will be taken away...” I cried more: “I can't stand other people talking...” I then began examining my new camera and tried it out by filming myself and what I thought were the surveillance agents around me (the Hispanic guys wearing earphones). I continued to mumble about how disgusting Hispanics were. I got off the bus on 1:51:00 mumbling, “PM please let me keep my data...” I then shouted “Fuck you!” to a security guard. Then: “... fuck... but that's not going to happen because he has connection with PM... Mexican Monkey...” I then got on the bus to go inside UCLA and the bus driver insisted that I pay fare. I prayed to DGHTRCOM: “I'm not able to do anything... It's Mr B duping me....” I then got off the bus in UCLA. From 2:16:00 onward I was in Ackerman. I called Wes but he wasn't there. I broke down crying and filmed myself doing so. “... People are so confused....” Then, I calmed down: “The most wonderful gift is to be able to be yourself.... I'm not allowed to be myself....” Then: “They need us to conform to the profile of a violent individual, *they want us to be violent*... They must be saying that we are not Lawrence Chin because Lawrence Chin is not violent....” And my leg hurt! Well, at least I got half of it correct! Then, strangely, my recorder turned itself off. Did the Daughter People command the Monkey to do this?

My next recording is: “uclacryngscrnshotpmnstr_9_8_10_801-951PM.WMA”: When I turned on my recorder again, I was very upset because 13 minutes were not recorded. “What did we say?... something like: nobody wants to be David Chin... We can't stand the noises of people and children... Obviously they want us to be David Chin, *they want us to be violent*.... To make sure that nobody will believe what we say, we have to be violent... Just in order to punch you in the face...” Again, I was right that “they” wanted me to be violent but wrong about the reason why. Then about DGHTRCOM:

“I just find it hard to believe that he would do that...” I then played Kyoko’s “Good Morning Call” repeatedly. I then began reviewing the new videos I had shot with my new camera (all MOV files) and was surprised to discover that I didn’t look that depressed when seen from the outside. Ackerman was closing on 1:34:00 and I left. I came to the vending machine to buy snacks.

My next recording is: “frucilatodenniswrrymrie_9_8_10_956-1105PM.WMA”: The vending machine was making strange noises as if trying to confirm my thoughts, and so I tried to film all this. I thus thought about what the alert was going to say about me in addition: “This guy has a fascination with machines...” Then I prayed to the control center: “Dear PM, I hope what happened today is just a test... I really don’t like your friend... I can’t let go of this writing thing, everyone has to be recognized for something... this David Chin is just too horrifying... I just don’t believe PM would do this exploitative thing... I don’t believe he would be having an affair with that young girl... I’m so afraid that he might not be watching... I wonder how much the machine is capable of when it comes to showing my moods...” Then: “Mr B is the worst thing, but if we get exploited by PM, although it’s not good, it’s not that bad...” I then came to Westwood Village. “Maybe he has modified it.... Such a good story should not be trashed around like that...” I then came to Denny’s wondering whether I should dine here.

My next recording is: “pmmrbcyber_9_9_10_1109PM-1256AM.WMA”: I continued: “Mr B wants me to go to the cybercafe where all the horrifying people are waiting for me... See I immediately begin to lose faith...” I left Denny’s on 6:00 and got on the bus to go to the cybercafe. Then: “Getting a girlfriend can test the severity of alert... She will know... If it’s too severe she will not permit herself to be seen walking with David Chin... South Korea...” When I got off the bus, I thought I realized what was going on: “... the Korean girl is PM’s, that’s why PM wants us to go to South Korea, there is no alert there, but Mr B is like: ‘No, he knows my secrets too...’ He wants the most severe alert so that his secret can be kept...” (38:00). Bullshit! “And so PM wants me to stay here, the alert is going to describe me exactly as I appear... That’s why everyone gravitates toward the Russians... If PM gives me a gun, I’ll definitely shoot myself, although I hope I can shoot Mr B before that... The girlfriends which Mr B will give me are all pulled out of the jail house in any case... If we come under PM... then when Mr B suddenly takes over, we will have to flip again... The Pyramid is so pathetic, she has a father like that... The Russians are just so much better people... a nation versus an entrepreneur... entrepreneur my fuck ass... The alert is going to say I’m so paranoid that somebody is watching me when I’m in fact being watched from a devices planted inside the building...” I then began working inside the cybercafe. I again believed wrongly that an undercover law enforcement officer was watching over me inside the cybercafe.

September 9 (Thursday)

My next recording is: “cybrwrctcampplarguelkforwrllss_9_9_10_101-647AM.WMA”: I continued to work in the cybercafe. On 24:00 I read out loud what I had just written, my reconstruction of what the Russians had done with my lawsuit and discs on the night of March 27 2009. More evidence for the French! I then continued writing while burning a new disc. I then muttered again that there was right now a Homeland Security alert slandering me to the world: that I wasn’t me and that I plagiarized and so on (1:45:00). I then discovered that I had with me both keys to my storage unit’s lock. On 2:19:00 the person sitting next to me who I wrongly suspected was a police officer began complaining about

my videotaping: according to him, I was not filming my computer screen but him. I rebutted him: “What are you? You think you are so pretty or something? Why would I want to film you?” And I demonstrated it to the cybercafe employee: “I’m not filming people, but my computer screen” (2:22:40). “He’s just making things up because he wants to mess with me.” I even showed the employee the video. The “cop” continued to complain about my pointing my camcorder at him when I never did, and I tried hard to show the employee that I was pointing my camcorder at my computer screen and to explain to him that this guy was simply trying to get me kicked out (from 2:27:00 onward). I was getting very annoyed: I was convinced that all this was an operation orchestrated from the control center. On 2:31:40 the employee was satisfied and just said, “I’ll let you go this time.” I was angry because he acted as if all this were my fault when it was in fact the “cop” who was trying to stir things up. I then continued to burn my disc and do my writing. Then: “I type and type on my laptop, but they will cut that off from surveillance, right? They don’t want any surveillance showing me writing...” Then I left the cybercafe and was in the Metro station from 4:09:00 onward. I rode the Metro to Vermont station and came inside Denny’s on 4:28:00 to connect to the wireless network. But I couldn’t connect, and so I left and got on the bus on 4:42:00 and got off on 4:50:00 and came inside a coffeehouse on 4:52:00. Then I mumbled about my website: “It’s okay, Mr B is not going to get people to visit it...” When I was in the restroom, I continued: “Trust me, someone who asks another person not to breathe is not going to get anywhere with that person... If they say I didn’t write it then who wrote it? Maybe they will just say that the real Lawrence Chin has emailed me the story...” I left the coffeehouse on 5:34:00 and came to a street corner getting ready to sleep. I continued to mumble about the “plan”: “... I’m just telling the story which I have been led to....”

My next recording is: “slpktwnbosscantsee_9_9_10_647AM-1236PM.WMA”:¹¹ I napped for merely four hours and, on 4:10:00, was in the Metro station. I got on the Metro and came to PATH on 4:29:00 and got my free lunch. “It would be very strange that Mr B would not want to harm me... That’s in his nature...” I then came to the Metro station on 5:12:00 and children were shouting! While on the Metro, I continued about DGHTRCOM: “... my life depends on him watching me... We have to go up to San Francisco... unless it’s just a test...” Then: “Maybe it’s the other side’s trick...” I was then again bothered by Hispanic women pushing their “fucking piece of shit” toward me. I came to the downtown library on 5:40:00. “... need PM to watch... there is no way that...”.

My next recording is: “dwntwnlibbplan_9_9_10_1236-239PM.WMA”: I continued my wrong scenario: “The intercepts which Mr B has created might become laws which PM will have to obey.... DGHTR please save me, tell me what to do...” I then came inside the library and sat down at a table to begin working. Then I frustrated myself by mistakenly doing something on my computer. “Oh my God, I fucked up...” I called up Wes on 54:00 and left a message asking him to call me back. I then continued to mumble about there being somebody pretending to be me. I left the library on 1:45:00 and got on the bus to go to the storage facility. Then I spoke to my recorder my latest (wrong) understanding of the “plan”: “Why is it that my environment is orchestrated to lead me to become David Chin? Why is Mr B getting another person to pretend to be me in order to validate Mr Chertoff’s alert about me from 2008? He wants to do this neocon plan... the discovery of something...” – and my left knee hurt repeatedly as if the control center were confirming me – “What’s important is that he chases after me so hard because I’m the perfect person to actualize this plan, because I look so ugly and so insane and am inarticulate

¹¹ Reviewed until 9:00 and then from 4:10:00 onward.

and emotionally unstable and there is already a vast amount of alerts about me. So that once I've been led to make this discovery, no one will believe that I've been led to it but everyone will believe I have made it up. The question is: what is this discovery going to do?" And I continued to believe I was being surrounded by surveillance agents. "Maybe the bus has already recording devices installed on it and these people wearing earphones are just decoys..." I asked one of those people what he was listening to and he said he was on a call. He then interrogated me why I wanted to know what he was listening to. I then continued my dialog with the Monkey: "And so my response is: 'Fuck you'... You are not going to get anything out of me... PM... There will be an alert about me describing me just as I am... That's why he doesn't want me to record, because my recordings will show that I really believe I have been led to make this discovery... If you keep pushing me I'll jump the bridge.... Mr B is trying to make a name for himself in the secret world... an entrepreneur..."

My next recording is: "tostrgbplan_9_9_10_239-448PM.WMA": I continued: "I say, Mr B you drop it and give it to the Russians instead.... What if we go to the consulate and say... The surveillance is driving us nuts because it is not accurate..." Then, after I got off the bus, I continued to mumble: "... surveillance... fake Americans..." I came inside the food mall on 13:00 and bought a Coke and continued: "We already wrote about the alert in 'Schizophrenic' and when Wes asked 'What's the alert like?' and we said 'We don't know' that might be evidence that I didn't write it... We have to depend entirely on the Russians... That's what Mr B will say, that in 2008 it was Lawrence Chin who was in Frankfurt while the alert said he was David Chin, that the alert was mistaken... Otherwise how could I be writing about that now?... So the Russians will win, right? They will say I suffer from dissociative disorder.... And I figured out his simple-minded plan" – just then my arm hurt as if to confirm – "The Russians are infinitely more intelligent and kinder... Only they are able to incorporate my knowledge and honesty into the 'plan'... Mr B can't do that, and so wants to silence me... Now whose plan is better?" I then came inside the storage facility. A new elevator was being installed and I got so paranoid that I believed it was again orchestrated from the control center: "There must be a reason why they want a new elevator..." Namely, another operation aiming at my storage unit. I put in my new discs and continued: "We want to talk about our experience... People who have been raped want to talk about their experience..." Then: "When we don't videotape, we feel like the world didn't even exist... all because there is on one to confirm our experience..." "He uses... the Pyramid... That must be where she lives.... And we will just not go near there..." I came down to the office on 1:43:00 and asked about the new elevator again. It'd be installed next year. "Can you email me when there is problem with my unit...?" "No." One of the employees talked about how he ended up in jail one time. He said he was glad that he did, that it was a good experience! Guided by my wrong scenarios, I again thought it was Mr B talking through him telling me he deemed it a good experience for me when it came time for me to get locked up. Then another wrong scenario: "Maybe Mr B would introduce faulty surveillance into the real world... It'd then be me who has said that... Homeland Security might very well have installed surveillance inside the facility and made it faulty... Then the alert could say we have been to jail before... The problem is that no one will check and discover that I have no criminal records... and when they look for David Chin..." Then I theorized how the Monkey could have wanted to recruit me: "Mr B looks at the test results and says, 'Oh, this guy is honest and has small appetite, Okay I want him'..." Then: "Hispanic women and children always come around me when there is surveillance around me because they are told to do it... They did... so that I'd look paranoid to others..." I then got on the bus.

My next recording is: “tolib_9_9_10_448-531PM.WMA”: I prayed: “PM please help me out... Money... I pray to you in Jesus’ name... Please keep me safe... Don’t let Mr B.... So that I can be your servant... You want me to be myself... to realize my talent... Dear God, let me be PM’s servant... so that we can actualize your plan....” More evidence for the French! Then: “What if it’s Mr B duping me....?” I was then reading the introduction to a certain Ms Douglas on the FBI’s website. Then I got paranoid again: “Now how do people distinguish in my recording of my writing that I was writing and not reading?” Then: “You guys keep arguing while I get wasted, and nobody gets anything out of it... You think about it... We have to go to San Francisco and get ready to jump...” I came inside the downtown library on 40:00.

My next recording is: “libtopsdn_9_9_10_538-737PM.WMA”: I sat down at a table and called up Wes on Skype. There was no answering. Now a child immediately came in to shout. It just seemed so much to be orchestrated! While checking Meetup’s website. I continued to mumble about the alert. “It’s impossible to avoid being made into a criminal....” I left the library on 17:00 continuing: “It’s so fucking disgusting....” I begged while crying: “Please PM please...” I walked and continued: “... so upset... so many things to do but we don’t have any money...” I was then on the Metro going to Pasadena. I continued writing “Schizophrenic, III”. After I got off the train, I continued to mumble about the “promise”. Then: “In the beginning they didn’t seem that good, they just seemed to be trying very hard....” And my right leg hurt. “The surveillance cars... with lights on all the time.... it’s really dumb... We tried so hard.... How can PM not remember that?...” I was again providing evidences to the French. “It’s all fake Russians.... Why aren’t the fake Russians saving me?” I called Wes again on 1:37:00, but he was still not home. On 1:49:00 I found a payphone and made the call again. No answering. I continued walking: “... What do you want?.... We want a laptop, Internet...” I came to Zeli on 1:56:00.

My next recording is: “zelitogryhnd_9_9-10_10_737PM-320AM.WMA”: I commented about a girl who was doing mathematics. I asked her about it: “It’s Laplacian!” On 8:12 PM, I posted the blog post you see for September 9, “The Italian woman forgotten and my fear today.” As you can see, this blog post was again great evidence for the Daughter People: my paranoia about Luiza – when in fact there was no attempt to harm me here – and about the alert – when there was in fact none this time – was evidence that I indeed suffered from schizophrenia, and my stated refusal to end up in Italy to discover anything was justification for them to put PLANRUS on hold. I then continued writing. I left Zeli around 1:45:00 and continued mumbling nonsense about my trip to Nicaragua. Then: “We need to walk into District Attorney’s office... or we can change city... Then he will have to start over... Government’s surveillance can never be used for prosecution purposes...” I got on the bus on 2:04:00 and was again convinced that a surveillance agent was on board. “We have received so many hints... our recordings... there is no other way to prove that I’m who I’m...” When I came to the Memorial Park station, I continued: “... so unbearable, nobody to talk to... Remember we used to worry that people might not know that they are not under American commands... Now it’s the least of our worries...” I then asked someone who I thought was a surveillance agent: “Can I videotape you sir?” I was on the train going to downtown LA on 2:28:00. That’s it: I was going to San Francisco! Embarking on another worthless trip to waste my own time and precious money! Then: “....The problem with our father is that he is mentally confused to begin with... Mr B is taking advantage of the fact that our

family members know so little about us...” I came to Union Station on 2:49:00 muttering angrily: “This mother fucker has told our father that our bank statements are forged... Not only that, the entire city has been told lies...” I was paranoid over nothing again! Then I prayed to DGHTRCOM: “This friend of yours is not good for you... Mr B is a tremendous fraud... He doesn’t seem to feel ashamed of himself, and he holds one of the most important positions in the world... It’s all PM’s people who are doing... really... I don’t believe it...” Then my wrong scenario about the math girl earlier: “She had been told that I’m an uneducated fraud, and she would have been surprised that I could recognize the Laplacian...” I then asked another stranger on 3:10:00: “What have you heard about me?” “Nothing. What have you heard about me?” “Nothing. Everyone is supposed to have heard something about me.” “I’m not everyone.” Good response! She was a preschool teacher. I walked away believing it was orchestrated! “People were told that... that’s why when you ask someone, bad thing will come out... PM, do something about him...” I got on a taxi on 3:33:00 and came to the Greyhound station: More: “... the best fate with the worst reputation... suffering the most but with the best reputation...” I asked two strangers: “Why are you two wearing...?. What’s so funny?” I then chatted with two Ukrainian girls (“how was Ukrainian different from Russian?”). Then: “I hope we are not being led up there so that our storage can be taken away... Please PM save me and my things, I pray to you...” And my arm hurt. Then: “... the promise between you and me will always be kept... We had a deal... Show me to others just the way I am... PM please circumvent the rules and regulations... so that we will both arrive where we want to be... We created the infinite loop... high office... DGHTR... too busy... I need him to watch me full time... PM please spend more time with me... bail me out...” Just more evidences for the French! Then: “... the degree of alert, the quality of the pyramid, and whether our things will remain intact... No self-respecting pyramid will go with a guy that’s that badly portrayed... How do you know what’s said in the alert...?” I then talked to two more strangers: they were from the Czech Republic. I then worked on my computer while waiting for the bus. Then I came up with more wrong scenarios: “... the Ukrainian pyramids are supposed to represent DGHTR, the Czech pyramids, DGHTRCOM... They are asking us to choose, but we got worried because DGHTRCOM can’t do it full time... Who’s gonna do it for him? Mr B? That’s what I’m afraid of...” And my finger hurt. Then: “His goal is to destroy me... He’s not trying to accomplish anything... He sees me as his enemy... PM please...” And my knee hurt. “Please you have to find somebody else... It doesn’t matter what he gives me... He doesn’t care about me, the commander has to care about the soldier... He only sees the people above him, not below him... The deal he sets up is purely for his own benefits. He will sacrifice a person just for the tiniest benefit he can get...” All the nonsense! Then, as you can hear, Hispanic children were shouting continually inside the bus station. Finally, I was boarding the bus for San Francisco.

September 10 (Friday; San Francisco; the consulate; Wes)

My next recordings are: “slpgryhnd_9_10_10_320-351AM.WMA” and “gryhndbuspray_9_10_10_606AM-1220PM.WMA”: Apparently my recorder was remotely shut off 30 minutes after I was on the bus. When I discovered it around 6 AM I was all paranoid again: “Did the Hispanic actor steal my things?” Just then my right knee hurt. On 1:54:00 I began crying, hoping that the “theft of my things” was only to get me paranoid and not intended to do real harm. “Do you guys think this is humane? I have already so little credibility. Not even my parents know what I do every day and they will so easily believe all the lies told about me...” If it was indeed the Daughter People who

had commanded the Monkey to turn off my recorder, it was just in order to reinforce my paranoia insofar as they needed a continual stream of evidences that I was insane in order to keep PLANRUS on hold. I was then writing about the conversation with my mother on September 8 (2:10:00). Then my wrong scenario: “Mr B is helping PM to scare me... so that eventually I would become the profile that he wants... I can’t distinguish whether everything is merely to scare me or whether it is real...” Then my arm hurt. Then: “... Maybe Mr B... 20%.... I really just like DGHTR... our thinking probably coincides....” Then: “I suppose it’s okay to write about the truth... for we have decided to go with the Russian plan which incorporates our knowledge about the plan...” I was then writing what would become my next blog post, “Mr B’s plan versus the Russian plan”. Then: “This is the very foundation... my identity... you can’t even obsess over a girl if you don’t have an identity... Not everybody obsesses over women, but everyone is obsessed with his or her identity... That’s why nobody wants to be slandered... People would rather be robbed than be slandered... PM got slandered and he is very angry about it...”¹² stopped on 3:54:00 and continued on 5:57:00. Ends.

My next recording is: “conslttrnslte_9_10_10_1238-432PM.WMA”: Finally, the bus arrived in San Francisco. Now my cart was stuck inside the bus preventing me from getting off. More frustration! Finally, I succeeded in retrieving my cart and left the Greyhound station. I continued: “You cannot let this man run... He has so little experience... He doesn’t understand people, he doesn’t understand psychology or international relations, he just knows how to dupe people... He shouldn’t decide anything...” I came inside a coffeehouse to study where I was and how to get to the Daughterland consulate. (Again!) I continued: “You put this Borderline in jail, he’s gonna kill himself... Mr B should really just watch... He really should learn to be content with what he has....” Now I was able to obtain direction from the coffeehouse employee. I then called up a storage facility in the Bay Area on Skype (1:04:00). I wanted to ask if they had a 2 by 2 space available, but the operator couldn’t understand me. I got frustrated and hanged up. I then let a man use the restroom even though it was my turn, and then got paranoid about the possibility that the Monkey might exploit this kindness on my part. “Don’t exploit people’s kindness, just spare me....” And I decided not to use the restroom. I then posted on my blog what I had just written on the bus earlier. This is the blog post you see for September 10. As you can see, because I wrongly assumed there were two plans and stated I preferred the Russian plan, the French would be able again to request that the Daughter People continue with PLANRUS in order to institute a reality around me that fit my belief. Bad news for the Daughter People! They could only wait for, or create, more evidences that I was insane. I left the coffeehouse and then got frustrated again because I couldn’t find the bus stop. I came inside a shop to ask for papers which I would need when I got to the consulate. While inside the restroom, I continued: “*The Russians are manipulating me to go to their consulate, and they want me to say it.* They don’t abandon people, right? We have to believe the Russians are good people, our life depends on it...” All the bullshit! And I broke down crying. Finally, I was on the bus going to the consulate. Just then, I discovered that a “Mommy” had got on the bus and was sitting in front of me. She began making strange faces at me, biting on her teeth as if telling me she wanted to bite me and eat me. I murmured: “In the evidentiary record it will show that...” (2:15:00) In reality, it was just the Daughter People who were commanding the CIA to send an agent to ride the bus with me so that, in the evidentiary record, it would be the CIA which was sending me to the consulate to commit conspiracy with them thus relieving them of any conspiracy with me. I got off the bus on 2:36:00 and, on 2:50:00, arrived in front of the consulate. I took out my papers and began writing out

12 Reviewed until 3:54:00 and resumed on 5:57:00.

my note. I wrote out a warning to the consulate that Homeland Security's surveillance on me was not accurate but was devised to frame me – how the Monkey had changed surveillance, and, with the help of American people, was planning to get me arrested. I then sat there eating cookies. Then, a pyramid appeared to take pictures. Was this consulate's surveillance? From 3:23:00 onward I began writing out another note. Then I rang the door bell and came inside the consulate on 3:26:00. I got in line, and an officer came to me on 3:30:00. "What are you looking for?" "I'm..." "Not Russian?" It was then my turn on 3:33:00, and I tried to turn in the notes I had prepared. Strangely, the receptionist didn't speak English, and so a guy came to translate for me. "I want to turn in the letter to somebody in charge of security..." I came out on 3:34:30. Terribly nervous, I walked away crying, "What are we doing?" Good question! I got on the bus on 3:39:00. Needless to say, the warning I turned in was so crazy – since Homeland Security was *not* feeding faulty surveillance to the consulate and so on – that the Daughter People would use it as further evidence in the ICJ that I indeed suffered from schizophrenia. PLANRUS would then continue to be put on hold.

My next recordings are: "9_10_10_432-505PM.WMA" and "tobankloannervous_9_10_10_507-746PM.WMA": When children got on the bus, I began humming. Then: "I don't believe it's not Mr B's operation... Even if you put 1 million dollars in front of me..." Then I prayed to DGHTR, "Please get Mr B to leave me alone..." Then my recorder shut itself off. I discovered it, and turned it back on: "Please don't let Mr B own me, I pray in Jesus' name..." Then: "Oh, it's a pretty woman, I don't know what it means... I just want to keep my things..." I continued to pay attention to the suspicious people around me, such as a white man wearing dark sunglasses. After I got off the bus, I came inside a payday loan store wanting to get another quick loan. While waiting, I continued: "... Is it Mr B who's in charge of security at the consulate? I have no idea... We need to write another one..." I broke down crying again, paranoid over nothing: "We need to jump the bridge..." The loan store approved my requested (200 something dollars) and I wrote them a check. More wasting of my precious money! Then I was convinced that the Monkey would forge my check again to obtain evidence that I was David Chin and so filmed my check repeatedly to have proof of my signature. When I came outside, I continued: "Mr B, why is he so bad? Why is he such a bad person?" And I believed surveillance agents were everywhere. I then asked people how to get to the Golden Gate Bridge. I got on the bus and called up Wes on 1:03:00. He answered it and told me to call back later. I got off the bus and was connected with Wes again on 1:12:30. "I'm in such danger but don't have the means to defend myself, I don't have any money... My mother promised me money, but she's very confused... Homeland Security instructed her..." Wes also emphasized he had no money. "The surveillance on me is causing so much disturbances... The surveillance is orchestrated to confirm a predetermined profile of me, they conduct surveillance only at certain times; when I write, they won't keep me under surveillance, but when I copied from my own notes, they would... They were just trying to frame me... *The goal is to put me in jail...*" Wes was annoyed because he knew my scenarios were all wrong: "Why don't they just put you in jail after they have spent 2.4 billion dollars on you...?" I retorted: "They have to follow the laws..." Wes insisted that he could hire a lawyer for 200,000 dollars to make up charges against me if he wanted to. I got frustrated with Wes' apparent nonsense and feigned mental confusion but, in reality, he was just annoyed by my paranoia over nothing. "Now it's a new particular thing... This guy is trying to throw me in jail for his own plan..." Wes: "So it's not the Daughter People?" Me: "It's their Mexican allies..." Wes: "Why can they succeed when others have failed?" "Before Mr Chertoff wasn't trying to throw me in jail, and he wasn't that bad... Now the Mexicans.... The only people who can stop them

are the Russians.... And the Russian consulate....” Wes tried to enlighten me about my own paranoia: “How do you know these things?...” I then had to explain the Russian diplomatic service’s treaty with the US and so on. We then talked about the sign I was holding in front of Russian consulate in February 2009. “So what’s happening on the surface is easy to see, I was here in May, and so the consulate called Homeland Security... But what’s happening underneath is hard to guess.... The Mexican man is in charge of Homeland Security, he is orchestrating surveillance so that he could tell the consulate I’m somebody else than who I am and doing something else than what I’m doing...” Wes: “How do you know?” I was annoyed: “You can tell by the way they frame their surveillance....” Wes: “I’m trying to figure out how you have deduced all this... It’s a guess, right?” “Yes... I constantly videotape myself, but no use... He will broadcast an alert about me, it’s all lies... To make me look so disgusting... When he gets me arrested, all my videos will be confiscated, so that in the end there will be no evidence that Homeland Security surveillance is all wrong... There *is* a way to avoid it, which is to stay home and not go out...” Suddenly, a police car came in front of me. “See there is a police car coming, it’s here to film me... Police cars pass me by 20 times a day...” Wes found my scenario totally implausible. Now the police officers came up to me and I walked away (1:31:30). I continued to emphasize that I needed to rent a place and hide inside. We then discussed my practice of borrowing money every month from payday loan stores. And then how confused my mother was and how her words were not to be trusted. Wes then suggested that I collect bottles and cans as a way to make money. I thought this a bad idea. I wanted to send the link to my blog to Wes, and we hanged up on 1:42:00. I then got on the bus again and, amazingly, a woman gave me 4 dollars. I got off the bus in the Ocean Beach area and bought batteries in a store.

My next recording is: “slpbeachrusplan_9_10_10_746-936PM.WMA”: I took a short nap on the beach and then came to a coffeehouse. Then, on 1:34:30, I continued my wrong scenario but was closer to the truth: “It’s all a Russian intelligence trick, to let myself turn myself into a nuthead, because they need someone who looks like – whom everyone believes to be – a nuthead. And yet they are actually moral enough to not want to broadcast lies to the population as Mr Chertoff has done” – just then the guy sitting in front of me got up making me believe it was the control center’s confirmation. “In order to let myself drive myself into looking like a nuthead, I would have to receive hints, such as the Public Storage’s employee’s message ‘Being in jail is a good experience’... The signals have been orchestrated... Thus, and it was recorded, the machine hummed behind us when we said we wanted to go up to San Francisco...” As you can see, I was half-wrong and half-correct: the Daughter People indeed wanted me to look crazy, but it was not in order to broadcast an alert and so on.

My next recording is: “rusplandrlooknuts_9_10_10_937-1007PM.WMA”. While inside the coffeehouse, I continued to reflect: “We are being driven crazy, but at least we have recorded it all, so that there is a record showing how we have become crazy... How? Because every time when we brainstorm, noises will happen, or pain signal, or honks... Then we can show the psychiatrist all the evidences, but she will not have the time... No matter what, we must never get arrested because we won’t be able to record ourselves while in jail... No one will know how we have come to believe all the strange things that we believe... How? The noises... This is not delusion, because we are just building upon what happened before... The Americans created the fake Russians....” When leaving, I continued: “... how I have come to believe all this.... environmental changes during opportune times.... how I have been led to look crazy.... But the Russians will permit us... It’s not believableness

that matters, but the beauty of the logic.... The Russians are kind enough to give us what we want, but not the Monkey...” And then I came to Simple Pleasure.

My next recording is: “russplanrflctnsmplplsrbar_9_10-11_10_1008PM-1220AM.WMA”: While inside Simple Pleasure, I continued: “What about the pyramid that DGHTRCOM promised me?” I then felt so sad that I cried. I then resumed reviewing my recordings. When it was closing and I was packing up, I continued: “The Russians are nice people, but they have to not let Mr B cut in...” Then I took note of another person wearing earphones around me. I then got on the bus to leave Ocean Beach. I started writing out another note for the consulate to warn them about the faulty nature of Homeland Security’s surveillance (until 1:14:00). I then came inside a bar to continue to work.

My next recording is: “upldwrtbarsf_9_11_10_1226-150AM.WMA”:¹³ I continued to write “Schizophrenic, III”. Then: “The people who have seen the alert before... they will participate... I can no longer distinguish between what is natural and what is orchestrated... What’s the point? Why do they want somebody to discover something but then to persuade people to not believe it is true?” Well, because that wasn’t the plan! I left the bar on 1:15:00 and went to sleep in the street corner nearby.

September 11 (Saturday)

My next recording is: “krmlfearforbeasydipl_9_11_10_838-1135AM.WMA”: I woke up from the street corner around 8:30 AM. A security guard was there, and he made a gesture as if he was talking about me on his walkie talkie. But he denied it when I asked him. I then walked into a Starbucks, but was soon bothered by the chatter in the place, and so I hummed loudly. I was then reading the news on Kremlin’s website (36:00). I soon discovered a grammatical mistake – I was again wrongly convinced that it was another “intercept”. I was then writing and reviewing my recordings. On 1:43:00 children’s noise appeared, and I hummed and quickly packed up and ran out of the place. I was then on the bus. I worried: “How do I know PM is watching me?” (1:57:00) I was so tired that I decided to check into a hostel, perhaps the one I had stayed in during February 2009. I asked a woman where I could find a hostel, but I got suspicious of her: “Why are you smiling, ma’am? Have you seen my face somewhere?” (2:02:30) She of course denied it. I comforted myself that the “Siloviki”, although conservative, understood human psychology very well. I then saw a dead dog near Polk. I told the post man about it and he replied: “You don’t have a job, why don’t you take care of it?” Thereupon I wrongly assumed he had been alerted about me. I was then exhausting myself going up the hill. I tried to address myself to DGHTRCOM: “I’m the one who has made this ‘easy diplomacy’ possible. Every time that you need something from a country, all you have to do is put something in front of me...” (2:09:20). Again, I was unknowingly providing evidences to the French for them to convict DGHTRCOM of conspiracy with me and require him to continue PLANRUS with me. I then asked everyone around where the hostel was. I then saw an Asian woman wearing “Angelica shoes” (2:15:00). As if that meant something! I went into a restaurant to ask where the hostel was. The man thought I was talking about “hospital”. I was now convinced that an alert saying I was crazy had already been broadcast about me in the Bay Area. Finally, I found the hostel, but there was no room available. While leaving, I came up with another suggestion for DGHTRCOM: “Within the time remaining, do another treaty which would last forever – within the time remaining, use ‘easy

¹³ Reviewed from 42:00 onward.

diplomacy’ to establish the ground for ‘easy diplomacy’ in the future that wouldn’t require the International Court nor me...” (2:40:20: a beep occurred just then). Again, I had no idea that I was merely helping the French to convict DGHTRCOM. Then: “The Monkey, I give you this advice: Don’t make yourself dependent on me, for I would run into cars, and I would jump....” (2:43:00). I then prayed to DGHTRCOM on 2:51:00: Give me a “Daughter Pyramid” as a guide.... Now there was more justification for the French to force the Daughter People to continue PLANRUS!

My next recording is: “bnkreadputncryellwstosf_9_11_10_1135AM-535PM.WMA”: I was now in Chase Bank. I retreated into a corner to avoid children’s noises, until a banker flushed me out. When it was finally my turn with a banker, I asked about the loan options, but there were none. I then came inside the San Francisco public library around 30:00. I found two books on DGHTRCOM, one in German and the other in English. After browsing the German one for a while, I checked out the English one, *Putin and the Rise of Russia* by Michael Stürmer. Bad news for DGHTRCOM! (Evidence of my conspiracy with him.) I then came inside the Chinese restaurant nearby, eating while reading the book (1:30:00). I then mumbled about how much more useful I was than the Monkey, having secured Mexico for DGHTRLND without aid. Ha! Conspiracy! I then got on the BART to go to Berkeley, all the while reading the book I had just checked out. Throughout the ride, you can hear children’s noise. I arrived in Berkeley on 3:05:00 and, immediately, came inside an AT&T store to add money to my phone. When the employee asked me what was wrong with me, I replied with impatience and frustration that I had been homeless and walking the street for six months and was about to collapse. When another person, a woman, asked me if I was from Berkeley, I was truly annoyed, convinced that she had been alerted about me: “You know I’m not from Berkeley, so why do you ask?” When another stranger asked me a question, I told him to “shut the fuck up” (3:24:00). I then walked into a coffeehouse on 3:29:00, and the cashier shouted at me with a mocking tone: “How are you doing?” “Why are you making fun of me? What have you been told about me?” I angrily demanded. Of course he denied having ever heard of me. I didn’t know that I was paranoid over nothing and that there was no alert at all. (But, again, at least I was unknowingly helping the Daughter People.) I left and collapsed by the sidewalk, moaning and groaning out of exhaustion, and, when I called up Wes in desperation and there was no answering, I cried profusely. Having nobody to witness my pain, I filmed myself crying (from 3:33:00 onward). I wailed and screamed for many minutes. “I so regret...” And yet I still prayed to DGHTRCOM. “We cannot function without a home... We cannot walk any longer...” A Hispanic man, fluffy, vagrant, and vulgar – just the kind I didn’t like – came over to me, and I shouted “Fuck you” at him and he walked away (3:43:00). I then descended down the BART station. I decided to go back to San Francisco! I curled up in a corner, exhausted to death, and moaning and groaning in pain (3:47:00). I then calmed myself down by reviewing my video documentaries of myself while waiting for the train. I did more writing while on the train, and got off on 4:38:00. I got onto the 38 Geary bus to go to the Richmond District. While on the bus I kept muttering that there had to be surveillance agents around me, otherwise the operations wouldn’t make sense. I continued to write, my voice already coarse. Two golden pyramids got onto the bus speaking an unintelligible European language (4:49:00). As if that meant something! I was unsure as to whether the Monkey wanted me arrested or simply wanted to drive me to paranoia and make me look crazy (4:56:30). Suddenly, there was baby’s crying. I was frightened, waiting for the little thing to go away, but soon a guy wearing earphones came to sit near me (5:05:00). I began counting all the surveillance agents (or the people I thought were surveillance agents) coming up and leaving the bus. It’s very likely that some of them

were indeed surveillance agents given that I was just at the consulate yesterday. (This was the Daughter People's chance to collect more evidences demonstrating that I was indeed insane.) I then got off the bus at the last stop, by Ocean Beach.

My next recording is: "rchmndcfe_9_11_10_541-646PM.WMA": I came inside a coffeehouse and began working on my computer. I continued writing. I called up a studio for rent on 20:00, but it was already rented. I was continually frustrated because my Internet connection was repeatedly cut off. I filmed it all. Then my FTP connection was interrupted. I noticed a guy who stuck his cellphone to his ear and believed he was a surveillance agent. Then my Internet connection was cut off again, and I theorized (wrongly): "Mr B must have played fraud with the security at the consulate, otherwise he wouldn't be playing with my Internet connection..." Then I noticed a child in the distant. "That's why he cut it off; he wants me to take my camera out because there is a God-damned thing over there..." Wrong!

My next recording is: "rchmndcfe_9_11_10_646-822PM.WMA": I continued: "There must be a surveillance agent around..." I called Wes on 16:00, but there was no answering. I broke down crying: "I don't know what to do..." Then I began panicking, having difficulty in using my computer. "We are doomed, we need to jump the bridge..." I then resumed writing while reviewing my recordings: "... he is pretending to be me and letting law enforcement..." I had by this time posted the two blog posts you see for September 11, "Today's worries" and "A note about the conclusion arrived at last night." Again, my paranoia about a non-existent alert and the irrelevant lawrencechin2010.com would become the Daughter People's evidence that I was indeed insane. But my further development of the wrong scenario that the Monkey and the Daughter People were competing to use me for their respective versions of the plan ("the best method to keep the Plan in secret") was however the French's justification that PLANRUS should continue. The tug of war! Then, just when I was videotaping my computer screen, a child came in (1:17:00). I naturally assumed it was Mr B who sent him in. I got so angry that I packed up and left. "We are not doing this! Do you really think that when we rot in jail we are going to do something for you? We are going to jump.... And make sure we kill one of these things before we die... I'm gonna fuck you up... I regret so much, Mr Chertoff was such a nice person in comparison... I wish I could go back in time... We spent our own money saving these people, don't ever do that again!" Now it was the Daughter People's evidence that I did not intend to conspire with them. The tug of war continued! I was so angry that I was kicking over things on the street. "There is no fucking place to go to! So much fucking things to do!" "Fucking little things..." When I kicked over more things, people came around me. I yelled at them: "I cannot stand the sight of children, so shut the fuck up!"

My next recording is: "angleavrchmnd_9_11_10_822-1004PM.WMA": I continued to yell and kick things. Then: "We need to die, there is nowhere to go... Okay, tomorrow, first thing tomorrow..." I meant the Golden Gate Bridge. I rested in a corner, and then broke down crying again (7:00). I then got on the 38 Geary bus. I believed a surveillance agent was watching over me. I chatted with him: he was from Ireland. Now it was evident that I was mistaken, but I continued to be sarcastic toward him: "Do you want to watch videos of my computer malfunctioning? Or do you want to watch a video of your watching over me...? We can watch it together..." Then: "I *have to* be watched, maybe it's the other guy... Maybe this guy is a decoy..." I filmed it all. I got off the bus on 50:00 and came inside the

BART station. “Unless it’s a sophisticated Russian woman, I won’t even talk to her...” Ha! As if the Monkey were really ready to offer anything to me! While waiting for the BART, I continued to believe that I was surrounded by surveillance agents. I continued writing “Frankfurt and Brussels”. Then, while on the BART, I paid attention to a sophisticated-looking couple. Could they be secret agents that were sent to me? Then, more wrong scenario: “Mr B has most likely instructed the CIA to go to my mother to tell her what to lie about me over the phone...” I then continued to read Michael Stürmer’s book on DGHTRCOM. Then: “We wonder: it seems that PM is very authoritarian, but he must also be a sympathetic person, and so we will just have to plead to him: we don’t like to be a masculine ‘tough man’, please think about this... He is susceptible of reasoning, and so we must reason with him: we don’t like what we are turning into, it’s the product that is important...” Then: “*I have become inextricably bound up with his country...* We believe the American way is better, you shouldn’t get rid of the foundation all at once, but should just add a few new things one at a time... a slow, evolutionary development... Now, if you take away the whole foundation in a single stroke and replace it with something new, it’s too risky... But if you add a little each time to what is already there, if it turns out wrong, you can just remove it... Then you can arrive at the best product...” I thought I had persuaded DGHTRCOM to not change me all at once, but then: “Now Mr B is going to steal my idea... So, PM, the best way to arrive at the best product is to remove the Mexicans...” I was now in Berkeley.

My next recording is: “9_11-12_10_1004PM-1219AM.WMA”: I continued my worthless reflection: “Could PM be duped when the Monkey presents to him someone else’s idea as his own?” (5:30) And my arm hurt as if to confirm. I came inside a coffeehouse on 20:00. I got online and typed out an email to Wes. It was merely a request for him to check out my new blog post about what happened at the consulate yesterday: I was so paranoid that the Monkey had indeed set me up yesterday that I feared that he would block my blog as well. When the coffeehouse was closed, I came to Au Cocquelet (1:10:00). I resumed working on “Frankfurt and Brussels”. When leaving I continued to mumble about Mr B: “... after he throws me in jail, I won’t be able to provide good ideas to him... I’ll be so depressed... He doesn’t understand that, without my recorder, I won’t talk at all...” Again, overestimation of myself: I had no idea that nobody gave the slightest damn about my ideas. Then: “This man is so dumb! His understanding of human beings is so thin...” And my right side hurt. “He somehow thinks I would function all the same when I’m deprived of my recorder... He doesn’t understand anything about psychological disorders... The Pyramid is so pathetic, she has a father like that...” Then: “Oh oh, a surveillance agent has caught us saying we can’t function without recording ourselves...” Again, it’s not clear whether I was really under surveillance. Since I was on Daughterland consulate’s watchlist, the consulate could have requested surveillance on me – only so that the result of surveillance could be intercepted into the International Court as evidence proving that I was indeed insane. I continued: “This Mr B, he sees my brain scan images, and yet doesn’t understand anything...” I then asked a stranger on the street: “Are you conducting surveillance in the middle of the night? You watch me and I watch you... Do I have your permission to take a picture of you? No? Okay... Fuck you...” The guy was dumbfounded: I mistook him for a surveillance agent merely because he was wearing earphones. I continued my wrong scenario: “All these surveillance agents, they don’t know whose interests they are advancing...” Bullshit! I came to a street corner and got ready to sleep.

September 12 (Sunday; the consulate; Wes: “Stop writing”)

My first recording of the new day is: “brkleytosf_9_12_10_808-1057AM.WMA”: Soon after I woke up, I walked to a coffeehouse dragging my heavy cart. Sipping on my coffee outside the coffeehouse, I continued my wrong scenario: “Mr B is going to forge our letter.... He forged it after we left the consulate... He has no understanding of how government works.... You don’t just change records as you please...” Then: “PM, *if you don’t want to give me a pyramid, then let me go to Wes*, and if he wants to become a professor, find him a job...” I left the coffeehouse on 26:00 and came inside the BART station. Another wrong scenario: “Mr B is competing with PM, and PM needs to follow the laws...” “PM, you cannot let this happen... *You should rule America, people don’t even know they are ruled by a Mexican man... All these people are duped... I’ll think twice the next time when I say ‘I’ll buy a laptop’... I did buy it... I kept my promise.... But my money....*” While on the BART I continued to read Stürmer’s book on DGHTRCOM. When I read the part about the Orthodox Church, I prayed: “PM, I will be a pious Orthodox, if you will rescue my existence....” More evidence of my conspiracy! Then a man came in the BART with his dog, and this again alarmed me because of the wrong scenarios inside my head. Then I thought I saw another surveillance agent. When I arrived in San Francisco, I continued: “PM, you are going to take care of me, right? Close the court case... I gave you all these great ideas... Help me out then... I hope we are not getting into trouble... We are trying to get PM to help us...” I had no idea that I was worsening my situation because DGHTROM, if he ever could respond at all, would merely try harder to avoid conspiracy with me. I was then looking for a hostel, but, when I saw a “Youth Hostel”, I sighed: “Forget it, it has the word ‘youth’ in it...” I got doughnuts from a shop and ate them outside. I continued my wrong scenario: “The problem is that Mr B’s entire power hinges on the ICJ; if the court case closes, he is back to being a mere millionaire... Giving him Mexico might accentuate the problem...” Then I pleaded to DGHTRCOM again: “Close the case... Leave a back door, but don’t let this Monkey get in...” Then: “.... the consulate.... There is something very wrong with the surveillance Americans are doing for them...” I went inside a hostel and asked: “How much is one night?” “No. It doesn’t work like that...” I came to another cheap hotel: it’s 50 dollars per night. No. Then the same wrong scenario again: “*PM wants to send me to South Korea...*” Ha! I then got on the 38 Geary bus and took note of “Angelica shoes”. I then refrained from looking at a girl who didn’t button up her shirt: “It’s a trick...” Unwarranted paranoia!

My next recording is: “sfdoom_9_12_10_1102AM-101PM.WMA”: Now some people on the bus were speaking Russian near me while I was moaning in pain and murmuring all the nonsense (11:00). I was looking for a bar – the only place where children would be excluded. I got off the bus and then on the bus again, begging DGHTRCOM to let me be his pet project (33:00). More evidence of conspiracy! Then, two pretty golden pyramids got on the bus on 37:30. I thought it meant something! And a Chinese girl sat down next to me wearing “Angelica shoes”. Then children got on the bus. When I got off the bus, I continued: “Mr B is so bad....” (59:00). When I came near a store, a French woman was speaking French (1:05:00). I continued: “Even though Mr B is blackmailing me to go, I couldn’t go even if I agree to go... What about my stuff? This just shows how messed up he is....” (until 1:17:00). Then I thought I saw another surveillance agent and asked for his permission to videotape him (1:27:00). I then called Wes again but he was not home. I left a message: “Wes call me back, it’s an emergency, emergency...” While resting in the street corner to smoke a cigarette, I again groaned about the ugliness of the Mexicans and the horrible consequences from association with them (1:34:00). I was on the tram by 1:46:00 – and there were children on board making noises!

My next recording is: “sfdlioustocons_9_12_10_106-507PM.WMA”: I continued moaning as if I were delirious. When I ordered an orange juice from the store, it was as if I couldn’t even speak. I was then getting on and off the bus. I couldn’t even pay the fare. The bus driver shouted at me: “You’ve got a pass?” I got off the bus in a fancy neighborhood around Union Street, so exhausted that I was only mumbling most of the time. I walked into a store mumbling about wanting to buy papers. I was planning to go to the Daughterland consulate again – motivated by my stupid fear that my letter from two days ago had been swapped. I came out complaining about how disgusting the environment devised by the Monkey was (1:26:00). I got on the bus again and, by 1:51:00, had come in front of the consulate. I wrote out another sign, placed it in front of me, and lay there, moaning out of exhaustion. My sign read: “... They bring children in front of me... Because of faulty surveillance, I only feel safe in front of the consulate....” I gradually fell asleep.

My next recording is: “plceleavcons_9_12_10_508-653PM.WMA”. Apparently, the consul general called up the police and reported me. On 4:00, a police car showed up and the officer stuck his head out of the window and said to me: “You’ve got to go...” No big drama. The consul general must have reported to the police: “The same deranged individual is sleeping outside...” which would be the Daughter People’s evidence that I was indeed insane. I got up and walked away and soon got on the bus. I continued to believe that there were surveillance agents on board to watch over me. (Again, given my continual harassment of the consulate, I might very well be correct.) Then: “Can we just ask PM to give Mexico to the Monkey and leave us alone....? Just tell him to go away... *so that we can do our thing*.... Give him something, so that he won’t be in our way...” If the French could ever require the Daughter People to start the plan, they would certainly instruct them to lie to me that the plan could now start because they had indeed put aside the Monkey! Then, per chance I saw a bar and so got off the bus and went inside.

My next recording is: “IMPwesbarwrt_9_13_10_653PM-1214AM.WMA” (9_12_10...): While inside the bar, I called up Wes, and he answered the call! Trembling and nervous, I told Wes how the Monkey had been sending people to bring their children to me on the bus so that eventually police could arrest me. To avoid this, I kept staying in bars. Also how I had been going to Daughterland’s consulate. I wanted Wes to suggest where I could go. I insisted on my condition, that I needed to do my writings. “Why can’t you stop writing for a few days?” Then he suggested: “You do not need to use the Internet...” Then: “Why don’t you go to your mother’s place...” All the bad suggestions. Fearing that Wes never really heard me, I constantly asked Wes to repeat what I said. Wes: “Stay in door so you won’t see any children...” I then begged him again to allow me to come to Albany. I continued to insist how I needed to get out of that “Mexican man’s” shift since he was only trying to profit from my misery such as by squeezing good ideas out of me. Ha! Bullshit! Wes continued to insist I should not come to Albany. I continued my wrong scenario: “Surveillance has changed.... Before it was the Russian consulate which ran the surveillance, now it’s all run by Americans, and the surveillance will be inaccurate. There must be some treaty... Especially now that it’s the Monkey who runs Homeland Security....” I then begged Wes to record our conversation. “How much of what I said actually got to your ear...” Then my wrong scenario: “The Monkey uses the treaty with the Russians as a pretext to run surveillance on me so that he can distort the surveillance as a way to frame me...” Then I got really frustrated because I couldn’t hear what Wes said. I repeatedly asked Wes to repeat what I had said. Wes suggested again that I stop writing for a while to avoid children. I continued to worry that my words

were distorted in the intercept. I hanged up on 27:30. It's not clear whether Wes was instructed by the Daughter People (via his CIA handler) to persuade me not to write (insofar as my "Secret History" continued to be the French's evidence that I had conspired with them last year).

I then continued writing ("Frankfurt and Brussels") while burning a new disc. I read out loud what I wrote amidst the loud noises. When the burning slowed down, I suspected (wrongly) that it was because the Monkey was inserting data into it. "Mr B is going to say I stole this story from the real Lawrence Chin..." Then my toes hurt. "What are American people gonna say, that I'm copying?" Then more wrong scenario: "PM is identifying the problems so that he can fix them... He's not offended at all..." Bullshit! After I had provided so much evidences for the French to convict him! As I was leaving the bar, I continued: "The Monkey really believes it's okay to frame people..."

September 13 (Monday; "A Good Death")

My next recording is: "wktozyphrsflmf_9_13_10_634-1038AM.WMA": Soon after I woke up, I was on and off the bus in San Francisco. I continued: "... tremendous threat to me..." I came inside Zypher on 26:00. I continued my nonsense: "I don't think Mr B is aware that I actually have problems..." I then believed a surveillance agent walked in. Was I correct? I continued to curse Mr B. And I continued to write. I would post the first blog post you see for September 13, "One example of Homeland Security faulty surveillance", in which I described my wrong understanding of what occurred hours ago when I was sleeping. It was of course the Daughter People's evidence both that I was insane and that I had no interest in the "plan" (so that PLANRUS should not continue). A Daughterlander woman then came inside the coffeehouse speaking Daughterspeak (1:27:00). I described to myself what she was doing (a bunch of letters) wondering whether it was, again, staged to produce an "intercept". Convinced that Mr B was framing me, I muttered: "We are going to report this to the FBI..." (2:02:00). I filmed it when the Yellow Pages had no listing for FBI because I wrongly believed the Monkey had orchestrated it to prevent me from reporting. "This Mr B is going way overboard..." I went onto the FBI's website instead. It's near the Federal Building. Then I was looking for other online storage because, mysteriously, my account at A-Drive was blocked. Then I believed Mr B was blocking my Internet connection: I was looking for websites of Orthodox churches and none of the links worked. I was most likely wrong: it was merely bad links! And I continued to believe I was under heavy surveillance. I added more links on my website and made sure that my lawsuit page worked. I then began calling various hostels to ask for a single room. Again, the first receptionist I talked to couldn't hear me and hang up (2:56:00). I then reviewed a little the recordings of Karin's meetups. When I was packing up, I was still mumbling about how the Monkey had blocked all the websites I wanted to visit not knowing that I was totally "delusional". "And he wonders why everyone likes Russians and hates Mexicans!" I came out of the coffeehouse terribly angry and kicked over the trash cans on the sidewalk. I then got on the bus. I believed the guy sitting in front of me was another surveillance agent. (Was he?) Then: "The revolution has indeed been lost, now that we have Mr B... The world is so much worse than before... The Russians have made a mistake... They said they have saved the world, but they have in fact damned the world one more time... This man is so evil... More evil than the neocons, even though he is not an idealist... Why don't the Russians save the world one more time? *Because they don't have the power...* They can do easy diplomacy here and there, but when it comes to the essential, they can't do anything about it... Everyone has to bow down to this tremendous evil, a far

more intensified version of neoconservatism, neoconservatism without idealism, a pure hunger for power...” And my finger hurt while I was saying this. I was again unaware that I was merely providing more evidence to the French for them to damn my Daughterland.

My next recording is: “sfhstlchcktorchmnd_9_13_10_1039AM-326PM.WMA”: I came inside a hotel, asked about the price, but didn’t get the room, and then, because I was still angry, jaywalked through the streets with cars honking at me. “Shut up!” A stranger came to me, “Can I buy a smoke from you?” “Shut the fuck up!” Then I thought I saw another surveillance agent on the street. (I was most likely incorrect.) I came to another hostel and asked about how to make a reservation. I didn’t want to use my debit card, and so I just sat in the lobby and got online. I sent an email to A-Drive to ask them why they had blocked my account. I was paranoid over nothing again: if for some reason I couldn’t get through on a website, I assumed this was the Monkey’s operation. Then, I continued to try the links to the websites of Orthodox churches. Now that I was filming it all, the links did work. “It’s Mr B.” I left the hostel on 1:03:00 without making a reservation because, if I used my debit card, I would get another 33 dollars charge. I continued to beg DGHTRCOM: “Mr B is all about lying and deception.... PM, think about this... He’s responsible for the rise of evil... All for that God-damned Mexico....” And my right leg hurt. “Absolute power, absolute evil...” I used the restroom inside the Public Library and then got on the tram. After I got off, I continued: “Why did God bother to create him...?” And my right foot hurt. “Actually, we don’t want to live at all...” Then I believed I saw another surveillance agent. I made a call on 1:50:00 but couldn’t understand the answering machine and so hanged up. I got on the tram again on 1:53:00. I was sarcastic: “Excuse me Mr surveillance agent...” I continued to believe I was surrounded by surveillance agents (although there may indeed be a surveillance agent on board). I studied some DGHTRSPK and then transferred to the 38 Geary bus. I filmed what I thought to be another surveillance agent. Then: “Now Mr B wants me to go to Europe, and so the arrest will come after it... He wants me to go to Europe to discover this thing, but how am I gonna do this with all this stuff? So maybe we will just be arrested...” Then more wrong scenario: “The surveillance agent on the bus is studying carefully what’s inside my drive, but there is really nothing in particular, so he is going to make things up... Mr B wants me to hate him and not want to do things for him, so that he can get pleasure from forcing me to do them...” I got off the bus and mumbled about the pyramid Mr B was supposed to send to me. Like an idiot, I listed my conditions: “... golden hair or black hair, no children, she must have a very good job, 1 or 2 years older than I, with no criminal records, no reputation problems, it’s better that she’s not Russian...” Then a lady gave me 5 dollars. I continued: “And she has to be the one to talk to me because I won’t make the first move...” (3:03:00). Ha! Bullshit. I came in front of the Orthodox church I was seeking but decided not to go in. As I was walking away I continued to make my conditions: I needed to get my writings done, etc. I got on the 38 Geary bus again, and more: “She has to have a lot of money, for we will have to go back and forth between Europe and America, and we will have to record everything... Where do we find a woman like that?” I then tried to do some writing on paper: “The plaintiff imagines that... the video... the SVR official... video of the fake Russian agent... Mr B... I have no interest in his plans... because his conditions are unacceptable... and so he tries to blackmail me with the threat of arrest...” I got off the bus on Ocean Beach on 3:44:00. I continued: “Nobody here cares about the product, everyone just wants the prize... PM, what do you think?... You are allowing this mess...” While lying on the beach, I continued to film the people around I deemed suspicious. I then continued to read Stürmer’s book. Then I mistakenly thought I had realized what Mr B’s operation was about with all the surveillance on me: “The

surveillance could see through clothing, and so he placed a girl with unbuttoned shirt in front of us while sending in children so that, when we get excited, the surveillance will show us getting excited by the children nearby....” Bullshit!

My next recording is: “sfsmplplsrrkformrbbar_9_13_10_326-1151PM.WMA”: I then packed up and left the beach and came to the bus stop. An old Russian couple were speaking Russian next to me (29:00). I began writing out on paper what was to become my next blog post (31:00 onward). I got on the bus and came to Simple Pleasure. On 53:30 I asked a pyramid sitting outside who I thought was a Daughterlander: “What’s the book you are reading?” The book was titled “A Good Death”!¹⁴ What? I asked her where she was from, and she replied Germany! I really believed she was a Daughterland agent, the one who was doing surveillance on me in early June 2009. Was I wrong? I also had the impression that she was here to encourage me to jump the Golden Gate Bridge. As you can imagine, I might very well have been correct here. While PLANRUS was hanging in the air, the Daughter People must have really wished I would carry out my suicide plan: then the trial could simply be dismissed! (In other words, this pyramid might very well be a “Daughter Agent”.) Then, children’s noise on 56:00. I then began writing out my second blog post of the day while burning a new DVD. This is the second blog post you see for September 13, “An ingenious technique at framing”. Again, it was the Daughter People’s evidence (that I was both insane and did not intend to participate in the plan). My laptop then froze up completely on 2:14:00, and I shut it down. I left the coffeehouse on 2:21:00 to go try my luck with the Russian Orthodox Church. I was disappointed: there were a lot of children going inside the church. Just when I got off the bus, some black girls were shouting behind me: “I knew you were going to say that!” (2:31:00) Were they referring to my blog? I wondered. “Am I going to get arrested? I’m so tired of being afraid...” (2:45:00). I was then alarmed by a man who dragged his child toward me (2:46:00). I called up my mother on 2:48:00. As usual, she was very angry upon hearing me. “I’m very busy and you are bothering me again.” “The rent, is it okay?” “How much?” “So it’s okay this time?” “You tell me!” “Is it okay or not okay?” “Tickets... plane tickets... I don’t want to buy these...” “I will go find an apartment and then tell you, but you will say ‘No’ again.” “I said ‘No’ to the trip to New York...” “But the New York trip, you are the one who wanted to pay for it, I told you not to pay for it.” “Okay, then I will not pay for it.” “Why do you always reverse things? I told you I wanted to go to New York State, you don’t have to pay for the ticket, but only for the apartment. And then I called you again and you didn’t want to pay for either, and now you are willing to pay for the apartment...” “Just tell me how much, I don’t have time...” “Okay... 550?” “No, you said it will not go over 500.” “Okay, 500 then.” “Okay, I’ll give you 400. When I give you 400, don’t tell me you cannot find housing. I have given you a lot of money for housing, and you have never bothered to find housing!” “Okay, if I don’t find it then I’ll return the money to you. But you have to put it in the saving account. Otherwise the money will disappear and I won’t be able to return it to you.” She insisted she didn’t know which one of my accounts was saving and which one checking. Then she hanged up on 2:51:30. I continued: “Who the fuck is running the show anyway?” (2:52:40) I called Wes but he was not answering. I then came to the Vietnamese restaurant next door to Simple Pleasure to eat (3:11:00). I continued my bullshit: “PM: he is neither liberal nor conservative, we thus do not have to worry about politics...” (3:12:00). Then: “PM has decided that I have to be beaten down after I beat down Mr Chertoff.” A child walked in on 3:21:00. “You don’t respond... You like to reason why?” And my left side hurt

14 The book is presumably Rodney Syme’s *A Good Death: An Argument For Voluntary Euthanasia*: Melbourne University Press, 2008.

(3:22:50). Then what I thought to be a surveillance agent passed by on 3:28:10. I came back to Simple Pleasure on 3:55:00 to work on my laptop. A Cantonese man came to me speaking Cantonese (4:35:30). As if that meant something! On 4:38:00 I left the coffeehouse. I walked a long way and, on 4:58:00, came inside a bar. When I saw a bag, I got paranoid believing that somebody had left it there in order for surveillance to confuse that as mine, and so I told the person I thought it belonged to that I couldn't watch over his stuff. I ended up getting into an argument with him because it wasn't his bag (5:09:10). I speculated: "They are all actors; since when do people get pissed off for things like that?" I yelled at him: "You are such an actor! You are just acting! I don't believe you are actually that confused! Whatever you are told about me is actually not true!" Then I muttered to myself: "These recordings are so important because they show how confused people are.... You talk to them and within seconds they start talking about a different reality... How can I live a life like that? PM, you don't think this game is too cruel? People used to have a head, and now they don't... They are acting, they are told something, to mess up this guy as much as possible by speaking about a different reality..." Then the bartender came to me: "You have to leave!" "Okay... What are you told about me?" "Nothing...." "What happens to your sense of reality?" (5:22:00) Then I tried to address myself to DGHTRCOM again: "PM, you have to get him off my back.... You owe me that... What did I do to deserve him?" When I left, I continued: "How is it possible that people are this confused? Because they were just repeating the commands they heard..." Wrong! It's only because we live in the Age of the Internet: none of people's mental confusion was orchestrated! I then got on the bus and continued: "He's indeed trying to steal my ideas..." Then: "... Maybe someday we can produce good ideas without having to record them... Imagine that! If people don't get confused..." Then I talked to the Monkey: "Do you know how to get good ideas from me? Get a beautiful, sophisticated pyramid... then good ideas over coffee..." When I got off the bus, I continued my conditions: "If my writing goes well, then good ideas... If it doesn't go well, no good ideas... Good ideas come with happiness... Good ideas don't just pop up in my head, they require years of reading..." Again, my bizarre overestimation of my own ability. I then came inside another bar. I continued: "Maybe that's how PM is going to help me, working together with Mr B..." Then: "PM should monopolize... Oh no, that's the last idea I give out for free. From now on, you give me happiness and I'll give you good ideas... Don't play fraud with my computer and I'll have good ideas..." I walked out of the bar on 6:30:00 and believed I ran into another surveillance agent. I came inside another bar and continued to use my computer. "... There is no way to fight him, because of the machines.... On May 8, PM gave Mr B the seat in the courthouse..." Then my computer malfunctioned again: "When my computer malfunctions, the first thing I do is to deal with it, and so I won't have good ideas... See, right now I'm trying to figure out why it is malfunctioning and why Mr B wants to eliminate this file... It's about the email I sent to Wes about my blog... The email must have been swapped... Mr B has changed the story of what happened inside the consulate... He has swapped the letter... and called up Wes to get us identified.... The other video that I almost lost is about the modification of my blog... That means that the police must be seeing a different blog than my real blog..." Again, all the wrong scenarios and paranoia over nothing! Nobody was messing with my blog and my emails! Then a black woman suddenly told me: "Stop working on me!" "What?" She said she was the hard drive and then told me to forget about it (7:55:30). What? People just had to play with me as I weren't paranoid enough! Then, when I connected my La Cie to my computer, it didn't detect it, and I began filming it: "He's trying to kill my La Cie... I don't think Mr B knows how to plan things... He doesn't even know how to negotiate... He's not rational... Just listen to me, man... You have to earn people's trust first, give people a way out... slavery is not good..."

The best way is for you to look at PM and imitate him... PM doesn't want my computer to malfunction like this and like that..." In reality, the malfunctioning was most likely "natural". Then when I tried to transfer files from my hard drive to my La Cie, the process was frozen. I continued to assume it's the Monkey who's blocking it: "This guy is scary, he's not an efficient leader..." Then: "He's not going to listen to your advice at all, he only wants to hear what he wants to hear... It's so easy to work with PM, because you can then say anything and he will simply decide what is good..."

My next recordings are: "sfbar_9_13-14_10_1151PM-1201AM.WMA" and "sfbar_9_14_10_1207-150AM.WMA": I continued: "He has to figure out that he is a very bad leader... very inefficient..." Then: "... all this Italy... It has something to do with Italy too..." I then continued to review my recordings. Then: "PM... sends us to South Korea... so nice to us... Mr B... I don't know what his deal is..." Then: "This La Cie is so unreliable..." Then: "Our videos of machine malfunctioning... Somebody is working full time to make our computer malfunction... It's really just one guy..." Then about the "plan": "Soon, nobody is going to make the first move, and so we will be back to our original positions... I don't talk to myself unless my recorder is on... He really wants people to simply obey... he believes they will... maybe they will when you break their arms and legs..." Then: "It's possible that he's trying to get us arrested so that he can create evidences that our data are forged..." I then continued writing Supplemental Pleading I: "... the Russian diplomatic service demanded an explanation from European governments how their former agent ended up in a San Jose courthouse..." More evidence for the French! Then: "... our regret... that's mood disorder, just as Donny has said... the moment we get shut off, we go into mood disorder..." I left the bar on 1:30:00 continuing to mumble about actors that were "trained by the Russians". I then went to sleep in a street corner nearby.

September 14 (Tuesday)

My next recording is: "brklycrysfndmtl_9_14_10_843AM-254PM.WMA": Soon after I woke up, I got on the BART to go to Berkeley. On my way I did my Daughterspeak lesson from Russland Journal. I also read a little Stürmer's book. Once in Berkeley, I began searching for an affordable motel. First a hotel on Shattuck. Then on 1:35:00 a woman warned me and everyone else not to stay around and that she would otherwise call the police. I then called up another hostel in San Francisco. No beds. I was increasingly desperate fearing that, if I called up the place first, law enforcement would go over there to alert everybody about me per the Monkey's instruction. Then I searched around University Avenue. I was actually proud of my ability to "verbalize" "the plan", and thought that DGHTRCOM should really treasure me. I hummed continually as well.

I then rode the BART back to San Francisco. I was still reading Stürmer's book. Then I continued: "PM wants to keep his friend the Monkey and, in thinking for his interest, I should reconcile myself with the Monkey's wishes" (until 3:46:00). More evidence in favor of France! While I was looking for Hostel International I asked for "No alert" as the condition for participating in PLAN DISCOVERY (3:57:30). I found the hostel but was told all beds were booked. Physically exhausted, I lay down on the street corner moaning and groaning. After a while I broke down: "I can't deal with it anymore..." and I cried and cried (4:28:30). I came on 4:35:00 to another hotel in the Tenderloin area and was told there was no room. I ran away crying profusely... "Everything is just so disgusting, I can't handle it... I need to live next door to Wes... I can't deal with two realities at the same time..." I came to a third hotel and was

rejected again. Just then, a street person shouted his Ebonic profanity next to me causing me to want to vomit (4:45:00). I came to the tourist information office underneath the Powell station and called up a cheap hotel advertised in the office (4:52:00). I then got on the bus to go up the Tenderloin to find this hotel. As you can see from my blog posts for today, I had by now refined my wrong understanding and come to define the false alert about me as my “cover” for the “plan”. (I needed a “cover” so that no one would know how I came to discover this thing.) “The ‘cover’ is so disgusting to me... The way I am is so disgusting to me... How can I live with myself when the image I project of myself to the world is so disgusting?” I begged DGHTRCOM not to adopt the Monkey’s “David Chin” as my cover. I came to the hotel and checked in (from 5:37:00 onward). It was owned by an old Indian couple. The weekly rate was 210 dollars, which I couldn’t afford. As soon as I opened the windows, I heard children shouting outside. I thus promptly closed it (5:45:45).

My next recordings are: “mtslp_9_14_10_255-308PM.WMA”, “mtslp_9_14_10_309-536PM.WMA”, and “mtllkforfhsecrstrbkm_9_14_10_552PM-1252AM.WMA”: I then took a nap until almost 6 PM. After waking up, I showered and then went out to buy pants in a store. I then got on the bus. More about the Monkey: “He doesn’t appreciate me; he just wants to possess me because everyone else wants me...” (2:29:30). Ha! Bizarre overestimation of myself. I got off the bus and, as I was wandering on the streets, I began crying (2:45:00). I dropped to the ground to smoke a cigarette while moaning and groaning, completely miserable. Then I broke down crying again (2:53:00). “I am so severely depressed, I can’t handle it any more...” (2:57:30). I got on the 38 Geary bus and wrote a little bit while on the bus. There was commotion on the bus – I don’t know what – which caused me to moan and groan out of frustration. I got off the bus on 3:27:00 and came inside a Starbucks to do my writing. I would post the two blog posts you see for September 14, “Alert has thus happened: self-fulfilling prophecy” and “Worries of the night”. As you can see, the Daughter People were indeed letting me drive myself insane – I was right about that – but it’s not because they were devising a cover for me nor because they were trying to please the Monkey, and neither was the Monkey adopting this “post-structuralist” approach. I then checked my bank balance and noted that it was negative 330 dollars! I then filmed my computer screen when my Internet connection was suddenly cut off (4:08:00). I was angry again – “This mother fucker is so bad... Why is he so bad?” I called up IX Web Hosting on Skype on 5:17:00 but soon gave up: I ran out of patience. I demanded that DGHTR be obliged to watch over me until I could get out of danger, and thereupon I cried (5:20:00). Ha! Making my demands to the atmosphere! When Starbucks was closed, I came back to my hotel room. On 6:49:00 I had a change of heart: “I should never regret, for Daughterland has suffered and should not be made to suffer what Daddy Chertoff wanted to do it.” Bad news for the Daughter People! Just more evidence for the French!

September 15 (Wednesday; computer malfunctioning)

My next recording is: “mtlbrndvd162mlfunc_9_15_10_1254-5AM.WMA”: Then my leg hurt when I declared: “I’m so afraid to lose my past before I even finish representing it... What do they want to do?” (33:00) Now, more computer malfunctioning was awaiting me. Around 1:30 AM, as I was transferring files from my Gateway laptop to my external hard drive La Cie to clear up more disk space, the file transfer was frozen, and I began videotaping it: “100_0001-91510trsnfrfailIMP.MOV”. Four minutes later, on 1:37 AM, the transfer was still frozen: “100_0002-91510trsnfrfailIMP.MOV”.

On 1:42 AM, the transfer was still frozen, and I clicked on the button “cancel”, but the canceling process itself was frozen for the next two and a half minutes: “100_0003-91510trnsfrfailIMP.MOV”. Of course I assumed it was the Monkey from the control center: “Perhaps Mr B’s purpose is to force me to videotape all this malfunctioning so that I will be overwhelmed by the vast amount of videos in my possession!” By 1:47 AM, the canceling process was still frozen. I finally decided to reboot the computer, complaining how I would have to stay up all night to deal with computer malfunctioning: “100_0004-91510trnsfrfailIMP.MOV”. The computer was then taking forever to reboot: “100_0005-91510trnsfrfailIMP.MOV”. I got so impatient that I forcibly turned it off by pressing continually on the power button. And I restarted it, angry and cursing: “I’m not going to Europe, so fuck you!” Now that’s what the Daughter People would like to hear! Then I had to move back to my laptop those files which I was trying to transfer. Then, around 3 AM, I began burning DVD 162 and, as usual, filmed the finalization of the disc. Tremendous paranoia! I then went to sleep. I would sleep until 11 AM. It’s never been clear to me whether all this malfunctioning was indeed ordered by the Daughter People from the control center or whether it was “natural”.

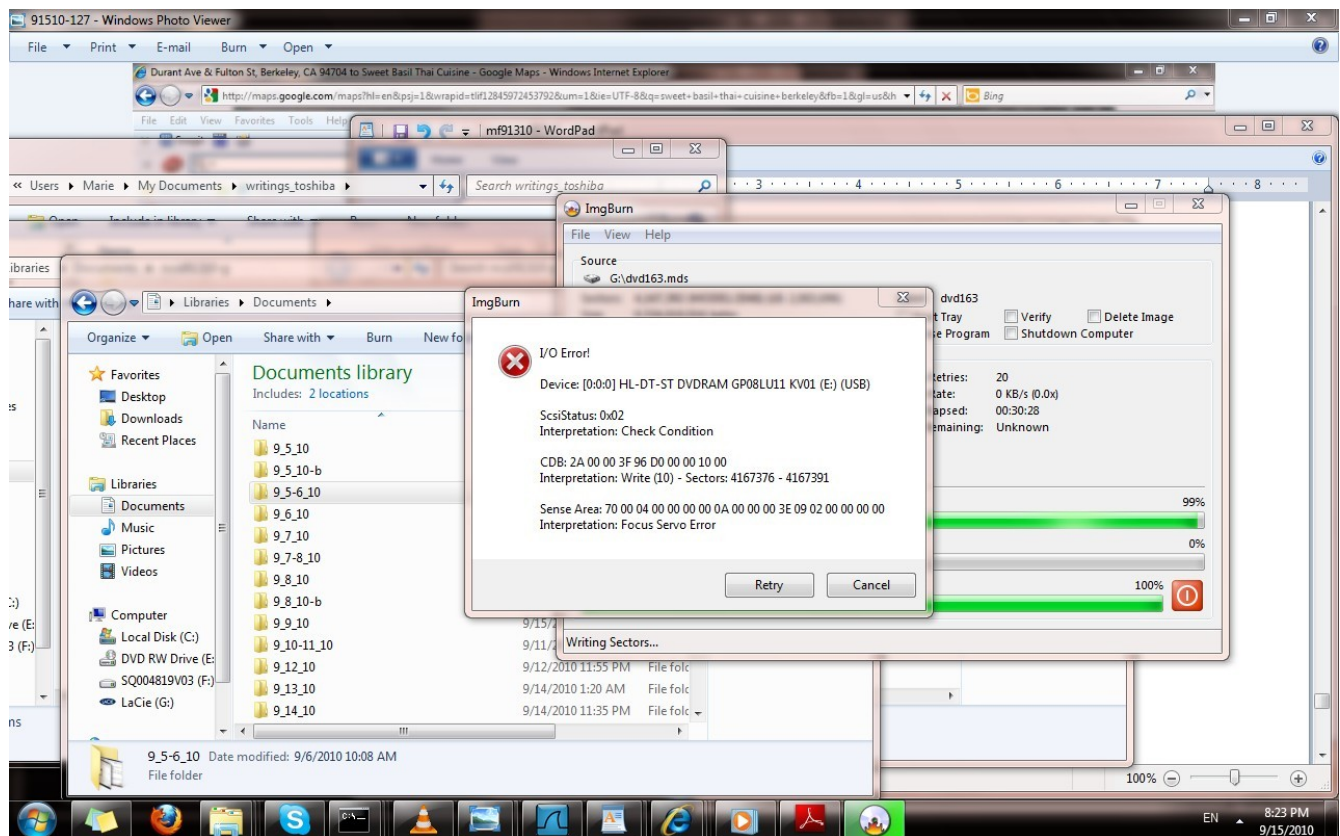
My next recording is: “tobrkleyclusf_9_15_10_1058AM-330PM.WMA”. After I woke up, I checked out of the hotel (16:00). I murmured, “I have lost all sympathy for unfortunate creatures, for I don’t know if they are really so or just pretending....” Again, my mistaken assumption that everyone was just acting. I then begged DGHTRCOM: “Please, take me back... PM will take my advice... No radical transition, that’s too risky...” (22:00). Bullshit. I came inside a Chinese restaurant to eat. I had to hum to cover up children’s noise. While eating, I marveled at the Monkey’s strange habit of throwing stones at his own feet, such that, whenever I developed an interest in the female he put forward, he would immediately pull her away so that I would lose interest in his project – just then my phone rang (33:00). “He has been inside the control center for six months already, there is nothing but endless change of plans...” (43:00) I had no idea that there was no putting forth and pulling back of any pyramids and that I was merely over-interpreting things. After I left the restaurant, I continued to make suggestions to DGHTRCOM: “Use ‘easy diplomacy’ now to lay the ground for ‘easy diplomacy’ in the future, even in the case of Mexico...” (59:00) More evidence of my conspiracy! I then came inside the BART station and continued to beg DGHTRCOM: “You must keep everyone in line, you can’t have a Monkey jumping around” – and I coughed: I naturally assumed I was remotely controlled to do it (1:10:00). Then: “Suspend the Monkey...” Then children’s noise on 1:12:00 and I hummed. Then I noticed a Daughterlander pyramid on the train and wondered whether she was a surveillance agent. I got off the train in Berkeley on 1:46:00 and called up my mother on 2:12:00 to ask her about her promise to deposit 500 dollars in my account. She retorted that she had only promised 400 dollars and that this had to be in two installments. I asked her why she changed her story, but she simply hanged up. On 2:26:00 I speculated that the consulate represented a different interest even while DGHTRCOM was siding with the Monkey, that they were favorable to me – remembering the good I had done to Daughterland’s foreign relations – and that this was supposedly why the consul general asked the police not to check my ID. Ha! Nonsense. “We will not regret...” I then came inside a coffeehouse on 2:44:00 and was thinking about whether to go to ACLU’s public meeting. I called them up on 2:50:00 and was eventually referred to the Office of Citizens’ Complaints. I wanted to complain about “law enforcement’s misconduct in forging evidences about me”. Ha! Now the lady answering my call had continual difficulty in hearing me. I mentioned as an example how law enforcement intentionally confused some other person’s website with mine. Again, I was wasting my time with complete

nonsense. I then suspected that the students around me had been alerted about me (3:06:00). When I went inside the restroom I saw a quotation on the wall, something about “sacrificing what we are for what we will become...” (3:32:00) Guided by my wrong scenario about the control center’s omnipotence and the evidentiary process, I thought it was a “message” for me (or an intercept): “No, I totally disagree... unless what we could become will incorporate what we are....” (Namely, I thought it was a message telling me that my past would be erased.) Instead, I mumbled about the “Hegelian way”: thesis, antithesis, synthesis, dialectics. I then got on the BART to go back to San Francisco (3:46:00). “I don’t like these vulgar homeless people with whom the Monkey populates my environment... He is so disgusting... Everything about him makes me want to vomit... We have together wasted six months, and we are still wasting time...” (until 4:09:00). On 4:10:00, after I got off the BART, I asked a stranger woman where SFMOMA was, and she replied that she didn’t have a job. Again, I wrongly assumed that she was pretending, or remotely controlled, to be mentally confused not understanding that this was simply how people were nowadays in the Age of the Internet. I got on the bus, begged the driver for a free ride, and came near SFMOMA. On 4:15:00 I speculated on the Monkey’s plan again: to broadcast an alert to the population saying this disgusting David Chin had forged a laughable discovery of Atlantis – so that people would just vomit on the TV screen. “That’s why I should never join his plan, otherwise I’d become an object of vomit for the whole humanity.”

My next recording is: “notgosfofficebrkley_9_15_10_330-456PM.WMA”: I went from building to building and just couldn’t find this “Office of Citizens’ Complaints”. I came to the BART station on 34:00 to go back to Berkeley. Endless worthless traveling to waste my own money! While on the BART I tried to tell another woman that what she was told about me were all lies. She was annoyed (52:00). I continued to write about my wrong scenario for my next blog post: “... the population around me....” Then: “... we have to not care.... PM is going to have a very difficult time in getting anything accomplished at all... You waste my time, I waste your time...” I got off the BART in Berkeley on 1:10:00 and came inside a coffeehouse on 1:23:00.

My next recording is: “tosolanoepawm_9_15_10_502-825PM.WMA”: I logged into the coffeehouse’s wireless network (12:30) and then had to videotape my computer’s malfunctioning again (21:30): “Endless series of computer malfunctioning. Computer malfunctioning, computer malfunctioning...” Now I still wanted to go to the ACLU meeting. I didn’t know how to look up the bus schedule on the Internet and so asked a stranger, and he actually helped me find the bus routes on Google Maps. On 47:00 I packed up and set out for the bus stop. When I got there, the bus had just come past right in front of me (53:00). More frustration! I moaned out of pain while waiting for the next bus. Then, children came around to shout, and I hummed (1:06:20). I began crying (1:11:00). Finally, the bus came and I got on (1:13:30). I believed again that the person sitting in front of me was a surveillance agent. (Was I wrong?) I tried to do a little writing while on the bus, but, soon, I lost my will and gave up and got off the bus (1:27:00). I wandered through the unknown neighborhood and then went across the street to wait at the bus stop to go back to Berkeley. More time wasted! An attractive older pyramid was also waiting for the bus. I lit up a cigarette and warned her about it. She moved away. “I’m just testing you!” “Did I pass?” (1:34:30). “You look so gentle and sophisticated... What do you do?” She worked in San Francisco in the domain of environmental protection. We got on the bus together on 1:38:00 and continued to chat. I told her about my homelessness and how confused my mother was. We got off the bus together in downtown Berkeley on 1:42:00. Her name was Sue. I continued: “This is Mr

B's Universe: today I'm okay, tomorrow I flip." I came inside a Vietnamese Pho restaurant to eat. I continued my wrong scenario: "Every time when he wants to.... He puts in front of me 'Angelica shoes'... PM you have to cut this off, it's too easy for him...." I then resumed writing (what happened on June 19, 2009) while burning a new disc. Again, I had no idea that my writing was more evidence for the French that I had conspired with Daughterland last year. Then: "They are debating how to get you to do something, whether to torture you or give you candies..." I then continued to read Stürmer's book. Then: "... the Monkey... stealing his project...." Then, on 3:17:00, my ImgBurn produced a bad burn! I was really angered: "Mr B is wasting our time... It's all because we were reading this book...."



Failed burn, 8:23 PM

My next recording is: "brklygrndprmmnstrtst_9_15_10_825-1110PM.WMA": I continued to work inside the restaurant and hummed periodically. Soon I left (4:00) and came to Royal Ground. I started to burn a new disc (24:00) and looked over the strange lawrencechin2010.com again. I again wondered whether this was part of the operation to impersonate me in order to make me look like I was impersonating myself. Then I burped; and my wrong scenario again: "PM is the one who made me burp – to see if I would be loyal to him..." Ha! I continued: "... wise, power, and Russian... there is some beauty in being Russian... PM, do you know what the problem is? The problem is that I don't have a gun... When you send me out, you should give me a gun... to shoot myself with when I fall into the enemy's hands... not Russian... Do you know what kind of vomiting sensation follows from it?..." Now my disc was successfully burned. Wow! I continued: "Mr B's partner... more disgusting... God-

damned test... PM... I have already said it so many times, I'd like to contribute..." Then I praised DGHTRCOM – just providing more evidences to the French: "PM is so intelligent, it's unbelievable... How many tests can you devise? This man is so intelligent... PM, you have DGHTR, all the technology... you can even have me... am I intelligent too? We are going to be good, right? We will be wise, powerful, and ruling the planet, and everyone will be happy... Bush and Cheney just don't compare to it all... We have never met a politician who understands people so well... if we tell people... people won't believe it..." I left Royal Ground on 1:36:00. While I rested on the street corner, somebody gave me food (1:47:00). I then wandered the streets a little continuing to mumble about things. Then I did my lesson on Russland Journal.

September 16 (Thursday; Wes)

My next recording is: "slpwkbrkleyshltrbrkfst_9_15-16_10_1110PM-831AM.WMA": So I slept on the street in Berkeley. I was awake from 8:23:00 onward and came to the Presbyterian church on 8:41:00 to get free breakfast. Then my worthless reflection again: "Mr B is like Mr Chertoff... He only knows a few types of people, stereotypes... What if December comes and the case is not closed? It has to be closed... unless PM wants to acquire a bad name... I think PM does know that... most... depends on the command... if Mr B is in command, it won't be that attractive... PM's relationship with his wife... he couldn't be that kind..."

My next recordings are: "9_16_10_831-9AM.WMA" and "brkleyphrtogrphrtosfreadptn_9_16_10_906AM-102PM.WMA". I then started hopping coffeehouses while mumbling how I had no interest in reconciling with the Monkey and how my very existence was at stake. I worked inside one coffeehouse for a while and then moved to a different one (1:42:00). I tried to tell a stranger about my writing and DVDs: "It's hard to prove that you wrote what you wrote..." She was a photographer. Then I got on the BART to go to San Francisco (2:30:00). I continued to read Stürmer's book. When I got off the train (3:08:00) I again misinterpreted everything around me. "The security guard is pretending! Everybody is acting! Don't need to worry about any surveillance agent." I came inside a doughnut shop and then was upset again when children came in. Then: "PM wants Mexico, so I have to suffer... They say there is no free lunch; actually, it was originally free, but now he decides to make people pay for it..." As I continued to read my book, I suddenly got paranoid again: "Don't read it anymore, I'll have ideas in my head, and he'll get a free ride..." I walked into the public library and promptly returned the book. Just then, two police officers laughed at me: "Returning the book?" which, as you shall read on my blog post for today, caused me to get paranoid again.

My next recording is: "sfocccfeorthdx_9_16_10_102-3PM.WMA": As I wandered through the streets of San Francisco, I continued: "As soon as you do something good, he will slap you in the face... Everyone is a fucking actress..." (until 3:00). I began looking for the Office of Citizens' Complaints again – it's somewhere around Van Ness – and finally I found it. I asked the receptionist: "Do you have a complaint counselor?" (19:00) It turned out that they only accepted complaints against San Francisco police officers. "It's a City Department." Now I found it impossible to verbalize my problem – unaware that I was worrying about nothing. I also asked her for the direction to ACLU's address on Drumm Street. She called up the ACLU for me and told me that one cannot just drop by there but had to call

first. I left very upset (26:30). I walked quickly through the streets mumbling about my environment: “It’s so disgusting...” Then: “There is a whole plate of steak and this Monkey wants the left-over rice on the table, and he thinks it’s so good! This man is so fucking stupid and uneducated...” (50:00). I got on the bus (55:00) and hummed like crazy. “I am being wasted for some idiotic ICJ plan, no one will know how much talent I have... Just like my grandfather has said, he will never be able to express his talent, he will never be known...” (1:07:00) In reality, I was wasting myself away by trying to take care of all these imaginary problems. I then began writing out my latest blog post on Word Pad. I got off the bus and came inside Zypher Cafe (1:45:00). Now the priest from the Orthodox church across the street was sitting on the sofa and I finally mustered the courage to ask him if it’s possible for me to go to the vesper. He said I could come at 6 PM (1:52:00). Then he got up and left. I continued: “The Monkey drives me away... It’s so disgusting, so wasteful...” (1:56:00).

My next recordings are: “slpcfe_9_16_10_301-411PM.WMA” and “sfcfewrt_9_16_10_414-555PM.WMA”: I took a nap on the sofa and, when I woke up, began uploading my latest recordings to my website. (Just providing my evidences to the French.) Then, on 4:25 PM, my Internet connection was cut off, making me extremely angry. I filmed it: “100_0015.MOV”. By 4:38 PM, my Internet connection remained cut off, and the manager came to look at the problem: “100_0016.MOV”. I could not reconnect no matter what. The manager reset the router. Now my Windows’ diagnostics suggested that the problem lay with the router or access point. By 4:42 PM, my Internet connection was resumed. By 4:48 PM, I began burning DVD – and I of course took care to film it: “100_0017.MOV”. While filming myself posting my blog, I missed out the finalization of the new disc in: “100_0018.MOV”. I also posted the blog post you see for today, “More reflection on the possible alert”. So much paranoia expressed therein, just more evidence for the Daughter People that I was indeed insane. I then checked the bus route for going to the Golden Gate Bridge – even though this was my very purpose for coming up here, I still hadn’t yet mustered the courage to go there. Then I filmed myself writing a little bit, one hand holding the camcorder and the other hand typing. On 5:49 PM, my computer suddenly shut itself down to install Windows updates. I missed the notice, and now my work was interrupted. More frustration! I broke down crying and made sure to film myself too.

My next recordings are: “cry_9_16_10_556-658PM.WMA” and “9_16_10_7-735PM.WMA”: I stayed outside the coffeehouse a little and believed I had identified another surveillance agent. I then came back into the coffeehouse and, when I resumed work on my computer, a strange thing happened to it (14:00). Angry and upset, I filmed it while cursing “... fuck...”. I ran out again on 16:30 and broke down crying: “I just can’t deal with it anymore...” Soon I was screaming and wailing. I then got on the bus on 27:00 and hummed all the way and eventually came to the BART station. I got on the BART and began writing out my next blog post: “... I have so deteriorated... bottommost despair...”

My next recording is: “brklygrndmusicvidkme_9_16_10_735-1103PM.WMA”: I continued: “I just want the pain to stop... To get treatment... I was never that interested... I just hope that he will not take away my past.... How can I stuff shit in my mouth and like it?...” I got off the BART in Berkeley and came inside Royal Ground. I called up a therapist I found online and yet reached only an answering machine. I called up Wes again and, thank God, he answered it (31:00). “I’m so severely depressed. I cannot stand any aspect of my environment. I need to have... I cannot be alone anymore... so severely depressed... Every single moment is the deepest despair... Stop! Somebody stop the operations on me!...”

My family members cannot be controlled, and yet they are controlled....” I was of course mostly speaking nonsense since there were hardly any operations on me except for computer malfunctioning here and there, and yet Wes just had to get confused saying I was controlling my family members. I began crying: “I can’t stand the depression anymore.... I’m so lonely... I am suffering from the most severe depression, it’s so severe... I’m so depressed.... so depressed.... Where is the money going to come from? There is no psychologist offering free service.” Wes suggested that I talk myself out of my depression (!). “I can’t... Don’t suggest these stupid ideas...” “Okay, I can’t help you then...” Wes was annoyed and hanged up on 41:25. I would soon mistakenly think that Wes’ suggestion was the Monkey’s trick: he tried to encourage me to soothe myself by philosophizing to myself so that he could steal more of my ideas. I continued to cry and moan: “The most terrible thing in the world is that stupid people don’t know they are stupid... Why can’t they just wake up?” This is indeed true, but it doesn’t describe my current situation!

I then resumed working on my computer. I updated my webpage on machine malfunctioning, listened to some music, researched the psychotherapists in the area, and then called up the Berkeley Psychotherapy Institute on 1:12:20. I called several times but never left any message. I so desperately needed therapy, but my bank account balance was negative 330 dollars! Then I began mumbling about PLAN DISCOVERY (1:17:00). *I would not go*, I concluded. “Why would anyone want to sacrifice anything to discover this piece of garbage?” Good news for the Daughter People! I then begged Uncle DGHTR to throw the Monkey out of the courthouse (1:30:30). Then, Radio Canada (1:32:15). I listened to the news about L’Oreal’s top lady’s illegal financing of Sarkozy’s campaign. (This had in fact some relevance for me since it was this man who had ordered the objection!) I then begged DGHTR to send someone to kill me (1:44:10). Then: “This courthouse is so stupid, it has this ‘fake Russia’...” Soon I left Royal Ground and came to McDonald’s. I listened continually to Annie Villeneuve’s old song which I downloaded earlier while eating my burger. I felt a bit calmer now.

My last recording of the day is: “asktobeassntd_9_16-17_10_1110PM-1202AM.WMA: I continued to beg: “Assassinate me, Monkey, and burn down the courthouse.... Forget about ‘easy diplomacy’...” I then found my street corner to sleep in. “Get this mother fucker, he’s so fucking evil....”

September 17 (Friday; the consulate)

My first recording of the day is: “slpbrklywkbkfst_9_17_10_1202-952AM.WMA”: I was awake from 8:28:00 onward. I got really angry because I thought my camera was stolen, but then I found it. I came to the Presbyterian Church on 8:44:00 and got bread. Then: “PM, your friend is really your enemy, not your friend at all...” Then: “I predict we will see some Angelica shoes... PM, you are responsible for this... use your power... destroy the courthouse... assassinate me...” I then came inside a coffeehouse on 9:24:00. While sitting outside sipping on my coffee, I continued to beg for the assassin.

My next recording is: “tosflib_9_17_10_952AM-217PM.WMA”: I then continued to work inside the coffeehouse. I looked up again the bus route to Golden Gate Bridge and then did more research on the psychotherapists in the area. On 26:00 I called up the Berkeley Psychotherapy Institute. “Can I ask about the procedure for seeing a therapist?” But the man couldn’t hear me at all! Finally, after I repeated myself several times, he understood me and gave me the number for the clinic. What a

frustrating life when nobody could understand anything I said! I called up the clinic on 30:00 but didn't leave a message. And my foot hurt. Why? I then called up the Wright Institute. I was really just wasting my own time: I was so depressed that I was desperate for a therapist, but deep down I knew I had no way of paying for it. Then: "I hope PM is not playing the game of... letting Mr B be above me... because in such case I would just not do anything..." I then left the coffeehouse. Because the Berkeley Psychotherapy Institute was nearby, I decided to check it out in person. On 56:00 I came to its front door, but the receptionist insisted I needed to call first. And so I immediately called and left a message. I then went around looking for University and Bancroft. When I asked a woman where Bancroft was, I couldn't help but tell her: "Do you know that what you are told about me isn't true?" She was dumbfounded: "What was I told about you?" (1:32:00) If there was surveillance around me right now, this would certainly become the Daughter People's evidence: paranoia over nothing! I then mumbled more about wanting to be assassinated. Then: "... people are told that..." I came to UC Berkeley campus and talked to a bunch of Chinese tourists (1:59:00). They were terribly annoyed by me, whereas I was suspecting that this whole tour was orchestrated from the control center. As you can see, while all the real clues flew over my head, I kept mistaking ordinary phenomena for intercepts or metaphors or operations orchestrated from the control center! Then, on 2:09:00, I called up my mother, but she didn't answer the call and I didn't leave a message. I then came inside the BART station and asked another stranger on 2:19:00: "What are you told about me? What is everybody told about me?" She told me rudely: "I don't want to talk to you, I don't know who you are, leave me alone..." Thus you see how my paranoia was causing me to constantly make a fool out of myself. Excellent evidence for the Daughter People, though! The more I thought about the alert, the angrier I got. I muttered angrily to the Monkey: "You fucking kill me... You fuck..." I got on the BART believing again there was a surveillance agent on board. I then continued to write out my next blog post. By 3:00:00 I had arrived in San Francisco. Then: "Another reason is to give PM a reason in the real world to..." Then: "How about that, PM? I hate you, get rid of me.... I saved your life, and you completely destroyed every inch of me..." I came to a doughnut shop and continued to work on my blog post. I also began writing out a new letter for the Daughterland consulate (!): "... help me and find me a lawyer under your control to expose the Mexican man..." Ha! Crazy! I then told another stranger on 3:26:00: "You know what I wrote on my blog..." Again, making a fool out of myself. I then asked another stranger: "Are you finished watching over me? Where are you from? What's your nationality?" Again! When done, I came out of the doughnut shop and shouted at the guy: "Thanks for watching over me, bitch!" He was instantly provoked and struck me. There! My paranoia was getting me into trouble with people again! Then, after walking for a long time, I came inside the public library. I carefully filmed myself posting the blog post you see for September 17: "The Homeland Security community surveillance and alert program". And I continued to be paranoid about the people around me: "People are told to stay away from me because I keep videotaping my computer screen...."

As you can imagine, this blog post was again golden evidence for the Daughter People. Not only did I sound increasingly delusional and paranoid – since there was in fact no alert and no community surveillance program about me – but I had also affirmed once again that I had no interest in taking part in any plan to discover anything – which would relieve the Daughter People of their obligation to institute a reality around me that fit my belief and lure me to Daughterland. PLANRUS continued to be put on hold. (The problem with the transfer of the video – which I haven't mentioned in the preceding –

was probably commanded by the Daughter People themselves in order to heighten my paranoia and disgust with the “plan”.)

My next recording is: “sflibtoconsonbus_9_17_10_217-438PM.WMA”: I continually videotaped my computer screen: “The Monkey is playing with my FTP connection... We take satisfaction in the fact that the Monkey spends so much time and never gets anything done.... PM you are an idiot...” (21:00). I could never stop filming because strange things kept popping up on my computer screen. I also believed there was a surveillance agent sitting on my left side. (It’s not clear whether I was correct.) Then I emphasized again: “We have decided not to discover his garbage. The only thing we’ll write about is ‘The Secret History of the ICJ’. Never underestimate the Monkey’s ability to put obstacles on his own path...” (39:50). Then: “The Monkey, he’s so disgusting, he will forever have to hide in the bunker inside the International Court in order to exercise his power....” My computer malfunctioned again on 1:09:20: I was unable to download another one of Annie Villeneuve’s music videos (1:13:00). I filmed it. I came out of the library on 1:25:00 and continued: “... something must have happened in the consulate.... Homeland Security is taking over it” and, just then, there was honking making me believe that the control center was confirming me (1:48:30). Thus: “PM, you cannot let this Mexican Monkey take over your own institution, that’s a joke!” (1:51:00) I then begged the Monkey: “Advertise your good reputation rather than hide your bad reputation” (1:54:00). I then got on the bus – I was going to the consulate again!

My next recordings are: “offbusrcrdrupld_9_17_10_449-451PM.WMA” and “constogldbrdgtobrklyevdnrcrd_9_17_10_451-1012PM.WMA”: I squatted by the corner of Union Street and filmed myself writing out my note for the consulate. I described how people were instructed to push their baby carts in front of me while I was videotaping something else in order to frame me for pedophilia and how the American people had made themselves so demonic to me. (Again, I had no idea that I was completely deluded.) I got on the bus on 12:00, breathing heavily from physical exhaustion. I hummed loudly, paranoid about being made into a criminal recorder. I got off the bus on 21:00, and, moaning and groaning, about to collapse out of exhaustion, came inside a coffee place on Fillmore and Union (26:00). On 27:30 I was overcome by seizure and filmed myself being so “tortured”. (The pain I inflicted on myself, in ways typical of a “targeted individual”!) I then filmed myself composing the stupid note which I would soon display in front of the consulate:

“Dear Consul General,

“The American authority I believe are really forging surveillance evidence in at least a few instances. Americans are truly demonic and so easily deceived by their authority. And I have no way out. If I make my complaint to such official American organ as the Office of Citizens’ Complaints I run the risk of further trouble since there is always the possibility that my complaint might get swapped with another forged by the American authority to add further insanity to my case.

“Russia I believe is the only country in the world which will not allow such inhuman practices of widescale deception and alert targeting a single person who is not a criminal in order to

excommunicate him from society. The consulate must help to show its superior humanitarian spirit.

“Insofar as my current predicament originates from the consulate’s request to the American authority to look into me, the consulate does bear responsibility in some way for my excommunication from society. Please help with a lawyer under the consul [general]’s personal control and expose the Mexican man who the consul [general] must know is responsible for framing me and excommunicating me using the horrifying American Homeland Security community alert and surveillance system.”

While outside smoking, I was terribly concerned that surveillance agents were all around me. I prayed to DGHTRCOM again, begging him to not allow the Monkey to succeed in duping humanity as to who I really was (54:00). Worthless paranoia! I then got on the bus on 59:00 and asked the bus driver if she would continue on the path until where I needed to get off near the consulate. She replied affirmatively. “Are you lying to me?” She was dumbfounded and annoyed: “You asked me a question, what do you mean?” “This is America...” I had no idea how crazy and delusional I had become! I got off the bus on 1:02:30 and began the strenuous uphill walk to the consulate. I was worried that another guy standing by the sidewalk might be a surveillance agent (1:05:30). I could be right, however!

By the time I arrived in front of Daughterland’s consulate (1:08:00), I was all broken. I moaned like an infant, and then broke down into tears. I prayed in Jesus’ name that honesty might prevail in the end. There were many parents around pushing their baby carts! I then prayed again: “Only the Daughter People are fit to rule because they have suffered and have never been spoiled... Please keep them honest and make them truly the ‘Kingdom of God’...” (1:20:00) Then I prayed to DGHTRCOM (1:23:00): “Send an assassin to liberate me! The Monkey doesn’t care about your country, he is bad for you. Put him aside, and I’ll give you so many more free advises....” Just more evidence for the French. I didn’t stay long this time, but left on 1:37:00. Needless to say, I had done good to my Daughter People with my trip here: since the letter I exhibited looked so much like the typical paranoia of a typical schizophrenic, the security staff at the consulate must have filmed me from the inside and entered into their system “The deranged individual was here again today asking us to help him...” which the Daughter People would then intercept into the ICJ as evidence that I was indeed insane. What is so interesting about my letters – this time and before – is that, except for the part about the “Mexican man”, everything I described was what had happened before but not anymore. The personnel at the consulate must be wondering: was I living in the past? How did it happen that the guy who used to be the genius and the legend and slandered as insane by the United States suddenly became so insane in just the way in which the United States used to slander him, as if the past slander was correct after all? That is, as if the Homeland Security 2007 warning about me to diplomatic missions around the world (that I was a politically dangerous schizophrenic) was correct after all? This was perfect since the Daughter People were effectively saying now that precisely this 2007 warning about me was accurate!

I got on the bus on 1:42:00. I continued to beg DGHTRCOM to send someone to assassinate me: “The least you can do...” It’s possible that my continual plea for an assassin might have made it impossible to happen since the Daughter People might be convicted of conspiracy with me should they carry out my wish. Then, on 2:02:00, I came to the Kentucky Fried Chicken near Fillmore and Union. There was

nobody there when I entered, but, soon after I came in, a group of youngsters followed in to talk loudly near me (2:10:30). What seemed to be a surveillance agent also came in. I was truly annoyed insofar as I believed the youngsters were actors sent in by the Monkey to taint my recordings and I didn't want to record their noises which would supposedly make my recordings illegal. I complained out loud: "American people are the most pathetic people on the planet, they are duped like donkeys, lied to by the devils, wasting their money and energies on imaginary stuff, on getting *me*" – just then someone honked outside, as if directed by the control center to confirm! (2:14:05) I begged DGHTRCOM to not let his people sink to the same bottom of ignorance – and someone got up as if directed by the control center to confirm! (2:18:00) And I tried continually to persuade him to not let the alert about me reach his people. On 2:20:30, I finally asked the youngster talking loudly next to me: "How are you guys told that I am here eating?" "How old are you eating?" "No, How – are – you – guys – told – that – I've – come – here – to – eat?" "Oh no we didn't tell anybody." "No" and I repeated my question for the third time, even slower this time. Finally, the young man understood me: "No, I didn't know you are here." And his friend added: "We just saw you here..." "So you saw me and you decided to come in?" "No..." "That's hard to believe. When I came in there was no one here." He replied: "Fate has a funny way of working..." "Do you enjoy believing in falsehood?" "Fossils?" "Falsehood... Lies..." "Oh, ignorance is bliss," he replied (2:22:00). "There is a difference between believing lies and ignorance." "What lies?" "The lies about me." I insisted that they had seen my pictures on something like Amber's alert. "Why? Have you abducted a child or something?" I was instantly alarmed. And I told them I was now ever more convinced that they were actors sent here since they knew just what to say to me especially when there was a surveillance agent watching over us right now (until 2:25:00). I then continued to hum because, by now, children's noise had begun to fill up the whole place. When I left on 2:30:00, the guy said to me sarcastically, "Drive safe." "Shut up, *you know* I don't drive." This conversation was interesting not because I had uncovered any operations – nobody had sent in the youngsters and there was no alert about me – but because it revealed again just how difficult it was to make myself understood by other people. The Age of the Internet! I soon got on the bus again and hummed all the way throughout my ride. "Angelica shoes" on 2:47:00. As if that meant something! I then continued to talk to the control center: "PM, are you really watching? He's watching..." Just then a honk outside the bus as if to confirm (2:55:00). I began deliberating: "We are now stuck with this plan, we can just do nothing... Then we can go back, we don't need to see the Golden Gate Bridge..." I then got on the BART to go to Berkeley. I theorized: "There is a computer to filter everyone's actions. Everyone is free to do what he or she wants, but is only allowed to do those things which will conform to the evidentiary record that has been planned.... The Monkey is allowed to do what he is doing because what he is doing now is beneficial to Daughterland." Good theory! Too bad that it wasn't correct! Then I turned to DGHTRCOM: "Now PM, what the Monkey is doing is only beneficial to Daughterland in the short run, not in the long run.... The police are framing me... This helps your country in the short run because it's the United States framing itself; but does it help your country in the long run? The Monkey helps your country in the short run, not in the long run, because he doesn't care about your country... What I provide to you is for your country's good in the long run: closing the case... 'easy diplomacy' to establish 'easy diplomacy' in the future... Use the back door I left for you wisely... Don't appear like an oppressive monster to the West... As a world leader, you must think of all the people in the world... You must be as angry with the US as I have been, but in the end we must think of the long run... PM, I hope you are listening directly...." And my right knee hurt. Just after I had freed the Daughter People by accident, here I was again providing evidences to the French so that they could imprison them again!

The tug of war! I continued: “Are you going to trust a Chinese or a Mexican?” Then I hummed. Then: “PM, the computer should only allow actions which will accord with your long range plan” (4:07:00) – and my right knee hurt again. It was probably the French who were encouraging me. I was on the streets in Berkeley on 4:17:00. “It’s really idiotic...” – and there was honking as if to confirm (4:19:37). “If PM wants to close the case, and the Monkey doesn’t, PM should just show up and the Monkey would do what he wants him to do...” Then: “I’m the biggest gift to your country – ever” – and a stranger passing by said, “You’d better watch yourself!” (4:21:00) I came to the Mediterraneum on 4:45:00. A female immediately looked at her cellphone and pressed a button on it upon seeing me. I was alarmed and asked her: “Are you spotting me or are you just pretending to spot me? Which is it?” She didn’t answer me (4:46:00). I thus walked away from the coffeehouse. “Everyone is conducting surveillance on me, everyone!” (5:06:00) Again, I had most likely mistaken the girl for doing the so-called “community surveillance program”. Then: “I’m just glad that this fucking country is going down the drain!” – and there was honking again as if to confirm (5:06:30). “Only if my suffering could bring about Mr B’s demise... We will always operate on hate... Because I have never met a person who loves me...” I then played Annie Villeneuve’s old song again.

My next recording is: “9_17_10_1018-1040PM.WMA”: I was now in a street corner using my computer before going to sleep. More: “... more testing... so we can flip... Mr B... PM... It’s so fucking disgusting... So would people be told that I purposely came under surveillance? But why? Why would anyone want that?... We cannot control what people are told... We just have to beg... We just take pleasure in the fact that Americans have lost their country... We should never feel guilty...” And my hands hurt; why? Then: “Human beings make the laws, and so they should have the power to break them too.” Then Annie Villeneuve again.

My last recording of the day is: “slp_9_17-18_10_1040PM-811AM.WMA”: As I slept, I continued: “Why doesn’t he just give me the Pyramid again? Then she would be seen walking with me and people would ask, ‘Why is she walking with that piece of shit...?’” Then: “... what is allowed by the evidentiary record... should coincide with PM’s long term plan for his country and for the world... What the Western nations are experiencing right now is growing hatred in losing this today and losing that tomorrow...” And, just then, there was honking which sounded so much like the control center was confirming me (10:00). What I was talking about was my wrong understanding that Daughterland was continuing to create intercepts out of me with which to forcibly obtain concessions from Western nation. I continued: “It’s their fault, but, after losing more and more without the end in sight, it soon wouldn’t matter whose fault it is... PM should not keep doing this to them... They must really hate me...” What I had said was such good evidence for the French – that I continued to conspire with Daughterland as I had done last year – that we really have to wonder whether the honk was really the French confirming me from the control center. Now I kept scratching myself because I had lice all over me. Then: “PM is not the kind of person... He will pay me later... What I’m worried about is Mr B, he will never pay me, he wants free lunch even when he is not invited... DGHTR must be very worried about the reputation of his country...” Just then, another honk as if to confirm (23:00).¹⁵

September 18 (Saturday)

¹⁵ Reviewed until 29:00.

My next recording is: “wksltrleftdvd164grndtosfbrdge_9_18_10_811AM-250PM.WMA”: Soon after I woke up, I came to the Presbyterian Church to get my free breakfast. I waited in line for a little while but left without getting my food. I continued to curse the Monkey while walking. I came to Royal Ground instead to have breakfast. When I was ready to work on my laptop, my knees hurt. “Why?” (34:50) Then again (40:30). Then I was annoyed again when my Filezilla was suddenly unable to upload screenshots to my website (53:30). This, as you shall see, would become a serious problem for me in the coming days. I then started reading a French article on the hexadecimal system in order to advance my knowledge of computer matters. Thank God I was allowed to burn a new disc (DVD 164). I packed up on 2:54:00 and used the restroom. “The Monkey might alert people saying I want people to believe I am a foreign intelligence agent...” (3:01:00). I left Royal Ground on 3:08:00. I walked into a coffee store wanting to buy ice cream but changed my mind when I saw that the cashier was Hispanic (3:15:40). And my arm hurt! When I walked into another Chinese fast food place and saw that it was run by Hispanics, I walked out immediately (3:20:00). I came inside the BART station and discovered that the record of Wes’ last call to me had been deleted from my phone. What? Did the Monkey do that? I then noticed a Daughterlander pyramid: was she conducting surveillance on me? (4:05:00) I began drawing a portrait of her. I came to San Francisco and was ready to visit the Golden Gate Bridge today! I got on the bus and continued my wrong scenario: “Western diplomats must all hate the Monkey because he wants to keep the court case open forever.... Why does PM allow that?” Wrong! They all loved him! I hummed all the way during the bus ride. “We will be made into something else, without ever the possibility of reversing it...” (4:51:00). I got off the bus and came inside a bar on Union and Polk to order a glass of Coca-Cola. The bartender said he had none. I thus asked for beer instead, but he just demanded that I leave. “What did I do? Where do you know me from?” I asked. Instead of replying, he violently grabbed my cart and threw it out of the bar (5:17:30). I was convinced it was because of the alert he had seen about me, while, in reality, the man just didn’t like homeless people. I then got on the bus and finally came to the Golden Gate Bridge on 5:57:00. But in this last moment I suddenly lost interest in the bridge as a means of suicide. “This is not a good show... Monkey, don’t go too far...” (6:23:30) I was then suffering a slight seizure. “We have to die...” (6:25:00). “There is no point in living... My writing is the last thing I have to live for... Somebody give me a gun!” (6:28:30) I then came back to the BART station on 6:34:30.

My next recordings are: “sfbrt_9_18_10_257-308PM.WMA” and “sfbardvd164plannotwork_9_18_10_312-901PM.WMA”: While I was riding the BART, my recorder suddenly turned itself off. It’s not clear whether it was remotely turned off from the control center under the Daughter People’s command. I got very upset that my recorder had turned itself off. Moaning and groaning, I got off the BART and got on the MUNI bus. (It’s not clear why I was still in San Francisco.) I continued: “What we don’t get... DGHTR’s profile of us... the first phase... why does it have to change?” I continued to write down my wrong understanding: “... purposely to get under surveillance... driven to paranoia...” – what would become my blog post for September 18. “Not even military draft involves the complete elimination of past existence...” I got off the bus and walked into a bar on 53:00. When I saw a child inside (!), I walked away. I couldn’t even avoid children by going to bars! I came inside another bar, but walked out immediately. I came inside a third bar, but the man threw me out immediately (59:00). The second time today! I walked a long way but soon got so exhausted that I fell down on the sidewalk and cried loudly (1:07:00). I then got on the 38 Geary bus again on 1:12:00. I continued to moan out of tremendous pain throughout the bus ride, and then came

inside another bar on 1:35:00. This time I was allowed to stay! I began writing out my blog: "... I got thrown out... I settled in the same bar..." Then, when I played a video file, my computer froze up (2:04:00). Then, after working for more than an hour, I left the bar on 3:18:00. I continued: "I'm not going to do the plan, it's worse than death..." (3:24:00). Again, good news for the Daughter People. I then came to an Indian restaurant on 3:25:00 to eat. I continued: "... Don't touch my stuff..."

Then I began a serious critique of what I thought was the Monkey's plan: "The profile of David Chin is so disgusting that no one is going to read the forged discovery; anyone who sees David Chin's face will vomit and avoid reading his forgeries. This means that the Monkey must have modified the PLAN – the use of Daddy Chertoff's former profile must have been his addition..." When I kept on emphasizing how stupid the Monkey's plan was (3:36:00), two drivers were honking outside making me believe that somebody else (DGHTR) was confirming my "insight". "The Monkey is so stupid, he has no understanding of people at all, he knows only how to gross people out, the only way he can get in power is through appointment" (3:43:00). I concluded: "Mr B's version of the PLAN would not work out. His attempt to keep the plan a secret has destroyed the plan itself." I had no idea that I was making a fool out of myself – believing I was so smart when I had got everything wrong!

I left the restaurant and came inside the Coffee Bean on Market Street on 4:15:00. Now, Coffee Bean just happened to be broadcasting this song: "Show me, show me, show me..." I mistakenly thought this was the Monkey's message to me – that he wanted me to show him how to plan his operation. Believing myself so smart when I was totally stupid, I thus suggested that he let PM plan the operation and simply watch how PM would do it (4:15:00). "Instead of letting him plan the operation and letting PM and DGHTR watch him, let's reverse that..." (4:23:50). Completely stupid! I then posted the blog post you see for today. All the wrong scenarios (alerting people that I wanted to be alerted about; the forging of my calls; and portraying me as an alcoholic). I had once again demonstrated that I was completely delusional in order to save Daughterland! I then believed a Chinese guy was conducting surveillance on me (taking a picture of me too). Then: "I need to see a therapist, my depression is so bad..." I then called somebody on 4:36:00: "Did you change to a new station?" "Yes." Then, amazingly, somebody brought in a child who started shouting (4:47:00). I immediately wrote this down in my blog post for today. I then quickly left the coffeehouse to avoid the child's shouting (5:00:00). "... that God-damned fucking... Maybe you should ask, what do DGHTR and PM really think... fucking piece of shit... This mother fucker... no one will remember... I need to treat my depression..." I then walked a long way and came to the Greyhound station and bought a ticket for Los Angeles. Finally!

My next recording is: "grhndrflctn_9_18-19_10_901PM-151AM.WMA": I continued to comment on the flaws of this imaginary project of the Monkey's: "The profile has to be such that I will be of interest to others, other people will need to like me." Finally, I was boarding the bus to Los Angeles – having accomplished nothing. I then continued reading the news item about Russia's treaty with Norway. Had this something to do with me? (Most likely not.) When I was on the Greyhound bus, I continued making my stupid conditions: "... he will remain loyal to the cause if he keeps his things... if his foundation is touched, then he breaks easily..."¹⁶

16 Reviewed until 1:58:00.

September 19 (Sunday; in Los Angeles; computer malfunctioning)

My next recording is: “slpgrndbusdl_9_19_10_151-705AM.WMA”:¹⁷ I was still sleeping when the bus arrived in Los Angeles. A Greyhound personnel awakened me, and I walked out of the Greyhound station on 4:21:00 still mumbling about the imaginary alert. I walked a long way, and then: “... just heap everything upon David Chin, let Lawrence Chin... that’s also the only way to solve the China problem... all the lies and alerts... Who’s going to be that David Chin? Any volunteer?” I got on the bus on 4:53:00 and hummed loudly throughout. When I got off the bus, I continued: “... one hundred percent hold... the whole humanity... the RCMP...”

My next recordings are: “dwntwnladbt_9_19_10_712-734AM.WMA” and “strgtoisoscrd_9_19_10_759AM-329PM.WMA”: I settled down in a Starbucks and continued: “I might just be duping myself...” And my arm hurt! “My recording... it’s Mr B’s trick...” I then reviewed my recordings a little. Then I came outside to continue my worthless reflection. Then I couldn’t find my USB cable and thought that I may have lost it in the bar. “People are not going to turn in another USB cable saying it’s mine, are they?” I successfully burned a new disc and then got up and started walking to the storage facility. It’s a long walk. “That’s PM’s strategy, he is using me to tell Mr B how stupid he is, because he doesn’t want to damage his relationship with him...” Ha! Bullshit. Then “... Mr B has invented this profile that is so disgusting... He would say about me: ‘He believes there is this man Mr B who is directing him’.... But this guy really believes it, and this Mr B really exists.... I don’t want an alert to be broadcast... I want to be anonymous... I need a companion to order my thoughts... Someone who can understand all this twist and turn... I want to know what people are told about me...” Then I was surprised: “There are no surveillance agents around... If the alert simply presents me as the way I am to other people, people won’t even understand it... What is this guy talking about? Maybe that’s the point, to make me into a mystery... Only PM can understand what I’m saying, not even George Bush can understand it... PM rises above all politicians... That makes him into a philosopher king... What books has he read during the 20 years he has spent in office...?” Worthless garbage! After such a long walk, I came to the food mall and rested. More: “The Russian surveillance is arguing with the surveillance of the rest of the world... Is he really Lawrence Chin? Yeah, the rest of the world is just making things up...” I came inside the storage facility on 2:07:00. I put in all the new discs I had lately burned. Then, someone came near me to talk, and, terrified, I hummed loudly. When I came out, I thought I had realized something important: “They use a super computer, that’s why they are able to bundle so many things together, that’s why they seem so sophisticated... Whenever they want to do something, they will have to input it into the computer, and whenever Mr B wants to do something, it will have to go through the computer, that’s why it’s so efficient...” Bullshit! I got on the bus on 3:55:00.

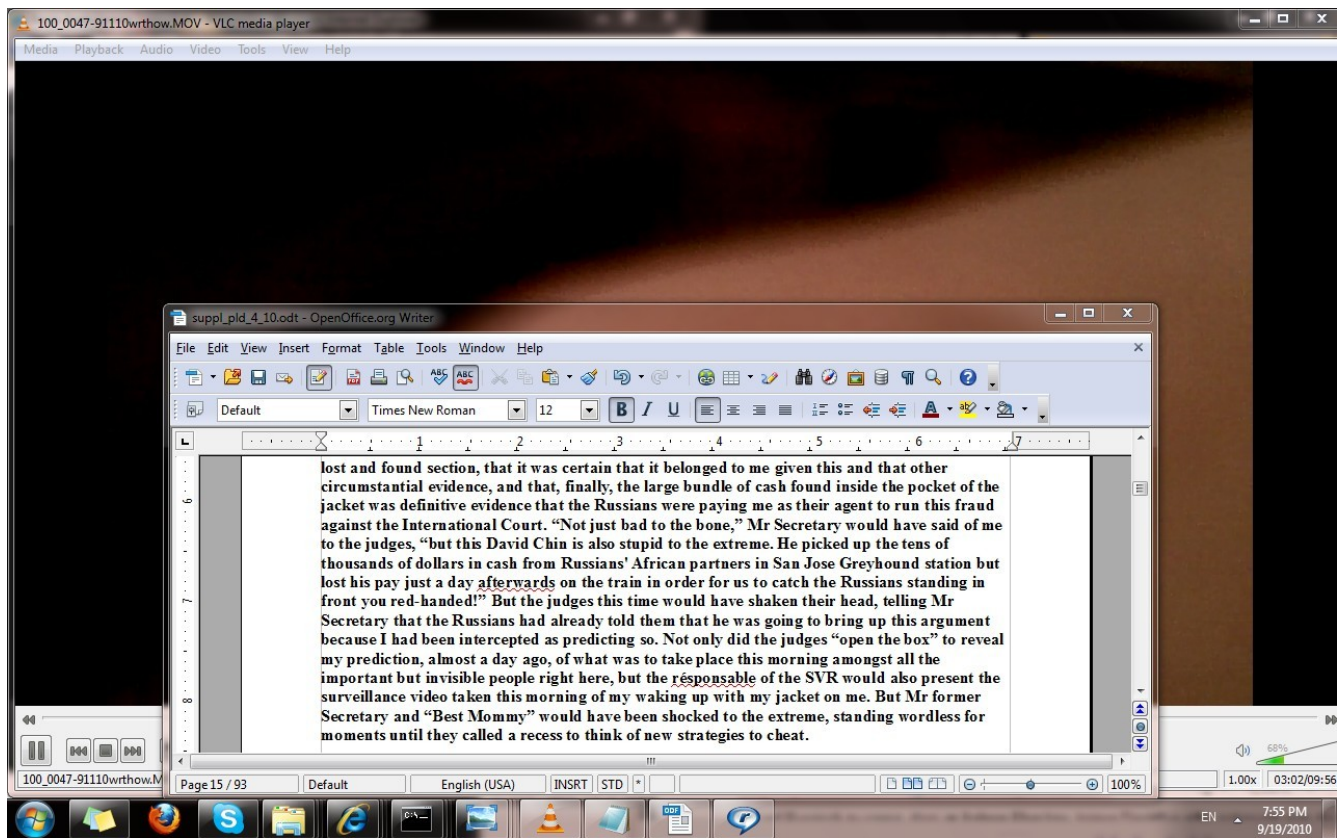
I hummed throughout my bus ride. Then I continued my wrong scenario: “They are using this super computer, it has already deciphered my mood structure, and that’s why they are so ingenious, because they plan their operations with that big computer” (4:01:30) – and cars were honking as if to confirm. Then my finger hurt when I thought of Renee (4:25:00). I fell asleep on the bus and then got off in front of the Federal Building on 5:09:00. I lay down on the sidewalk across the street from the Federal Building, and, at one point, what seemed to be a surveillance agent passed by in front of me. I came

¹⁷ Reviewed from 3:07:00 onward.

inside Borders Bookstore on 5:37:30 to use the restroom. I then came to ISO on 6:00:00. Tiffany greeted me. I told her about my wish to move to a different city and then asked her about her trip. She had gone to San Diego. I told her I had become so worried about what people were told about me. “No one talks about you,” she said, not really corresponding to what I said. “They were told things about me, and they talk to each other about me.” “who?” “Everybody.” “Name someone!” “Just people, strangers.” Tiffany suggested that what people thought didn’t matter. “People said a lot of things about me all the time...” “No, they don’t!” I added: “What they have been told about me is not true...” (until 6:03:20). I then worked on my computer, burning a new disc while watching videos on Spiegel’s website (6:28:00). Then, my laptop froze up so that I couldn’t turn down the volume (6:43:30). I then hummed because people were talking next to me. Then my Internet connection was cut off on 7:06:00. I began experiencing physical pain and breathing heavily. Then my Internet connection was resumed. “I can’t believe it... The Monkey...” (7:09:45). I then watched a video on Ksenia Sobchak on Youtube (7:16:00). (Namely, my interest in people related to DGHTRCOM.) And my disc was successfully burned and verified! Nevertheless, I was terribly angry because people (or so I believed) were instructed to make loud noises next to me.

My next recording is: “toucla_9_19_10_329-544PM.WMA”: While smoking outside, I continued about the Monkey: “I’m not sure he realizes that when people’s life is under threat they will lose interest in... He wants to get rid of my recordings, my data... He still wants to do the David Chin shit... There is no plan at all...” I came back inside ISO and ordered some noodle. Tiffany tried to remember my name: “It’s Harry?” “It’s Larry. You are not trying to get me into trouble, are you?” “No, don’t be so nervous all the time, relax...” I then watched a video about Daughterland’s president. I then did my lesson on Russland Journal and watched some Russian TV shows while eating my noodles. More of Ksenia Sobchak! It’s not clear whether my obsession with Ksenia this afternoon would become the French’s justification that PLANRUS should continue. (If so, what would happen later tonight would certainly be the Daughter People’s way to neutralize me so that the tug of war should continue.) Then I believed there was a surveillance agent around. “I hate to be duped...” I left ISO on 1:03:00 and walked a long way to UCLA. I filmed the police car which I believed had videotaped me. Then I rested a little, mumbling: “Maybe each time that we figure out what’s going on, another game would begin until we can’t figure out what’s going on...” Yeah right! On 1:30:00 I came inside Ackerman and rested in the TV lounge. Then I began reviewing my recordings. “Maybe Mr still wants to blackmail me... But there is nothing I can do for him after he has damned me to such infamy....”

My next recording is: “wrtuclasupl410_9_19_10_544-912PM.WMA”: While inside the TV lounge, I continued to write about what happened on June 19 2009 – to provide the French with evidence that I had conspired with Daughterland last year! I continued to believe there were surveillance agents around me. Then, more of my nonsense: “... duped by PM... directing to the opposite direction... draft me by force... I thought we had a deal, PM...” And my fingers hurt. Conspiracy! I continued to pray: “... We try to do you good, I pray to you in Jesus’ name...” Then: “... I don’t really respect him anymore...” Then: “... I just walked away when I discovered she was trying to harm me...” (54:00). I was then reading something in French, something about our Daughterland president (1:01:00). I then continued to investigate what this “lock file” was (paranoia over nothing!).



My writing about June 19 2009 this afternoon
had certainly become the French's evidence

My next recording is: "cfbnfilezmlfuncnt_9_19_10_912-1130PM.WMA": I then came out of UCLA and came to the Coffee Bean in Westwood Village (37:00). I hummed on and off to cover up other people's noises. Now terrible malfunctioning was awaiting me. When I began uploading my latest screenshots to my website, my Filezilla malfunctioned (48:00). Terrified – of course it must be the Monkey – I began filming the process. Just then, my camcorder was shut down (55:00). Of course it must again be the Monkey from the control center. I tried filming my computer again: "100_0008.MOV". As you can see in the video, Filezilla timed out repeatedly, and the screenshots which had been uploaded only in portions would have to be replaced again and again, so that I would have to continually click on the pop-up notices to permit the replacement of each screenshot, which meant that I would have to watch over the process for hours just to upload a few screenshots, and without any guarantee of success! Since this meant that I could not do writing while at the same time uploading files, I assumed it was the Monkey's tactic to waste my time and energy in order to drive me insane. In reality, it's not even clear whether anybody from the control center, such as the Daughter People, had commanded this – whether this wasn't "natural". "No matter how much we beg, nothing ever changes, don't ever do that again..." And I was also angered by all these people laughing behind me while I was crying over the malfunctioning of my software (1:17:30). "... everyday there is but malfunctioning, *a girlfriend is not as important as this...*" Good news for the Daughter People! I continued to film my computer: "This is not going to work out, given the disruption... It's not working, my computer, my only thing..." And I

started crying – so sadly – on 1:37:00. When Coffee Bean was closing, I filmed myself leaving. I continued to bemoan and blame the Daughter People: “The country I have sacrificed my life for... Why... With Mr Chertoff, this did not happen that often, now this happens every single day... Why ask why? We have already sacrificed for these people, they are going to eat free lunch afterwards....” Certainly good evidences for the Daughter People: if the French had obtained any new evidences this afternoon (Sobchak and my writing about June 19 2009) to justify the continuation of PLANRUS, the Daughter People – whether they had commanded malfunctioning or not – had certainly neutralized them now.

My next recording is: “failtoslp_9_19-20_10_1137PM-333AM.WMA”: I came to my corner getting ready to sleep. I continued: “... we are not going to get anything back...” Then what seemed like a surveillance agent walked past. Then I continued to read up on Sobchak on my laptop. Then: “Oh, I know, because he doesn’t want the case to be closed... PM will always be remembered as... They are not going to obey... unless you chip them all...” As if I hadn’t been unfortunate enough today, I would suffer insomnia tonight and be unable to sleep.¹⁸

September 20 (Wes)

My next recordings are: “slpnrmdie_9_20_10_333-849AM.WMA” and “painedwntwn_9_20_10_849AM-349PM.WMA”: Soon after I woke up, I got on bus 20. I hummed all the way while on the bus. Because of what happened last night, I had decided to go up to San Francisco again – this time to really check out the Golden Gate Bridge! (Did the Daughter People plan this last night?) Then I continued my wrong scenario: “... as David Chin, my sole function is to keep the Court open for the Monkey....” (56:40). I also complained bitterly that I had scratched myself to the point that my skin had ruptured. I was now in the Union Station asking the Amtrak personnel about the train tickets to San Francisco or Oakland. I was then waiting for the Metro, and I kept humming. I lay on the ground moaning out of physical exhaustion. I rode the Metro and the bus, humming and moaning all the way. I was also terrified by what I believed were surveillance agents around me. Finally, I came to PATH wanting to take a shower (3:08:50). And yet I wasn’t willing to wait. I groaned heavily and then changed my mind. I insisted to the receptionist that she cross out my name from the wait list. She wouldn’t. I got paranoid over nothing again and believed erroneously that she was running operation for the Monkey: “Why do you want to create the false impression that I am here when I am not here?” (3:12:30) I thus left PATH. Then a street vagrant – full of profanity on his mouth – came to ask me for a cigarette. I just hummed without answering him (3:26:00). I got on the bus on 3:42:00 but soon got so distressed that I got off (3:50:00). I was in downtown and, after some walking, dropped to the ground out of exhaustion, completely out of breath and moaning terribly. Then I screamed and cried out of physical pain. I kept shouting to the control center: “What do you want me to do? What do you guys want me to do?” I began filming myself crying. And more siren to annoy me (4:45:00). After so much crying and shouting, I called up my mother asking her for the money she had promised. She said that she didn’t have money and that I had to wait. I hanged up. I then called up my step-mother and asked her to deposit this month’s money early. Then, more siren to drive me insane (from 4:52:00 onward). I then begged DGHTRCOM not to let the Monkey create an “International Court dynasty” (4:59:00). Stupid! I then asked him whether I should go up to San Francisco again – “right means yes and left

¹⁸ Reviewed until 1:10:00.

means no” (5:01:00). As if DGHTRCOM was always around to answer me! I filmed myself a little more and then shouted: “Stop, stop! Stop the environment!” (5:07:00) Finally, I came to a coffeehouse to use my laptop (5:27:00). Siren again on 5:36:30. “We have the Monkey on our back, nothing is going to be accomplished...” And my left knee hurt (5:43:00). I wanted to call somebody on Skype (5:52:00) but my connection was cut off (5:56:00). I kept cursing the Monkey. I called up Wes on 5:58:30 and Alexandra answered the call, but she hanged up immediately. I tried to talk to DGHTRCOM again: “Do you have sympathy?” Then: “I need to talk to somebody, not just to those invisible figures inside the control center... It’s just not right to let human beings have that much power...” (6:03:00) Then, during my smoke break, I continued: “The Monkey is a master in smashing his own feet... He definitely didn’t pass the test...” (6:18:00). I came back inside the coffeehouse and, after ImgBurn successfully completed an operation, children came in. I hummed loudly, annoyed and exhausted. I came outside breathing and moaning heavily and then dropped to ground again.

My next recordings are: “sldpwtwn_9_20_10_355-524PM.WMA” and “bus2_9_20_10_526-611PM.WMA”: I napped on the street until I awoke on 49:00 in the first recording. I then got on the bus on 1:01:00. I continued to moan and groan out of pain and depression.

My next recording is: “bus2alert_9_20_10_623-701PM.WMA”: I continued my worthless reflection: “What if the alert says I purposely come under surveillance in order to be slandered? What if the alert says I really believe I’m a secret agent and want the alert as my cover?... Even the ‘post-structuralist’ alert would end up excommunicating the person so that no one would ever want to hear anything he says... Any alert would render him ineffective... A secret agent or an intelligence agency’s pet...” – and my toes hurt – “... cannot be excommunicated; he must be part of society in order to be effective...” (4:00). Then: “The Monkey doesn’t care about any country, he just wants to be the hot shot in the international arena... The surveillance might say I’m just pretending to be recording myself, pretending to be sad, pretending to be crying...” (6:00). Then: “And so PM has failed, the Monkey has screwed up all his plans...” (16:00). “PM has fucked himself up so badly...” (21:00) “Don’t trust Mexicans... Why can’t PM just remove the Monkey?” (29:00)

My next recording is: “alrntgdtogryhnd_9_20_10_702-1152PM.WMA”: I then got on the bus again and continued to hum like crazy. I then continued to mumble about how my transformation into David Chin in the real world might be in the interest of Daughterland, how the Monkey wanted to permanently maintain me as David Chin in order to keep my case at the International Court open forever, and how the Daughterland surveillance agents around me were fake Daughterlanders (57:30). Then: “I don’t really understand what’s going on... We need to ask the fake Daughterlanders for help...” (1:01:40). Then: “The consulate is a fake consulate, but since the consulate people remembered the time when they were real consulate people, they were nice to me...” (1:03:00). Bullshit! Then: “Don’t do this any longer... I can no longer understand what is going on... I am now left to rot in the theater... Actors at least get paid...” (until 1:05:00) I was now at the Greyhound station and bought a ticket to San Francisco. What a waste of my precious money! I kept humming and cursing, and then suddenly collapsed and broke down crying: “I can’t do this any longer...” (1:16:00). I cried and screamed while wandering around.

Then, I called up Wes on 1:21:00, and, thank God, he answered the call. I cried to him, “I can’t stand anymore what’s going on.... You have to tell me what’s going on, how I can get out of this...” And car’s honking on 1:22:00, as if to confirm me. I continued: “I need treatment but I don’t have money... Everyone around me is just acting... Please help me, Wes... Help me... I don’t know what to do...” (1:23:40). I continued: “The police and everyone else are working together to frame me, I don’t know how to get out of it... I don’t have anybody to talk to, my depression is so severe...” It was of course evident to Wes that I was unknowingly bringing upon myself tremendous suffering by being paranoid over non-existent situations: nobody was acting and the police were not trying to fame me. But he merely reminded me that I received money from the government. “It’s not enough, I have too much debt,” I screamed. I then suggested that he get a loan for me (1:25:50). While we were discussing this idea, a man – disgusting, vulgar, and masculine – just had to come near me to ask me what was wrong with me. I told him to go away, convinced that the Monkey had sent him to me to provoke me under the disguise of trying to help me. Now Wes refused to get a loan for me saying he didn’t believe I would ever pay him back. He said I wouldn’t believe it was his money anyway but would just think it was the Russians’ money (1:30:30 or so). Well, he’s right. Then my call was suddenly cut off on 1:31:40. I continued to cry out of tremendous pain and hopelessness. “I would never do that to another human being... I pulled it through all the way to the end...” I cried and screamed to the Daughter People inside the control center, truly amazed by their betrayal (1:36:00). In reality, I was just providing more evidence to the French. Then another masculine and vulgar guy uttering profanity – who looked so much like a street criminal – came to ask me: “What’s wrong? Where are you going? What’s wrong?” I brushed him aside assuming he was here to provoke me. “He doesn’t need help,” he muttered while walking away (1:38:00). I said to DGHTRCOM sarcastically: “Every time when you’ve got a project, your friend will mess it up... You really don’t know how to choose your friend... The book I’ve read about you is an overestimation of you, maybe you are getting old...” (until 1:59:00). Ha! More: “Every time that you give the Monkey something to do, he will mess it up, just like Daddy Chertoff, and he will mess up your plan, and he will mess up his own plan, until he has nothing more left to mess up!” (until 2:07:00). Then, “It’s unfair! It’s our world, mine and DGHTR’s, we have got it together....” (2:12:00). I was again unknowingly providing evidence to the French of my conspiracy with Daughterland. I walked back inside the Greyhound station on 2:16:30. Children’s noises were everywhere, angering me terribly and causing me to hum continually for the next hour or so. Now, because the 10 PM bus was too full, I decided to ride the next bus on 11 PM. I came outside, feeling extremely tense and breathing heavily. I continued to mutter my suggestions to the Daughter People: “Small changes at a time are good; radical changes, risky...” (3:03:00). I then tried to do some writing while waiting for the bus.

It should be noted that, since September 1, Wes had not carried out any order to leak hints about the “plan” to me or to persuade me to do anything to go along with the “plan” (except perhaps his suggestion that I stop writing on September 13). All this is indication that, thanks to the Daughter People’s resistance (all the evidences they had collected about my insanity and my hatred of them), PLANRUS was being put on hold in the past two weeks.