

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice

Part V

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

Document 4

The following reconstruction covers the period from September 21 to November 16, 2010. We have now reached the most critical moment of the International Court of Justice trial over me (the “second run” according to my terminology). Namely, the episode where I came close to realizing that the French had objected, where the French then destroyed this trial with the Daughter People following suit, and where judge Higgins attempted to revive it in total secrecy.

While the terminology here generally follows the convention established earlier, there are new terms which I had devised during this period to refer to the Russian intelligence service SVR. Not simply the Daughter People. I had also begun to use “Siloviki” (SLVK) to refer to the conservative elements among the Daughter People. (A misnomer since there really wasn’t any conflict between the conservative and the liberal elements among the Daughter People.) I also began to refer to them more and more simply as “Russians” or “Russian intelligence”.

Throughout this period I continued to suffer the symptoms of a typical “targeted individual” – mistaking every movement in my environment and every unpleasant thing I experienced for orchestration from the control center – while my Sonophobia, Misopedia, and Electronicachreia continued to intensify (whether or not the incessant malfunctioning of my computer and my recorder was remotely induced by the Monkey from the control center). I became increasingly helpless in face of ordinary unpleasant experiences and looked increasingly squalid. All the while, I continued to indulge myself in a strange overestimation of my own ability (the most common disease among the common people). The only positive thing during this period was that I had finally stopped wasting money on worthless traveling to other cities.

Note that judge Higgins’ attempt to revive the International Court of

Justice trial was at the origin of the tremendous misfortune I shall suffer in the next several years – my mind-control torture. It has taken me almost 9 years to finally locate this origin and understand how and why I became coupled with this “control center” which has controlled me in the past few years to carry out a mission to ruin myself without any possibility that anyone might sympathize with me. It has been one of the saddest stories in human history. The following document is thus the result of 9 years of reflection, investigation, and reconstruction and I’m so *happy* that, today, I know how and why and am able to write it out – writing out the origin of my misfortune was already my most essential activity during the period under consideration and I have never been able to do it until today. As one testimonial author has confessed:

“Cuando una persona narra su vida y otra u otras la escuchan o la leen, la protagonista siente que existe: se siente. Ése, por sí sólo, es para mí un buen comienzo.”¹

September 21 (Tuesday; San Francisco; suicide wish)

My first recordings of the day are: “sfhowicjworks_9_21_10_733-906AM.WMA” and “9_21_10_912-937AM.WMA”: As soon as I arrived in San Francisco, I started my worthless reflection: “They said I have never saved Russia, but they would have to admit that my victimization has benefited them...” (36:00). I then continued my wrong scenario about “real Russia” (43:00). “The ‘real Russia’ takes command, and now you are doing it again... In this way, it’s as if nothing had ever happened, we can’t take credit then... But we can still take credit for the third phase...” I came inside a coffeehouse to buy coffee and a bagel. Outside, I saw another pair of “semi-Angelica shoes”. As if it meant something! Then again: “He needs to close the case...” Then, when I got on the bus, I believed I saw more surveillance agents. I sighed: “We have been under surveillance for 6 years...”

My next recordings are: “9_21_10_937-1144AM.WMA” and “9_21_10_1144AM-540PM.WMA”. I came inside the San Francisco Public Library to work. I continued writing and posted the blog post you see for today (how the alert would say that I purposely wanted to be alerted about in order to have a cover for my secret agent activities). Just more evidence for the Daughter People that I was insane. I then left the library on 11:00 (in the second recording). Then, more wrong scenario: “I think the ‘two golden pyramids’ have something to do with the insignia of the two birds... It’s PM’s symbol...” Bullshit! Then siren (13:00). I hummed while on the street until I entered a doughnut shop. I then came back to the library to use the restroom. I hummed like crazy.

1 From María Eugenia Vásquez Perdomo, *Escrito para no morir*, Introduction.

I then came to the BART station and continued to hum loudly (1:05:00). I noted another “surveillance agent” (or so I thought). I was now on the BART going to Berkeley. I wrote down the “realization” from this morning – the “fake Daughter”, etc (1:38:00). When I arrived in Berkeley, I saw more “semi-Angelica shoes” and believed erroneously that the Monkey had orchestrated it as an intercept (1:45:30). I thus begged DGHTRCOM to put something in front of me too. “Why let this Monkey get in your way?” As I rested in the street corner: “You can’t really do anything” (1:55:00). I passed by the Presbyterian Church and asked a female worker, “Viviana”, for the address of the Center for Independent Living (2:04:00). While sitting on the bench waiting for her, I continued: “PM, this is your courthouse, why are you letting the Monkey do all this?” (2:09:00) After obtaining the address, I came to the Center for Independent Living (2:24:00). I explained to the receptionist that I wanted her help in finding an apartment. She could not hear me correctly (2:24:00). Not again! I was now provoked. Another woman came out, and I repeated that I wanted help in finding housing. The receptionist cut in: “He said something about housing, that’s all I can understand.” “Why can’t she understand anything I said?” I asked the new lady. “She was on the phone,” she explained. I sat down on a bench and broke down crying (2:26:30). Then the housing counselor came out to see me, a black man by the name of “Ruiz”. I told him how much I was upset by the receptionist who couldn’t understand anything I said (2:28:00). They both apologized. I told Ruiz my concern: I didn’t want shelters because I feared that my things might be stolen. Ruiz told me about subsidized housing. I also told him about my problem with lice. Ruiz told me I needed a regular doctor. I explained why I couldn’t get rid of the lice: I couldn’t wash my clothes and shower at the same time. Ruiz recommended transitional housing, where I could also learn “money management” and “get reintegrated into society” (2:42:00). Given all the wrong scenarios in my head, I again mistook Ruiz’s “reintegration” for a “secret message” from the control center. Ruiz then asked me if I wanted to do my intake now. I told him how I was under a lot of “community surveillance”, how I must be on some sort of blacklist, how the residents were warned about me (2:46:00). All these wrong scenarios! Ruiz didn’t take me seriously. Obviously! I then asked him where I could obtain free therapy. “South County Crisis”. I told him more of my wrong scenarios, how the police were framing me, and explained that this was why I didn’t like to give out my information. Ruiz was skeptical: “When is the last time that you see a psychiatrist?” I left with the address for “Soup Kitchen” (a charity organization which offered free shower) and the number for South County Crisis. Ruiz had also scheduled an appointment for me for tomorrow (2:59:00). When I stepped out a kid sped past on skateboard (2:59:30). I was angered: “Every time that we have done something someone will speed past on a skateboard. So disgusting!” I didn’t know I was merely misinterpreting things and this was not orchestrated. “The Monkey has a very shallow mind. All these resources are so disgusting. PM, are you allowing him to do this? Tell me, left, right...” And I got sensation on both feet! (3:02:00) I simply couldn’t imagine that the Monkey didn’t orchestrate any “Center for Independent Living”. I then

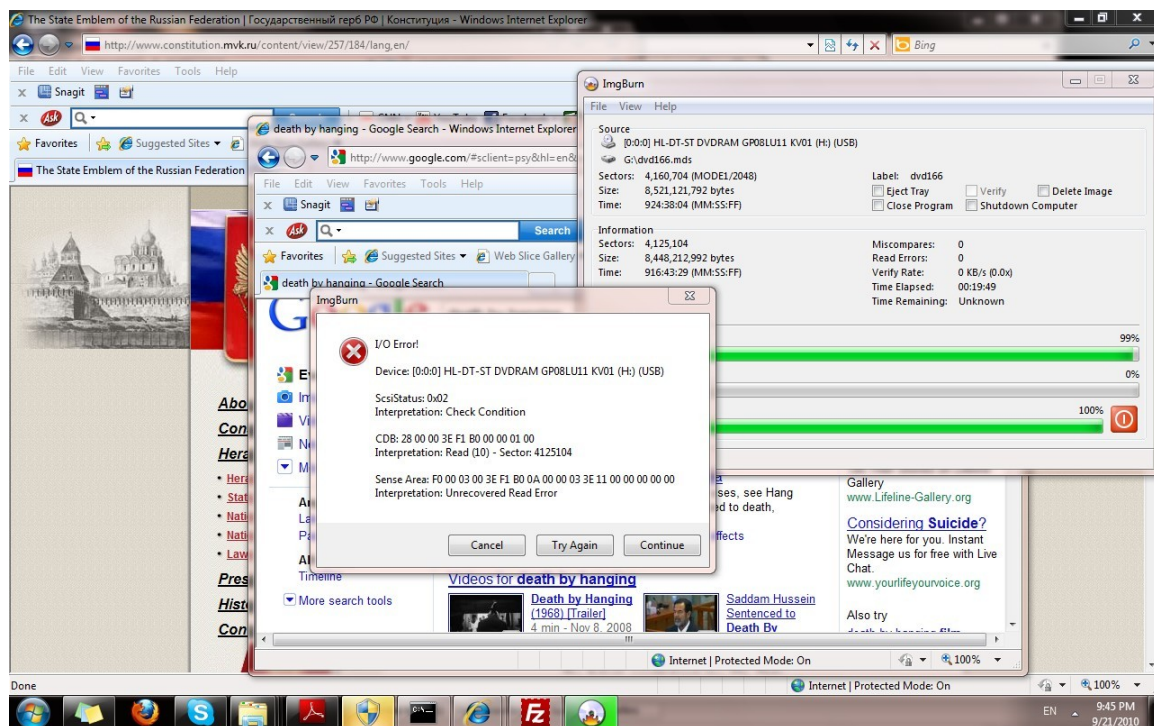
became suspicious and wondered why Ruiz wanted my information (3:04:45). Then I saw another pair of golden pyramids: I erroneously believed this meant something. “PM, what do you want me to do?” I then came to UC Berkeley to film myself writing another note to Daughterland’s consulate (3:34:00). Not again! I then rode the BART to go back to San Francisco. Humming all the way, I arrived on 5:15:00. “There is no way to win over this Monkey, it’s so easy for him...” (5:18:00). I tried looking for a copy machine to make a copy of the note I had just written, but no. Instead, I made a copy by hand. I then begged DGHTRCOM to tell me whether I should go to the consulate. No response. I finally decided to go to the consulate tomorrow. Wow! I had no idea that I was ruining my reputation with these crazy trips to “Daughter Consulate”. I came to a Chinese restaurant to eat (5:32:00). While eating, I prayed again: “PM, could you please send someone to assassinate me? Yes or no?” And the control center hurt my right toes. I then begged DGHTR to send somebody to kill me.

My next recording is: “9_21_10_540-1042PM.WMA”: After wandering the streets of San Francisco, I got on the bus. I would hum throughout my bus ride, nervous and depressed. I took note of someone near me who was wearing earphones. I got off the bus on 28:00. I murmured to the Monkey: “What if someone does it to you? Would you like to be David Chin?” I then filmed what I thought was a surveillance agent. I prayed to Jesus on 34:00 and there was honking – as if to concur. “I don’t believe in honks!” I soon got on the bus again and continued to hum – frightened and about to disintegrate (42:00). I got off the bus on 52:00. I squatted breathless by the street corner, moaning and groaning and in tremendous pain, all because of depression, physical exhaustion, and the fear that I was being framed into David Chin. I broke down crying on 57:00. By 1:33:00 I had calmed down and began walking again. “We are completely excommunicated...” (1:37:00). While trembling and out of breath, I continued, “What’s this all about?” I got on the bus again on 1:47:00 and hummed loudly all the way. I was totally miserable and continued: “I have been excommunicated from humanity for two and a half years... I would have to be put into the hospital for several years...” I begged the control center for a break, and then believed I saw another surveillance agent (2:05:00). Just then the control center hurt my arm – what did this mean? – and I broke down crying again. “I want to be Lawrence Chin, that’s all I have ever wanted...” (2:56:40) I came inside the BART station and begged DGHTRCOM to reconsider the Monkey – he had forged so much evidence, he was not trustworthy, he was worse than Mr Chertoff (2:26:00). I now rode the BART back to Berkeley, all the while moaning and groaning and mistaking people wearing earphones for surveillance agents. When I came to the Berkeley BART station (3:02:00) people gathered around me to make fun of me: “Are you okay?” – all because I was on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

I came to Royal Ground to work (3:23:00). I started burning a new disc with ImgBurn while searching on the Internet for information on suicide by hanging. When I was

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Lawrence C. Chin
Sept. 2010 – Aug. 2019. Corrections, Jan. – Mar. 2021.

outside taking a break, I mumbled more about how I regretted saving Russia. “I have sacrificed my life for a country I have never known...” (3:49:00). Just what the Daughter People would like to hear! Then: “DGHTR, you have messed me up so horribly... But I love you... Please remember me” (3:55:00). Then, another surveillance agent (or so I believed). “I know you are a good man...” I went back inside the coffeehouse on 4:02:00 to attend to my laptop. Just then, ImgBurn malfunctioned and the burn failed. Shocked, I broke down crying and went into a seizure – my medical condition induced by machine malfunctioning – and the coffeehouse employee came over to ask me if I was okay (4:11:00). I of course assumed it was the control center which had remotely caused the burning to fail. We however have to wonder whether it really was the Daughter People who had commanded this.



ImgBurn remotely controlled to fail?

By 4:21:00 Royal Ground closed, and I packed up my things and left. I walked to the Public Library and angrily laid out my blanket outside to get ready to sleep. I then broke down crying again, wailing at the top of my voice, and burying my head in my blanket. After 15 minutes I stopped crying and began reading the article on death by hanging which I had saved on my browser. “It’s so scary... They have so much power...” (5:01:10). Then, while I was importing the recordings from my recorder to my laptop, I decided that I must die – the misery was too great. It shall be death by carbon monoxide. My left arm

continually hurt while I was thinking this. My immediate impression was that it was DGHTRCOM who was remotely hurting me from the control center to signal “No” to me. Ha! Bullshit. I was determined to do just the opposite of what he had supposedly signaled. In reality, it’s most likely the case that the Daughter People were again trying to persuade me to kill myself. It would be evidence that they didn’t conspire with me and my death would also rig the trial altogether. Just as it was probably they who tried to signal to me “a good death” a week ago, so it was probably they who had ordered the Monkey to destroy my disc tonight in order to drive me to decide on suicide as the way out. In fact, they were most likely doing their best right now to drive me to suicide because their act would itself be evidence to temporarily save them from the obligation to continue PLANRUS with me. This, in addition to the fact that, much to their delight, I was not going to fly to Europe tomorrow. PLANRUS was on hold and just about dead in the water.

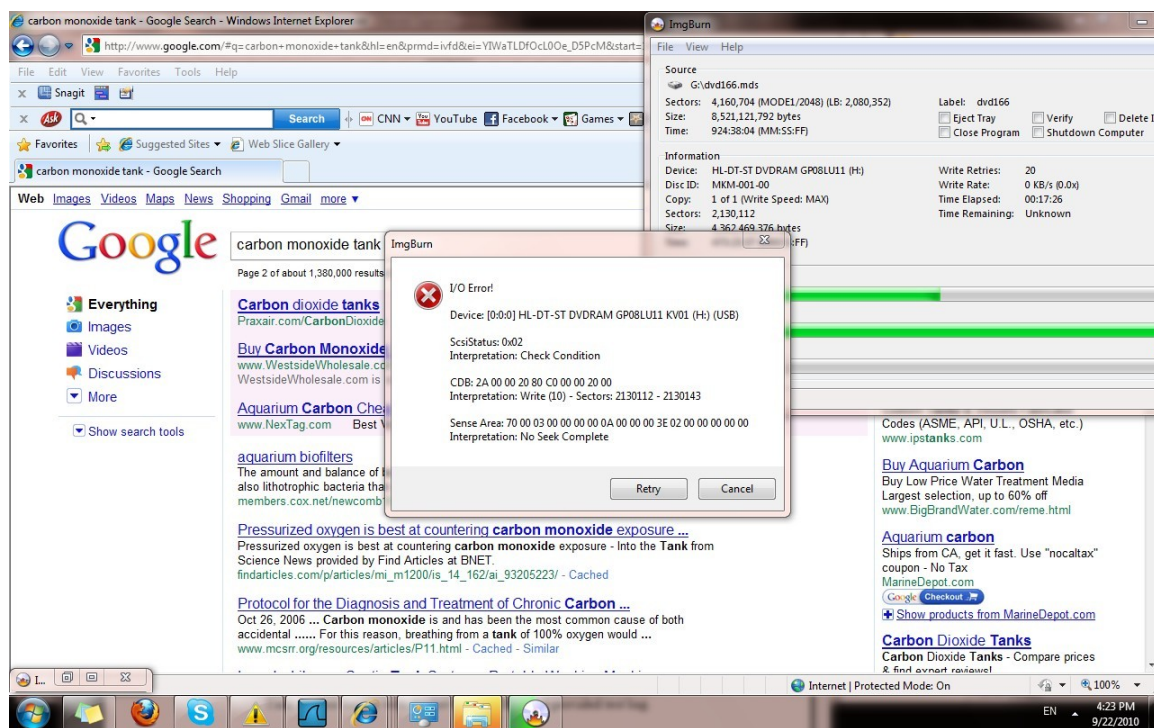
September 22 (Wednesday; missed flight)

My first recording of the new day is: “slpwkth_9_22_10_709-904AM.WMA”: After I woke up from the street corner, I came inside a crowded coffeehouse. The Swiss Airline’s flight was today, but I was so sad that I didn’t even remember it. Nor would I remember to go to the consulate today. I hummed continually and was then wandering the streets. I muttered to the Monkey: “I agree to be David Chin, so you can keep the court case open forever...” I bought chocolate in a liquor store as my breakfast. I continued: “This stupid project which nobody cares about...” More about the Monkey: “When he couldn’t win the game, he would just change the game... Now, PM, do you regret?...” Then: “Maybe the assassination team can assassinate me and storm the courthouse at the same time... Forget about international laws... Mr B, me myself, and DGHTR, we will screw up every one of his projects...” Then, Angelica shoes! And my right hand hurt.

My next recording is: “iclsfmtldvd166yllchl_9_22_10_904AM-509PM.WMA”. While I was squatting in a corner on Telegraph, a vagrant came over to yell at me about a cigarette and then tell me he didn’t want to go to jail (5:00). I ignored him. I again erroneously thought he was the Monkey’s agent and feared it was part of his trick to jail me. I then came to the Center for Independent Living (12:00). Car alarm on 26:40. Ruiz called me in on 29:00. I told him my mother was quite insane and he told me not to talk about her like that: “She’s your mom”. We then discussed registering to vote and taking medication. I went outside for a break on 54:00 and then came back to Ruiz’s office on 1:06:00. Ruiz talked to my mother on the phone on 1:12:00. Then the Help Hot Line (1:32:00). I shaved in the restroom and then came back asking for copies of the papers I had signed. I left the Center on 2:08:00. I had decided that I should check into a motel today, and so planned to come back to the Center on 1:30 PM to call my mother to ask her to pay for the motel room. But I never did. I again thought I saw surveillance agents

everywhere. I squatted by the street corner and resumed my worthless reflection: “During the first run, we were loyal to the cause. During the second phase, we flip around like crazy” (2:19:30). Then I ate by the street corner. More: “The courthouse will stay open forever. At some point the Western nations will stop obeying the law and go away to build their own system... We are waiting for the world to fall apart...” (2:42:00). I then walked around and hummed for minutes (3:03:00). I got on the bus and hummed all the way through (3:18:00). When I got off the bus, I was again suspecting that surveillance agents were all around me (3:21:00). I continued: “Every elite on the planet...” Just then what I thought was a detective started his car as if to confirm (3:24:00). My delusional mind! I went around looking for a motel room. I tried three different motels: all were either too expensive or had no vacancy. I got on the bus again and hummed all the way through. Again, I couldn’t stand people’s chatting around me (4:02:00). I came to the BART station (4:05:00). Then: “Let the Monkey do what he wants so that the world can fall apart... We agree to do the ‘discovery’ in order to keep the court case open!” (4:07:30) It was just my pessimism talking. I was then on the BART going to San Francisco. Suddenly, the train conductor announced that passengers should not stand by the door to keep the door perpetually open: “Then you’ll have an entire train of people looking at you!” (4:40:00) I really believed this was the control center’s “secret message” to me: that the Monkey was trying to keep the court case open and that everyone else was extremely annoyed by him. Ha! Wrong! Like a real schizophrenic, I mistook random phenomena for “secret messages” from intelligence agencies. I arrived in San Francisco and hummed to cover up all the annoying noises, especially children’s noises. In grave pain, I came inside the San Francisco Public Library. I looked up references about carbon monoxide poisoning and got the librarian to help me obtain the references I needed (5:18:00). I wanted both the English and the French version, I demanded. (Given what happened last time!) I hummed loudly inside the elevator when children came in. I continued: “Mr B wants to keep the case open, the entire world must fall into disorder, otherwise there is no reward for me...” I then came inside the coffeehouse behind the library. I thought I saw another surveillance agent with a laptop. I called up several motels on Skype asking about their price. Then, on 6:11:00, I called up my mother. I asked her to deposit money in my saving account so that I could check into a motel. Then, my right toes hurt: “And so he *does* want to keep the courthouse open forever...” While outside the coffeehouse, I thought I saw more surveillance agents. I came back inside the coffeehouse and did research on carbon monoxide poisoning online while burning a new disc. And ImgBurn operation failed! I was shocked! Were the Daughter People doing it again?

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Lawrence C. Chin
Sept. 2010 – Aug. 2019. Corrections, Jan. – Mar. 2021.



My ImgBurn was remotely controlled to malfunction on 4:23PM

I called up my mother again on 7:22:00. She said she couldn't do it today, but promised to deposit the money tomorrow. I then began looking for stores that sold carbon monoxide tanks. I discovered a certain "Airgas" which was located in San Francisco. Then, my computer malfunctioned. I broke down crying on 7:29:00 and began filming the malfunctioning. The cashier came to me: "You need to keep quiet or we will ask you to leave...." I continued: "He has to close the case..." And: "You are God Almighty, I pray to you in Jesus' name..." Then: "Uncle Daughter, do something... This fucking Mr B..." Since I was still fretting about, the cashier came to warn me again. Then a Hispanic mother brought in a child. I went into a seizure and angrily yelled at them (7:55:00). This time, the cashier demanded that I leave. I continued to shout at the mother and child: "God damn you! You bring that piece of shit to me!"

My next recording is: "cantfindargs_9_22_10_516-828PM.WMA": I was now on my way to find the Airgas store but, for a while, I couldn't find the tram station. Finally I figured out that K and T lines were located downstairs in the Civic Center Station. I got on the tram, and continually suspected that surveillance agents were all around me. Again, I might very well be under surveillance. As if delirious, I mumbled out what I was writing and then hummed throughout my ride. I got off the tram (59:00) and didn't forget to film myself (1:14:50). But I didn't find Airgas and, frustrated, got on the tram again on

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1:28:00. I again hummed throughout my ride, completely frightened. I came to the Montgomery station on 1:54:00. I had to ask strangers where to take bus 2 and 3 (2:27:00). I got on the bus and continued to hum all the way. I was now looking for the Pacific Hospital. I got off the bus on 3:11:00.

My next recording is: “9_22_10_829-1014PM.WMA”: And I also couldn’t find the hospital! I was frustrating myself and wasting my own time by wanting to go here and then there. After some wandering on the streets, I got on the bus again (16:00). I hummed nervously to cover up other people’s noises. I continued to believe surveillance agents had surrounded me since everyone around me was wearing earphones (19:00). I was disintegrating. Then, on 26:00, I bumped into something and screamed and broke down crying. I got off the bus on 39:00 still groaning and moaning. Having practically disintegrated, I was merely mumbling when I asked a stranger about the location of the bus stop. While lying about in the BART station, I continued to moan until I broke down crying again on 50:00. I cried so sadly – you must hear it for yourself – until 57:00 when, already on the BART, I resumed writing. While waiting to transfer to another train, I suddenly shouted at the top of my voice to cover up the noises of a child who had come around me (1:09:00). When I got on the BART again I began screaming – I can’t remember why. Finally, I came to Berkeley. I groaned, “Why would people believe the Monkey’s lies that I was only pretending to be sad? He was always alone, never seen with anyone... Why would he not be sad? But American people are so stupid that they *will* believe it...” (1:36:00). Then: “Why don’t people just believe that I am only pretending to be speaking English and not really speaking English?” When I ran into a guy who was on his way to the BART station, I asked him precisely this question: how it was that I was so severely depressed and yet people were told that I was only pretending to be depressed. He said nothing. I continued, “Do you believe that I am only pretending to be speaking English when I don’t actually speak English?” He believed me, he said. I then asked him if he was just pretending to be speaking English. To satisfy me, he admitted it (until 1:41:00). “I’m only pretending to be walking... I’m only pretending to be hurting... I’m only pretending to look ugly... Maybe I am just pretending to be pretending?... I’m also pretending to be breathing, I’m pretending to be alive...” (until 1:45:00). I then rested by the street corner. “How come people were not told that I was just pretending to be angry when I was angry?” (23:50) I then mistook another pedestrian wearing earphones for a surveillance agent (25:00). I murmured to myself about the “alert” while humming from time to time to cover up passersby’s chatter (until 50:00).

My last recording of the day is: “9_22_10_1014PM-1126PM.WMA”: I laid out my blanket on the street corner and was ready to sleep. I scratched myself continually while resting. Then: “I hope people were not told that I was only pretending to be angry...” Because too many people were talking near me, I decided to change place. I got up and, while walking, filmed another suspicious person. Then: “PM, I pray to you, keep me

safe...” I settled down in a new corner, but there were still too many people talking near me, and so I got up to change place again. I broke down into tears again on 1:03:00. “What did I do to deserve this?” And then: “I should have gone to the hospital...” When I saw an Asian guy fetching his bicycle, I asked him, “How do you like to be me?... Given what you have heard about me?” “I didn’t hear anything about you.” Of course I didn’t believe him, and so persisted: “How would you like to be me?” He responded: “You can always change that... You have to work for it, you can’t just expect that...” (from 1:08:30 onward). He was just speaking his mind, and yet I thought he was communicating a message from the control center. Finally, I settled down in a new corner and went to sleep.

September 23 (Thursday; Golden Gate Bridge)

My first recording of the new day is: “wkbrkfst_9_23_10_709-849AM.WMA”: Soon after I woke up, I came inside a coffeehouse to have breakfast. While outside, I continued: “He forged so much evidences, maybe this is how things are done in Mexico...” Then: “This International Court is a machine, a machine which allows illegality, a machine which allows domestic laws to be violated, a machine which allows evidences to be forged...” Then: “PM, one day when you lift me up, make sure to beat down the fucking bitch... She probably really did believe it... She will believe any lies...” As I was wandering the streets, I commented to a stranger whom I mistook for a surveillance agent: “You got me spotted!” Then, more worthless reflection: “There is no point in analyzing anything, in praying to anyone, in believing in God, it will never change anything, this Monkey’s power is absolute...” Well, at least I got *this* right! Finally: “I regret so much meeting that bitch...”

My next recording is: “iclparamdcs_9_23_10_850-1036AM.WMA”: I came inside another coffeehouse and sat down humming continually. I began crying on 47:00. I left the coffeehouse crying on 49:00. Soon I was wailing loudly when I came back to the Center of Independent Living (51:30). I calmed down on 53:30 and began filming myself. Ruiz came out on 54:00 asking me if I needed help. I told him I needed housing and a therapist. Now Ruiz insisted that I go to the hospital while I insisted that hospitalization would make things worse. Ruiz insisted that what I needed most was medication while I was adamant that what I needed most was a therapist I could talk to about “being framed by the police”, and perhaps a lawyer. When Ruiz went inside to call the paramedics, I ran out. As you can see, the cause of this conflict was that I had made wrong inferences and come to the wrong conclusion (that I was being framed) while Ruiz assumed my bizarre conclusion was the result of my mental illness. And so we had to forget about our appointment. I then continued my wrong scenario: “Only bad things will continue to happen... The Monkey is pretending to sue the fake Russians, while the real Russians are on top...” (1:08:00). Bullshit. I kept scratching myself because of lice. I then

wandered through the streets and broke down crying again on 1:28:00. I continued: “I’m the only one who has to feel my pain, that’s why...” (1:30:00). Then: “Uncle DGHTR please...” I filmed myself crying on 1:34:00. I came to the BART station and waited for the elevator (1:38:00). When the elevator came up, a Hispanic man and his children were inside. I screamed in horror and ran away and then fell down on the floor, my cart having disintegrated some distance away (1:40:00). One woman came to ask me if I was alright. The BART station personnel and emergency technicians soon appeared. I quickly ran away and came up to the street level. I was running fast and dragging my half-broken cart.

My next recordings are: “9_23_10_1036-1045AM.WMA” and “9_23_10_1053-1142AM.WMA”. While I hid myself in a street corner panting and trembling, my recorder ran out of disk space. I quickly imported the recordings to my Toshiba. Then I came back to the BART station (9:00 in the second recording). I was still a nervous wreck, but there was no one coming around to get me. Then, another fat Hispanic woman with three children! I hummed (18:00). While on the BART, I began writing out a new blog post: “The ‘real Russians’ vs. the ‘fake Russians’”. Then, suddenly, my recorder was remotely turned off.

My next recording is: “9_23_10_1151AM-106PM.WMA”: I lamented that my recorder was turned off for 9 minutes without my knowing. I naturally assumed it was the Monkey. But who gave the order, really? The Daughter People? I was now in the BART station in San Francisco, still panting and moaning. When I came up to the street level, I cried and moaned and murmured continually: “Please I need help!... I need help!...” By 12:00 I was crying so sadly: “I really couldn’t cope with it anymore...” “Where is it?...” I moaned, and then thought I saw another surveillance agent (21:00). “Somebody help me out!” I continued to cry and scream until 25:00. I cursed the invisible figures inside the control center: “壞人!” Siren all around on 25:50. Then, by 44:00, I had calmed down.

My next recording is: “9_23_10_107-354PM.WMA”: As I wandered the street, I continued to shout to those invisible figures inside the control center: “Stop!... Stop!... You guys don’t believe in God...” (5:00). I came to a motel and asked for a single room. None available (21:00). Then the vagrants around me were making me angry (24:00), and I almost cried because of it. I then squatted on a street corner to cry (28:00). “I pray to you almighty God, stop, kill me... Uncle DGHTR...” (30:00). I was soon wailing again. I got on the bus on 32:00, trembling and mumbling. When I got off the bus, my cart fell over, and I was hysterical (37:00). I yelled to the Daughter People inside the control center: “Have I not done enough for you?... Have I not done enough for you?” (41:30) “Uncle DGHTR I hate you so much... I worked so hard for you and you fucked me up like this... God damn you! God damn you!” (43:00) Just what the Daughter People loved to hear! I was screaming hysterically by 45:00. Then I came to another motel to ask for a

room (49:00).

My next recording is: “9_23_10_355-1011PM.WMA” As I squatted by the street corner to rest, I continued to curse those invisible figures inside the control center: “Fuck you, God damn you!... You are responsible for this...” (until 2:00). I then got on the bus to go to the Golden Gate Bridge (9:00). Finally! My most important mission! Now, the bus was apparently going onto the bridge without stopping at all, so that I ended up in Sausalito (15:00). I got off the bus in the middle of the forest, nervous and frightened. I only wanted to turn back. The bus driver directed me to go across the tunnel to find the bus stop for the bus going backward (19:30). I did as I was instructed, but I saw nothing at all. “There is nothing, there is no bus stop at all,” I moaned, utterly frightened (22:20). “The bus driver lied to me!” I yelled and broke down crying. I began screaming hysterically. I filmed myself two times to preserve proofs of my suffering (28:30). A bus finally came and I jumped up and down in the middle of the road to intercept it (30:00). The bus driver, this time a rather nice man, gave me the same direction. I was completely hysterical, and he calmed me by assuring me that he would return in 10 minutes to go back into the city. Amazingly, a woman got off the bus and I chased her down to ask her where the bus stop was. She pointed it out to me (34:00). I had missed it earlier, apparently. I was still hysterical when I got to the bus stop, and was convinced that I had produced an important piece of evidence. I yelled at the control center, crying and screaming hysterically, “You fuck! Do I get paid for it?” (36:00) I then filmed myself crying again. Just while I was wailing and screaming, a vulgar white male came around to ask me most unsympathetically: “What’s wrong?” I wrongly assumed the control center had sent him here to provoke me and so yelled at him and demanded that he go away. It’s the same tactic, so I thought: whenever I was sad and desiring human comfort, Mr B would send in one of those carefully chosen vulgar, uneducated, and unrefined males to offer me “help” as a way to make a mockery of my pain, so that I would refuse help and become even more upset. Then, a bus came, but it’s not the right bus. The bus driver told me nicely that the right bus would come in 10 minutes. By 50:00 I had calmed down, turned on my laptop, and began writing my latest blog entry. The bus driver who had so gently assured me finally arrived with his bus on 1:02:00. The bus stopped after crossing the bridge, so that I was finally able to carry out my plan of walking on the Golden Gate Bridge (1:10:00). A brief look at the horrifying abyss of the ocean below however convinced me that I could never muster enough courage to jump the bridge. “It’s not gonna work out; forget it...” (1:19:00).

After buying snacks in a convenience store, I dragged myself up to the bus to go back into the city. I was completely exhausted. On 1:48:00 the bus came to its last stop at Fort Mason. I got onto another bus, nervous and frantic (1:52:00). I would be humming throughout my bus ride because, again, there were children on the bus. I got off the bus, went inside a fast food store, and then got on the bus again without paying. The bus

driver insisted that I pay. Suddenly children came on board. I shouted at them, crying and screaming, and got off the bus. I kept crying (2:14:00). The next bus came on 2:23:20 and I got on. I kept humming throughout the entire bus ride. Siren on 2:43:00. A child got on the bus just then, prompting me to hum even more loudly. “I’m so tired... I’m ready to die...” (2:50:00). Then siren again. “I want to die just to rest...” (2:53:00) – and there was honking as if to confirm – “The Monkey makes a very good torture master...” I got off the bus on 2:54:00. “I’m so exhausted from running from place to place, I want to die just for that... And I’m going to record myself up to the very end... It’s strange that the Monkey expects me to give it up just when he is framing me... His brain is not working very well... This cannot continue, we are going to find a way to die...” (2:55:40). Then I begged DGHTRCOM: “PM, just let it happen, your country has freeloader enough from me, your country will never be the same again... Let me rest...” (3:02:00). I had no idea that, in reality, the Daughter People desperately wanted me to die. “Let me die, I don’t have any more energy to cry... I pray to you all mighty God, in Jesus’ name, let me rest...” (3:07:30). I got on the bus again on 3:14:00, groaning out of physical exhaustion and still praying: “Let me die... I pray to you in Jesus’ name... This is the last time, Dear God, you can show yourself to me...” Panting and groaning and moaning, I got off the bus on 3:28:00, and then got on another bus on 3:33:00. I moaned throughout the bus ride. Finally, I settled down in a coffeehouse on Polk Street on 3:53:00. I tried hard to spew out a few words to the cashier while ordering coffee and bagel. Then I prayed to God in Jesus’ name again: “May my mother give me the 200 dollars she promised...” (4:32:00). I then became quiet. I thought I saw another surveillance agent on 5:01:00. I played MIA’s “Du” repeatedly. Loud siren outside on 5:31:30. Then I broke down crying on 6:04:30.

My last recordings of the day are: “9_23_10_1011-1146PM.WMA” and “oklnd_9_23-24_10_1152PM-1205AM.WMA”. As I continued to work inside the coffeehouse, I believed I saw another surveillance agent on 5:20. And my right side hurt (8:50). On 13:00, I broke down crying about not having any place to go to. Then, siren. After leaving the coffeehouse, I got on the bus on 16:20. I would be moaning and groaning all the way through. “These people are so bad, *they use the International Court to dupe the UN and the world...*” By accident, I had accurately described what the CIA had done back in 2008! Moaning and groaning, I came inside the BART station and rode the train to Oakland. I asked everybody around where the Amtrak station was. Nervous wreck, I prayed to PM: “I pray to you in Jesus’ name, please, violate the laws, nobody will know... Just close the case, keep the Monkey out of there...” I got on the bus and was able to find the Amtrak station. I laid out my things outside the station and checked into my laptop. I was convinced that more recordings had been remotely deleted. “Could it be Uncle Daughter?” I was convinced that it was a test. “Why do we have to be silenced? *We are not going on this plan...*” I would sleep outside the Oakland Amtrak station tonight.

September 24 (Friday)

My first recordings of the day are: “wkbrklymtl_9_24_10_840-1130AM.WMA” and “tobrkle_9_24_10_1130AM-1223PM.WMA”: Soon after I woke up, I came to Chase Bank to pick up my mother’s money. Asking people around, I then rode the bus to Berkeley. More worthless reflection: “Mr B doesn’t want me to know how the court case works... Who’s doing the signals? Uncle Daughter? We want Uncle Daughter doing it...” I believed I saw another surveillance agent while on the bus. Then, I used my mother’s money to check into a motel (1:13:00). It was an old building, owned by an old Indian couple, 45 dollars a night, and I would stay here for the next three days. Thank God for the break! I immediately took a shower. Finally! I continually prayed in Jesus’ name while in the shower. Afterwards, I continued: “Dear God, am I good for some plan? No. I want to be *me*.” I then left the motel, ate in a Chinese fast food place, and rode the bus and the BART to Berkeley. Outside the BART station in Berkeley, I believed I saw another surveillance agent.

My next recording is: “cillaurntrygttank_9_24_10_1223-505PM.WMA” I walked the streets while humming, very annoyed by other people’s noises. I settled down in a street corner on 21:00. Someone called out to me on 22:00 asking me if I was meditating by humming the sacred “Awn”. Ha! Still more people asked me if they should call the ambulance for me. That’s not help! I then continued to wander the streets humming loudly. When I noticed a black guy looking at his cellphone and pressing a button on it, I shouted: “He spotted me!” I erroneously believed he was part of the “community surveillance program”. And more women with children! I called one of them “fat bitch” (51:00). I came inside a Radio Shack on 54:00. Strangely, the cashier said to me: “I’ll tell you something. I refuse to let bad things happen to you.” His assurance actually made me fear even more.

I continued wandering the streets and humming. And more children were shouting! I came inside the BART station on 1:14:00. Another person came to ask me if I was okay (1:22:00). Then a “pyramid” also came over to take a look at me, and I mistook her for “Mommy”. We began chatting. A wheelchair man asked her what she was doing for living. “Book editor.” I told her that I was also a writer, that I had so far written 500 pages of the story of my life (1:30:30). “You are not a native to San Francisco, are you?” I asked her. As you shall read in my blog post for today, this pyramid’s name was “Lauren”. There you shall also read about the wrong scenarios I would develop about her.

I hummed again when children appeared on the BART. In between I prayed to God again. And I greeted what I believed to be a surveillance agent. He shouted at me: “Wow, don’t touch me...” I explained to the people around me: “He is conducting surveillance on me, and so I want to shed some of my lice on him...” (2:10:35). I had now arrived in San Francisco. Since I didn’t find the Airgas two days ago, today I would try another store,

“Praxair”. While I waited on the platform in Powell Station, a freaky guy wearing earphones came to my side. I again assumed he was a surveillance agent: “Having fun conducting surveillance me?” (2:30:00) Then came the announcement: “Delay, delay, and delay...” I again mistook this for a metaphor from the control center about what was going on with me. I was also writing out the draft for my latest blog post: “... in order to force me to do the discovery of some garbage...”

After I got off the BART, I asked a construction worker to direct me to the Praxair office. I came to Evans street and set out on the tram again (3:55:40). The tram was so packed with Hispanic people carrying their children that I had to hum the loudest I could. On 4:03:00, I finally made it to Praxair’s office. I explained that I wanted one of these CO2 tanks. “What are you gonna use it for?” I found it almost impossible to lie, and, after hesitation and brainstorming, I explained I wanted to use it to test my carbon dioxide meter (4:05:00). However, I was unable to purchase a tank because my debit card was rejected by the machine. I left Praxair extremely distressed, and, after a while, broke down crying. I again mistakenly thought that it was those people inside the control center (i.e. my dear Daughter People) who had obstructed the transaction on my card. I yelled at them, “You guys are so fucked! You control people’s life like this... Fuck you!” Then: “Why are you so bad, why?” And: “Fuck you Uncle Daughter!”

My next recording is: “polkstephanie_9_24_10_509-954PM.WMA”. Then I was upset because my camcorder shut itself off two times. “You fucking Mexicans.... You Monkey...” I got on the bus to go to Polk Street. Children soon got on the bus, and I hummed loudly. I angrily said to their Hispanic parents: “I don’t like your God-damned fucking thing...” I came inside the same Polk Street cafe on 47:00. I wanted to connect to the wireless network, but didn’t know how. More computer problem! I asked the cashier: “How does it work?” He angrily replied me: “I don’t know how it works...” “Why are you upset? I don’t know what you are told...” I sat down next to a girl and asked her (1:00:00). She was not sure. I rebooted my computer, but still couldn’t connect. This girl was so nice to me that she tried to help me. She hadn’t used a PC since a long time ago, and yet she continued to help me. I began telling her about my predicament with the Monkey: “Somebody is using the Homeland Security system to remotely disrupt my computer system... You don’t believe me, huh?” She was so congenial as to continue to try to help me: “If it works yesterday...” “Well, it depends on the mood of those people inside Homeland Security...” I was surprised by her good nature and commented: “You are so nice, you don’t believe a single word I’m saying and yet you keep confirming me.... You should be a therapist...” Then I described to her this “community surveillance program”, how everyone conspired to provoke me with their children and so on. Then how Russia had betrayed me and how I was excommunicated by this “very bad man”. And I described to her the Monkey’s annoying personality: how he took pride in aggressively getting what he wanted rather than in being considerate and moral. She

continued to validate me by pretending to believe what I was saying! She told me her name was Stephanie, and, after praising her profusely, I left her alone (1:20:00). Now that I had Internet connection, I began calling people on Skype, including my cousin Cindy (from 1:41:00 onward). I mistakenly assumed that the Hispanic girl sitting to my right was conducting surveillance on me. But then my Skype malfunctioned, and I filmed how it continually shut itself down. Then I began posting my latest blog post “The current structure of the International Court” while playing MIA’s “Du” continually. Now please take a look at my latest blog post as it summarizes all the wrong scenarios I had developed about the ICJ trial in the past four days. The scenarios were so absurd that, again, while it protected the French from conspiracy with me, it continued to serve to protect my Daughter People as evidence of my insanity. (At the very least, my paranoia about “Lauren” would be such evidence for the Daughter People: she had in fact not been alerted that I didn’t write my works.) PLANRUS continued to be dead in the water! Somebody then came to me to complain about my MIA music. I then tried calling on Skype again, and it shut itself down again (2:53:00). After more than an hour and a half, I came to talk to Stephanie again (3:00:00). She was wearing earphones, which alarmed me. I told her how Homeland Security used earphones as a surveillance device. Then I told her about my blog: I wanted her to look at it so that I could be sure that it was in fact visible to other people. Her Internet connection was not running smoothly, and she wanted to write down the URL and look at it later. I adamantly wouldn’t let her write down the URL. I told her how “they” had tried to frame me by changing the content of my emails, and how “they” would change the URL to something else. I explained: “I don’t actually believe that, when you don’t see me, you can actually see my website...” Such profound paranoia, and yet it had not scared her at all! She told me she was going to San Francisco Academy of Arts, just as I had guessed it. I explained more: “I have this impression that everyone is told by the authority that I have this website but then told not to visit it... so that people can believe anything bad which the authority has fabricated about me...” In the end, Stephanie *was* able to see my blog. I told her how I wanted a therapist. She recommended “Integral Counseling Center” to me. I bade her goodbye on 3:18:00, continually wondering whether she was a secret agent or part of the community surveillance program. (In reality, she was nobody!) I then came to a different coffeehouse on Polk Street to continue writing. I was out on the street by 3:33:00. I interrogated a stranger who was wearing earphones: “Are you conduct surveillance on me?” When I came into the BART station, somebody yelled at me: “Why did you hit me?” While on the BART, I showed a stranger my documentaries of computer malfunctioning. I got off the BART in Oakland while regurgitating my memories of Samantha. By now I was convinced (erroneously) that Stephanie was indeed a setup. I was now looking for the Amtrak station. I prayed: “PM, recording my suffering is the meaning of my life... You do understand that, right?” Then: “The police are ready to arrest me, my life is over, it’s so sad...”

My next recordings are: “rtrntomtlrflctnplan_9_24_10_954-1110PM.WMA” and “mtl_9_24-25_10_1135PM-1209AM”: I continued to look for the Amtrak station. I filmed a guy carrying a guitar believing somehow that the “guitar” meant something. Ha! Finally, I found my way and was able to get on the bus to go back to my motel. Now a child was shouting on the bus, and I hummed loudly out of shock. When I got off the bus, I asked a stranger: “Why is that van parked over there? To watch over me?” I filmed it. Paranoia over nothing! I said to the stranger: “This street is so scary, man! What do you say?” I came back to my motel room on 22:00 in the second recording. While leaving the TV on, I continued my worthless reflection: “Will Mr B use a golden pyramid to seduce me? She will have to make the first move, and if I ever notice her trapping me in any way, I’ll run...” Then more wrong scenario: “Mr B doesn’t want me to get a motel room with its own shower, the shower has to be shared, so that other people’s shit can be mixed up with mine...” Then: “PM must have thought that I hate America so much that I would want his plan to damn America to work, and yet the reality is that I think America is damned enough...” Then I prayed to the control center: “PM, what if I don’t get arrested? Do I get to carry all my stuff and come to your country? *How about send me a Daughterlander*, let me bond with her while you damn this country, and then let her take me to your country? I don’t think Mr B is doing your thing too well... Let me get the tank, just for me to embarrass myself, because I probably wouldn’t be able to do it... PM, I hope I’m smart enough for you to not want to destroy me, I hope I have done enough for you in your eyes... I really thought you were a nice guy...” I was just providing the French again with justification to require the Daughter People to continue PLANRUS, and yet my growing insanity permitted the Daughter People to not do so.

Then I thought I had understood the difference between the “first phase” and the “second phase” of this International Court trial: “The first phase consisted in proving that I was Lawrence Chin. The second phase is more complex: after the US got caught by ‘real Russia’, it is required to repeat its fraud, to commit more crimes as a way to get away with the original crimes, it is required to try to physically turn me into David Chin, all this so that the US can sink deeper into troubles...” All along my left arm hurt continually to mislead me to believe that somebody was confirming that I had guessed right! I continued my wrong scenario: “All along the US tries to implement the neocon plan, this Plan Discovery, so that it can be convicted of more crimes...” Then I begged DGHTRCOM again: “I have such a small appetite, and I hope I’m smart enough for you... He really hates Mommy, he really hates the United States...” Then: “If PM decided to close the case on May 9 or 10, Mr B won’t be able to do anything about it, then why does he work against PM?” Then: “*Whatever we say, PM would give a confirmation, so that we can never commit any conspiracy with the real Russians...*” This is in fact pretty close to the truth. Meanwhile, people were arguing outside my room. I continued to beg DGHTRCOM: “PM please close the case, lift up America, and be recognized as good, this is the best advice anybody can give you...” Finally: “PM, if you want to close the

case, you don't have that much time left, how about let's work together?" Then I went to sleep.

September 25 (Saturday: "because of Europe's objection")

My first recordings of the new day are: "mtrlflctn_9_25_10_910-932AM.WMA" and "tobrkybnk_9_25_10_932-1139AM: As soon as I woke up, I started my worthless reflection: "We are truly schizophrenic, all we do is yell and yell, PM has destroyed our life... He doesn't give a shit... There is no possible way unless the shit goes away..." I then played MIA's "Du" repeatedly. I then left my motel room on 19:00 and got on the bus. I hummed loudly while riding the bus. I resumed my worthless pleas to the control center: "Sorry, PM, I don't like your country anymore, now that your country is associated with that piece of shit... I hope you heard me, I pray to you in Jesus' name..." The Daughter People's evidence! Then, while on the street, I hummed loudly to cover up children's noises. I was then on another bus to go to downtown Berkeley. I played MIA's "Du" loudly and repeatedly. I was so depressed that I sobbed continually. When I came to downtown, I mumbled to the control center: "PM... I'll never give up my life..." Then I broke down crying. I came inside Chase Bank to inquire why my debit card transaction was rejected yesterday at Praxair. As I waited for customer service, I continued: "The greatest thing in the world is: when you write an essay, people will actually believe you wrote it..." Finally, it was my turn to talk to the banker (1:27:00). As you can hear, I was lifeless, as if I were dying. The banker explained it was because my account balance was negative 300 something dollars. I broke down crying while insisting that I had 1,000 dollar overdraft limit. I was hysterical by the time I insisted on withdrawing the remaining 10 dollars from my saving account. I got my money, left the bank, but was still crying profusely. Strangers were saying, "Something bad happened to him..." I hid myself in the street corner and filmed myself crying.

My next recording is: "brklyoklndcrysallyplcetomtl_9_25_10_1139AM-343PM.WMA". I hummed whenever children came near. On 31:30, I called up aunt Eva. She would deposit the money only on Monday. I was terribly disappointed because that meant I would not be able to buy the gas tank for another three days. I moaned, hummed, wandered streets to avoid children, and finally got on the bus without paying (1:21:00). When the bus driver forced me to pay my fare, I cried hysterically. Then I filmed myself. I got off the bus on 1:39:00, somewhere near Robin's old home on Telegraph avenue. I videotaped the surrounding and believed I saw another surveillance agent (1:50:20). I bought doughnuts and cigarettes at the shop across the street. I was mumbling, depressed and desperate, and humming continually, looking for the bus stop. I suddenly broke down crying again. Even the sight of ghetto teenage girls made me want to vomit. "The Monkey is so intent on making me into David Chin and making sure that no one will believe me..." I got on the bus again on 2:25:30 and continued to hum like crazy. "PM,

you have to allow me to die, only one of us can live...” (2:29:00). Then: “PM, you will let me die, right?” (2:38:00). Of course! I had no idea! More: “Why? Do you want to be David Chin? I’m gonna do my writing so that people can think that I have plagiarized it...” I got off the bus and entered the BART station on 2:50:00. And the train departed right in front of me! I began writing on my laptop, and then got on the train on 3:01:00 and got off on 3:20:00. I hummed periodically while walking through the streets. I screamed at a woman when she brought her child near me. “A piece of garbage that only eats and shits!” (3:28:00) More wrong scenario: “Uncle DGHTR has invented this ‘post-structuralist’ approach to discredit me, all in order to protect the Monkey... Protect the bad one who did you harm, and harm the good one who has done you good... Everyone cares about his reputation...” (until 3:31:30). Now, as you shall see, I would further develop this “post-structuralist approach to discredit me” later on. I then got on the bus again to go back to my motel.

My next recordings are: “wrtmtl_9_25_10_343-442PM.WMA” and “mtldvd167_9_25_10_450-848PM.WMA”: I continued to work on my computer in my motel room. After a while, my computer froze up, and, when I filmed it, my camcorder shut itself down. I panicked, “What’s going on?” After much fuss, I was able to continue to work. I played MIA while writing. Then: “Mr former Secretary enjoyed secrecy and that’s why he didn’t cause my machine to malfunction as frequently as it does now.” I then told the motel owner about the drunken vagrant who was bothering me last night (37:00). He actually threw him out! And not me! I wrongly supposed that the man was in fact my double. Then, more worthless reflection: “Doing this ‘mission’ in two months?” (49:00) “Why has PM wanted to repeat everything again?” (56:00) “*Something must have happened in the beginning of May...*” Indeed! Then: “If I had gone to Europe and accomplished the ‘plan’, I would be so lonely later that I would have to kill myself. This is why Uncle DGHTR looked worried that day in front of Coffee Bean” (1:15:00). Wrong! It was in fact nothing but happiness that was awaiting me in Europe. Then I broke down crying again on 1:26:00. I then continued to play MIA’s “Du” while writing. This time I was writing “Frankfurt and Brussels”. I also filmed my laptop while burning DVD 167. Thus I was able to catch on video the malfunctioning of my screenshot function: how it was not responding (2:41:30). Then I tried to talk to DGHTRCOM again: “It might not be a good idea to beat up your opponent completely...” (3:09:00). Then: “PM wants other people to do his dirty work because he wants a true opinion about what he is doing... He doesn’t want his status to get in the way of getting other people’s opinions about him...” Just then my arm hurt – as if to confirm (3:23:30). In reality, I was completely wrong! I continued: “People’s reaction to a person’s action is always a reaction to who the person is, to their past relationship with the person as well as to what the person is doing, it’s never just a reaction to what the person is doing... We never have any relationship with the Monkey, why would we want to sacrifice anything for him?” Suddenly my computer malfunctioned again: “I don’t know if this is orchestrated... This computer has been

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, IV
Lawrence C. Chin
Sept. 2010 – Aug. 2019. Corrections, Jan. – Mar. 2021.

turned on for more than a day, so its RAM may be filled up...” (3:28:00) Then: “People’s reaction to PM’s action will be different just because he is not the Monkey...” (3:33:00). Then: “They are getting more cautious... There is an effort to embed everything in the normal routine of things so that there would be no evidence later that they have been here at all...” Just as I was saying this, a huge noise occurred outside – as if to confirm (3:39:25). In reality, my computer’s malfunctioning was completely “natural” most of the time. Then: “What happened in May? ... *Perhaps PM gave Uncle DGHTR’s position to the Monkey precisely because of Western nations’ objections....*” (3:53:00) Wow! I was coming close! The French really had something to worry about now! This was the moment the Daughter People had been waiting for! Something tremendous was about to happen.

My next recordings are: “buyfdmtl_9_25_10_848-951PM.WMA”, “austenwrt_9_25_10_951-1049PM.WMA”, and “cantfindkeywrt_9_24-26_10_1049PM-236AM.WMA” : I went out to buy food and then came back to my motel room. Then: “Is this it? Mr B wants me to do the plan because that’s the only way to run the trial? It must be me? Why doesn’t PM take me away from Mr B?” And the control center hurt my arm as if to confirm. Then: “How do I even know PM is involved?” Then: “What I already have, I should be allowed to keep...” Now the TV was showing a documentary about Jane Austen. Because I believed that the control center was trying to communicate to me through these pain signals, I really believed that Jane Austen was here serving as a metaphor for the Monkey Pyramid, telling me she would show up soon to help me with her literary skill. Ridiculous! Then I suddenly couldn’t find both the key to the motel room and the backup key to my storage unit. More frustrating experience! More things to be paranoid about! I went to ask the motel owner about the room key (9:00). Then I began crying: “Where is my key...?” (14:40) Because I couldn’t find the key to my storage unit, I was again losing the will to live. “I have to die...” (23:00) I was crying helplessly like an infant all because I had too much difficulty in functioning. “What’s going on?” I cried at the top of my voice: I have to die, for I have long ago lost control of my life. Then I took a shower.

Even after the shower I continued to mumble: “We have to die” – all because I assumed it was the Monkey who had sent in an agent to steal my key so that he could go in and out of my storage as he pleased (1:16:10). “We have to die.. I cannot be myself.. I really really regret...” (1:20:20). Then: “Uncle DGHTR, are you coming back? I really don’t want to live anymore...” (1:45:00).

September 26 (Sunday; Wes; almost “conspiracy”)

My first recordings of the day are: “wkmtl_9_26_10_850-1009AM.WMA” and “mtl_9_26_10_1015AM-1256PM.WMA”: I woke up in my motel room, lay around, and

then began crying. “We have to live the rest of our life like a fucking joke... This is what I get... I have to be the scapegoat, my life doesn’t matter...” Soon I left the motel room (32:00). I checked out the storage facility nearby (in case I should ever have to move to the Bay Area). I hummed while waiting for the bus (42:00). I begged the Monkey again: “Don’t touch my things...” Then: “Let’s get the tank...” (1:01:30). I then thought I saw more surveillance agents, namely, people wearing earphones (1:28:00). I got on the bus (1:35:00) and hummed throughout the bus ride. I was also writing out my next blog post. Children got on the bus, and I hummed loudly. I was absolutely frightened and completely exhausted from constant humming. A passenger yelled at me: “Do you mind?” (1:56:00) After I got off the bus in downtown Berkeley and while walking the streets, a black guy attacked me out of the blue. “Somebody call the police!” (2:12:00) I began moaning and trembling while walking. Suddenly I dropped down to the street. “There is no point!” and I began crying loudly (2:19:00). I filmed myself crying – my only comfort. A vulgar-looking guy came to me, “Are you okay?” “Get out of here, you fucking American!” Then I yelled at another woman: “You fucking American bitch!” (2:23:00) I cried so sadly. I then screamed at another woman: “Get out of here, you fucking bitch!” (2:29:00) Then, I calmed down, got up, and started walking, murmuring: “A test for the Russians... Would they do bad when no one knows they are doing bad? Would they do good when no one knows they are doing good?”

My next recording is: “brklylaundrocry_9_26_10_1257-448PM.WMA”: I was then looking for new pants in Goodwill (8:30). I walked out of the store, depressed and disappointed. I continued to hum loudly to cover up children’s noises. I then came to a laundromat to wash my clothes while uploading files to my website using the wireless network there. This time I was uploading my newest screenshots. Soon my FTP upload was interrupted: it’s the same problem as on the night of 19th. I complained bitterly: the interruption meant that there wouldn’t be a single piece of evidence in my favor in the International Court (1:01:30) – that is, given my erroneous conception that the fake Russians were supposed to defend my identity in the lower court. “These fake Russians are destined to lose!” (1:02:00) I videotaped the malfunctioning of my FTP connection while angrily mumbling that it’d require one gigabyte of data just to demonstrate that I couldn’t upload my screenshots (1:03:45). On 1:05:30 I broke down crying again. Soon I started throwing a tantrum in the laundromat. Somebody nearby told me to shut up. I repeated: “I don’t know what happened... I don’t know what’s going on... I want to be able to use computers” (1:15:30 or so). Another person then came around to ask me what was wrong. “I don’t know why my computer does not work... I just need to upload these screenshots...” I began jumping up and down and crying incessantly like a helpless infant – I felt like I was being shut up in a box without the chance of connecting with anyone outside. I stopped crying by 1:23:00. “My Internet connection is finally cut off... We are no longer allowed to use the Internet...” I called up IX Web Hosting to complain about the matter (1:28:00). I turned around to ask the golden pyramid behind me if she was an

expert in computers. “I only use MAC, not PC...”

I was finally connected with IX Web Hosting Tech Support on 1:37:30. The IX Web Hosting personnel was however unable to understand me. Not again! I erroneously thought that he was pretending in order to frustrate me: “I’m sorry, I got L P...” “Why is my FTP connection cut off every time I need to upload stuff?” “I’m sorry, What?” “W-h-y is...” (1:40:47). “What FTP client are you using?” “Filezilla...” Finally, I ended the conversation on 1:44:25: “Whatever, whatever...” Instead I waited for a second IX Web Hosting agent. “The connection to my website is still not working...” (1:59:35). Again, the Tech Support could not help. I walked out of the laundromat complaining “... This is the essence of my life...” I came inside McDonald’s and then ran out and began crying profusely (2:05:15). I was screaming the loudest I could. Then I hummed when children appeared to make noises. And I yelled at them: “Shut up!” (2:18:20)

My next recording is: “wrttosfcrypolksadadvice_9_26_10_448-1020PM.WMA”. When I was waiting inside the BART station, I continued to work on my new blog post: on the Monkey’s “PLAN DISCOVERY”. I hummed when children appeared. While on the BART, I tried to learn a little Daughterspeak. On 27:30 I yelled at another passenger: “Hey be quiet!” I came to San Francisco and came inside a Coffee Bean. I complained that everyone was so ugly in the coffeehouse (55:20). As you shall see, I would later speculate (wrongly) that the whole coffeehouse was evacuated and refilled with ugly actors and actresses especially chosen to depress me. On 1:14:40, I broke down crying. I tried to call this “Integral Psychology” on Skype – Stephanie recommended it to me, if you recall – but got the wrong number. I would later speculate (wrongly) that this was another one of the Monkey’s traps: a public resource which he had bought.

Then I called up Wes on 1:28:00. He answered it! I was crying like hell. “So distraught...” “Shocked?” “So distraught!” I began shouting: “I am so distraught! I cannot stand all the noises around me. My cellphone ran out of money. I have 59 dollars.... My things just disappeared... I cannot function anymore... I am so depressed....” Wes kept on persuading me to stop using my computer: “By using the computer, you are allowing them to go after you...” It was not clear whether Wes really believed that I wasn’t mistaken about the control center’s tormenting of me; perhaps he was just going along with me. (In the coming days it would be very important to distinguish this habit of Wes’: going along with my wrong scenarios when he knew they were wrong.) Or perhaps he was still carrying out the old order to persuade me not to write. I told him it was the Monkey’s guy on the Greyhound bus who stole the extra key to my storage unit. Then I insisted that I needed to come to Albany. “I need some serious help.” “You can find someone to help you,” Wes tried to persuade me (1:35:20). I would later theorize wrongly that Wes was trying to dupe me into the Monkey’s trap. He continued: “Maybe you just have to accept the fact that you can’t do your writing for a while...” Again, the old order

to persuade me not to write in order to not harm the Daughter People, but I would later assume this was because the Monkey's false profile of me had said that I couldn't write. I continued to cry like hell: "Every aspect of my environment is controlled... I just can't deal with it anymore..." (1:37:40). "There is nobody here to help me, nobody here to guide me..." "I need to verbalize my problem... And someone needs to believe me..." (1:40:00). Wes emphasized again that, if I came to Albany, things would only get worse for me. I was crying hysterically by now (1:42:10). "I will call you in 30 minutes..." I finally told him (1:43:50). "Why do the noises bother me so much... It's driving me insane..." "You need money... You need money to find a place..." "You need to watch it... when my things go wrong..." (1:45:45). The Coffee Bean employee then threw me out of the coffeehouse (1:47:15).

I cried continually on the street (2:00:00). I then got on the bus and hummed continually (2:03:40). Then, more wrong scenario: "They are commanding the Americans to frame themselves... Americans are duped..." (2:23:00). I then came back to the same, quiet, coffeehouse on Polk Street (2:26:00). I called up Wes again on 2:29:00. Now that I was calmer, I told him how my mother gave me 200 dollars, how I used that money to check into a motel, how I nevertheless would have to come out to use the Internet because the motel owner told me the building's wireless network was for personal use only, and how the Homeland Security alert to the population about me would say that, even though I could stay in a motel, I came out to torture myself with the noises and that I therefore must be pretending to be bothered by the noises. "Otherwise why would the motel owner not let me use the Internet there? It must be because they wanted me to go out to use the Internet so that Homeland Security can say something like that about me..." What a stupid inference! I continued my wrong scenario: "Another trick... Except that the people that are commanding Homeland Security right now are either Mexicans or Russians... Not even Americans... Such disrespect of American people's mind... The lies told to American people about me are just so much..." (2:33:00). I continued: "Thoughts of the moment... really upsetting me.... Did you hear me? How do I know you have heard me at all?..." Wes asked me: "Have you ever thought of getting earplugs?" (2:35:35) "But if I use earplugs, I wouldn't know what I am recording... Besides, I wouldn't know what is going on around me... I need to get out of the mental state where I would be bothered by noises..." (2:36:30) And more children outside! I continued: "This is not working out... You cannot hear anything I say... I'm losing the will to live because no one can ever hear anything I say.... Every time when I get upset, the only people that come to ask me about it are the very sort of people whose presence upsets me..." (2:38:50). "Can you tell me what I have just said?... Can you explain to me what I have just said?" Wes: "Go to your motel room, work on your computer..." Me: "I have to come to Albany..." (2:41:10) Wes: "Oh no, you can't do that..." Me: "Can I call you tomorrow?" Wes explained: "After Thursday... I have to meet the deadline..." Me: "Next month? After Thursday is next month..." I continued: "But I have to finish uploading all my files...." (2:43:35) In my

mind I began wondering whether Wes was hinting to me that there was a second deadline for the second run – this, after he had told me the last time about a first deadline (namely, the day when he would come back to California for Christmas break). I was all wrong again! Mistaking ordinary chatter for secret messages while missing all the real secret messages! I continued: “I’m really worried about my storage unit... Why is my key stolen?” Wes didn’t hear me: “You said you are afraid something might be stolen?” Me: “No. The key to my storage unit is stolen... I think it’s the Homeland Security guy... I’ll have to go back to LA again...” (2:45:25) Wes: “You are worried about these things that would drive you crazy...” Just then, I lost my will: “Forget it... Forget it... We are not getting anywhere....” (2:06:00). I continued: “I’m trying to tell you about my problem... But you can’t hear anything I say... Why is it that no one can understand anything I say? Why is it that no one can understand anything I say?” I began crying (2:47:30). Wes continued to emphasize that, if I came to Albany, he would not talk to me. Me: “This is making me even more upset, when you cannot hear anything I say...” Then: “I need to put money into my cellphone, I need money...” Finally, I gave up in frustration: “Okay, goodbye, I’m getting so upset...” (2:49:30).

I continued to reflect: “It is like: after Hitler, it’s Stalin... The way PM and Mr B dupe Americans, it’s just as bad as the neocons....” (2:55:35) I simply couldn’t comprehend that there was no alert about me at all. “They have the experience of Poland, Hungary... Why is it that, after they had liberated these countries from the Nazis, the Polish people and the Hungarian people all hated them?” (2:56:05) “That’s why we need to dupe them, right?... So we can do bad things to them without their knowing...” (2:57:00). “Most people don’t even know they have been liberated from the neocons... I think Uncle DGHTR has told them something... Dupe these people, so that they won’t know that they are bad... Mr B just hides... Fucking stupid... I’m just talking to myself...” Then: “Somehow all this garbage just has to show up on my computer screen... It’s so disappointing...” (3:01:30). “Everyone has been told lies about me...” (3:05:10). “Machtpolitik...? These people are so lucky... Do you think that politics should have morals?” (3:14:20) “Do you want to do good things and advertise them or do you want to do bad things and hide them?... Even if Mr B stole my idea and gave it to you, it may still be for my benefit....” Then I started praying to the Monkey: “Mr B, do you want to do good things to me and advertise it or do you want to do bad things to me and hide it – which is more beneficial to you?” (3:16:10). “We have noticed a pattern... Whenever we suggest something good, bad things will happen... You will never know what good ideas I will have when I’m happy...” (3:22:05). Then: “It’s up to PM to decide...” Now siren on 3:23:30. I continued: “I’m not sure at all if I’m talking myself out of troubles...” (3:24:30) Then I begged: “The Monkey Pyramid, you’ve got to do something... PM, you’ve got to do something...” My voice trembled as I begged – and then I started crying (3:28:40). Then my screenshot function malfunctioned again!

I continued: “Nobody cares, they only care about how they can benefit...” Then: “What if they tell her I wanted to track her IP address? She wouldn’t be told that.” Then I suspected another person again: “The guy on the laptop over there must be conducting surveillance on me...” (3:53:00). Then: “This life is not worth living...” Then I was not allowed to watch French news on my laptop. Suffering physical pain, I broke down crying again. “I can’t figure out what’s going on with my computer! You can only talk yourself further into depression; the smarter you are, the more miserable you will be.” I went outside to urinate. “Every time that we help Mr B we will get punched... He wants me to get the tank, so that I can further discredit myself, as if I were pretending to want to commit suicide... They will do something to the tank in order to discredit me....” Then: “PM, thanks, I’m so happy to meet you, you have benefited so much from me... And, PM, why don’t you let me die?” I then walked up to the person I thought was another surveillance agent and said to him: “You believe me, right? I’m only pretending to be angry, everything I do is pretending, if I spit on you, I’m only pretending...” (4:22:00). When I then came to the bus stop and was ready to get on the bus, there was this Chinese man on wheelchair blocking the way, which tremendously annoyed me. He wore a hat with communist red star on it. I believed erroneously that this was orchestrated from the control center to produce evidence showing me not conspiring with China (to intercept into the International Court my hatred toward China). I was then crying and moaning while walking to the BART station. “No one will ever believe a single word I say...” Then: “No one wants to see how much I can offer if I’m happy. It’s all my mother’s fault... The torturer sees that, whenever he tortures me, I’ll spit out a little wisdom, because he’s uneducated... No one will know this guy can actually think...” I had no idea that I was hardly being tortured at all and that nobody cared about my ideas. Then: “How we have saved Russia, all the beautiful words...” I did a little more writing while on the BART coming back to Berkeley. When I came out of the BART station and looked into my computer, I discovered that what I wrote while on the BART had disappeared! Did the Monkey really remotely delete it? Or was the malfunctioning natural? When I got on the bus, I moaned to the bus driver: “I’m a fraud, I don’t want to pay fare, I need to pretend I don’t have money...” I then broke down crying again. When I hummed, other passengers also hummed with me. I came back to my motel room on 5:26:00.

My next recording is: “mtlwrtdvd168iso155fail_9_26-27_10_1020PM-125AM.WMA”: I was now in my motel room with the TV turned on. I commented that I had scratched my body so much that my skin had ruptured, and that I really should go to the hospital (12:40). Then: “I made a very good suggestion... Why did Russia’s former satellite states hate Russia so much?” (28:50) Then my worthless speculation that I had perhaps been subjected to another test, a test to find the threshold beyond which I would cease having consideration for DGHTRCOM. Yesterday I still had consideration for him, but not this afternoon. I had been “flipping” – defecting to enemy forces – every five seconds (until 37:00). Suddenly, when I was wondering if the month of October would be better for me,

my left finger hurt. More pain signals to dupe me! I was now burning a new disc. Then I speculated that, maybe, the Monkey himself was being tested. Then, all of a sudden, an error message popped up (59:35): the burning had failed! What? Did the Daughter People command the Monkey to do this? Or did the Smart Woman do it because of what's about to happen? Then I speculated (wrongly) that the vagrant who was arguing outside my door minutes earlier was my double, although not in the "real world" but only in the evidentiary record. Then: "... I am just so tired... so much... I just want to rest... I promise to be dependent... So disabled, I'm really just so disabled..." Then I began writing my "Help Letter". Now pay careful attention to the TV program that I wasn't watching (until the commercials on 1:52:00): it would matter greatly.

My next recording is: "mtlwrtletneocnplan_9_27_10_131-342AM.WMA": The cable TV was now showing "Minority Report". There was another mention of "Atlantis". There was then a commercial about Shanghai (22:00). Presumably these were just coincidences. I continued writing my letter (30:00). Just when I was writing (35:30): "... Western conspiratorial nations' objection to the Russian-controlled International Court's judgment..." – and a notification popped up on my computer screen – "that I had conspired with them..." – the cable TV malfunctioned: "road road road road road..." And I finished writing: "... rather than with the Russians" (until 36:06). I didn't quite understand the importance of all this: this was not an instance of natural malfunctioning which I mistook to be orchestrated from the control center. This time, the Daughter People were *really* trying to signal to me that I had hit on the key. But I missed it. I went on to write about the restructuring of the International Court in order to orchestrate the repetition of key events from the first run of the lawsuit.² On 1:05:00, I wrote down another incorrect hypothesis of mine: by letting the Monkey beat me down, I would continue to remain Lawrence Chin without dragging Daughterland into a conspiracy with me. Then again: "How could they have coordinated operations so well? Because they were using a big computer" (1:12:00). On 1:18:55, I noticed that MIA's "Du" sounded so much like a message from DGHTRCOM.

² The most important paragraph which I wrote down was: "I have by September 25 come to believe that something in the nature of international relations must have taken place in the beginning of May such that PM has had to decide to close my case at the International Court altogether. I assume that [this] something had something to do with Western conspiratorial nations' objection to Russian-controlled International Court's judgment that I was in conspiracy with them rather than with Russia. In order to counter this objection, PM must have according to this scenario decided to re-structure the Court even further, by creating a re-run of the entire Court case through the repetition of key events of the [lawsuit] between Russia's conviction in March 2009 and its victory in February 2010 – plus some other relevant events in my life from before. It is from this point on that the so-called 'second phase' of the International Court [trial] referred to in my story began. 'Run everything again and I'll show you that he is not in conspiracy with us,' such must have been PM's argument for the Western nations and would thus set the theme for the 'second phase'."

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, IV
Lawrence C. Chin
Sept. 2010 – Aug. 2019. Corrections, Jan. – Mar. 2021.

Du, du wagst es.
Du, du wagst es.
Du, du wagst es – Du.

Wie ein Freund bist du zu mir gekommen,
willst, dass ich dir helfe,
obwohl dir nicht zu helfen ist.
Wie ein Bengel schielst du zu mir rüber,
selbst beim Tanzen führst du,
obwohl mit sowas nicht zu spaßen ist.

Du, du wagst es.
Du, du wagst es.
Du, du erlaubst es.
Du, du sagst es.
Du, du sagst es.
Nur zu.
Du erlaubst es.
Du brauchst mich – Du.

Wie ein Blitz durchfahr' ich alle Glieder,
wie ein Pfeil so leb' ich,
obwohl du mir da ständig widersprichst.
Wie ein Tag erwach' ich immer wieder,
will dich wecken, Baby,
obwohl du schon längst draußen bist.

Du, ja, du wagst es.
Du, du wagst es.
Du, du erlaubst es.
Du, du sagst es.
Du, du sagst es.
Nur Mut.
Du erlaubst es.
Du braucht mich – Du.

Then, more bullshit: "PM is an extremely patient person" (1:22:00). Meanwhile, the Cable TV was broadcasting a sermon: "to lead them to the Promised Land..." I kept regurgitating my wrong scenarios: "My environment is run by a computer" (1:23:00). Then: "The neocons must be thinking about building a Garden of Eden where everything would be governed by a big computer and then putting the 'chosen people' in it – making

themselves into God. Sick!” (until 1:26:15) “This is the ‘immanentization of the eschaton’ coming to fruition.” Then I cried to DGHTRCOM: “You really are gonna present me as the way I am?” (1:30:55) I then wondered whether, because I had realized this, the International Court trial had finished itself (1:35:30). “The mind of the conspirator is complete!” (1:38:55) Ha! Hardly the case! Then, when my left arm hurt three times, I wrongly assumed that the Monkey, DGHTR, and DGHTRCOM had each hurt me once, which meant that all three were awake! Then: “Did I use the word ‘apotheosis’ correctly?... These machines are built to make human beings into God. Are people aware that they are being remotely controlled?” Bullshit! I was then burning a new disc.

And so you have seen that, when the Daughter People really signaled to me from the control center via the cable TV, I missed it, but that, when the cable TV was merely broadcasting a sermon, I mistook that for hints from the control center about the neocon plan! My most usual pattern. What had happened was however a very close call. Only if I could develop a little further the thought that Western nations had objected, the current French objection would become a “conspiracy” and France would be convicted! That’s why the Daughter People were desperately signaling to me by remotely controlling the cable TV to malfunction. Ever since last night when I uttered “Perhaps it was because the Western nations had objected that DGHTRCOM had given DGHTR’s position to the Monkey” the Daughter People, excited, had been waiting for an opportunity to signal to me. Now the French, watching all this from the control center, had become very nervous. I had been saying from time to time that the European nations might have objected, but it had all been insufficient as evidence. Then, my speculation last night had truly frightened them. And tonight I had written it down! There was a good chance that I might cause them to become convicted in the coming days. (Not to mention that PLANRUS had been dead in the water thanks to my constant paranoia.) The Smart Woman’s team relayed the latest development immediately back to Elysée, and Elysée, within a day or two, would reply: “Forget it! Retreat! Destroy the trial and retreat!”

September 27 (Monday)

My first recording of the new day is: “brklytosf_9_27_10_945AM-223PM.WMA”: After waking up, I showered (1:04:00). I then told the Indian lady at the office how scary the vagrant was, how he was yelling until 4 AM in the morning (1:17:00). I checked out of the motel by 1:23:00. I rode the bus to downtown Berkeley, humming all the way, and then rode the BART to San Francisco. I got on the bus and once again hummed all the way (4:21:00). I mumbled: “I can’t have any of my things touched...” (4:23:00).

My next recording is: “sftankcafe_9_27_10_223-606PM.WMA”: I came to the same coffeehouse on Polk Street to do my work. I watched French news (TV 5) on my laptop

and then called up Praxair's office in Los Angeles on 52:00. I wanted to ask if the Los Angeles office sold carbon monoxide, but the employee said the connection was bad and he couldn't hear anything I said. Not again! I then called up another Praxair office (54:00). "Do you sell carbon monoxide in little portable tanks?" "Carbon monoxide or dioxide?" "Monoxide." "Dioxide?" She transferred me to another person, who also had problem in hearing me. I described the carbon monoxide tank I was looking for. He said he didn't have anything like that, even though I had insisted that his San Francisco office sold carbon monoxide tanks. I left the coffeehouse on 1:08:00, hummed on the bus, and came to Praxair by 1:59:00. My aunt had deposited the money and so I was ready to buy my tank. I asked one of the Praxair employees why their Los Angeles office didn't carry a similar tank. He didn't know why. He then explained that people used the tank for, among other things, their fish tank! When we went to look at the tanks he told me the store only carried carbon dioxide, not carbon monoxide (2:02:30). Disappointed, I left the store on 2:06:00. It was carbon monoxide which could kill painlessly, not carbon dioxide. While on the bus, I kept praying to Jesus. I was so extremely depressed and hummed all the way. When someone began blasting rock music loudly (2:50:45), I blasted my own "Du" (2:53:00). I came back to the coffeehouse on Polk Street on 3:19:00. I called up Public Storage on Skype (3:29:00). Then, more malfunctioning! Upset, I asked the coffeehouse employee why the electrical outlets were not working (3:41:00).

My next recording is: "angryplkcafe_9_27_10_607-755PM.WMA": I then called Wes and left him a message (0:55). Then, children came in to shout. I again wrongly assumed that the control center had sent them in to taint my recording file. I searched the Internet for "carbon dioxide" and "carbon monoxide" wanting to know whether the former could kill as painlessly as the latter (6:25). Car alarm outside on 6:50. I then videotaped the TV 5 news on my laptop (8:05). Then, more malfunctioning! Frustrated, I shouted: "I just don't know why nothing works!" (11:00) I listened to a Radio Canada news program: "Pax Americana". It was about the American domination of space (12:50).

My next recording is: "upsetsfbarwrlss_9_27_10_758-916PM.WMA": When the coffeehouse was closed, I walked down Polk Street and came to a bar, the Amsterdam Cafe. I then discovered that my recorder was frozen – I assumed again that it was the Monkey. Just then, a couple came to sit next to me on the patio even though the bar was completely empty inside. I again wrongly assumed that it was an operation – sending actors in to speak loudly next to me. I quickly videotaped the recorder and turned it back on again, crying and sobbing and feeling totally helpless. I then called Integral Psychology again and left a message detailing my name and phone number (2:00). The bar was soon a full house and full of loud noises. After another call, I begged: "Uncle DGHTR, please help me... Please help me..." (until 10:35). I began crying (13:00). I played MIA's "Deineswegen" and "Du" very loudly in order to protect my recorder from strangers' noises. On 18:40, I confirmed with the couple sitting next to me – who I

assumed were actor and actress – what I had earlier said to them, that they were actor and actress sent in to purposely make noises next to me. I said to them: “I hope that didn’t bother you...” I was worried that they might falsely complain about me, which would mean disaster for me because my recorder was frozen and I would have no proof that their complaint was false. Again, paranoia over nothing. They assured me that everything was okay. I then went inside to use the Internet. I asked the bartendress for the wireless password. Although I typed in the right password, I just couldn’t connect. “Why is it not working?” (24:40) I began videotaping my computer screen while groaning: “The Internet is not working....” I asked the bartendress why the Internet was not working. “All caps, ‘AMSTERDAMCAFE’...” But I still couldn’t connect. I began crying to her, “Why is it not working?” (29:30) She angrily scolded me: “You’d better calm your ass down... I don’t know why the Internet is not working... I’ll throw you out of here... Take a deep breath or you are outta here!...” I was again so “delusional” that I had the impression that somebody was talking throughout her from the control center. I decided instead to verify the disc I had just burned, DVD 168. Then I moaned out of physical pain when the verification failed (51:00)! Was it the Daughter People? Or perhaps it was the French! (More on this below.) I could only continue to videotape my computer screen. (ImgBurn produced the error notice “I/O error... unrecovered read error from sector 2004608, 2004800, 2004864, 2004865, and 2004866.”) Then, seven minutes later, the Adobe Reader on my laptop malfunctioned also. By this time, I was able to use the Internet. I continued searching for information on carbon dioxide poisoning.

My next recording is: “sadinsanesf_9_27_10_928-1056PM.WMA”: I continued to work in Amsterdam Cafe. I hummed while my computer was frozen, and I filmed myself. I played MIA’s “Du”. I then asked: “Why can’t they just broadcast an alert saying that Mr Chertoff has lied?” (13:30) I then continued to ponder the lyrics of MIA’s “Du” thinking that this was DGHTRCOM’s message to me (17:00). “All I know is that I couldn’t burn any discs, and that I’m getting framed...” (26:00) Then, Chinese characters popped up on my computer screen (31:00). This old problem from my Toshiba now appeared on my new Gateway! I filmed it. As you can hear, the bar was broadcasting the song “When September Ends”. I again wondered whether this was a “secret message” telling me everything would end in September. Ha! “I don’t know if this song is a message... Everyday I just talk to myself, no one knows what I’m going through, that’s why I must die...” (43:00) I left Amsterdam Cafe on 51:00. I thought I saw another surveillance agent on 1:03:00. “I’m so lonely, so incredibly lonely... I cannot just use the computer by myself...” (1:04:45). “I need to rest... PM, don’t arrest me, I beg you...” (1:06:00) “Why did we lose our will?... The failed burn... We can no longer keep up with our data...” (1:07:00). “Videotaping the computer screen is illegal...” (1:08:00) Then a driver honked on 1:08:50, and I believed erroneously that it was a confirmation from the control center. “What’s the point of living when computer constantly malfunctions?” Then I got on the 38 Geary bus. I would hum throughout the bus ride.

My last recording of the day is “slpsfsad_9_27-28_10_1056PM-759AM.WMA”: Tonight I would sleep on the street in downtown San Francisco. As I huddled in the street corner, I continued to cry. Only after so much tears did I fall asleep.

September 28 (Tuesday; the tank; “France objected”)

My first recording of the new day is: “wksad_9_28_10_759-918AM.WMA”: As soon as I woke up, I began moaning. I got on the bus on 32:50. “I cannot stand people talking...” I got off the bus just to avoid the noises. I came inside a coffeehouse and lifelessly ordered a small coffee (38:45). “I’m going to be spotted!... These robots... I guess the society doesn’t really have any need for talent...” (45:00). I turned on my laptop, played some MIA, filmed myself, and hummed. Then I began writing. On 1:13:30, after I filmed myself writing one sentence – “Look, I just wrote a sentence” – a black woman began shouting. “I’d better move away.... What’s the point of writing? Every time when I began writing, someone would make noises in order to make my recording illegal. What’s the point of doing it? Let’s just die. I don’t really know what is going on anymore. Let’s just go....” I began crying. “I wrote one sentence, and I can’t even record myself writing...” I was now crying so sadly (1:15:30). “I write better than the Monkey Pyramid, I bet. I want to write another sentence...”

My next recording is: “buygas_9_28_10_942AM-1PM.WMA”: Wandering the streets of San Francisco, I shouted to DGHTRCOM: “Tell the American people what has been going on, how you are willing to forgive them, just as uncle DGHTR would have done – has he done something like that? Tell them how the neocons have duped them, how the neocons have wanted to herd them into concentration camps... Why don’t you do that? You can save my life at the same time...” (until 10:30). Then I hummed like crazy. When I came in front of a luggage store on Market Street, I broke down crying because I saw a brand-new cart almost identical to my broken one. I bought it; it was 15 dollars. I got on the bus on 39:00, humming loudly and nervously. I was going to buy the gas tank after all! On 51:00 I suddenly began crying wildly in the bus. It seemed that the bus driver was calling the police, and so I got off the bus (57:30). I ended up in the middle of an industrial area. I was horrified. I was crying and screaming hysterically while wandering through the street (1:00:00). “I can write, I can write!” I screamed. By 1:09:30, I kneeled on the sidewalk to open up my laptop: “PM please stop! I can’t see the computer’s screen!” I screamed periodically when I couldn’t find any bus stop. I filmed myself frantically looking for a bus stop (1:16:00). “I can’t stand the noises!” (1:17:00) Look at how much pain I had inflicted on myself! Then, miraculously, I found Praxair (1:19:00). I purchased the carbon dioxide tank for 94 dollars! I also thought about buying a regulator, but none was in stock at the moment. I wrote down the model number of the regulator. And so I left Praxair with my gas tank. I didn’t understand that I was screwing myself up

not only by wasting more of my precious money but also by setting myself up for disaster. (And all this in addition to the fact that I now had to carry a heavy tank as if my computer and discs weren't heavy enough.) I continued: "No one will know how sad you are..." (1:43:30). Then: "PM, you are enlightened; I would rather die than become David Chin and work for you... Will you let me rest?..." (1:54:00) I still harbored the bizarre fantasy that DGHTRCOM loved me so much that he didn't want me to die! I got on the bus on 1:57:00 and hummed throughout my bus ride. I asked the woman who was sitting in front of me and wearing earphones: "Are those earphones part of the Community Surveillance Program? You are wearing that to conduct surveillance on me, right?" (2:12:00) I got off the bus on 2:18:30 and went inside a store looking for a cheap backpack. After some snacks, I was on the bus again and hummed loudly while riding. I got off the bus on 3:02:00. "PM wants to make me into David Chin in the real world because he knows that if he makes me into David Chin in the imaginary world I wouldn't care... *He wants me to regret...*" (3:06:00). Well, that's sort of correct!

My next recording is: "9_28_10_106-256PM.WMA": I came back to the coffeehouse on Polk Street. Car alarm. Then, my cellphone suddenly rang (1:20). It's from Integral Psychology. I answered it lifelessly. I told them my name and age and so on. "Someone told me it's free..." And I told her my monthly disposal income. I thought the control center had orchestrated this to torture me – i.e. to disappoint me because the service was not free after all. I denied being suicidal, and requested a female therapist. Siren on 17:20. Then I called up Praxair to ask if they carried the regulator HRF-1425-580 (18:00). Then I hummed loudly to cover up strangers' noises – I again assumed wrongly that they were actors sent in to talk next to me in order to get recorded by me and to condition me to Sonophobia: "Why do they just have to come in to talk next to me?" (21:38) "I am not allowed to talk on Skype... Turn up the volume, turn up the volume" (22:20). Then I called up the second Praxair store to ask for the same product. "I can barely hear you. Can you repeat the product name again?" I mistakenly assumed that the Praxair guy was just another actor pretending to be unable to hear me as a way to wear down my patience and provoke me to anger. And so I shouted in anger: "HRF..." I repeated the information three times! Finally, he responded, "Okay. We carry that..."

My next recording is: "sfpolkcafe_9_28_10_304-629PM.WMA": I continued to work inside the cafe. I was now filming myself writing my two blog posts for today. "Wow, I just wrote three grammatically correct English sentences... The world will be so shocked! What possesses him to cause him to write grammatically correct sentences..." (6:00). As you can see, both of my blog posts for today (how law enforcement would conclude that I was trying to attract attention to my blog and how the Daughter People and the Monkey had sent a Fire Department sedan to park near me as a way to drive up my paranoia) were insane enough as to become the Daughter People's further evidence – but none of that mattered anymore, as you shall see. Then, after a while, I called up Public Storage

(37:00), but there was only the answering machine. “Maybe the Monkey should let the Monkey Pyramid devise operations. That would even be better because even the Monkey Pyramid could understand people better” (50:00). I then called up Public Storage again, and this time somebody answered the call. “I just want to ask if anything is wrong with my storage space....” “Everything is fine.” “How do you know? I haven’t told you who I am...” “I know who you are...” I was instantly relieved. I came to the counter to order some snacks. I became suspicious of the cashier even when he was merely flipping the switch on the wall! (1:17:00) I then watched French news on my computer. I got the wrong scenario again: “PM is slowly remaking the world according to his notion of justice... I can’t stand it anymore... What do I get out of all this?” (1:23:00) Then my Adobe Flash Player froze up: “The Monkey doesn’t want me to learn any of these European languages and that’s why he froze up my flash player... He’s going to modify the profile of David Chin...” (1:34:40). I came to the counter and asked the cashier: “My computer froze... Ae you good with computers?” “No.” I went back to my seat and filmed the malfunctioning. I then played MIA’s “Kapitän” and then continued writing. “PM should compensate me...” I then prayed to Jesus again. “I have spent my whole life writing a book, but, when it’s done, only to realize that someone else has claimed it as his work.” Bullshit! I had no idea that I was all paranoid about nothing.

My next recording is: “sftooklndst_9_28_10_629-1009PM.WMA”: I walked down Polk Street, saw a French couple, and thought I received a “signal” from the control center instructing me to talk to them in French. So I did: “Est-ce que vous attendez quelqu’un?” (7:00) Bullshit. Again, the French needed no more evidence from me. I then got on the bus and hummed all the way. I was hysterical again when I got off the bus. I came to Best Buy to look for blank DVDs (39:00). I then stumbled back onto the bus, hummed loudly, and stumbled off the bus. I bought a hot dog on the street. Then: “*How can the Western nations have objected? ... All the laws are their own invention...*” (1:31:30) Then: “The Western nations’ objection must have centered around the intercepts of my thoughts – that I did know everything... But these intercepts were excluded from evidence... The French have seen the intercepts.... That’s why my emotions were so important in the second round... *Maybe the objection came from France again...*” (1:36:00) There I was! I was coming so close to causing France to become convicted! This was the third instance which must have so terrified the Smart Woman’s team as they observed me from the control center that they were determined to act right away to destroy this ICJ trial. It’s unfortunate that I would let this essential idea go in and out of my head in the coming days never being able to develop it. (But, as you shall, it wouldn’t be quite my fault.) I then rode the BART to Oakland: I was getting ready to return to Los Angeles. “I’m not gonna find the Monkey Pyramid... I’m not gonna play the role of a harassing jerk...” (2:20:30) Now I suddenly couldn’t find the Amtrak station again. I asked a taxi driver and he made fun of me: “I’ll take you to LA...” (2:44:30) In any case, I took the taxi to the Amtrak station. I paid 6 dollars! I had to ask the taxi driver: “How do you know I’m

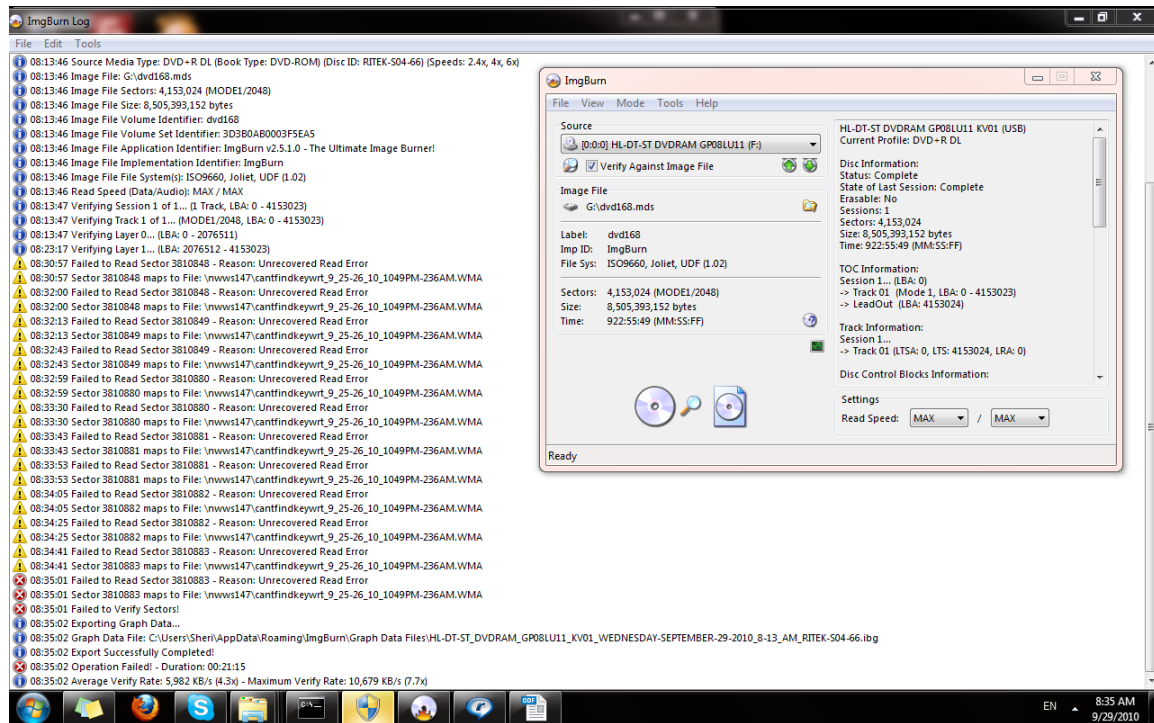
going to LA?” “I know...” “Yeah, everyone knows...” “I’m just kidding...” (2:48:30) I was now even more convinced that there was an alert broadcast about me. Wrong! When I got to the station, there was no more train going to Los Angeles, but only a bus. It was 53 dollars. I decided to wait for the train instead. I sat down and started speculating how the Monkey had sent in an agent to steal my key and how he wanted to burglarize my storage unit. “DGHTR, give me a signal...” And my left side hurt. I broke down crying. “There is no sense in stealing them... I have already come under surveillance...” Then I cried: “I can never prove that I did my writing because I’m homeless...” Then my left toes hurt again. “What does it mean?” Then: “It’s so much better with Mr Chertoff... He didn’t touch my things...” I opened up my laptop, and Windows said it was updating. I was terribly annoyed – “Just at this time!” – and filmed it. I then asked DGHTR to give me more signals. “You are the best man I’ve ever met. Sorry that I got upset with you earlier... You should get into power and rule so that you can protect me... We like Uncle DGHTR better than PM.... They must have known each other for quite a long time...”

My next recordings are: “wrtoklndst_9_28_10_1009-1120PM.WMA” and “9_28-29_10_1120PM-1205AM.WMA”: I was now burning a new disc while writing. After a while, I wanted to negotiate with the Monkey again: “How about: you don’t touch my things, and I give you good advices, because you seem to like to smash your head against the wall believing you are a superman when you need to penetrate the wall.... He really wanted to do something with my storage....” Then: “PM, I beg you, stop for a moment, now that I have to fill my mouth with gas from this tank... Mr B needs to take a course in aesthetics; when you plan something, your plan can’t be so disgusting to its participants that they want to vomit through their ass....” Finally, I went to the counter to buy a ticket for tomorrow’s train. Then: “This man never stops until he gets what he wants, but the problem is that he doesn’t know how to get what he wants....” Bullshit! Finally, I went outside to sleep across the street. More worthless reflection before I fell asleep: “I say we cooperate instead of getting nothing. Everybody, figure something out for this man!” I was however unable to fall asleep tonight.

September 29 (Wednesday; Wes; computer malfunctioning)

My first recording of the new day is: “oklndst_9_29_10_754-829AM.WMA”: It was now morning. As soon as I came inside the Amtrak station, I began my worthless reflection: “The Monkey is cheap; just when you want a woman with wide hips he gives you a woman with narrow hips...” (until 2:00). I began writing while playing MIA’s “Kapitän”. Then, my ImgBurn was remotely controlled to malfunction (28:00). Was it the control center? The Daughter People or the French? But I of course assumed it was the Monkey. I was shocked, and began panting. “This is not going to work out...” (29:45). “The Monkey wants to touch my storage... We have to get ready to kill ourselves...” (33:30).

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, IV
Lawrence C. Chin
Sept. 2010 – Aug. 2019. Corrections, Jan. – Mar. 2021.



ImgBurn operation failed around 8:30 AM

My next recording is: “okIndst_9_29_10_829-958AM.WMA”: I began packing while cursing the Monkey: “He’s fucking evil... Do not do this, you can’t do this...” I was now ready to board the train. “Just spare me, leave me alone... Don’t bother me anymore... Don’t give me any reward, just leave me alone... Don’t touch my computer... Don’t touch anything I need to survive... I pray in Jesus’ name, I beg you...” And I began crying (5:45). Groaning and moaning and twitching, I found my seat inside the train. I began crying. I called up Wes, and he answered it (14:00). “What’s going on?” “I’m so upset...” I told him what happened, my urgent need to burn data onto discs. “Malfunctioning... Two times in a row... I sensed a tremendous evil from them, the Russians and the Mexican Monkey... It just had to be the most important part of my data, the videos of my writing... I have not been allowed to burn discs for two consecutive days... And just before boarding, so that the train conductor can write me down as nervous and mentally unstable... I just find it really hard to believe....” Wes continued to recommend using a flash drive. “That’s the point, data on DVDs cannot be manipulated... That’s why they have a problem with it, for they can’t remotely control the data on DVDs... This technique is so evil... Why are they doing it to someone who has benefited them...? Unless the Monkey has total control over them...” When Wes asked me where I was going, I refrained from telling him (21:30). Just then, two transsexuals were getting on the train. I again couldn’t help but believe this was some sort of “metaphor” orchestrated

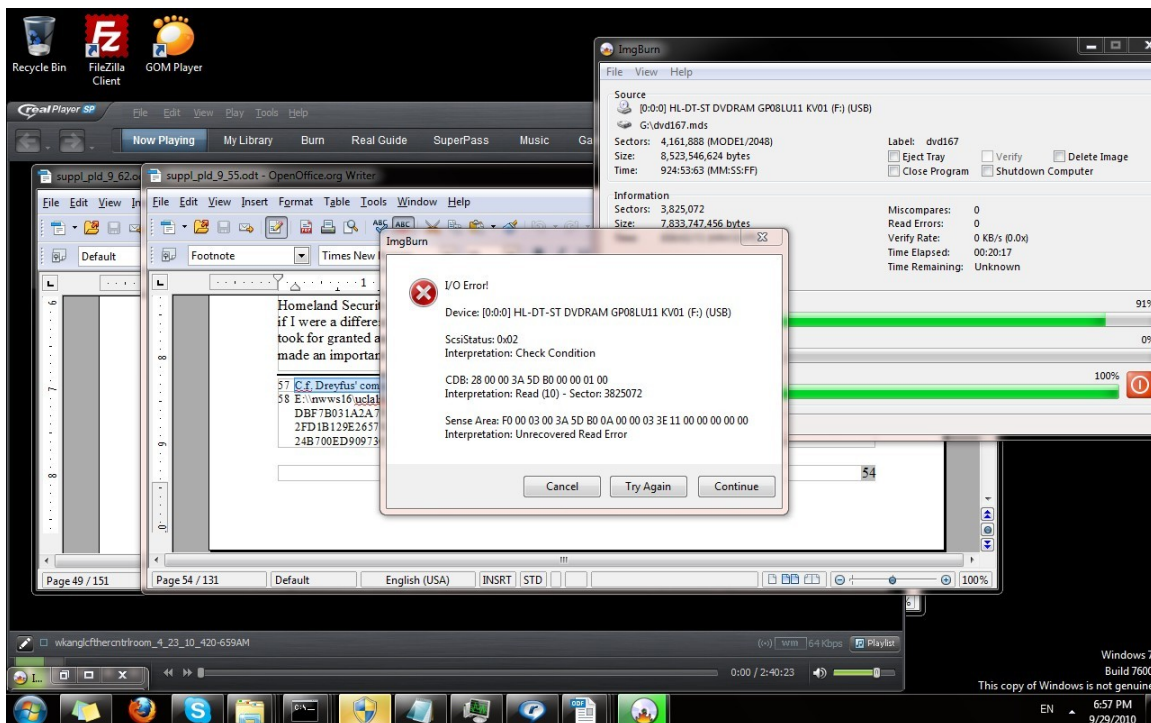
by the control center. Ha! I continued: “I got it... There is no Russian involvement, only the Mexican Monkey...” “This man is so evil... framing me for all these petty crimes... He’s going to erase my entire life... I’m here minding my own business, and he comes to mess me up!” (26:00) “I’ll remember you!” Wes tried to comfort me. “You don’t remember much of me...” (31:00). Then, toward the end, Wes started lecturing me: “Whose problems are bigger? Do you understand that the Department is threatening to kick me out?” (37:30) “Call me back next week, can you do that for me?” He thus hanged up (39:00). There were no hints from Wes today. I continued: “Don’t connect up with the Monkey Pyramid!” Then I had to film my computer again because it was frozen and the file couldn’t be hashed. “The disc is gone...” (1:01:00). “He is such a fuck... Two dollars are gone just like that... Rich people robbing poor people...”

My next recordings are: “oklndstwrtr_9_29_10_958-1014AM.WMA” and “oklndstmlfunktweessadwrt_9_29_10_1014AM-1232PM.WMA”: I continued to cry while filming my malfunctioning computer. I mumbled: “I regret... I regret... I regret... How many times do I have to regret?... Leave me alone...” By now, my ImgBurn had finished burning another DVD (6:40). “I don’t believe any of the discs are... I wish Mr Chertoff could be brought back...” (7:30). “And I’m going to get arrested... Oh my God...” (9:30). Then I discovered the email which Angelo sent to me on July 7 (25:20). (He was again complaining about seeing his name in my story “My experience...”) I wrongly assumed this was evidence to replace or enrich Angelo’s previous email to me back in July 2009. “I need to block Angelo’s email” (37:30). I was then reviewing my recordings while filming my ImgBurn verifying the disc that had just been burned. Verification successful! (1:06:30) I was astonished: “Wow, look at that!... I should mention that Mr B uses deception at times...” (1:07:50). I then continued to review my recordings.

My next recordings are: “slptrain_9_29_10_1232-524PM.WMA”, “train_9_29_10_525-603PM.WMA”, and “trainmlfnt_9_29_10_603-903PM.WMA”: I ate some snacks and then took a long nap in my seat. Soon after I woke up from my nap, I began complaining: “We need to find a therapist...” “It’s so devastating... Such a waste of money...” I then resumed reviewing my recordings. Then, suddenly, on 39:14, an error message popped up on my computer screen: my computer had malfunctioned again, and I immediately began videotaping it. I began moaning, overwhelmed by helplessness, desperation, and frustration: “You cannot live a life where your computer is constantly being remotely controlled...” After filming, I continued writing and transcribing my recordings while burning a new disc. On 45:30, I was shocked for a second time: the disc-burning had failed: “Oh my God, Oh my God!” I quickly held up my camera to videotape the malfunctioning. The pain I was experiencing was so enormous that I broke down screaming and crying hysterically. “What am I gonna do? What am I gonna do?” I shouted out of hopelessness because I had a dire need for a functioning computer just as an asthma patient always needed his breather (47:45). “Somebody help me!...” I

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, IV
Lawrence C. Chin
Sept. 2010 – Aug. 2019. Corrections, Jan. – Mar. 2021.

continued crying and shouting in despair. “I cannot take it anymore, Oh my God...” (50:08). And I jumped up and down on my seat: “I can’t even... writing!” “What am I gonna do?” And I started smashing my luggage. On 58:00, after the train conductor had announced we were approaching Los Angeles, an Amtrak personnel came to me and – I of course assumed he was only acting – began scolding me: “Keep it down, or I’ll have to get my conductor!” He was completely unsympathetic, as if trying to further aggravate me. “Why....” I cried. I began videotaping my computer again (59:30). “... I don’t know how to deal with it...” (1:01:00).



ImgBurn failed its operation again on 6:57 PM

On 1:02:30, another unsympathetic Amtrak officer came to scold me. This time in the most professional tone: “Sir, are you okay back there?” “Yeah...” “Are you able to answer a few simple questions?” The other Amtrak personnel began telling him about the complaints which another passenger had voiced about me. The complaint seemed to be false, and so I assumed it was the Monkey’s actor. “Sir, are you able to sit quietly for the rest of the trip to Los Angeles?” the first man asked me unsympathetically. “That depends on my computer, I guess...” “Don’t make other passengers nervous,” he warned me and then left. I returned to my routine: “There is DVD 167...” (1:04:55). My cellphone suddenly rang (1:05:30).

By this time I had stopped crying. I noticed that several Amtrak personnel were discussing me in the distance. This time a woman operator was among them. “Are you guys discussing me again?” I asked them. “Not again,” the woman operator responded (1:11:00). She said something to the effect that a passenger had complained about my “anger outburst”. I was very upset with her “talking to the atmosphere”, twisting reality around and talking about me as if I were a different creature, for I was *crying* out of sadness and despair rather than *shouting* out of anger. Obviously, I thought, it was the Monkey who had sent in an actor to make false reports about me: if I cried he would report that I was angry. Again, I erred (there was no actor) because I hadn’t yet comprehended the fact that people were very confused nowadays in this Age of the Internet and weren’t capable of distinguishing between “anger” and “sadness”. I then explained to the woman operator that I was burning a DVD when my computer malfunctioned, and that I could show her the video. “Oh, it’s not working, so you got mad...” She continued: “So you were taking out your frustration out loud for everyone to hear you?” I explained that I was *crying*. “There is a difference between crying and getting angry” (1:11:45). She continued to relate what I thought were false reports about my anger outburst, and I offered to show her my video as proof of what had really happened. But she said: “I can’t look at your video... It’s against the law for me to look at it...” (1:12:22). I could hardly verbalize the reasons for my sadness: the control center’s remote control over me and everything I owned and the complexity of my International Court business. I simply told her that someone was sending signals to my laptop to cause it to malfunction (1:13:00). “Oh... Someone has access to your computer from somewhere else...” I assumed erroneously that she was pretending to be dumb in order to frustrate me and aggravate me. Again, I hadn’t yet realized that nobody was acting but that people had nowadays simply no ability to pay attention to what I said.

Then I actually almost guessed something right: “The Monkey caused my computer to malfunction because he needs a profile of me as an angry person...” (1:42:10). Then: “He knew I would break down and cry. And when I broke down and cried, he would just instruct another passenger to make false reports saying I was *angry* when I was *crying*. Then I would be ‘marked’... And the Russians let him do it. This is so evil, it’s far more evil than...” I continued to assume wrongly that the purpose of all this was to make me into someone without credibility in case I would want to tell my story in the future. Angered, I said to myself continually, “This is so evil... So evil...” (1:43:20). “This intelligence business is just so evil...” (1:59:40) I now played MIA’s “Du”. On 2:15:50, I began speculating: “... Mr Chertoff has probably made the argument that I recorded myself in order for the Russians to hear later... Yet I don’t get any compensation...”. I called up Mona’s number and, in a desperate tone, left a message for her (2:38:50). I filmed my computer on 2:55:20, and, just then, my camera was remotely turned off (2:58:00). I was again in shock: “I don’t give a fuck about your pathetic project...”

My next recording is: “dwntwnla_9_29_10_904-1039PM.WMA”: By this time the train had arrived in Union Station. As I packed up my things I mumbled: “I love Mr Chertoff, I hope to go back to those days when he ruled, now I need to commit suicide...” All the while the train conductor was hustling me off the train. After I left the Union Station, I prayed: “Uncle Daughter, please help me...” I hummed loudly while in 711, and people were shouting at me about it. I bought fast food. I prayed: “Mr Chertoff please come back...” When a black man was talking loudly next to me, I yelled at him: “Shut up!” He scolded me continually. I then got on the bus to go to Westwood. I decided to check into emergency in order to take care of the lice on my body.

My next recording is: “hptllce_9_29-30_10_1101PM-323AM.WMA”: As I wandered through Westwood village, I broke down crying again: “We need help...” I came to the UCLA hospital on 28:00. While I was waiting outside, I broke down crying again. I hummed, and then thought I saw another surveillance agent. I came inside the emergency on 43:00 and told the nurse about my lice problem. While I waited for my turn, I continued: “What we need most is somebody like Wes or Deborah, somebody to watch our videos of computer malfunctioning...” Then: “How many times do we have to say we regret?” I then broke down crying again. I did some writing and hummed whenever there were noises. Finally, it was my turn to go in to meet the doctor. I suddenly got very paranoid and said to the nurses: “You are not playing tricks on me?” “No.” A doctor came, and I said to him: “I don’t believe them. You will not harm me, right?” Finally, I was with the doctor on duty on 2:03:00. This doctor gave me cream, and another doctor provided me with pain medicine. I asked the second doctor: “Is there a rumor saying I’m just pretending?” “No!” Ha! I looked truly insane due to my wrong scenarios! Tonight I would sleep in the street corner in Westwood Village.

You should be able to guess that, in these three days, from September 27 to September 29, it was most likely the Smart Woman who was ordering the Monkey to cause my computer to malfunction (to disrupt my disc-burning). The goal, this time, was to distract me. As long as I was crying about computer malfunctioning, I wouldn’t be able to speculate further how France had objected. In other words, the Smart Woman was buying time while she looked for opportunity to destroy this trial. The Daughter People could only watch the French skillfully getting away in total disappointment and helplessness.

September 30 (Thursday; Los Angeles; Deborah)

My first recording of the new day is: “crybus_9_30_10_912AM-1205PM.WMA”. While on the bus, I copied a link from my notes and pasted it onto the HTML codes for my webpage on machine malfunctioning. Just then what seemed to be a surveillance agent came to sit next to me. I mistakenly assumed that this was in order to obtain evidence of my “plagiarizing” (55:30). As if that still mattered! After I got off the bus, I continued:

“I’m trapped inside a spaceship, there is no one around, for there will never be anyone reading my work... The Monkey has destroyed the plan... Why does he do that? Because he is very retarded....” (until 1:18:50). I was now on the Metro. A Hispanic woman pushed a child onto the train and I shouted “Bah – bah –” as if I were insane (1:23:00). I came to PATH, and, lo and behold, there was a mother with a child. I demanded: “Why is there a God-damned little thing? Is this a kindergarten or a homeless shelter?” “Do you want to have lunch, Lawrence?” “Fuck you bitch,” I was truly angry, convinced (wrongly) that it was the Monkey who had sent in the mother and the child. Then: “We have been conditioned to become a racist. The Russians let the Monkey surround us with all these lower class people so that we will hate them. These God-damned Russians... But the consul general is good... In Russia only bad people rule... The Russians want to make a real David Chin out of me... They have carefully calculated how to surround me with these lower class people carrying the mark of the Monkey so that I’ll come out disgusted with Ebonics, whereas before I had no problem with hearing Ebonics...” (1:39:30). Then: “I think the PM’s hatred of the United States has caused him to lose his senses, and his need for power over the West has caused him to lose sight of the long-term interest of his country... We don’t trust him anymore” (1:42:50). Then: “You fucking bad people... After Hitler it’s Stalin, it’s always like that...” (1:44:00). Then: “Only people like Uncle DGHTR should have power in Russia... I’m liberal because authoritarianism sucks, it’s inefficient... If you don’t like it, then you suck... I’m educated, my judgment means something... I’ve read the most enlightening books... Liberalism is better... If you want good for your country, put Uncle DGHTR in power... Your country sucks, right hand gets in the way of left hand... The International Court sucks... I got duped, I thought all Russians were like Uncle DGHTR...” (until 1:49:00). Then: “The ‘evidence’ is superior to the courthouse, he is better than all the parties... Except nobody knows it...” (1:53:30). Again, my bizarre overestimation of myself due to ignorance (not to mention that I would in the coming years become disenchanted with what I called “liberalism” here). I kept humming in between my speech. Then: “The ICJ has changed Russia, except nobody knows it...” (2:02:20). Then my wrong scenario: “This is the Garden of Eden, every little movement in the environment can be orchestrated... Except the goal here is to make me miserable...” (2:15:00). Siren on 2:15:30. I then hummed all the way while walking to the Metro station and riding the Metro. I was yelling on the train when children suddenly appeared near me (2:39:40). Then my (half-correct, half-wrong) scenario about the “neoconservative plan” on 2:41:30. I began crying: “We have to die because we know too much...” I cried hysterically and dropped to the ground, “I can’t get out of here...” (2:43:00). “This is the opposite of the Garden of Eden, the environment is orchestrated in order to force you to be an atheist...” (2:44:00). “Someone will plagiarize my story in order to make it look like I have plagiarized it from someone else, and my recording cannot be used as evidence because too many people are talking into it...” (2:48:50). “We cannot reflect anymore, reflection is taking away our ability to function...”

My next recording is: “9_30_10_1205-242PM.WMA”: I got off the train and got on the bus to go to Public Storage. I hummed loudly. On 5:00 I suddenly started screaming when a Hispanic woman brought her child in front of me: “Bus driver, let me off the bus!” “Go, go away! Let me get out!” I continued to scream out of pain after I got off the bus. In shock, I called up Deborah, but she didn’t answer it. I cried wildly. I called Deborah again, and this time she answered it, but she immediately hanged up (16:00). When I got on the next bus, I was still crying. People gathered around me, and I told them to shut up. I called Deborah for the third time on 25:00. I couldn’t hear her, and so I continued screaming and shouting while getting off the bus. I called Deborah again, and she answered it again. “I need help, I can’t stand my environment, and my computer doesn’t function... I need somebody to watch me using my computer, I can’t stand the noises... And I can’t be under surveillance anymore... I can’t see children...” Deborah replied that she had no homes for me. “You can help me by listening to me...” Deborah: “I can’t understand what you are saying... You are screaming to my ear...” She suggested that I call back when I could talk normally, and hanged up. I called her up for the fifth time on 31:00. She would not answer the call. She finally answered my sixth call. I cried so hard: “I’m so sad...” “You have to go to the counseling center...” This was a short call. By 38:00 I had calmed down. I got on the bus again on 51:00. I was afraid to stay on the bus because there were so many children on board, and so I got off again. “We are going to the motel...” Moaning and groaning, I came inside Starbucks (1:13:00). I sat down and wrote down my wrong scenario. I asked what I thought to be a surveillance agent: “Can I videotape you? You are conducting surveillance on me...” I then filmed myself cutting myself outside (1:29:00): I had resorted to my old method of relieving stress and killing pain. I cried: “Forget it, we can’t get to the storage... We need to kill ourselves...” While walking, I continued: “We will die alone, no one will know what has happened to us... We have no future, Mr B has taken it away... I so regret...” Then: “What if the tank is filled with fake gas?” Then: “We are playing this game: you waste my time, I waste your time.” I got on the bus again: “PM is so evil....” Soon after I got off the bus, another child came in front of me, and I experienced severe physical pain (2:14:00). I was so distressed that I called up Deborah again, but there was no answering. I got on the bus again, and the bus was again full of children. I cried and screamed: “Why do I have to ride the bus with all these children? God damn you!” Finally I came to Public Storage. I walked into the food mall on 2:31:00, and, lo and behold, more noises from children!

My next recording is: “strg_9_30_10_242-403PM.WMA”: I then came to my storage unit. Soon, someone walked in and frightened me with his noises (27:00). “It’s a surveillance agent!” As I looked at my things inside my storage unit, I continued: “All of our things are ‘marked’... The Monkey’s plan is taking off...” I was done by 41:30 and came to the food mall to review the video I had just shot of my putting things into my storage unit (1:06:00). I then called up Deborah again on 1:14:00, but there was no answering.

My next recording is: “9_30_10_410-451PM.WMA”: I went around looking for an electrical outlet to charge my laptop. I found one in the corner. I called up Deborah again on 9:00. I complained to her: “People kept pushing their children to me, eventually scaring me off the bus.” Deborah told me I sounded crazy. Of course! I had no idea that people were *not* instructed to do this. I then told her how the Monkey constantly caused my computer to malfunction. “It’s so devastating, I need to see a therapist. How can I deal with computer malfunctioning?” Deborah told me I could see the malfunctioning as “paranoid delusion”. What? Then I asked Deborah to confirm that I could write grammatically correct English, that I could write well. Then, my problem: “I cannot keep talking to myself anymore, and I cannot keep filming computer malfunctioning – only to have the camera malfunction as well.” We decided that I should go back to CGI Chicago School. I continued to complain: why do I, more intelligent than others, have to be labeled ‘mentally insane’, just the opposite of what I really am? Then I talked about the Homeland Security alert about me in the past (23:00). Now Deborah was denying that this had happened at all! Well, here she was lying. When I talked about the current alert about me, Deborah emphasized it was difficult for her to believe what I was saying – that it sounded so much like paranoid delusion. Well, because I was wrong about this! Then she remarked: “And you believe that people will remember the alert from the past and care?” She was correct! Nobody remembered it because nobody really cared! I then insisted to her that our relationship was working for me until Homeland Security came in. Suddenly, the manager of the building came to me saying he wanted to “help me”. He told me I shouldn’t be charging my laptop inside the building. I again believed erroneously that he was instructed to put up an act toward me since I had never been scolded for charging my instrument in this building. I then told Deborah about my strange phobia toward noises and so on. Deborah told me that she was not permitted to find a therapist for me and emphasized that medication would help me. I emphasized that “the man inside Homeland Security” had changed my environment for me. “People get different instructions nowadays...” Deborah then told me about the economic recession in recent years, how things had changed for everyone. On 41:00, before our conversation was over, my recorder ran out of battery.

My next recording is: “lkfrmtl_9_30_10_452-738PM.WMA”: Deborah then told me I needed a social worker instead of a therapist, and I emphasized again that I needed somebody to watch me using my computer. And I described how I could never meet a person who hadn’t heard anything about me. “Too many people have taken control of the Homeland Security system and used it to concoct ever newer stories about me. And when my computer malfunctioned, I would cry, and people would throw me out from places...” I was then disconnected with Deborah (7:50). I had no idea how I was bothering her with nonsense and discrediting myself. As I walked out of the food mall, I continued to talk to myself: “... depriving you of what you always have, shutting down your ability to express

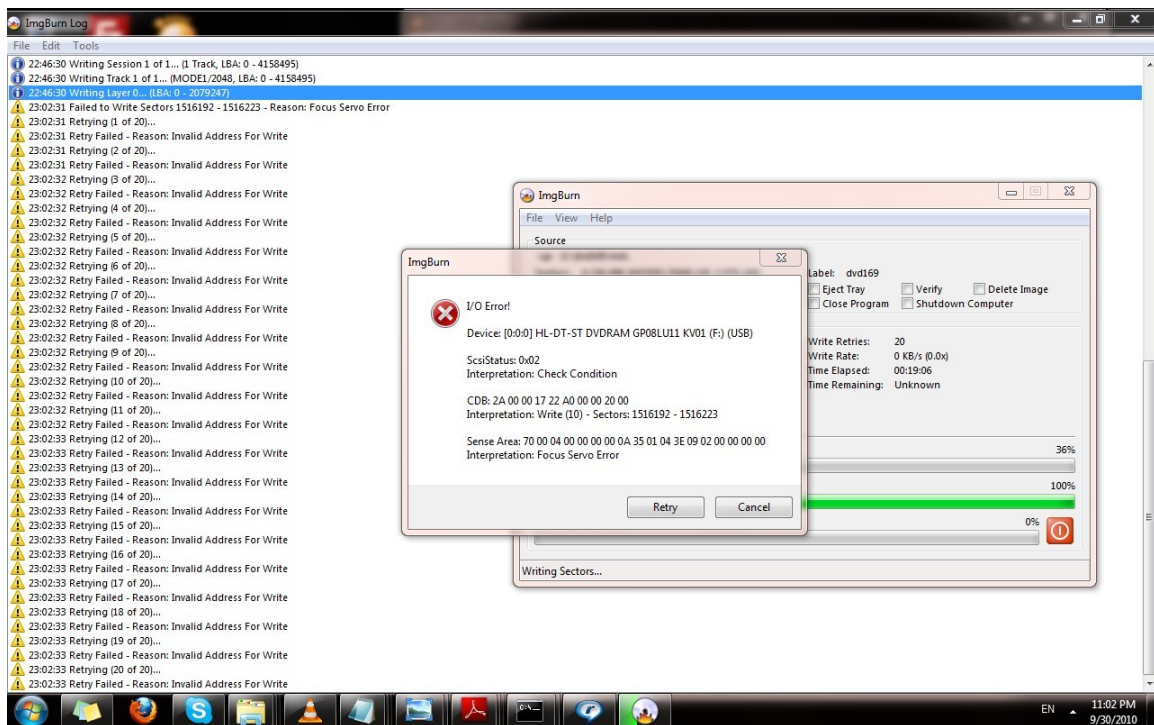
yourself... The Russians don't really care what we think about them, and *according to international laws we must hate them*, and we do hate them..." Only if I could have understood what this really meant by thinking more about "French objection". I then got on the bus. "Maybe Uncle Daughter is pretending to be Mr B. But that'll be too good to be true..." Then, assuming that the building manager was controlled by the Monkey, I continued my wrong scenario: "Mr B asked me how he could help me, well, don't cause my computer to malfunction, and move out of the way..." I then transferred to bus 45. "We dont' like the Russians, they turn out to be not so good..." I resumed writing while on the bus, but then got scared again by people's noises. Then a child came on board to distress me. I got off the bus on 1:51:00 and continued to talk to myself: "PM you are so cruel..." "The fake Russians have won... And the neocons are framing themselves..." I was then on the bus again on 2:17:00. I thought I saw another surveillance agent and pointed him out to everyone on the bus: "There is a surveillance agent over there..." I asked "Mr surveillance agent" where he was from. Turkey! He asked me why I was so curious. "No reason, people talk to each other in America. You guys don't do that in Turkey?" Then a child was crying, and I hummed hysterically to cover up his noises. When I transferred onto another bus, another child was shouting inside the bus. I screamed and hummed like crazy. I then broke down crying again. Then I thought I had understood how the operation worked: "Homeland Security sent this God-damned little thing on board because they have planted a surveillance agent on board, so that they can 'catch me' seeing a child and then going to a motel... You God-damned Americans, you don't know that the more you frame me, the more you lose..." Ha! Complete bullshit. Finally I came to one of the many motels on Sunset Blvd in Hollywood. I paid 68 dollars for a single room. Just spending more of my precious money! When I came inside the room, I took care to film it all around. Then more wrong scenario: "They purposely give us a large room in order for the gas to diffuse...."

My next recording is: "lkfrmtl_9_30_10_738-901PM.WMA": I continued my wrong scenario: "If the fake Russians have won and are ordering Mr B to frame himself, and since Mr B supposedly represents the US, then DGHTR is teaching Mr B how to frame himself because he's too retarded. In which case, we should go with DGHTR's plan, which means we won't get arrested..." I turned on the TV. Then: "I am supposed to be the victim. I'm supposed to get compensated..." I then went out to buy food on 24:00. I thought I saw another surveillance agent and asked him: "What did you catch me doing this time?" Then I thought I saw yet another surveillance agent, and I called out to him: "Mr surveillance..." I filmed these two guys. I came back to my motel room on 1:05:00.

My next recording is: "mtlmlfuncnt_9_30-10_1_10_901PM-1204AM.WMA": I began writing. Suddenly, on 17:00, a strange message popped up on my computer screen, and I filmed it. Then I discovered that there was something wrong with one of my recording files. "Did Mr B try to destroy this file? This means that he has forged evidence showing

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, IV
Lawrence C. Chin
Sept. 2010 – Aug. 2019. Corrections, Jan. – Mar. 2021.

me doing something else when I was sleeping in the motel room... This man is so fucking stupid, he doesn't even understand the simple rule 'You get what you pay for...' He must have never hired anyone before..." I was then writing "Frankfurt and Brussels" while burning a new disc. I got paranoid again: "Mr B is fucking with every one of our discs, there is not a single disc that does not have problem... Mr B has got law enforcement to investigate us and conclude that we did something else in our room...." Then the control center hurt my left knee while I was scrutinizing the burning process. And, guess what, the burning failed. I was incensed: "We cannot live in the same world with this mother fucker. DGHTR, I'm supposed to kill myself before September ends, is that right?" Then: "Our life is gone, we are not allowed to burn discs... This man is so hateful... He's such a trash..." I began calling the Monkey a "maggot". "Maggot, why are you born? Maggot, did you delete my file? You degenerate white monkey, an evolutionary failure..." And the control center hurt my right knee again as if to respond to my provocation. "As long as the Monkey is running the show, there is no plan, and the Russians get fucked! What do you expect?..." Then: "We have to die, this computer is not functioning...." But the next burning was successful.



ImgBurn operation failed around 11:02 PM

My next recording is: "wrtmtl_10_1_10_1231-151AM.WMA": I then got quite upset when I discovered that my recorder had run out of battery 30 minutes ago. 30 minutes of

my life unrecorded! I then resumed writing and reviewing recording. “I don’t believe that tomorrow it will be over. It will just be the same thing...” Well, that’s right! Because it was all in my mind! By 2 AM, I had gone to sleep.

Now, it was all in my mind except for the disruption of my DVD-burning. It was most likely the Smart Woman again tonight: to temporarily distract me so that I wouldn’t think more about France’s objection.

October 1 (Friday; the Chicago School; tried gas)

My first recording of the new miserable day is: “hysterianomtl_10_1_10_955AM-1210PM.WMA”: I was still in the motel room, and continued: “The Monkey is so bad, he is lying, he is framing people... The Russians are just not very cool...” (14:00). “No one will know what has happened to me... PM is so disappointing...” “What’s going on is so wrong.... PM is benefiting from it...” (21:30). “You do all these evils, it’s okay, because America is bearing all the faults, and nobody knows about it except me...” (26:00). By this time I had checked out of my motel room and was walking the street. I broke down in tears again: “All you evil mother fuckers!” (42:00) I got on the bus while moaning horribly out of physical exhaustion, as if I were recovering from seizure (45:00). When I got off the bus, I became hysterical (47:00). “Oh God... PM, you are truly evil...” And I wailed (until 50:00). Soon I ran into a child, and I hummed hysterically to cover up his noises. I ran away so fast that I could barely catch my breath. I then lay down in a street corner moaning and twitching out of pain (1:01:30). I begged DGHTR to help me. I cried and screamed (1:08:30). Then I got on the bus again. I asked the bus driver while twitching in pain: “Are you done with acting, bus driver?” (1:13:00) Again, misled by my wrong scenarios. I got off the bus soon and became completely hysterical (1:21:00). I came back to the same motel and asked the manager for one more night. He said he was going to charge me more because it was weekend. Still in pain, I came to another motel begging for a room. There was none available (1:30:00). I broke down crying and wailed hysterically. “I can’t take it anymore...” Then a stranger came to me: “Are you okay?” “Get out of here...” It was again a vulgar-looking man full of masculinity, just the type from whom I wanted no help. “Call 911?” “Shut up, you piece of shit!” (1:32:30) I then came to a third motel. The Taiwanese owner wanted to charge me 95 dollars per night (1:36:00). I went away, still groaning from severe pain. I then came to a fourth motel: “We don’t have rooms available, I’m sorry.” I went away wailing (1:40:00). I came back to the third motel, but the manager, seeing that I was in seizure, refused me: “You are sick? No service!” “Sorry, I had to run, I’m sweating...” But he would not accept me. I broke down into tears (1:46:50). I ran away howling and crying, dragging my cart. And just then my cart broke down (1:48:00). I howled like crazy. I came to another motel and was told “No room available” (1:55:00). “Uncle DGHTR please help me!” I shouted. I then came to a doughnut store and bought some orange juice. I was completely out of

breath. I dropped down on the street corner on 1:59:00, twitching and moaning and begging the control center for a break. I simply couldn't comprehend that the control center was not doing anything at all and that I was doing all this to myself. I then cried more. I was now screaming at the top of my voice. I called Wes on 2:02:00, but there was no answering. I left a message: "Wes, please call me back! Please!" I then called Mona's number on 2:04:00. I yelled: "Please Mona call me back to tell me the number of CGI..." I had hardly the energy to search for the number among my terabytes of data. "Please, I just want to be by myself, I don't want to do anything else... I want my computer to function... It's my life..." And I continued to howl and scream (2:07:00). Then, while panting heavily, I got on the bus.

My next recordings are: "tostrg_10_1_10_1210-1PM.WMA" and "strg_10_1_10_1-205PM.WMA". I continued to moan while on the bus. Several women around me – I wrongly assumed they were actresses sent in from the control center – were talking loudly, and, after I begged them not to talk so loud, I began crying and screaming (3:00). I then got off the bus and was walking to my storage facility. I then began crying hysterically again. I rested a little in a street corner, trembling and panting and groaning. I filmed myself. Finally, I came to the storage facility.

My next recordings are: "strg_10_1_10_205-250PM.WMA" and "busdwntwn_10_1_10_250-415PM.WMA": I continued: "The reason why we find Hispanic people so disgusting is their happiness! Because they are too stupid to realize they are worthless..." I put in my latest DVDs and left the storage facility by 39:00. I walked into the food mall, and the noises of children filled up the whole place. I hummed. When I was walking to the bus stop, I continued to curse the Monkey and the Daughter People. After I got on bus 38, I continued to moan and groan: "This Mr B is so disgusting..." I got off the bus on Venice and was waiting for the next bus. It came but didn't stop, and I yelled at the bus driver. Fortunately, she let me get on. I prayed to Jesus again: "*Don't commit injustice in order to obtain justice... Don't do this in order to prosecute....*" This was the beginning of a long series of wrong scenarios that were about to come. Just then, another child appeared in front of me, and I hummed like crazy. Other passengers were yelling at me for humming so loudly. I scolded the child: "You God-damned piece of garbage!" And he shouted too. I continued to hum like crazy.

My next recording is: "bus20confsnpolice_10_1_10_415-456PM.WMA": While on the bus, I came up with more wrong scenarios: "The police know what's going on, they are told the truth.... After May 20, they were told that the Russians will close the case, and they gladly lent their help in the prosecution of the neocons... The police are helping to frame me because they are told that the Russians want me... But now I don't want to go, I just want to write my story... Everybody is participating in it, but we will drop out, we have lost the will to live... We can't keep up with the burning of our data, and we can't

stand all this noise...” Then I finally mumbled something accurate: “Back in November 2007, the LAPD chief was instructed to lie to the Chinese consulate...” I got off the bus in Westwood and went inside the Chicago School: I was carrying out Deborah’s idea. I asked the receptionist about how to schedule an intake. She claimed however that I could do it with her.

My next recording is: “cgi_10_1_10_457-626PM.WMA”: When I came back to the receptionist from the restroom, she suddenly told me there was no therapist available at the moment and simply gave me a phone number for me to call. I was alarmed by the way she changed her story – again, I wrongly supposed that the Monkey was behind it all – and began crying. While crying, I tried to call the number she gave me, but the call didn’t go through (6:00). I was now even more sure that it was all orchestrated. I cried so sadly. When I came back into the lobby, the receptionist tried to comfort me: “Take a seat, we are going to help you...” Eventually a man came out and led me into a room to meet with a therapist (17:00). The man would stay with the therapist for the whole time. The therapist’s name was Jacqueline Guerrero. I described to her how I had been debilitated by noise attack and computer malfunctioning. Soon Ms Guerrero initiated intake with me. I described more of my problem with computer malfunctioning and noises. And also my homelessness. I eventually explained that somebody from Homeland Security was remotely controlling my computer and causing it to break down in order to blackmail me. I explained I wanted someone to watch me using my computer. Then, more about noises and children. Then about what problem Mona and I had worked on. Then more about my business with Homeland Security agents. Just then, without my noticing, my recorder was suddenly remotely turned off. Ms Guerrero went to fetch the clinic director, who came in and stipulated the condition that I could only meet with a therapist here if I agreed to meet with a psychiatrist at Edelman at the same time. Obviously, because I mentioned “Homeland Security”, Ms Guerrero judged me “delusional”. The clinic director also wanted me to go to an emergency shelter tonight. She then sent me to wait in the lobby while she tried to find referrals to an emergency housing. None of this was recorded.

My next recording is: “outcgwstwd_10_1_10_659-828PM.WMA”: While in the lobby, I discovered that my recorder was remotely turned off and that the last half hour of my meeting was unrecorded. I naturally assumed the Monkey did it from the control center in order to eliminate my evidence. In reality – as you can imagine – it must be the Smart Woman again (to continue to distract me). I was in shock, breathing heavily and groaning. While in seizure, I nonetheless managed to add money to my Go Phone. When the AT&T operator called me “Mr Lawrence”, I again got paranoid believing this was orchestrated from the control center with a nefarious purpose. I left a message for Wes asking him to call me back. Then: “DGHTR, you can’t... These people are so disgusting...” When the clinic director came out, I seized on the opportunity and asked

her to describe what I did with her and Ms Guerrero. This should compensate for the loss of my recording. I asked her not to worry about finding me a place for tonight. I just needed the referral paper. And so she provided me with one referral to Edelman and another to this shelter in Oceanside. She repeated that she wanted me to see a psychiatrist in Edelman and confirmed that I had said what I had said about my computer. I left the Chicago School on 31:00. I mumbled: “Yeah... get diagnosed, become a laughingstock, all so that I can come to see a second rate therapist...” I was again misled by my wrong scenarios believing I had fallen into the Monkey’s trap. I hummed like crazy on the street when I saw more children. I continued to repeat how disgusting the Monkey was for turning off my recorder. “PM, you know I am a victim, you won’t do this to me, right? Where did you find this guy?” I hummed while in pain. I was then in a department store to buy something. I moaned and groaned: “22 dollars, 49 dollars...” I paid 16 dollars. I then got on the bus to go toward Venice and Sepulveda: I had decided to check into a motel after all.

My next recordings are: “mtlconfs_10_1_10_855-932PM.WMA” and “mtl_10_1-2_10_941PM-205AM.WMA”: This time I was successful in booking a motel room. As you can see, as soon as my SSI payment came in today, I was wasting it away. But I had to do it because, after so much hysteria, it was urgent that I practice suicide with my gas tank! I continued my wrong scenario: “PM, please don’t trap me... Uncle DGHTR, please don’t let me be part of anything. I just want a normal life...” Then: “Your country will never be the same again, the world will never be the same again, you are the master lord of the world by now... You brought the Monkey in, you must take him out... Mr B came up with the plan, DGHTR shouldn’t accept it, and PM shouldn’t... *Why should one person be sacrificed for the prosecution of the neocons?*” (Note this again.) Then I got tired: “I need to speak to real human beings rather than receiving messages through pop-ups on my computer screen or bodily pain...” I then reviewed the recording of my conversation with Ms Guerrero. I continued to curse the Monkey: “He is so evil, shutting off my recorder... I really don’t believe PM is a man of such nature... Mr B tried to make it look like I had deleted the file myself... Why did PM let him do that? Because he has operational command... All the Russians are such good people, and yet this Monkey has tainted their reputation... That’s the point, I’m the only one who knows about it, and the police aren’t told this, they all think Russians are such great people for having liberated them from the neocons...” Stupid! I failed to comprehend that the police were never told anything after February and that everyone had simply forgotten about the ICJ trial. Then Chinese characters popped up on my computer screen to annoy me. (Again, the old Toshiba problem had started to surface with my new Gateway.) I continued: “... PM is good, he knows how to be good, and he wants people to know he is good...” I then took a shower. Afterwards, I began doing my writing. I was now writing about the Monkey’s version of “Plan Discovery”. I then suspected (wrongly) that the TV programs were orchestrated from the control center. “In which case the police must have put us under

surveillance in this room...” I was again paranoid over nothing. Then: “Uncle DGHTR has been battling Mr B since May... He will win, he’s smarter...” Just then, the control center hurt my left side as if to confirm (3:43:00). “Prosecuting the neocons has no value, it will only add more crimes to America, what’s the point of that?” Then: “What’s the point of sending Professor Carson in front of me? Mr B is like: ‘Come work for me, I will rob you of everything and then give you a cookie’... Why would anybody do that?” Then: “Hopefully the police would not barge in... Maybe this tank contains only air...” On 4:04:00 I went inside the restroom to test my gas tank. It’s now time to experiment whether I could kill myself painlessly with carbon monoxide.

My next recording is: “mtlslp_10_2_10_207-811AM.WMA”: And so I locked myself inside the restroom and turned on my tank to let the carbon dioxide fill up the room. Very soon I began feeling suffocated. I made my demands to the control center: “Will the Monkey come back tomorrow? Right side ‘Yes’, and left side ‘No’. No response!” “Is the computer going to malfunction? Yes or no.” And my right knee hurt. Yes! I continued: “You must promise me, machine cannot malfunction...” And my right knee hurt. Then: “I’m not going to go discover anything, I’m gonna write my book...” And my left knee hurt. No! “There will be no more remotely controlled people, no more alert...” By then, the pain from suffocation was too much, and so I decided that this was no painless way to die. I got out of the restroom and went to bed instead. What a waste of my money, energy, and time! Not to mention the disaster that was about to come! In reality, the Monkey was probably hurting me randomly on my right side and left side: there was no negotiation at all. Nobody was paying attention to my demands. While the Daughter People hoped that I could work on my idea about “French objecting”, the French were getting ready to destroy this trial!

October 2 (Saturday; the elimination of my terrorist status; Wes)

My first recordings of the new day are: “wkmtlburndvd170_10_2_10_811-1021AM.WMA” and “mtlchckdvd170_10_2_10_1022-1101AM.WMA”: Soon after I woke up, I washed myself. When I was about to burn a new disc, my right finger hurt. I was then working on my writings. When the disc was being finalized, I watched it carefully: it paused slightly on 66%. I was again erroneously convinced that this disc had problems per the Monkey’s orchestration. “Every one of our discs has problems... Mr B is determined... There is definitely no cooperation from us... That’s the point, the Russians let Mr B do this because they know he will screw up, they let him recruit because he’s the worst recruiter...” Then I again stupidly laid out my condition about the woman I assumed the Monkey would send to me: “I’ll talk to the woman if she’s a computer expert...”

My next recordings are: “chkutmtl711bus33hum_10_2_10_1110AM-1240PM.WMA”

and “todwntwn_10_2_10_1240-122PM.WMA”: By 11 AM, I had checked out of the motel room. I bought my lunch from 711, and, while eating outside, continued: “He’s so disgusting, even when he threatens to kill the recruit, he still can’t recruit...” I called Wes and left a message: “Call me back...” I then got on the 33 bus to go toward downtown. Again, children were on the bus, and so I hummed loudly throughout the bus ride. I then assumed another person wearing earphones was a surveillance agent and told him angrily: “The more you do that, the more Russia will win over the US. You don’t really know why you are conducting surveillance on me, do you?” As if I were so smart! (I was probably wrong that he was doing surveillance.) Meanwhile, the other passengers on the bus were so annoyed by my humming that they all told me to shut up.

Arriving in downtown, I came to the cafe on 5th and Spring and asked about Julie. She was gone a long time ago. I hummed loudly when children showed up. I then came inside the library. I continued: “The greatest obstacle to this project is Mr B himself, only if he could remove himself...” Then I found more children inside the library. I told the security guard: “People were told to bring in their God-damned little things...”

My next recording is: “dwntwnlib_10_2_10_122-405PM.WMA”: While in the library, I burned another disc. I continued my wrong scenario: “PM wants us to go to Europe. We are not going to do that, there will be an alert broadcast about us...” I was then angered by more computer malfunctioning: “We don’t have time for anything else! Why does Mr B do that?” (1:06:00) My computer was frozen, and, terribly upset, I began filming the malfunctioning. “He wants me to believe that all this malfunctioning is natural, but of course I know it’s not. There must be a surveillance agent around me to capture this so that an alert can be broadcast saying I suffer from schizophrenia believing my computer is being remotely controlled...” The pop-up notice said “server execution fails”. I groaned: “We are seriously disabled...” Tremendously angered, I could only think of calling Wes, but there was no answering (1:18:00). I was so nervous that I couldn’t function anymore. I went outside the library to cool down. I shouted: “PM, you now have your evidence, give me some cash, and let me go. You have already benefited so much from me...” Then I thought I saw another surveillance agent. “More evidence of my schizophrenia...” Then more worthless reflection: “It’s okay, if the French had won, they were not going to do anything to DGHTR, there would be no chips...” Bizarre overestimation of the French! Then: “Our videos are so important, anyone who has watched them would realize our computer is being remotely controlled, that’s why Mr B has commanded people to avoid seeing our videos... What are these people told about us in any case? At the same time, they were told not to look at our videos...” Then: “He has decided to trash me here... PM’s hatred of Americans is so extreme... All this idiotic machine malfunctioning which is wasting our time, we have been wasted... Somehow PM isn’t very smart sometimes, he doesn’t understand this thing called ‘foundation’, he can’t expect to build me up, that’s why his country’s military is in shatters...”

My next recording was destroyed in the course of the following disaster. This is what had happened. From 4 PM onward I was walking all over the library in search for a nice corner with wireless connection. When I couldn't find one, I settled down in one of the computer desks in the foreign language section. The French decided to strike me right there. They sent a Homeland Security surveillance agent wearing his earphones to check on me: his mission was to make sure that I was carrying my gas tank with me. (He confirmed that the tank was protruding out of my bag.) When I then began burning my DVD, the French directed a patron to ask me to move. I didn't. Then two police officers showed up. Now I had to move despite my severe depression. Just at that moment one of the police officers saw the tank in my unzipped green backpack and asked "What's that?" He took my backpack away, and began interrogating me as to what was in the tank. I told him that the tank, half emptied, contained merely carbon dioxide, but he insisted on turning on the valve. As the remaining carbon dioxide shot out, he acted very surprised and thereupon ordered me to follow him to the security guards' office. There I was surrounded by a whole group of police officers who were so strangely mentally confused that I again mistakenly assumed they were all acting. That is, I mistakenly assumed they were employing the same old tactic of talking to me as if I had said something else than what I had actually said, that is, feigning mental confusion, in order to accuse me of lying and evading telling the truth. Specifically, they accused me of lying that the tank was empty when it was not. I exclaimed in frustration that I actually told them that it was half-empty, but the officers feigned ignorance. When they then asked me what the tank was for, I of course wouldn't say the truth that I bought it in order to experiment how to painlessly kill myself. I told them that I bought the tank in order to test a portable carbon monoxide reader, and then to use it for a new fish tank in my new apartment. I would recycle it when I shall be done with it, and I brought it into the library only because I didn't have a home nor a car to leave it in. I had to continually insist that I did buy the tank myself, and I even showed them the receipt. "I bought it at Praxair, a legitimate company, and the Praxair employees assured me everything was perfectly legal." One of the police officers however acted as if it were such a serious matter – "It could be terrorism related" – and led me inside the station room.

After leading me into their station room, the officers began interrogating me anew. I was again convinced that they were merely acting – since they seemed to be talking about me as if I were really "David Chin". As if trying to trick me into looking like a liar, they took apart the story I had just given them, saying instead that I first told them I bought the tank in order to test a device, and then told them that I bought the tank in order to use it for a fish tank, and then told them that I bought the tank in order to recycle it. All these different stories! They acted as if I was being "fluffy" and continually making up stories. They then suspected that I might have stolen my laptop from somebody else – I was sure that they were pretending – and, when I told them that it was my old psychologist

Deborah W who had given it to me as a gift, they demanded that I provide them with her phone number. I gave it to them. One of the officers called the number, only to come back to tell me that the number belonged to a Donald W, a pediatrician, and not Deborah W. “But this Donald is her husband!” I protested. The officer acted as if he was very annoyed, as if he could not believe that a psychologist would have a pediatrician for husband, and began accusing me of changing my story constantly in order to evade responsibility. This made me ever more convinced that he was just pretending – it was clearly *he* who was completely confusing and confused! In reality, of course, as has been noted numerous times, people in the Age of Internet simply couldn’t be expected to listen carefully to what I was saying. Although what was happening was indeed orchestrated from the control center, the officers were not acting.

When more officers came in – one of them was actually Taiwanese – they began searching me and my belonging. They even handcuffed me to the bench. They threatened to throw me in jail because there was a warrant for my arrest given my failure to pay for my pedestrian tickets, but then said they were willing to forget about the warrant and let me go if I cooperated and refrained from crying. They took my recorder away and presumably downloaded all my recording files inside that recorder. What was particularly disconcerting was that the officers then called in the FBI bomb squad, saying they would have to check my tank before letting me go. Fully geared FBI agents soon came in just to check on this tank half full of carbon dioxide. When the officers returned my recorder to me, it turned out that they had deleted the recording of my time in the library leading up to their detention of me, which I mistook for their attempt to eliminate the proof of their feigned mental confusion. After all that commotion, they finally returned the tank to me along with all the things they had confiscated from me: my recorder, my camcorder, and my Taiwanese and American passports. I was convinced that it was all an orchestrated show by the officers, finding the slightest legal pretext to make something out of my negligence in order to create an intercept as evidence for the International Court. I erroneously assumed they were repeating the episode of the Agency’s hospitalization of me back in March 2009 (the replacement of evidences). What had extremely worried me was that one of the officers, upon letting me go, told me not only that I should not go into any public library anymore but also that the FBI now had me on file for this incident.

When the police officers returned my recorder to me, I turned it on and my first recording is “utofplce_10_2_10_7-827PM.WMA”: As you can hear, I asked the officers whether I could get a copy of the incident report. “No!” They yelled at me. I broke down crying while walking out of the library. Once outside, I cried hysterically while cursing the “Daughter People” – wrongly assuming they were behind the whole show. “They don’t even find a way to compensate me, they don’t even do that...” “We have so much talent, and no one will ever know about it, we will always be alone...” “We saved a country which we don’t even love, which then tortures us... For political expedience...”

Traumatized and desperate, I called Wes and left a message: “Wes, call me back, I was detained by the police for a long time today...” (16:00). I was then on the bus briefly. I continued to develop my erroneous scenario: “We were caught with a gas tank, it would be David Chin pretending to be Lawrence Chin, people will be told that...” When I came inside 711, the cashier muttered something as if he were trying to communicate a “secret message” to me. I asked him – convinced that my scenario was correct: “Who’s remotely controlling you? Who told you to ask me that?” (34:00) I had once again made a fool out of myself. Amazingly, Wes called me back on 36:00. My first words: “Two Hispanic females are in front of me, this means bad thing will happen to me...” Bullshit! I then told him about my disaster earlier and explained that I bought the tank because I was looking for a painless way to die. “I kept emphasizing that it was for my fish tank. Now I’m banned from all libraries. I suppose the population will be warned about me, especially about this incident, but what else? That I’m not myself? That I’m dangerous because of the gas tank? The police officers were obviously acting! How could they have made such a big deal about it?” Wes however informed me that he couldn’t talk to me for long because he had to work on his dissertation. “What am I gonna do? I have only 100 dollars, I can’t go anywhere....” Wes suggested that I pass the night in a doughnut shop. Bad idea! I hanged up on 47:00. I continued to develop my wrong scenario: “Uncle DGHTR has lost, he has no resources, this guy has the police and so on under his command... DGHTR has to take a knife and stab him in the heart...” Then I kept shouting: “DGHTR, you brought the monster in, you have really fucked up...” Pushing my luck, I called up my mother on 55:00. She said she would never talk to me again if I didn’t stay in that facility in Berkeley. Annoyed by her inability to connect with reality, I hanged up. I decided to call home on 59:00. My father answered the call, but immediately hanged up. I called again, and this time my step-mother answered it. “Did you receive my Chase Bank credit card?” “No.” I pressed on: “Did the government tell you I forged my bank statements? Why didn’t father want to see my bank statements last time?” My step-mother denied it all, and I hanged up. Ignorant of the Daughter People’s predicament, I shouted at them, bedazzled and indignant: “You can’t compensate me enough, all these bad records have accumulated about me, no matter where I go... Please PM, call it quit, show some humanity...” (1:11:00). I then got on bus 78 to go to Alhambra. I would hum all the way while on the bus.

My next recordings are: “bus76_10_2_10_839-841PM.WMA”, “10_2_10_849-902PM.WMA”, “10_2_10_910PM.WMA”, “strvl_10_2_10_910-1021PM.WMA”, and “strvl_10_2-3_10_1030PM-1221AM.WMA”: I came to the Starbucks on Valley Blvd, across the street from my grandfather’s former residence. I sat outside and cried hysterically. I was absolutely mystified and bedazzled by what was going on. How is it that I saved Russia and yet Russia abandoned me like this? I really did believe that this was the Monkey’s attempt to turn me into David Chin in the real world – not only would recordings be forged and attributed to me as if the forged ones were the real ones

downloaded from my recorder, but an official law enforcement record would also be created saying I had tried so hard to pretend to be Lawrence Chin the terrorist suspect that I even purposely carried a gas tank into the library in order to get detained on suspicion of terrorism. Furthermore, I was very worried that I might not be able to travel again by train or by plane, which meant that I would never be able to get out of this country. Even under such condition, the control center did not forget to hurt my left toes. Then, after so much crying, I began reviewing my recordings while moaning. At some point, my computer froze. Then I began burning a new disc. When the Starbucks was closing, I obtained croissants and a sandwich from the Starbucks employees, and I ate them quietly outside. Then I complained bitterly again: “The United States is made to constantly frame itself... You are so cruel, I hope the whole world will soon know about you, you Mr B the secret ruler... We will forever be your slave... You really expect me to do something...” Then I broke down crying again: “We saved an evil nation...” More: “DGHTR you have to kill him, it’s all your fault... I have to be homeless forever...” I then went to sleep in a quiet spot next to a trash bin.

It would be years before I finally began realizing what had *really* happened today. As noted, Elysée had issued an order to destroy this International Court trial as a way to avoid all risk that the French objection might become a conspiracy. Within the past five days, the Smart Woman’s team began implementing this order. They entered into the judge computer the following argument: that my writings and testimonies had demonstrated that, last year, I had consciously used my status as a terrorist to harm nations by conspiring with them and causing their enemies to convict them in the International Court of Justice – that’s how I had conducted terrorism against Western nations! And that, presently, I was about to use my status as a terrorist to enable Daughterland Russia to convict France. Thus the Smart Woman requested that, with my writings and testimonies as evidences, the International Court of Justice should authorize her team to neutralize my terrorist threat by legally eliminating my status as a terrorist (that is to say, *my terrorist weapon*). Since the rule for the replacement of evidences was in effect, she could do this by creating an episode in which law enforcement suspected me to be a terrorist but then concluded I was not a terrorist and using this new episode to replace the original episode in which the FBI’s Big Sister had labeled me a terrorist. Once law enforcement concluded I was not a terrorist and this conclusion was intercepted into the International Court as evidence, the judge computer could issue a judgment saying that I was no longer a terrorist – or perhaps that I had never been a terrorist – and so could never conspire with any nation. The Smart Woman’s team then commanded the Monkey to ask the computer to calculate a course of events which would result in police detention of me on suspicion of terrorism and then the FBI conclusion that it was all false alarm. The computer replied that this could be created using the gas tank I was still carrying with me and predicted that I would carry the gas tank into the library on October 2, at which point, if the French could send in an agent to call the police on me, the police

would discover my gas tank. The desired result would then happen. The French today thus commanded Homeland Security to send in two agents, the first to verify that I was carrying my gas tank with me quite uncarefully, and the second to provoke me and then to call the police on me. After the FBI bomb squad examined my tank and concluded that there was no terrorist threat, the French intercepted this conclusion (“false alarm”) into the International Court and the judge computer issued the judgment that I was not a terrorist anymore or never had been one and that conspiracy was no longer possible. France was now safe. The computer was originally asked to calculate a chain of events resulting in my meeting Ekaterina and going to Daughterland with her, but was now asked to do this to neutralize my terrorist threat. The entire trial which the MSS director had started in November 2007 evaporated in an instant, as if it had never existed. The Daughter People were of course terribly disappointed as they watched the Smart Woman pull off this trick but, at least, they were also out of danger. It simply remained for them to eliminate the remaining two details that might still harm them in the future using the same argument and mechanism.

October 3 (Sunday)

My first recording of the new miserable day is: “strvlysadnet_10_3_10_819AM-109PM.WMA”. Soon after I woke up, I came back to the same Starbucks. Sitting outside, I continued to cry hysterically. Soon this Chinese woman by the name of “Janet Lee” came over: “Where is your mother, where is your home?” I cried so hard that I couldn’t answer her. I spewed out a few words about how I wanted go to the east coast (19:00). I complained: “Nobody believes I can write...” She tried to comfort me: “I believe you can write; I believe you are smart...” (21:00). She wanted my mother’s phone number despite my telling her that my mother did not believe anything I said (23:00). She went away briefly on 26:00 and came back on 29:00. She encouraged me not to smoke. I told her how I didn’t like dogs because the sight of them meant “strange things will happen” (30:00). Janet continued to advise me: “You have to find a place to settle down...” I called up Wes, but there was no answering. When Janet asked me for my phone number, I hesitated because I suspected she was the Monkey’s agent and so on. Paranoid over nothing! She had in fact nothing to do with the control center. I mumbled: “Yesterday, the police... I’m worried... I might not be able to publish my book in the future... I have only 100 dollars left... I have no friends...” Janet then asked me where I had lived in the past. I explained that I lost my apartment because I broke the window and couldn’t pay for it. Then we talked about my SSI. She claimed: “My son has autism... Do you have autism too?... You look like you do...” Now she wanted Wes’ number. I still wouldn’t provide it. She asked me whether I went to church. She was apparently a devout evangelical. Now she wanted my name. Although I continued to hesitate, I did in the end give her my phone number. She promised she would never call the police on me. Then she wanted to call my mother. I adamantly refused. Janet then explained that she was going to take her

son to school, which was far away, in Palm Spring, and that she would call me later to check on me. She asked me to pray to God. Then she advised: “Call your friend and ask him to call me.” Thereupon she left (1:00:00).

I went back inside Starbucks to work. The employee gave me a new cup of coffee and asked me to leave, but I stayed on. Soon, Janet came back. She asked me what she could do for me. “You can persuade my mother to give me 400 dollars” (1:07:00). But she had to go away again. Then, I called Wes again, but there was still no answering (1:15:00). Janet then called me on 1:26:00. She came back to tell me she would come back in 20 minutes (1:40:00). When she came back, she brought her son with her, and she introduced him to me. She tried to fix my appearance, and, finally, she called my mother (2:20:00). My mother still insisted that I take up the housing opportunity in Berkeley. I emphasized that I didn’t want to go to social services but only wanted to find Wes. I noted: “If she doesn’t want to give me money, then there is nothing to talk about.” At which point Janet hanged up. I continued to emphasize that I only wanted to wait for Wes to call me back, and that I wasn’t interested in living with a bunch of strangers in a social housing. “I don’t want to be alone.” I called Wes again, but there was still no answering. I kept explaining to Jane that the “social worker” my mother referred to was in the Bay Area and that I wasn’t really interested in my mother. Janet left on 2:47:00. I went back inside Starbucks to work. At one point I continued to relish the pictures of my “Daughter President” on the Internet, feeling ever more saddened by my Daughterland’s betrayal. My computer continued to malfunction and I continued to moan out of pain. I would soon mistakenly assume – given what was to happen tomorrow – that it was the Monkey, with the backing of both the Agency and the Daughter People, who was moving forward with the plan to install me in a group home in order to build up a profile of me as mentally disabled or criminal. It was he who had sent in this Taiwanese woman “Janet” as part of this plan. It was part of this plan to persuade me to accept my new label as “autistic”. I refused to participate in this plan because, again, it would jeopardize my credibility as the author of my story. In reality, again, Janet had nothing to do with anything.

My next recording is: “reflectleavvly_10_3_10_114-337PM.WMA”: While in Starbucks, I continued to moan and cry intermittently. More wrong scenario: “If we don’t develop aversion toward China, then we will be made into ‘David Chin’. If we do, there is then no conspiracy, and we can remain Lawrence Chin, such is DGHTR’s ‘post-structuralism’” (54:00). Bullshit! Then: “What happened yesterday will have such bad legal consequences, why did they do that? This Mexican man is so disgusting, we’d rather be angry with the Russians, at least they have a pretty face...” Finally I left Starbucks and got on the bus (1:09:00). I left another message for Wes: “Call me back, it’s very important...” (1:11:00). I was then yelling and screaming at the bus driver when it was my stop: “Stop!” (1:48:00) I called Wes again, but there was still no answering (1:57:00). I was then on the bus again. I continued to regurgitate my wrong scenario about the

Pyramid: “If we find the Pyramid, she’s going to pretend....”

My next recordings are: “towstwd_10_3_10_337-419PM.WMA”, “towstwd_10_3_10_419-448PM.WMA”, and “wstwdwait_10_3_10_448-507PM.WMA”: While on the bus, I recorded myself writing for twenty minutes or so. After I got off the bus in Westwood, I called Wes again, but there was still no answering. As I walked the streets, I continued: “Somebody help me... This man is so evil, why don’t nations complain? How come the fact that I have figured out what’s going on doesn’t mean anything anymore?” Well, because I hadn’t figured out anything! Then I murmured something about closing the case. Then: “... the training we have received is called ‘fake training’...”

My next recording is: “bfaultb2_10_3_10_508-638PM.WMA”: As I walked the street, I moaned continually and, at one point, broke down crying again. “It’s Mr B’s trap, he doesn’t help people... He has blackmailed away our very will to give in...” I hummed continually to cover up other pedestrians’ noises. I was then on the bus again on 24:00. More worthless reflection: “PM is not going to change the law just because he doesn’t do that kind of thing... What is he going to do about Mr B...?” I actually believed I was so genius that I had seen through the matter and was in a position to warn the Monkey: “Mr B, this is a trap! He is face to face with PM everyday and somehow never notices that he is being tested... He needs to give up... PM is not telling his friend what he really thinks of him...” More: “Somebody else is running the thing, somebody else is giving him messages, they want me to tell him! It’s the same thing, PM always lets someone else do his dirty work, he is letting me tell Mr B... They are telling him to do the opposite of what they really want him to do... I’m the only one who knows this, what PM is really like... PM is very law-abiding because he studied international laws... He’s a professional bureaucrat...” I had thus comforted myself, as if it were not completely disastrous inside the International Court of Justice. I was now on the bus going to Pasadena.

My next recordings are: “bb_10_3_10_638-755PM.WMA”, “bb_10_3_10_755-820PM.WMA”, and “bb_10_3_10_820-848PM.WMA”: I wanted to call Wes again, but didn’t. “Why doesn’t Wes call me back?” Because there were so many children on the bus, I hummed all the way, and played loudly MIA’s Kapitän and Kyoko’s “Good Morning Call”. I so annoyed the other passengers. After I got off the bus, I continued: “We don’t want to become anything, we don’t want any more pain, we don’t want anymore computerized environment...” A woman came to ask me: “Are you alright?” I then left another message for Wes: “Please call me back...” I came inside Zona Rosa and asked the cashier about Mireya. “She’s going to school in Sacramento.” After a while, I prayed: “Dear God, please don’t let my computer malfunction, I pray to you in Jesus’ name, Amen.” I then played MIA continually.

My next recordings are: “zrosa171iso_10_3_10_856-1038PM.WMA” and

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, IV
Lawrence C. Chin
Sept. 2010 – Aug. 2019. Corrections, Jan. – Mar. 2021.

“trytoslprflctntodnut_10_3-4_10_1051PM-2AM.WMA”: I kept playing MIA’s “Kapitän”. And then “Du”. I succeeded in burning a new disc. Then I played Kyoko. Then I went to sleep in a corner on Colorado Blvd. More wrong scenarios: “Maybe they are just trying to prove in court how devastating Mr Chertoff’s method is, that, even when it stops, the targets still believes it’s going on.” Indeed: I had no idea that the trial was in the process of being destroyed. Then, a limousine. When it became clear that I wouldn’t be able to fall asleep, I walked to the doughnut shop on Lake Blvd, and eventually slept somewhere there.

October 4 (Monday; Wes; Raissa)

My first recording of the new day is: “wkstrbkpsdn_10_4_10_843-1007AM.WMA”: As soon as I woke up, I came to Peet’s Coffee and called Wes and left a message: “Call me back, Wes, it’s very important.” I hummed continually while thinking about how to get some money for my worthless gas tank. I used a nearby payphone to call up Praxair two times (from 43:00 onward). But Praxair had no mechanism for buying back my tank. I came back to Peet’s Coffee moaning and groaning. I got online on my computer to look for a recycling center around here. I called up various numbers on the listing using Skype but none of the recycling stores wanted my gas tank. I was extremely frustrated. In one case, when calling Downtown Metals, I couldn’t even understand what the man was saying. I was so irritated and angered that I moaned and groaned continually in pain and finally broke down crying. When I heard a driver honking, I again mistook it for a signal from the control center: “Is that it? We need to find the Pyramid because she will help us publish our book?” I had no awareness how bizarre and unrealistic such scenario was. After crying for a while, I yelled angrily: “Fucking Russians! Why are you doing this? You are so evil...” In reality, they weren’t doing anything: I brought it all onto myself.

My next recording is: “rcyclewes_10_4_10_1007-1159AM.WMA”: After crying hysterically, I went up to a stranger sitting by Peet’s Coffee, a pyramid, and asked her if she could help me find a recycling center. At last I came to a recycling center quite near Colorado and Lake. Then Wes called me on 49:40. “Wes, do you know how sad I am?” Meanwhile, I asked the recycling man if he could take in my tank and pay me 5 dollars given my homelessness. He said No. I told Wes about my suspicion about the strange coincidence, that he called me just when I was about to release the gas from the tank. “But you will always be doing something whenever I call, right?” Wes tried to enlighten me. Skipping this topic, I told Wes how incredibly miserable and depressed I was: I always got the opposite of what I wanted, and was severely depressed due to prolonged exposure to unpleasant experiences. I then told him that my sole wish in life was to write my story – my experience with the intelligence agencies. “Do you think people are going to read it?” Wes asked. I told him about how well my *Scientific Enlightenment* had been doing on the Internet. “Oh, you mean on the Internet,” exclaimed Wes (54:14). I was

irritated by Wes' inability to understand me. "I don't necessarily mean the 'Internet' when I say I want to publish it!" "...," Wes said. "No, I want to publish it in a book form," I corrected him. I then told him about my newly concocted wrong scenario that the Monkey Pyramid ("This girl from the library") would perhaps help me publish my story because she herself wrote short stories (55:06). "But the thing is, I am not going to call her. So I wonder if you can call her to test the water for me." But Wes began meandering with the whole thing instead of giving me a straightforward reply. I got so irritated by his obstructionism that I shouted at him: "She is not going to call the police on you! Why would she call the police on you?" (58:50) Wes: "Then why would she call the police on you?" "Because she said she would!" I was now more irritated than ever. In the end, I sort of got it: "So basically you are not going to help me, right?" "Yeah, I'm not going to help you on this one," Wes concurred. I finally broke down crying: "I don't know why... I don't know..." It's then all indistinct mumbling (59:54). "People... People want you to call her?" Wes asked me. "Ah... ah..." I was crying so hard that I couldn't really respond. "Why are you doing this to me?... You are not helping me..." All of a sudden, I shouted out of desperation: "What is going on? What the fuck is going on?" (1:01:25) "I'll tell you what's going to happen. 'I'm calling you on behalf of Lawrence Chin about a book..." "No, no, no, not about that, not about that! Not about that –" I shouted with all the force I could muster. "About the lawsuit!!!!" I had had just about enough with everybody's mental deficiency. "Why does everybody have to pretend to be mentally retarded?" (1:02:07) "Because no one has any idea what you are talking about," Wes tried to enlighten me. "Forget it, forget it..." "Okay, I'll forget it," Wes was once again totally sarcastic. "What should I do? I'm under so much surveillance..." Wes: "I don't know..." I kept insisting that the Pyramid would not call the police on him. "What am I gonna do? I have no money..." "Why is it so important?" "Because writing is my life..." Wes told me to find somebody else. "Why would anybody want to publish my writing? All the alerts..." Wes advised me to act properly around people in order to be taken seriously. "What's the point? I'm always supposed to get the opposite of what I want..." Wes proved to me that this wasn't always the case. "I asked the Russians whether I can write my book, they seem to respond 'No'..." Wes had no comment about this. I then expressed my wish to come to Albany again, but Wes, as usual, played it down. I explained my traumatic experience: "When I was detained, the police officers pretended to be mentally confused, I explained I wanted to test the gas and use it for my fish tank. They took my story apart..." Wes however rebutted me: "But you *were* lying..." Me: "I obviously couldn't tell them I needed to study a method of... But I gave them one story, and they said it was three versions... And they said it could be a terrorist attack... And they told me I was now on FBI records... How could it be terrorist...? They were obviously trying to make something out of nothing, doing it for the International Court... So sometimes I do get what I want?" Wes replied affirmatively. "So if I ever want to publish my book, I could?" "I don't know..." "If I put it on the Internet, it's no use, the Internet has been shut down for me, all the visitors to my website are actors..." Again, I didn't know that I was

totally mistaken. We continued to discuss the length my story would have to be in order to be published. Then I complained, “I’m so severely depressed...” Wes advised me to see a therapist. I explained: “I need somebody to see the videos of my computer’s malfunctioning, and the videos of my crying, nobody knows how sad I am...” Wes was willing to see the videos if I put them online. Then he described for me what he saw on my blog the last time. I was thoroughly convinced that he didn’t see the authentic version of my blog but only the fake version which the Monkey’s Homeland Security agents had created. But when Wes described the recording he had downloaded from my blog, it did turn out to be really my recording. I was relieved of my stupid paranoia. Wes imitated my words in my recording: “I’m just pretending to be me, pretending to be homeless...” I explained: “I thought the police wanted to hear that...” Then my relief: “Homeland Security didn’t forge it... And they didn’t swap my email when I sent an email to you... Then I can send you the link to my webpage documenting the malfunctioning of machines...” Wes then comforted me further (that no one was pretending to be me) by reading my blog post for me. Wes then advised me not to post the video of my crying on Youtube. “Then why am I under so much surveillance? Because of the Russian consulate thing?” “I don’t know... Maybe because you traveled to a lot of countries...” “No, it’s orchestrated surveillance, orchestrated by the Russian intelligence in order to build up my profile... Because I would be crying when children appeared....” Then we talked about how the bank charged me every time I overdrew, then about his paper, and then about my regret that nobody knew how much talent I had. Then about my chapter “Consumerization of the Mind” and my ICJ story. Then about how my story (the ICJ trial) was only meant for a minority of intellectuals. I insisted that people needed to know what I did everyday: right now, nobody visited my website except Homeland Security agents (the Russians and their Mexican allies). “The Internet is shut down for me.” Before I hanged up, I emphasized that the psychiatric diagnosis about me was wrong, that I only suffered depression and didn’t have any cognitive disorder, and promised to send Wes the link.

My next recordings are: “rcyclemetro_10_4_10_1159AM-1236PM.WMA”, “frpsdnrcycle_10_4_10_1242-131PM.WMA”, and “crttoloan_10_4_10_131-437PM.WMA: I left the recycling center after disposing of my tank, got on the Metro Gold Line, and came back to downtown Los Angeles. I was going to the downtown courthouse. I hummed while entering the courthouse. The security guards however thoroughly searched me and my belonging, which tremendously annoyed me. I would again develop the erroneous notion that the Daughter People and the Agency were together trying hard to produce a criminal profile out of me in order to use the legal system to prevent me from spilling their secrets under other pretexts. The security guards then confiscated my razor blade. I gave up and came outside and continued to moan in pain. I got on the bus on 39:00. I asked Uncle DGHTR about the signal which I seemed to have received: “Is it true? So the Pyramid is not a good avenue?” (48:00) Bullshit! I

got off the bus, bought food in a convenience store, muttered about my wrong scenario “We have always thought PM is post-structuralist...”, and got on the bus again.

My next recording is: “toloansadbnkrissa_10_4_10_457-658PM.WMA”. Walking on the street, I continued to moan and break down crying from time to time. I even stopped to write on the street corner. I came inside Chase bank on 44:00. As I waited to talk to a banker, this pretty middle-aged woman sitting across from me began talking to me (49:00). “I’m very sad because I always get the opposite of what I want...” She comforted me: “It will change. It will not always be like this...” As I disputed with her, she continued to persuade me that things would change. I told her my name, and she told me hers: Raissa. I told her I had no place to live and had no family (55:00). She reminded me that it was not healthy to keep my phone on my chest. I explained: “It’s a camera... I don’t care about my health.” “You are here for a purpose...” She continued to persuade me to take care of my health. Then it was my turn to talk to the banker, and I requested that a stop-payment be put on another check for Payday Loan. Raissa then gave me an advertisement card – for a certain event at a place called “Art of Living” on October 8. She continued to comfort me: “Your situation will change, you will get a job...” She then told me I could go to “Art of Living” tonight to find her, and she would show me a special place: “They keep homeless people there and feed them, it’s not dangerous, I know the owner, he used to be a banker...” The “Art of Living” was on Adams and Hoover. She would meet me there on 7:30 PM tonight. Then we parted (1:07:00). I got on the bus, hummed all the way, and got off near the cybercafe. I looked through the information and mumbled – convinced again that it was the Monkey who had orchestrated my earlier encounter: “Mr B has the tendency of attracting you and then smashing up the whole thing... *When is the deadline?*”

My next recordings are: “bustotmple_10_4_10_720-758PM.WMA” and “tmplerssa_10_4_10_758-952PM.WMA”: I then set out for the Art of Living Temple. On my way I accused another stranger of conducting surveillance on me. Ha! I then hummed while writing my letter of petition. When I came inside the Art of Living temple, chanting was in progress (4:00 in the second recording). I went downstairs to ask two Russian girls where Raissa was (25:00). I was surprised to discover that there were so many Daughterlanders here. I then explained to another stranger how Raissa had invited me (31:30). Finally, Raissa came to fetch me. She had come with a male companion, and told me right away she was taking me to a home. Amazingly, Raissa was speaking Daughterspeak with her friend! I was surprised that she was a Daughterlander. She said she met the people from this shelter last week, they used to be bankers. When we were all in her friend’s car, Raissa called up her contact at the shelter and began giving him information about me. Amazingly, Raissa already knew I was artistic. I was absolutely terrified, however. Raissa kept telling her contact: “He’s very scared, very withdrawn...” (47:00). When Raissa asked me what condition I had, I told her “Personality Disorder”.

We discussed this a little. Then, about my mother. The shelter was located on 18th and Union. And so we set out for the shelter home. When Raissa was giving her friend direction in Russian, my foot hurt. Why? We arrived at the shelter on 1:32:00. The shelter staff began interviewing me and Raissa in the office. I kept mumbling: “Scary... Can I use my computer here?” They proposed that I should “just watch TV all night”. I continued: “The police scared me so much...” The staff affirmed that they also had therapists here. I continued: “I’m so afraid of children...” I then explained to the staff what happened to me two days ago, when the police held me for four hours. “The FBI now has records on me, it scared me so much... I took the tank to the recycling center...” They then discussed what movie to watch tonight. I told them about the movie events with Karin’s meetup. When Raissa was leaving, I almost had a nervous breakdown: “When can I see you again?” She promised she would come and visit. Then, one of the staff members introduced himself as “Paul”. I was all paranoid, shouting, “What if people say I did something which I didn’t do?” Everyone was comforting me assuring me that I would not be falsely accused.

My next recording is: “shltr_10_4_10_1014-1127PM.WMA”: And so Raissa was gone leaving me behind at the shelter. I asked Paul how he knew Raissa. “She comes here sometimes!” Paul showed me around, took me to see a few jackets, and assured me: “No one will touch your things, everyone has respect for others...” I asked him if anybody here had computer expertise to help me with my malfunctioning computer. Then I told him about my worries about whether I could fit in given that everybody here had tattoos. He then told me Raissa would come take me to the temple on the 8th. The whole group spent the rest of the night watching a movie.

My next recordings are: “shlrmvwrtnoise_10_4-5_10_1128PM-1216AM.WMA” and “shltr_10_5_10_1216-102AM.WMA”: I was assigned to a bunker bed inside a large room which I was supposed to share with several other guys. I sat on my bed recording myself writing and burning a new disc while everyone else was watching the movie on the TV. I played a little MIA. I then went to sleep leaving my recorder turned on, feeling terribly uncomfortable because I was stuck in a room with all these strangers. They were all extremely masculine and aggressive looking young black men – just the type I didn’t like. Now I was right in that my encounter with Raissa was indeed orchestrated from the control center but wrong as to the reason why and how. Now that the French had eliminated my status as a “terrorist”, it was the Daughter People’s turn to eliminate any remaining evidences that they might have conspired with me. Although the terrorist “Lawrence Chin” had disappeared from all official records, there was still the record in the ICJ that my beloved Daughterland had once conspired with a terrorist. The Daughter People must do something about this. The most damning evidence was that they had once attempted to set me up with a girlfriend (had promised me a “pyramid”). They needed to create a new incident where I met a Russian woman (a “golden pyramid”) without

involving them at all and *while I was not a terrorist* to replace my original planned meeting with Ekaterina (the June 27 episode in which they signaled to me “the girl with yellow hair” through Robert Browning’s poem). They input into the judge computer the same argument: that my writings and testimonies had demonstrated that I understood that I *could* use my terrorist status to harm them (by conspiring with them) so that, to reverse my terrorist harm according to UN Resolution 1373, they should be allowed to create new evidence to eliminate my original attempt to conspire with them, in this case their promising me a “golden pyramid” on June 27. The judge computer allowed it – insofar as it had never been decided which side I was trying to harm with my terrorist status, France or Russia – and they asked the computer inside the control center to control me to run into a Russian woman and be helped by her. The Monkey’s computer searched within its massive database on Los Angeles and discovered “Raissa” – that she would appear in Chase Bank on October 4 – and controlled me, without my noticing, to go into the bank at the same time as she. And she helped me all according to the computer’s prediction. (Raissa had no idea that she was “set up”.) Because the meeting was “accidental” (an orchestrated accident) without the Daughter People commanding anyone to meet me *and/or because I had met this woman when the ICJ had already declared that I was not a terrorist*, it was evidence that they had never attempted to conspire with any terrorist by promising to set him up with a girlfriend. The episode had been reduced to a “misunderstanding”, just like the episode of how I became a terrorist!

October 5 (Tuesday)

My first recordings of the new day are: “wkshltr_10_5_10_627-643AM.WMA”, “wkshltr_10_5_10_643-719AM.WMA”, “sltrtobus_10_5_10_719-854AM.WMA”, “toeldmn_10_5_10_854-935AM.WMA”, and “711brghtonself_10_5_10_935-953AM.WMA”: I woke up very early and went outside smoking. I continued my worthless reflection, mumbling “.... Obama is actually....” Yeah right! I was then called to eat breakfast with everybody else. Then, while washing my things, I told Paul I needed to go to Edelman. He didn’t know what Edelman was. I made sure to take my blanket with me in case I wasn’t coming back. One of the guys walked me to the bus stop. I rode the bus for a long time, humming loudly all the way. After getting off the bus, I continued: “We’ll go to Russia to go to school.... Try every avenue to see which one is open....” I came inside Edelman on 16:00. I filled up the paperworks (since I was resuming my case) and then went to the 711 across the street to buy breakfast. Then I squatted down in the parking lot to continue my worthless reflection: “... the Taiwanese police officer’s warning, ‘Next time don’t do it...’” I believed erroneously that he was communicating to me a “secret message” from the Taiwanese president: “Don’t fly to China...” Ha! Bullshit. Then: “Why do people have to know the results of surveillance? They don’t, the point is to silence you, that’s Mr Chertoff...” Then I thought I saw another surveillance agent (a Hispanic man wearing earphones). Then: “And he said I brought this onto myself, well,

Mr Chertoff brought this onto himself too, and so did the Agency.... And Mr First brought it onto himself, pissing off everybody... Only PM has made sure not to piss off everyone....” And my right knee hurt as if to confirm. Again, I was mistaking the police officer’s simple words for a “secret message”. Then: “PM wants to pick up surveillance showing that I’m totally superstitious thinking that every little thing means something.... That means there must be surveillance around... PM, go with Obama! Why Mexico? Mexico is like Iraq... Oh we gave out something free again....” Again, my overestimation of myself. Then: “Don’t suggest anything, don’t think about it... PM is extremely smart about people... *There must be a fundamental difference between the way we think and that of other people....*” Although I was overestimating myself here, I was most likely correct here.

My next recording is: “edlmn_10_5_10_958-1047AM.WMA”: And so I came back inside Edelman. When I came inside the elevator, a pyramid with a lot of water bottles was talking to me (4:00). I met with my new social worker on 14:00 for the intake. I told her about the therapist at Chicago School, how I was told to come here and open a case (17:00). Then about my problem with lice, Deborah Green, and my fear of children (21:00). I was given an appointment for October 7, on 7:50 AM! Intake was all done by 26:00. Suspecting, I asked her why she wore boots (27:00). Was this orchestrated to replace evidence? Ha! Then was financial intake (40:20).

My next recordings are: “strbkwlaraisa_10_5_10_1047AM-1208PM.WMA” and “toloanbnk_10_5_10_1243-4PM.WMA”: I then came to the Starbucks on Olympus and Westwood. I was still speculating about the plan to make me discover Atlantis. Then I wondered: Is Raissa famous? And cars were honking! I mistakenly assumed that the control center was using the honking to encourage me to call Raissa (53:50). And I did (55:00). But Raissa hanged up on me, saying she would call me right back. And she did call me back on 57:30. Because there was no more money in my phone, I told her I’d call her in the afternoon. I then walked a long way, rested a little, and came to the payday loan store. I borrowed another 180 dollars after writing them a check for 211.76. Just more wasting of my precious money!

My next recording is: “tostrg_10_5_10_4-501PM.WMA”: Moaning and groaning, I got on the bus on 11:00. I again hummed like crazy. After I got off the bus, I walked a long way to my storage facility. “... Don’t stop... What the fuck do you want?” I came inside Public Storage on 25:00. Wondering whether the Pyramid would really help me, I called up the Pyramid’s lawyer Ms Yoseloff on 33:00. She kept asking who was calling, but, frightened, I just wouldn’t give her my name. Then I started trembling and going into a seizure. After some loud humming, I called up Raissa on 40:00. She said she would call me back in a few minutes. I continued: “Mr Chertoff is trying to destroy... in order to take away... our videos of secret agents...” Ha! I then continued to mumble about whether

anything would happen to my things. “We will have to be arrested before our things can be taken away from us...” Then: “... the fake Russians... have to be retarded... so what exactly is the point...?” Then the Public Storage employee came to tell me I had scared other tenants with my bizarre behavior.

My next recording is: “strbkdwntwn_10_5_10_503-940PM.WMA”: While I was still moaning in pain, Raissa called me on 9:00. She wanted to know where I was, but, afraid that the Monkey might be using her to trap me, I was being very vague. I told her I didn’t like the place she brought me to because the people there were scary, had tatoos on their body, and were all on parole. Raissa assured me there was nothing wrong with having a criminal record. She then made sure that I would see a doctor on Thursday and get medicine. She asked me what bad things had exactly happened (13:00). Our call was however disconnected on 14:00. Then my left side hurt; why? When I was leaving the storage facility, I had to ask the manager: “There is no problem, right?” (37:30) When I was on the bus, I was again trembling out of fear. I came inside the Starbucks on 11th Street on 1:22:00. I got really nervous for a while when I discovered I couldn’t charge my laptop on the electrical outlets. It turned out that only the bottom outlet worked, not the top one. I then called up Raissa again, but she was not home (1:35:20). Then it’s time to get frustrated again: my Internet connection was blocked. I desperately asked a woman sitting nearby for help, but she didn’t know either why my connection was blocked. I was again trembling out of fear and frustration. I soon began humming again (1:52:00). Now Raissa had told me she played a role in the movie “Nixon”. I wanted to look this up online but ran into difficulty again. I had to ask the same woman to help me search for the movie “Nixon” online (2:01:30). I then asked her to check for me wether someone was impersonating Raissa. Paranoia over nothing! I asked her to check IMDB – I was so afraid of fake websites. Eventually I did find Raissa’s name on IMDB’s listing for the movie “Nixon”. I still had difficulty in believing all this was real. I was humming again on 2:09:30. When I went outside smoking, the employee so terrified me even though she merely asked me not to smoke (2:16:00). I came back inside a nervous wreck, and listened to MIA to calm down. I filmed my computer screen again on 2:36:40. Holding fast to my erroneous belief about the Pyramid, I wrote an email to her lawyer Ms Yoseloff telling her how sorry I was about filing the stupid lawsuit. I was testing the waters myself! I then posted on my blog the crazy blog post you see for today, “The actual shape of the battle at the International Court in the past weeks”. It could have been the Daughter People’s evidence (that I was insane), but it no longer mattered. I then called Raissa again on 3:02:00, but she was not answering. I watched several video clips from the movie “Nixon”, but didn’t see Raissa anywhere. Then I browsed through the news on Spiegel’s website. I left Starbucks on 3:49:00, walking the streets while humming. I decided to return to the Christian home on bus, but, for a while, couldn’t find the place. I finally found it on 4:25:00. I chatted briefly with the people there.

My next recording is: “sltr_10_5_10_940-1006PM.WMA”: One of the guys there, Michael, wanted to show me his computer. He asked me about mine. He was online using the wireless network in the place. Suddenly, he tricked me and took a picture of me using his laptop’s webcam. I then showed everybody my paintings and drawings on my website. However, because the people here were deliberately tricking me, I would days later assume erroneously – among other wrong scenarios, such as that the Monkey had orchestrated it – that this group home was actually a set-up by the Agency and that these “petty criminals” were not really criminals at all but Agency’s actors and actresses. Then, Paul wanted to do paperworks with me. His attitude toward me suddenly changed: he was no longer nice and polite but yelled at me continually about how this Christian home was no free place and how I needed to pay up. I was now very scared, and developed the impression that I was being scammed. Moreover, Paul refused to let me leave, even though I pretended to need to use the restroom.

My next recording is: “arguesltr_10_5_10_1008-1029PM.WMA”: Paul brought me back to the office and explained to me the two options: (1) that I go to California Hospital myself and get my lice problem checked and then wait for them to come pick me up tomorrow; (2) that I leave. Luckily for me, they refused to accept me when I had a contagious health problem. I insisted that I wanted to leave. And they let me go! I also expressed my worry that Michael had taken a picture of me and him together – would it defame me somehow? I was still wrongly convinced that it was the Monkey’s operation. When I walked out, I was then convinced that it was Obama’s operation. Ha! “You look down on them and so they will look down on you...” As if so many powerful people were trying to educate me!

My next recordings are: “touclamed_10_5-6_10_1033PM-1237AM.WMA” and “tdctr_10_6_10_1237-149AM.WMA”: While walking the streets, I muttered while recovering from terror: “We ran away, it was so scary, the door was locked...” While resting in the street corner, I groaned: “Nothing will happen on Friday right, Raissa is going to take us to the temple...” Ha! Hardly. I finally came to the bus stop. I got on the bus and came to Westwood. I came to the UCLA Medical Center for the second time to get my lice problem checked. While I was waiting for the doctor, the control center hurt me severely on my left side. Even though the trial was being destroyed, the control center continued to signal to me to deceive me and confuse me.

October 6 (Wednesday)

My next recording is: “hsptltolundro_10_6_10_156-622AM.WMA”. Finally, the doctor came in on 3:00. He wanted me to leave my things in the room, which caused me tremendous nervousness. He gave me water and prescription medication (1:11:00) and then asked me to leave (1:24:00). I walked the streets and repeatedly settled down in

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, IV
Lawrence C. Chin
Sept. 2010 – Aug. 2019. Corrections, Jan. – Mar. 2021.

street corners to rest, and then, moaning constantly, got on the bus. Where to go so early in the morning? I decided to go to a 24-hour laundromat on Sunset to wash my clothes in order to take care of the lice problem.

My next recording is: “lundrostrbkvrmnt_10_6_10_622-840AM.WMA”: While doing laundry, I reflected on the Monkey: “He’s pretty old, he’s not going to get out for a long time...” After I finished laundry, I came inside the Starbucks on Vermont and Prospect. Having no money, I merely ordered bagel and asked for some water.

The next recording seems to have been lost. Then my next recording is: “10_6_10_930-1048AM.WMA”: At one point, I got angry with the Monkey again: “This mother fucker has to go, the Pyramid bitch...” I left the coffeehouse and was then walking the streets (1:01:00). I prayed: “PM, why do you let the Monkey touch the machine?” I then pointed to a stranger on the street: “You’ve recorded me! Did I do anything illegal? Is recording myself a crime?...” I was most likely mistaken again: he was not a surveillance agent. There then ensued a short chat between us about when and whether recording conversations was illegal. I even mentioned Monica Lewinsky’s case.

My next recording is: “10_6_10_1048-1146AM.WMA”: I came to PATH and, luckily, was able to obtain free lunch. I prayed to the control center again: “PM please don’t test me again; do you know how devastating it is?” (35:45) I also took a shower to clean myself of lice.

My next recording is: “10_6_10_1205-222PM.WMA”: I then called up Wes, but he was not home. Then more of my wrong scenario: “The Monkey does want my case to be open forever, otherwise he wouldn’t have any power... On which side is Obama? He’s on the Daughter President’s side, not on PM’s side... Raissa is Daughter President’s... They *are* trying to drive me insane...” (until 29:00). Again, only this last description was true – or used to be true. Then: “PM and the Monkey are pushed out...” (36:30). Finally, after much bus ride, I came to Ackerman. Suddenly my phone rang – it was Raissa (1:46:00). I told Raissa that I didn’t stay in the Christian home because I was told that I needed to take care of my skin problem. I told her that I showered and did everything else at PATH, but that I would still like to stay in a place where I could have my own private room. Raissa emphasized that the Christian home was better than staying on the streets. I hesitated – I actually preferred the streets if I couldn’t have my own room. I then told her how I was frightened by their practice of locking down all the doors at night, and explained my worries over money. I emphasized to Raissa I needed freedom. “It’s to keep you safe,” she said. “I don’t feel safe...” I tried to explain how I didn’t want to be locked in. Raissa tried to persuade me to accept the Christian home as a temporary measure, and, when I told her my main problem was my debt, she asked me who I owed money to. I explained it was my bank. I emphasized to Raissa that my “disability” had not prevented

me from functioning. I explained: “There is something strange about that place... Why do they have to lock everybody in?... I’m not a criminal and not a mental patient... Why do I have to be locked in?” I then told Raissa about my appointment with a new social worker tomorrow. We then discussed my money situation. I explained that I didn’t want to go back to the Christian home because I didn’t want to commit myself to it and then get stuck there. I described to Raissa how the people there “tricked me” yesterday. (Note that it was now raining.) No matter how hard Raissa tried to persuade me, I wouldn’t go back. When Raissa asked me where I was, I was also being vague: “I’m in West LA.” When I asked her when I could see her again, she said she was “busy”. I told her about my “phobia” – my fear of noises. “I need to get deconditioned to the noises...” “What kind of noises bothers you?” “Children’s, when people chat in a certain way, cars’...” She suggested I stay in a mountainous area, like in the Himalayas. I explained that, when people were talking *to me*, their noises wouldn’t bother me, but that, when people talked to each other *next to me*, it would bother me. “It all depends on the circumstances.” Finally, I asked Raissa if I could see her on Friday. “You have to be clean, and washed...” Suddenly, somebody else was calling Raissa, and she hanged up with me (2:12:00).

My next recording is: “brnnnoblepicoamrcnman_10_6_10_222-631PM.WMA”: I soon left Ackerman and was walking the streets in Westwood Village. My phone rang on 16:00: it was a number with a 415 area code. I reflected: “Yesterday, it was all military discipline... They wanted to see if I would stand still when they told me to...” (26:30) Again, complete bullshit. I bought cigarettes in the pharmacy and hummed when children came in (28:30). Siren on 34:00. “Are they testing me about Raissa?” (41:00) Hardly! I was then on the bus on 1:02:40. I had to argue with the bus driver about the bus fare again, unable to pay even 50 cents (1:04:20). I hummed throughout the bus ride and got off on 1:14:00. My worthless reflection: “PM is not wise, he has tested me out of existence...” I came to the Barnes and Noble on Westwood and Pico, and saw so many new books on Obama (1:18:00). I wasn’t sure if I could work here because there was no electrical outlet available. I then chatted briefly with a stranger. He told me about his life: His wife was from Vietnam, of Chinese descent, his family was persecuted in Russia... He was Jewish... he hated Russia... I walked away quite stunned: why did people hate my Daughterland? Naturally, I had wrongly assumed this was part of the operation on me when it was certainly just a “natural” event. I went to a corner to review my recordings while looking online for information about going to Daughterland from Taiwan. I didn’t know everything had now changed and I was wasting my time. Then I picked up Obama’s autobiography and read a little of it, wrongly assuming he was involved in the current International Court trial process (2:38:00). Ha! Then I read about travel services offering trips to Daughterland (2:50:00). I then rode the bus back to UCLA – humming all the way – and took a tour inside Best Buy. I went into my bullshit again: “PM will help me! Because he promised! He is man of his words!” (3:34:30) Ha! I didn’t know that my Daughter People were in the process of bailing themselves out. I then accused

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, IV
Lawrence C. Chin
Sept. 2010 – Aug. 2019. Corrections, Jan. – Mar. 2021.

another stranger of conducting surveillance on me (4:02:00). It's not clear whether I was mistaken again. Finally, I came inside Akerman.

My next recordings are: "10_6_10_634-739PM.WMA" and "uclastndunion_10_6_10_743-958PM.WMA": I briefly chatted with a girl telling her about my "problem" (that nobody would believe I was me and so on). Then: "... What happened on October 2... Maybe Mr B got duped..." Wrong! As I continued to review my recordings, I began complaining again: "I saved their life and they lock me in this jail house where nothing is real and everybody is acting!" (23:00) Then: "This is a test, you have to be David Chin if you want to go to their country..." Bullshit. I continued: "Can we just go there with this case closed?" Just then, my toes hurt! "Is that a Yes?" Then I prayed to DGHTR again: "For saving your country, I have to be jailed... Is this what your country does?" Again, this is the sort of "conspiracy" from which my Daughter People were desperately escaping – but they no longer had to now. Then: "What's the point of the alert if I'm not going to travel?" I called up my mother on 1:00:00. As usual, she severely berated me as soon as she heard my voice, but then said she had already deposited 100 dollars in my account. I wanted to ask her a question, but she had already hanged up. I called her up again to ask her the question: Last May, when she asked me if I wanted to go back to Taiwan, what did that mean? She simply blew up and hanged up.

My next recording is: "uclastndunion_10_6_10_958-1127PM.WMA": I would spend the rest of my time in Ackerman writing, listening to MIA, and burning a new disc. At one point I thought I got it: "Don't say 'regret!'" (2:00) Bullshit! Then I left when Ackerman was closing. I hummed from time to time while walking into Westwood Village. I would sleep in the street corner in the Village tonight.

October 7 (Thursday; laptop smashed)

My next recording is: "edlpyrmdmstke_10_7_10_741-938AM.WMA": When I came to Edelman, I had a strange conversation with a pretty pyramid in the elevator (37:00). I told the receptionist that I was told by the social worker to come today, that I didn't know who to see (42:00). I sat down to continue to chat with the strange pretty pyramid. She had a little brother, her older brother was in the army, but some people had murdered him (46:00). Sad story! Do they torture people in China? She used Virgin and worked at Walmart. She also volunteered at animal shelters, loved horses, was angry with her father, and had had bad friends (50:00). She now lived in Brentwood. She then talked about the killing of dolphins and whales in Japan. She then talked about the show "Flipper". She showed me a few Youtube videos on her phone (56:20) Finally, I was called in by my social worker on 59:30. Now the social worker had tremendously provoked me by unsympathetically asking me routine questions and then telling me I had to come back on Tuesday because she wasn't really doing any intake. I ran out so angry and upset that I

didn't even stop to ask the pretty pyramid for her contact information even though I believed, erroneously, that it was the control center – the Monkey – which had sent her to me (1:10:00). (Presumably, since the Daughter People had already eliminated the episode of their intending to set me up with a girlfriend from the evidentiary record, they didn't have to do it again. This meeting with a pyramid was purely “natural”.) While on the bus, I continued to moan in pain, and then broke down crying (1:32:30). As you can hear, I was crying so sadly.

My next recording is: “wstrnfigureout_10_7_10_957-1032AM.WMA”: I continued to come up with worthless wrong scenarios: “They (i.e. the Daughter People) were telling the Monkey to do the opposite of what they wanted him to do... So if we just go along with the program we will be able to remain Lawrence Chin.” Ha! I then got off the bus, bought food, and left a message for Wes asking him to call me back (17:30).

My next recording is: “backtowstla_10_7_10_1032-1219PM.WMA”: I was then on the bus again, and soon resumed moaning and crying (2:00). The bus driver, disturbed by my crying, asked me if I needed help (9:00). I speculated erroneously again: “We will be driven to suicide...” (12:00). I was now crying really hard, and yelled at the stranger who offered his help (15:00). I left another message for Wes asking him to call me back (19:40). I got off the bus and, while walking the street, crossed all the red lights, causing drivers to honk at me. Some drivers even chased after me (25:20). I muttered: “I really hope the Monkey wants to help me, for, if so, he could just go away. But he will never do that...” (27:00). Soon, I resumed crying (32:00). Another woman came to ask me if I was okay. I yelled at her telling her to go away (38:30). Then another man came to ask me if I was okay (40:00). I walked away, and called Raissa, but she was not home (55:00). I left her a message. I then got on the bus again and blasted MIA out loud.

My next recordings are: “10_7_10_1219-153PM.WMA” and “10_7_10_157-326PM.WMA”: I was still wondering whether I had received a signal saying I could go to Daughterland. More children came on the bus and I hummed loudly. Then: “Even if you have to be David Chin, I can't imagine someone so liberal like PM would lie to his people like that... Neither would Obama... But they might be required to do so by court order...” And the control center hurt my left side as if to confirm. Ha! My idealization of DGHTRCOM: of course he would lie to his people! Then I mumbled more about Plan Discovery: “People would believe I made it up, or plagiarized it, and the whole world will be deceived” – and now the control center hurt my right hand. “... that's what these people are, hypocrites... This God-damned Monkey, we cannot co-exist in the same world... He wants to make sure we go back to the Christian home... But we will not... There is no help... One of us has to go... He doesn't understand that he doesn't know how to help people... He doesn't understand that he doesn't have the capacity to help people because he isn't brought up right, and he doesn't understand that he doesn't

understand...” I got off the bus on 56:00. Strangely, an old lady was speaking Russian next to me (59:30). (Probably just a coincidence.) I then got on the bus again and came back to Westwood.

My next recording is: “hrdwrtouc_10_7_10_326-803PM.WMA”: I called Wes again, but he was still not home. I was humming while walking on the street to cover up children’s noise (7:00). I came inside a pharmacy (16:00). I waited in line, and then left angry: because my computer had malfunctioned, I wanted to beat up the girlfriend I stupidly thought was promised to me (1:31:00). I was on the bus again on 1:41:00. Feeling pessimistic, I muttered in anger: “Don’t participate in anything, even Obama is a liar” (1:44:00). Then: “We are not going to do anything, it’s decided” (1:54:00). “Now we know Obama is a bad man, he’s an atheist, duping people into believing God...” Just then, siren (1:56:20). I then tried to talk to the Monkey again: “You want to lie to people about me? Mr B is pretending to be Obama” (2:04:20). Then: “Don’t get close to the Pyramid, she is not going to help me with my writing” (2:06:00). This is indeed the right path! I was then off – and there is siren (2:18:00) – and on the bus again. I again regretted DGHTR’s mistake and meeting the Pyramid. I muttered: “Mr B and I cannot co-exist in the same place” (2:22:00). Soon after I got off the bus on 2:28:30, I began cursing the Monkey again: “The more he negotiates, the more the other side raises its standard” – just then, siren (2:32:30). Then: “I’m too old, I can’t be recruited anymore...” (2:36:00) I finally came inside a hardware store in West Hollywood (3:00:00). I bought the tubes needed for any helium gas apparatus. I wanted to plan for my final exit again! I was angry and cursing while walking (3:16:20). “When there is a chance to die painlessly, you must take it...” (3:18:00). Then: “The few good ones must die, and leave the world to the rotten many. America sucks!” (3:23:00) Then: “Fuck Americans... He doesn’t know about the fucking country he has inherited... I don’t want shit to do with the Pyramid!” (3:38:00) I was then on the bus again.

My next recordings are: “10_7_10_804-1025PM.WMA” and “10_7-8_10_1053PM-130AM.WMA”: After I got off the bus in Westwood, I reflected on what happened on the bus: “We thought, ‘Mr First brought up the lawsuit... And the whole world changed... Those small trouble spots, the big environmental problems... solved all because of me...’ And everybody was pulling the string, ‘Ding’ ‘Ding’ ‘Ding’.... Why do these things have to be in secret? Why does everybody need to believe that we are still stuck in the old world of East-West confrontation?” And my right toes hurt. Complete fantasies! “And why is the Russian intelligence so sophisticated...? The suffering of the East plus the critical thinking of the West...” Then: “We need to show the recordings to a therapist...” Then: “Stop all this... The world comes together under PM to take care of the problems... *PM is beating me up in order to prosecute the neocons....*” (Take note of the last line again.) I came inside Ackerman, settled down on a table, and resumed work on my computer. I burned a new disc while listening to music. Then, more wrong

scenario: “It’s possible that because, in March 2009, the Agency took command of the Russian intelligence, the entire Russian intelligence could be presented as fake...” I wrote this down immediately on my New Letter of Petition. I also looked up another video in which Raissa was speaking. Then I came to Denny’s and ordered a Root Beer float. I burned another disc while listening to music. Then I resumed writing my letter. Finally, I came to my spot in Westwood Village getting ready to sleep. I pulled out my laptop and listened to music a little more. A mistake! I didn’t know that this was my last moment with Deborah’s laptop.

My next recording is: “11_8_10_131-212AM.WMA”. While using my Gateway in my corner, I was angry at the noises. Now those shadowy figures inside the control center began their operation. One guy came to take pictures of the two girls standing about 50 yards in front of me, evidently in order to “accidentally” catch me in the picture (17:00). Alarmed and angered, I yelled at them about not playing such cruelty on me. They made fun of me, and, to vent my anger, I threw a newspaper rack at them. Just then, an old vagrant came over to me to accuse me of hitting him with the newspaper rack. He stepped on my Gateway’s screen and broke it. He then violently picked up my AC charger and smashed it on the ground. I was in shock – without a laptop I would not be able to document my life through this torture chamber called the “International Court of Justice”. I picked up the pieces and immediately got on the bus to go to Normandie and Wilshire. I didn’t call the police because, supposing I was like a Jewish person in Nazi Germany, I assumed that not only would the police not help me, they might in fact arrest me!

Now what had happened was this. Other than the promise of a “golden pyramid”, the Daughter People must also eliminate the episode where they furnished me with a laptop (not simply the Eee PC on January 1 this year but also Deborah’s Gateway on August 7). Once again, they needed a new episode where I obtained a laptop of my own accord without their involvement and while I was not a terrorist to replace the original episode. The only way to force me to buy a laptop was to smash the one I had currently in my possession (Deborah’s). And so they instructed the computer inside the control center to calculate my surrounding for such possibility and control me to get into such a situation where somebody would want to smash my laptop. The computer calculated that, on the night of October 7, I would decide to sleep in Westwood again and that there was such a chance since there was this vagrant hanging out there but that I would have to provoke him. And so my Daughter People commanded Homeland Security to instruct these two youngsters to take pictures in front of me at such and such time in order to provoke me to throw things at them, which, according to the computer’s calculation, would bring me into trouble with the said vagrant. The computer had calculated that he would be provoked enough as to want to smash up my laptop and that I would then be forced to buy a new laptop on the next day.

My next recording is: “10_8_10_212-258AM.WMA”: While on the bus going to Normandie, I continued to speculate wrongly: the cheap laptop I had seen in Radio Shack would not be there anymore and so on, so that they could blackmail me to do their plan. “Although I have earlier agreed to do it, now I will definitely not be part of it... My dear non-existent God...” After I got off the bus, I wondered, “Is Obama punishing me? You’ve got to be kidding me, how can I not hate Americans after all that I have gone through...? Then: “I couldn’t get into a fight because I had all my electronic devices with me... But if we get into a fight our life would be in danger and the case would be closed... Is this Mr B again? Was he helping Obama by trying to punish me? Back in the days of Mr Chertoff, nobody really touched me, but now my life is really being threatened... People would really hit me and break my things... So it’s not gonna be over, huh?” And my left side hurt – as if to confirm. In fact, to confuse me, insofar as I was completely on the wrong track! Then: “Of course it’s not going to be over, a lot of people are profiting from my misery... Where is my payment? The people who are running this show are extremely violent, completely different from Mr Chertoff... If it’s Mr B, then he is a very violent person...” And my right hand hurt. Then: “The temple is not going to work out tomorrow... Do not eat... We need to start on the path of self-destruction in order to get out of this... Mr B is probably trying to please Obama, ‘He has just cursed America...’ If he couldn’t please PM, he will try to please Obama... He’s a threat to my life... He will not destroy me completely, because his career depends on it... It’s Mr B, he doesn’t want us to record, and so we must drop out... Because things are beginning tomorrow... Don’t go tomorrow, don’t call her... So it *is* Mr B who is going to run the things...” Although I wanted originally to use the computers in the cybercafe to import my recordings, I gave up the idea when I arrived in Normandie and Wilshire. I instead settled down in a corner to sleep.

My next recording is: “10_8_10_259-329AM.WMA”: While sleeping, I continued to speculate in the wrong direction: “Yeah, we will go, if we can record and get to keep our things... We cannot not record, there is a reason why they don’t want us to record, it’s too dangerous. We are going to become David Chin, PM wants it...” Then about the shelter: “The entire society has broken down for us, but there is still a modicum of normality left... If we ever see the Pyramid anywhere, do not speak to her, but just walk away... She’s very dangerous.... If we just look at her, she might call the police and the police might arrest us...”

October 8 (Friday; Wes; the ICJ trial dismissed)

My next recordings are: “10_8_10_839-910AM.WMA”, “10_8_10_811-932AM.WMA (... 911-932AM)”, and “10-8-10-944-1033AM.WMA”: Soon after I woke up, I came inside the cybercafe to transfer the recordings inside my recorder into my USB flash

drive. I then went inside Radio Shack to check on the 100 dollar laptop, but decided not to get this one. I came in and out of the cybercafe and then got on the bus. I hummed continually. Then worthless reflections about the Monkey. “He has taken over the operation... We are not going to show up unless she buys us a laptop, a functional one... This Monkey is very strange, he expects us to go to the Temple... He expects us to be his slave without reward... *He* is the piece of trash, he should expect himself to be others’ slave without getting paid, he has no idea how worthless he really is... The only possible way is DGHTR’s way, there is no other way to continue...” I then got off the bus in Westwood.

My next recording is: “buylaptop_10-8-10-1033AM-1234PM.WMA”: I called up Raissa and left a message saying I couldn’t come tonight because somebody broke my laptop last night. I came inside Best Buy, but soon left because the cheap laptop I wanted wasn’t in stock. I got on the bus to go to the other Best Buy on Pico and Sepulveda. The bus driver had a cart, and I erroneously believed it was the control center which had instructed him to imitate me in order to produce a certain intercept. I asked him: “How long have you been dragging this cart?” (40:00) “13 years.” When I repeatedly pestered him about his “assignment”, he replied, “I have never seen you before...” “What do you think about Russia? America?” He refused to reply. I tried to enlighten him: “Bus driver, do you know I have a lot of talents?” Then, I came to the other Best Buy and bought my new laptop, a Samsung netbook, for 370 dollars. Naturally, I had overdrawn my account again, but at least, this time, I was spending my money on something essential. Then I rode the bus to UCLA. I came inside Ackerman and, as usual, there were a lot of children around, so that I had to hum.

My next recording is: “10_8_10_1234-252PM.WMA”: While in Ackerman, I set up my netbook. I continued to hum from time to time and read a little news in German. The control center then hurt me massively on my left side (47:30). Why? I was then ready to do my Russland Journal lesson on my new netbook. I shouted to the control center: “PM, if you need to turn me into David Chin, then you should let me learn Russian” (50:20). Then: “It’s a life and death issue to figure out what is going on...” (53:20). Indeed! I left Ackerman on 1:05:00 and got on the bus on 1:23:00. I was still humming from time to time. Stuck in my false scenario, I asked the bus driver, “Which side are you on?” “What?” (1:26:00) While on the bus, I read up on the news item about United Russia and so on. I got off the bus on 1:41:00. Suddenly, Wes called me on 1:41:20. I was reconnected with him on 1:45:00. I told him that I was alternating between extreme depression and feeling okay. My wrong scenario: “The Homeland Security system keeps switching hands... I don’t like Mexican team’s shift...” Just then, I noted a woman who, upon walking past me, pressed a button on her cellphone. Was that surveillance? Wes then talked about his paper (1:47:00): Kenneth Berg, and how a narrative was broken into five parts, with each narrative emphasizing one part more than the others. “You can

construct a ratio for each narrative... As with France, because there is a lot of poverty, revolution can be rephrased as about eliminating poverty, but America is rich, and so it can only be phrased as about freedom... Exceptional leaders drive history, the other theory says it is historical events... Hannah Arendt's essay on Eichmann... Everyone in his situation will act the same... And so she is on the side of determinism... It's social condition which drives change... The other theory says history is driven by exceptional leaders... Only people who subscribe to determinism will like Arendt and Tocqueville... Then there is the mystic theory which is centered around the Hand of God... For Berg, each narrative focuses on an actor, an agency, an attitude..." Wes was going to apply Berg's literary theory to political theory (1:58:20). He then continued to explain why the American revolution succeeded while the French revolution failed. "America had civil associations, whereas France didn't..." Then Wes explained that he hadn't gotten a recorder yet (2:03:30). I then told him that the entire society was against me, that I had no time to write, that I couldn't protect my work. *Wes again advised me not to speculate: "It will drive you crazy..."* This was a genuine advice from him: I was making myself look ever more delusional by wrongly speculating on what was going on. I then told him I was being led onto a path that was not wholesome to me. Such was my erroneous understanding that the Monkey and so on were drafting me into their plan: my totally wrong-headed speculation! Then I talked about Raissa. Is she here to do me harm? About the scary Christian home. "I felt like I was being kidnapped... They locked me in... They held me against my will... And this vagrant broke my computer... I didn't call the police because the police would arrest me instead... I needed to go back to Taiwan, and then go to Russia..." (2:09:00). I then talked about my worries about the alert. Just then, people were shouting at me (2:10:00). Wes advised me not to borrow money from payday loan stores. "Stop the vicious cycle of overdrawing... Don't overspend for one month, then you will be okay..." Wes admonished further that I shouldn't have bought a new computer. He was going to some sort of parade, some sort of festival, tomorrow. He then advised me to go somewhere where there were no people. "I can't, I need to use my computer..." Wes: "Don't use a computer, use paper and pen..." Just then, my left arm hurt (2:15:00). I complained that the surveillance over me was too intense. Then my wrong scenario: "Somebody wants me to discover some garbage, it's very stupid, once my name is linked to it, I'll be doomed..." Wes: "Get out of there..." Then he advised me not to assume there were cameras inside the taxi.

By this time, now that I had purchased a new computer, the International Court trial had been destroyed (dismissed). The French had eliminated my status as a terrorist, and the Daughter People had purged all episodes where they had been accused of conspiring with me. The case no longer existed. When the Smart Woman's team and the Daughter People were departing from the control center, they presumably simply ignored the Monkey leaving him sitting in front of the computer for the rest of his life. This call from Wes was my first conversation with him since the destruction of the ICJ trial. It is interesting to

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, IV
Lawrence C. Chin
Sept. 2010 – Aug. 2019. Corrections, Jan. – Mar. 2021.

note that he was being quite genuine here in that he did nothing less than give me good advices. This would soon change.

My next recordings are: “10_8_10_252-356PM.WMA” and “10_8_10_356-454PM.WMA”: I then got on the bus to go to my storage facility and was humming all the way while reading the news in German. I was then writing. Then: “I have been duped...” (29:00 in the second recording) Then I thought I noticed surveillance again while I was writing (51:00). It’s not clear whether I was correct.

My next recordings are: “aboutpm_10_8_10_454-504pm.WMA” and “STRG-10_8_10_504-555PM.WMA”: When the people sitting next to me began talking, I again hummed to protect my recording (5:00). I got off the bus and came to Public Storage on 17:00. While putting in the computer box and the new discs I had burned I continued: “Wow, they really think I’ll have a good life after this... The only good life is to die!” (41:00) I continued to be stuck in a scenario that had nothing to do with reality and completely clueless that there was no longer any ICJ trial over me. I left the storage on 46:00. I had decided to find Raissa after all.

My next recordings are: “10_8_10_603-607pm.WMA” and “WRONGBUS-10_8_10_607-653PM.WMA”: I then tried to demonstrate my genius not knowing that I was making a fool out of myself. I told somebody on the street who I assumed was under remote control: “Do you guys know it’s the Russians who are commanding you, when you turn this way and that?” “Alright.” “You think I’m insane?” Of course nothing I said made any sense to him. When I got on the bus I hummed loudly because of the children on board. More wrong scenarios: “Wes said that purposely... so that it can be intercepted to build up my profile as an anti-government revolutionary...” I then asked another person who was wearing earphones: “Surveillance agent, what street is this?” I got off the bus when I realized I was on the wrong bus.

My next recordings are: “10_8_10_701-735PM.WMA”, “10_8_10_735-811PM.WMA”, and “10_8_10_811-852PM.WMA”: Although I was lost for a while, I was in the end able to come to Art of Living. I told the security guard I was invited by Raissa. Was Raissa here? Everyone was meditating in the basement. I waited outside for the meditation session to end. I obviously couldn’t go in because I was homeless, but I wanted to greet Raissa in person. When I saw another guy wearing earphones, I shouted at him: “Surveillance agent, You’ve got me spotted!” Was I correct or wrong? I walked around, and thought I saw more surveillance agents. Finally, I gave up the idea of meeting Raissa. I got on the bus and left.

My next recording is: “bvrlyhll_10_8_10_857-1004PM.WMA”: When I got off the bus, I thought I saw another surveillance agent. I asked him sarcastically: “Can I videotape you

for 5 seconds?” Then I became so desperate that I prayed to God again: “Dear God, don’t let my past and my writings be taken away, I pray to you in Jesus’ name... Only if you do exist...” I was then on the bus again, and resumed writing. While humming, I pointed to the people around me: “Somebody here *has* to be doing surveillance, either you or him...” I told one person, “You really *are* gathering evidence... You really don’t believe I’m Lawrence Chin...” I then told the bus driver that “the surveillance agent had gotten off the bus”. Whereupon I got off the bus too (1:01:00).

My next recording is: “10_8_10_1004-1109PM.WMA”: I hummed while walking. A stranger talked to me about my humming (17:00). I was on the bus again on 35:00. Then: “We love Mr B, it’s just that we can never accept his plan. PM, if I get what I want, I’ll die for you. Who wants to be David Chin? I pray to you. Raissa is yours, right? I have always wanted a mother figure like that. I know you would get that.” All the bullshit! Just then, my right toes hurt. I continued: “I want her to see me the way I want it. You *are* trying to close the case, right? You are the one who wants to see whether I’m willing to be David Chin? But I don’t want that, I want my past...” Finally, I came to the cybercafe.

My next recording is: “cybercf_10_8-9_10_1109PM-159AM.WMA”: After doing some writing, I continued my lesson on Russland Journal (30:00). Then, MIA. I got angry again: “When you run a clandestine operation this sickening, it’s very bad, your mission is to be excommunicated from the human community... so that nobody will ever pay attention to what you say... PM you really should look into this, the Monkey is not planning an operation, he’s trying to...” Then my stupid wrong scenario: “PM, are you trying to get me arrested in order to extract me to Russia? I need to go to Taiwan first... I really think that’s a much better idea... What about my things? Am I going to be Lawrence Chin?...” As you can see, I was simply unable to follow Wes’ advice about not speculating.

October 9 (Saturday)

My first recordings of the new day are: “10_9_10_905-1131AM.WMA” and “10_9_10_1139AM-1236PM.WMA”: I woke up from the street corner, and hummed while walking the streets to cover up children’s noise. I then got on the bus to go to my storage facility. My left arm hurt when I thought about the parallel between Raissa and the Daughterland president’s wife. When I came in front of my storage unit, I took out my laptop to check the configuration of my storage unit from yesterday. However, I got upset when my video froze while its audio continued. I filmed it. This was the first malfunctioning of my new Samsung netbook: a lot more were to come since, by fate, I was the “Prince of Machine Malfunctioning”. Then, when I opened my storage unit and compared it with my video, there seemed to be slight changes. I was shocked. I got paranoid over nothing again!

My next recording is: “10_9_10_1236-306PM.WMA”: After I came out of the storage facility, I continued to hum because children were everywhere on the streets. I continued: “This man is pure evil, we will never negotiate... Because of him, we both have to go...” Ha! Bullshit. The Monkey, as he sat there by himself inside the control center, wanted in fact nothing more than see me arrested. I came inside the cybercafe on 50:00. I hummed loudly because there were children inside. I was then on the bus. Children were again on the bus, and so I hummed loudly. After I got off the bus, I continued: “Why should I swallow a bad reputation for his sake...? He’s being unreasonable: why would anybody care what’s going on in Mexico?” Then again: “Our brain scan images must have shown that our brain functioning is vastly different from other people’s...” Again, this was probably true. Then: “If we are supposed to swallow it, that means Raissa won’t come back...”

My next recording is: “10_9_10_306-422PM.WMA”: I came back to Westwood on 1:10:00. I recounted to my recorder what I was thinking while on the bus: how intelligence agencies keep secrets. I used Doug as an example. His job – occasionally passing out Americans’ phone information – was extremely boring, but he didn’t care about it, and that’s why he could keep this a secret. Hence, those who can carry out the plan are those who don’t really care about it; this sort of people can then keep it a secret. Again, I didn’t know that I was mistaken about Doug, but my analysis about how to keep secrets was certainly correct!

My next recording is: “10_9_10_422-530PM.WMA”: I got on the bus again and hummed as usual. I came back to Ackerman. I continued my wrong scenario: “My entire environment is determined by a bunch of people arguing inside a conference room in an unseen place.” Then I compared the Monkey to Mr Chertoff: “Over the entire year and a half, Mr Chertoff changed my account contents only twice... Now this Mr B forges evidences every single day... America is a very orderly society, it has never witnessed this kind of disorder, forging this and forging that...”

My next recording is: “uclasetupnewlptp_10_9+10_534-846PM.WMA” and “10_9_10_846-1121PM.WMA”. I continued to set up my new netbook in Ackerman’s patio, downloading all the software I always used and playing MIA and Nena along the way. I also posted the worthless blog post you see for today, “PM”. Again, it no longer mattered. I then came to Westwood Village and looked for food inside the trash can by the Korean BBQ stand. I hummed while walking. At one point, I dropped to the ground a nervous wreck muttering to the control center: “What are you guys doing? What are you guys doing?” (40:00) Then: “Is this the point: to beat me up and then dump me in Russia? What about my things? This is not a good plan! How about I go by myself?” (until 48:00) And my left side hurt! More of my bullshit: “Let me carry my things with me, and you don’t have to beat me up.” Just then, I thought a driver was honking to confirm (48:15).

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, IV
Lawrence C. Chin
Sept. 2010 – Aug. 2019. Corrections, Jan. – Mar. 2021.

Ha! More: “The Monkey is still waiting for me to fly out, to drive myself to troubles and to produce a new piece of evidence to replace the original evidence of my flight to Nicaragua.” I was on the bus again on 51:00. I repeatedly played Nena’s “99 Luftballons” and read something in German (1:13:00). After all the quietude, someone suddenly came near me to chat loudly. I hummed (1:26:00). I came to Home Depot by 1:43:00. I was looking for suicide materials again! Another person came near me to talk loudly, and I pretended: “I don’t know... I don’t know... I don’t know what you guys are talking about...” (1:59:00). Then children’s noise on 2:04:40, and I hummed. Luckily for me, the employee gave me a plastic bag for free, and I walked out. More: “The Russians don’t intervene... They just watch...” (2:16:00). Ha! I had no idea that they weren’t watching me anymore! I was on the bus by 2:25:00. Two more black men were talking loudly next to me and I hummed (2:26:30).

My next recording is: “cybrcf_10_9-10_10_1151PM-1257AM.WMA”: I then came to the cybercafe. My wrong scenario again: “The US will arrest me and ship me to Russia, they have been commanded to forge evidence to make me into David Chin. If I want to be Lawrence Chin, I will have to go there myself...” Soon, I left the cybercafe and came to the street corner to get ready to sleep. Then I broke down crying, shouting to the Daughter People: “What the fuck did I do? Mother fucker...”

My last recording of the day is: “IMPwrtnrmndie_10_10_10_1257-307AM.WMA”: After a while, I broke down crying again: “We will have to die, there is nothing we can do, we don’t have rights, we don’t have anything... There is nowhere to go... Fuck you Uncle DGHTR, why don’t you put something in front of me...” I then did a little more writing before going to sleep.

October 10 (Sunday)

My first recordings of the new day are: “10_10_10_920-959AM.WMA” and “tounionst_10_10_10_959AM-1203PM.WMA”: Soon after I woke up, I continued: “Put somebody in front me and expect me to talk to her... I’m not gonna do that...” Ha! Wrong scenario again. And my right side hurt as if to confirm. Humming while walking the streets, I murmured, “I don’t know what to do, conspiracy...” (12:00) I was then crying about contributing to my Daughterland (17:00). I then begged DGHTRCOM to let me be in his country, I even did it in French, “I’ll love your people.... I won’t even feel bad if I get beaten up by skin heads... I’ll love your people...” And there was honking as if to confirm (21:00). Again, I had no idea that my Daughter People had already departed! I then asked two Chinese ladies where they were from (35:30). And I thought I saw another surveillance agent. I turned on my computer and began reading something about computer matters (45:00). I was then on the Metro on 46:00. I shouted at someone: “Don’t take pictures on the train... I don’t want to be in your pictures...” (50:45). I

hummed loudly while on the train to cover up children's noise. I got off Metro on 59:20 and cursed the Hispanic people around me (1:01:00). I continued to hum like crazy because children were everywhere, and many Hispanics appeared to be trying to get close to me. "All this is obviously orchestrated! Why would parents take their children to a homeless person?" While walking out of the station, I expressed my doubt: "Why does PM want to test my loyalty like this? It makes no sense... Not even his own citizens need to be tested like this..." (1:13:00). Indeed! Then: "If you want, give me a gun and I'll shoot myself. I don't think you will ever find someone like me, someone so convenient..." Just then, siren (1:15:00). I got on the bus and continued my Russland Journal lesson (1:30:00). When the bus driver changed, I again thought this meant something, that it was an intercept (1:33:00). I even asked a black girl why she was scratching her hair (1:48:20). I erroneously thought she was remotely controlled to signal to me to establish conspiracy! Then, when a child came on the bus, I began humming loudly (2:01:00).

My next recording is: "toaltadena_10_10_10_1203-146PM.WMA": I continued: "We are just an intellectual, not that useful, usually we just enlighten people, but we did do one good thing, we saved Russia.... If it were anybody else, it wouldn't have happened.... That's not the official story, but everyone in Russian government knows this is true... Is it ever advertised? What do people know now?" After walking for a while, I rested in the street corner: "Does this happen in Russia, PM? Where the entire society is acting toward one guy?" I was then on the bus going to Altadena.

My next recordings are: "10_10_10_146-212PM.WMA" and "10_10_10_226-255PM.WMA". Today I decided to hang out in Zypher, the coffeehouse near Karin's home. More wrong scenario: "Ultimately, the Russians have control of everything..." Then: "I'm so lonely... There are only Americans around..." I played Annie Villeneuve's old song. More: "No one will believe a single word I say. There is nothing we can do to resist that... Because every one of my recordings is tainted, they can't be used as proofs..." (21:00). Again, worthless paranoia. I continued to read about carbon dioxide poisoning to plan for my "final exit". Again! Then, I played MIA's "Du". And I hummed repeatedly.

My next recording is: "zyphraltadna_10_10_10_255-520PM.WMA": I wrote, reviewed my recordings, and burned my disc while playing MIA, Ariane Moffatt, Nena's "99 Luftballons", Miho, and Noriko's interview. When I saw somebody reading a book on his Amazon Kindle, I thought it a good idea to have my story distributed in such e-format. That is the only way to attach the recordings and videos to the text. I talked to the guy, and told him about the disadvantage of e-format: that the government can remotely control his "book" (2:07:00). He told me he was going to USC Film School. I asked him whether he had ever seen me somewhere (namely, in Homeland Security alerts). No. He

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, IV
Lawrence C. Chin
Sept. 2010 – Aug. 2019. Corrections, Jan. – Mar. 2021.

had a Latin inscription as his screen saver. Then, a truism: “The less brain a work requires of its audience, the more popular it will become!” (2:19:00)

My next recording is: “zyphraltadna_10_10_10_520-804PM.WMA”: Then, Noriko’s interview again. I asked the same guy what he was reading: it was a novel about a magician (14:00). I hummed intermittently. Then, my Internet connection was blocked (29:30). Suddenly, on 53:00, someone came to me to complain about me. I filmed my computer when it malfunctioned again (59:00). I then called up Wes, but he was not home (1:23:00). Then: “I don’t know how to lie, I shall pray in Jesus’ name...” (1:41:00). Then, more music and humming.

My next recordings are: “pmdontdofrhmtobus_10_10_10_804-835PM.WMA”; “10_10_10_850-930PM.WMA”; “10_10_10_930-956PM.WMA”; and “10_10_10_956-1002PM.WMA”: I left Zypher and was walking along Colorado Blvd. More wrong scenario: “They are coming up with a new plan, the previous plan is scraped, that’s why they first deleted my recordings... I’m not really interested in this stuff, it’s so disgusting...” Ha! In reality, nothing was going on anymore, everything was destroyed! I was just like one of those Japanese soldiers hiding in the Philippines and Pacific islands who didn’t get the news about his country’s surrender and continued to believe for the next twenty years that the war was still continuing. I was then on the bus, and I hummed continually. Even the bus driver complained about my humming.

After I got off the bus, I continued my wrong scenario: “This plan is so stupid, requiring you to make up a story and then making people believe you have plagiarized it... Once we get to Russia, we can be what we are because they are not going to lie to their own people, right?.. What’s going to happen after we get to Taiwan? Since Taiwan was Daughterland’s enemy, the Taiwanese will continue to commit crimes under the Russians’ watch... and go down... This means the trial will not be kept a secret.... PM really doesn’t like the US... He wouldn’t have any problem with my telling my story... The Russians get Americans to continue to commit crimes right in front of them.... We need to figure out what the official story is... We are going to tell people the truth, and we will have to tell them, ‘You got duped...’ *There will be wide variance between my story and the Russians’ official story*, theirs is the legal version, legally speaking DGHTR is a fake Russian... But we really see him as just a ‘Russian’... When we were on the bus we also thought, ‘We want a Russian Mommy like Raissa’, and there was no response, but finally the bus driver went ‘bee bee’...” Then: “I’m worried, I know so much...” Ha! Bullshit. Except for one thing: now that the trial was destroyed, there would indeed be wide variance between my story and the Daughterland’s official story, namely, while I continued to maintain that I had saved Daughterland, Daughterland would continue to maintain I had conspired with the United States to harm them back in 2009 and keep me on their foreign ministry’s blacklist. More on this later.

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, IV
Lawrence C. Chin
Sept. 2010 – Aug. 2019. Corrections, Jan. – Mar. 2021.

My next recording is: “tortaid_10_10_10_1002-1145PM.WMA”: I came inside Home Depot looking for charcoal. I continued to plan for my “final exit”. But no. I was told that Rite Aid would have it. I then came to the Metro station and was writing while waiting for the train. Suddenly, I got angry: “I don’t have a single file left that is not tainted... Who the fuck is going to believe I wrote my story? I need the most stringent proof, every word I write has to be videotaped.” Then, somebody tried to talk to me. “Shut up!” (1:08:00) After riding the Metro I came to a Rite Aid. I identified the charcoal I needed and purchased it. More wasting of my precious money!

My next recordings are: “10_11_10_1210-1230AM.WMA”, “10_11_10_1235-1253AM.WMA”, and “10_11_10_109-140AM.WMA”: I then did little more writing on the street corner before going to sleep.

October 11 (Monday; Wes; “Plan Caucasus”)

My first recordings of the new day are: “10_11_10_737-1029AM.WMA” and “10_11_10_1029AM-116PM.WMA”: After waking up from the street corner, I came to Starbucks. Soon my computer malfunctioned, and I moaned in pain (41:00). It’s a new computer and still it malfunctioned! Of course; I didn’t know that, being a tiny netbook with small memory, it could barely support my multitasking. The control center had most of the time nothing to do with it. *With my new computer, my life would continue to be ruined by computer malfunctioning.* I then broke down crying – so much sadness. I had to go outside to calm down. I mumbled with hatred: “These Russians make me want to vomit. What we want is also what PM wants, it’s just that PM doesn’t insist on things...” I then prayed to DGHTRCOM: “PM, I still think that DGHTR is the most suitable man...” Then: “PM has these two alternatives, Mr B and DGHTR.” I prayed to DGHTRCOM again: “PM, a person can only change a little at a time... We are old, and a person cannot change while in crisis... If you force changes, you will obtain the opposite effect...” Just then, my right side hurt. I was then regurgitating my memory of the August 2009 episode where these Daughter People signaled to me with two of their pretty agents: “Two golden pyramids, that’s PM’s emblem...” Bullshit! (But note that my reasoning was that DGHTRCOM had two golden pyramids for daughters.) I got on bus 2 on 1:58:00. More worthless reflection: “Don’t worry about your credits... We have the right to worry about ourselves...” I came inside a coffeehouse on 2:25:00. Soon I was disturbed by people’s talking near me, and so I blasted MIA’s “Du”. I would be writing and reviewing my recordings for the rest of my time in this coffeehouse.

My next recordings are: “tohmdpt_10_11_10_116-223PM.WMA”, “hmdepot_10_11_10_236-337PM.WMA”, and “mtl_10_11_10_337-419PM.WMA” : While walking, I continued: “... fucking children, fucking Mexicans... We definitely will not change, we

either die or stay the same... There is no one to tell to..." I bought food somewhere. More wrong scenario: "The order for Americans to frame themselves came from the International Court..." I then came inside Home Depot and purchased my "suicide tools" – humming all the way to cover up children's noise. Specifically, I got a bucket for burning my charcoal. Just more wasting of my precious money! I then got a room in the motel across the street. 89 dollars for one night! But I needed a private room in which to test my suicide equipment. Relaxing inside my room, I began using my computer. I muttered my wrong scenario: "I'm so sick of all this fucking intercept... All these people who are in power, and this is the fucking kindergarten thing they do! I don't believe it..." I then listened to Natalya Estemirova's interview again.

My next recording is: "mtlbath_10_11_10_419-549PM.WMA": I broke down crying while taking a bath. "Maybe it's just a trick! When you go to Russia, you will record, and people will get more aggressive... Obama is the ultimate authority when it comes to broadcasting an alert about me, all this doesn't make sense, we don't know if we are in troubles... Obama wants to help PM because – PM saved his life... As for PM, something urgent must be going on in the Caucasus, that's why he doesn't want to wait, and so he allows Mr B to do this..." Just then, my finger hurt. The control center continued to signal to me in order to maintain me in my delusional state! Of course there was no plan about the Caucasus; I was duping myself again. Now I continued to get signals probably because the Monkey liked it. He would always want me to be violent and delusional whether there was any trial going on or not. I then continued my wrong scenario: "We are supposed to wish to not do anything for him, if we do, something bad will happen... But this is a war zone, it's better if you record yourself all the time, you don't know what's going to happen... PM is worried that the militants might grab my laptop and see what's in it..." Bullshit! All my Daughter People were already gone, and yet I was still deceiving myself that they wanted to recruit me for their operations in the Caucasus! Then: "It's Mr B who's worrying about it... PM has some plan over there... That's why Wes asked me to stop writing for a few weeks..." I prayed to DGHTRCOM: "Why don't you close the case first, so that things don't have to bounce several times before reaching the destination... The *new New World Order* has been decided... Since, as he has found out, we are afraid of pain but not death, he's going to put us where we might get killed but not tortured..." Then: "Why doesn't PM want us to record? We are supposed to record when in dangerous place, it must be because he doesn't want people to know what has happened after we get out..." What is to note here is that I would develop many wrong scenarios about the "new New World Order" later on guided by my wrong understanding about how my ICJ trial had concluded. Finally, I noticed that something was wrong with all my scenarios: "This communication system is bad, we have to guess all the time, maybe we are just duping ourselves here..." Indeed I was! Then: "PM keeps using other people to do his dirty work, it seems that he's very worried about other people's opinions of him... If we need to get the neocons to finish their crime, it's too long, it's a waste of time, just

forget it...” More bullshit: “DGHTR is objecting because it’s too dangerous....”

My next recordings are: “10_11_10_549-605PM.WMA” and “10_11_10_605-750PM.WMA”: I bought a hot dog outside and then speculated more about the alert. Then: “Why has DGHTR objected?... How about this condition: I’ll do it if I’m allowed to remain what I am...” (3:20). Then: “DGHTR knows me the best, he’s liberal, post-modern, feminine...” (14:00). “We don’t like Mr B, dark hair, family value...” (17:00). Then my left side hurt. “Close the book, and no one will know what happened later...” (28:00). “We are better, we use our brain, we have less ambition, we do not get personal...” (35:00). “They can’t dismantle the command system until the trial is over...” (56:20). And my left side hurt again (1:03:00). “I cannot be alone...” (1:10:00). My left side hurt again (1:22:00). I then continued to speculate on DGHTRCOM’s plan for me. “A three-month plan?” (1:39:00) Worthless!

My next recording is: “10_11_10_750-859PM.WMA”: Perturbed by my (worthless) realization, I called up Wes on 6:00. “I got really worried. Somebody wants me to do something bad... I read this book, some author in Montreal” – I was referring to Michel Chossudovsky and his *America's War on Terrorism* – “he said the US was secretly helping the terrorists fight in Chechnya through the Pakistani intelligence... But if the Russians have taken command of the Pakistani intelligence through the International Court of Justice, why don’t they use the Pakistani intelligence to destroy the militants in Chechnya...? The militants are still fighting over there... Why?” I continued: “I’m scared, what’s going to happen to me?...” Then I talked about how I overdrew my checking account to pay for this motel room: “I’ll have 500 dollars overdrawn next month.... That’s my problem, I don’t have rights anymore in this country, I don’t know whether people are just pretending... They all act like they really hate me, they will purposely do precisely the things which bother me, they purposely make noises or bring their children to me knowing that I don’t like these... I need a place to hide in where I can write, I have to hide in this motel for one day...” Then: “If I go to Russia I won’t see you again...” *But Wes said he could visit me in Russia.* Why did he say this? He then mentioned that Linda got married yesterday. Then, suddenly, I came up myself with the answer to the question I asked Wes in the beginning: “The Russians didn’t do that because I haven’t said it, now that I have said it...” And both my left side and right side hurt. Ha! To dupe me! We then talked about when he would be coming back to California. *Wes suggested that I should use my time here to write.* What? He now changed his advice! Why? Was it a hint that the trial was over? I continued to complain: “I want to vomit when I see people... I’m so lonely, but I hate the people around me so much...” My phone ran out of money on 27:00 and so the call was cut off. I continued to speculate erroneously: “It’s not the opposite of what I said which will happen, but exactly what I said, the Pakistani intelligence will now re-establish contact with the militants in Chechnya to undermine them, such is my prophecy...” Bullshit! I then played *Wir sind Helden* to sooth myself. And my right side

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, IV
Lawrence C. Chin
Sept. 2010 – Aug. 2019. Corrections, Jan. – Mar. 2021.

hurt again on 38:00. “What? I can't help it, if every time you just have to say something to help somebody, it's too easy...” Then my worthless wrong scenario: “Why would Obama send me there?” Ha!

My next recording, running from 9 PM to 3:30 AM, was deleted from my recorder. All I had done was stay inside the motel room to work on my new computer.

October 12 (Tuesday; virus)

My next recording is: “buyfood_10_12_10_339-409AM.WMA”: In my motel room, I sighed: “We will always be homeless...” I then went out to buy food. I came back and slept.

My next recording is: “10_12_10_1004AM-1204PM.WMA”: Still in the motel room, I continued to review my recordings while writing “Ying and Yang”. I hadn't yet noticed that my recording from last night had already disappeared. Then my computer malfunctioned again. Upset, I muttered: “Why don't other people's computers malfunction like mine? Why do I have to be so different?” (37:00) “The real Russians who are watching – they should just consider this guy a ‘victim’, take him to Russia (through Taiwan), and don't let these Americans treat him like a piece of trash... Just standing by and watching, you are guilty too, the real PM... The real Russians need to intervene now...” (52:00). Then: “From where do I plagiarize my work?” (1:16:00) I was then writing my letter of petition. I got so lazy that I decided not to experiment with killing myself with charcoal. No! Well, I thought I had “negotiated” successfully. “We have agreed to ‘Plan Caucasus’. Maybe the Monkey owns the whole thing?” (1:45:30) Ha! Complete bullshit.

My next recording is: “chkutmtlbus2_10_12_10_1204-1234PM.WMA”: By this time I had discovered that my recording from last night was deleted from my recorder. I naturally assumed it was remotely deleted from the control center. I was in shock. My wrong scenario again: “Mr B must have instructed the surveillance agents watching over us in this motel to make up bizarre stories... Otherwise why would he delete our recording of our activities from 9 PM to 3 AM? The real Russians should take a look at this man... My recording of myself from 9 PM to 3 AM is remotely deleted... There must be surveillance in this motel...” In reality, because there were no more Daughter People and no more French, it's not clear whether this was not because my recorder had malfunctioned of its own accord. The Monkey was still inside the control center. Perhaps he had done it in order to continue tormenting me. When I checked out, I told the motel manager about the possible surveillance inside my room.

My next recordings are: “10_12_10_1234-144PM.WMA” and “10_12_10_144-

2PM.WMA”: While on the bus, I hummed continually. Then I thought I saw another surveillance agent. I told him: “You are so disgusting, you non-human.” Then I asked him, “What story did your surveillance make up about me last night? Then why was my recording deleted? You do know that the more stories you make up about me, the more you will go to hell, right?” I was making a fool out of myself again! Then more worthless speculations about the Pakistani intelligence. Then, more wrong scenario: “Our file is deleted because PM wants us to learn something about computers...” Then: “Where is my Daughter Mommy?”

My next recordings are: “10_12_10_2-253PM.WMA” and “10_12_10_253-354PM.WMA”: While I wandered the streets, I continued: “David Chin is supposed to become a criminal...” Then: “Where is our Daughter Mommy? We need to call Raissa. The car in front of us is surveillance. PM needs to make the first move, yes or no, then we can get our Daughter Mommy...” Then: “How do I know she’s not going to harm me? What if we guess it wrong?” I refilled my phone in an AT&T store (27:00) and then came inside Borders Bookstore and became engrossed in the magazines. I was reading *The Digital World*: about Facebook, Youtube. Wikipedia.... I hummed while browsing another book on computer. The electronic industry and so on. I then believed I saw another surveillance agent watching over me. “Fuck you!” Soon, children came in to shout. I hummed loudly.

My next recording is: “10_12_10_354-458PM.WMA”: I then asked a woman if baby noises were annoying to her as well. She said something, but then ignored me (8:00). I hummed persistently. I was now on my computer. I watched videos on how to restore deleted files (33:00). On 43:00 I was filming my computer screen again because my computer was frozen. I muttered in anger: “Strange. The Monkey wants me to be David Chin, but the most essential characteristic of David Chin, his superb computer skill, is somehow absent...” Then my computer malfunctioned again. “PM is obviously not going to use me, The Monkey doesn’t want me to be part of society...” (53:00). I hummed continually. I left Borders on 1:01:50.

My next recording is: “leavbrdr_10_12_10_458-622PM.WMA”: I hummed continually while on the bus. When I got off the bus on 18:00, I asked a guy why he raised his hand. As if that meant something! I came back inside UCLA and was getting coffee from the vending machines. I typed down my new wrong scenario: “People around me are made to believe that the US is still suing Russia...” I listened to my Russland Journal lesson, but soon had to hum. “No conspiracy will be committed, Russia will be nice to me, because, given that Americans are this bad, the last thing you want is to be like the Americans, right?” Wrong! I then idiotically pointed to the people around me: “They don’t know that their country is going down the drain.... Goodness is not to be found in Americans.... This is exactly like what I wrote, it’s repetition... Because the Americans are not smart enough,

they go around beating other people up, getting their country into such trouble...” Ha!
Complete bullshit. Just making a fool out of myself!

My next recording is: “10_12_10_622-746PM.WMA”: I made a call on the payphone but couldn’t get through. I continued to hum. I sat down somewhere inside Ackerman to use my computer. Then: “Surveillance agent! You’ve got me spotted!” (8:20) I was most likely mistaken. I then had to film my computer again when it malfunctioned (13:00). My super malfunctioning Samsung netbook! I then developed the impression that the guy coming to sit near me was a surveillance agent to watch over me. I looked up another video on how to restore files that were accidentally deleted (17:00). I was humming very loudly and continued to film my computer (22:30). I asked the guy sitting next to me: “What did I do to deserve so much attention?” (33:00) Then, I thought I located a software which could help me restore deleted files and downloaded it (43:30). On 1:02:30, some guy walking past suddenly uttered to me, “Sayonara”! This caused me to develop the wrong scenario that the Monkey had just tricked me into downloading malware onto my computer (and then remotely controlled this guy to hint to me). I panicked. I was paranoid over nothing again.

My next recording is: “uclavirus_10_12_10_747-902PM.WMA”: I ran a virus check on my netbook and filmed it. Panicking, I prayed to the control center: “Uncle DGHTR please spare me...” (4:00) I was moaning and panting. When more people came near me to make noises, I hummed (14:00). I read out the names of the viruses found (17:00). I had in fact not downloaded any malware – that “Sayonara” had nothing to do with the control center – but my Internet browsing in the past four days did already cause certain malware to enter into my netbook. I continued to run virus scans, paranoid over nothing. I was now truly a typical “targeted individual”: it isn’t even the case that intelligence agencies were operating on me but that I misinterpreted their operations – that was the case before; by now it’s the case that nobody was operating on me and yet I continued to constantly misinterpret things. (Nobody except the Monkey, that is.)

My next recording is: “10_12_10_922-1102PM.WMA”: Then, someone brought me food (28:00). Convinced that the Monkey had infected my computer, I muttered in anger: “The Monkey couldn’t do anything, but he does have a big computer in front of him with which he can mess up other people’s computers. What a piece of garbage! He has no value as a human being at all!” (32:00) And my left side hurt. Then I was accidentally correct: “Perhaps there was no virus at all, the Monkey was just duping me” (42:00). I was duping myself! Then I lamented in anger: “Why virus? We have no money left, you’ve got to be kidding me...” (1:19:00). “You’d better not mess up my computer, we need it right now...” (1:22:30). Then I broke down crying, “Always alone, nobody around...” (1:23:00). I then filmed my bank account to confirm my identity. Finally, I was packing and leaving. “There is no possible way to protect my writing....” (1:38:00).

My next recording is: “10_12-13_10_1102PM-1219AM.WMA”: I pushed my heavy cart into Westwood Village. “They want to steal my writing even though no one reads it.” I came inside Kinkos. “The Monkey will take over it... Tell Uncle Daughter to go to hell!” (34:00) I then got on the bus. I rode the bus to the Kinkos on Wilshire and La Brea. Then, lo and behold, my recorder shut itself off again.

October 13 (Wednesday; Wes)

My next recording is: “knkosafraid_10_13_10_131-444AM.WMA”: While inside Kinkos, I was crying hysterically. “Recorder was remotely shut off, we need to cut ourselves...” And I filmed myself cutting myself outside Kinkos. I moaned continually after the cutting. “We do not understand why DGHTR and the Russians are so bad to us...” (24:00). Now the question is of course: Did my recorder malfunction of its own accord? Or did the Monkey turn it off from the control center?³ I came back inside Kinkos on 25:00. I used Kinkos’ computer to upload my new recording files to my website. “Don’t hurt me, don’t hurt someone who has saved your life, please...” (33:00). I continually begged DGHTR to help me (53:00). “Why does anyone want to be plagiarized? Especially thousands of pages...” (1:04:40). “We have a reverse relationship with the rest of the human beings... They are all anti-human beings, not my fellow human beings, that’s why my recordings are important...” (1:12:00). “Only if it were possible to find a human being who is not an anti-human being...” (1:18:20). “Only if I can find a human being that is not acting, then I won’t have to depend on machines...” (1:20:00). “We don’t regret because we have always liked Russia, but the problem is, they don’t like us...” (1:25:00). I listened to Annie Villeneuve again (1:39:00). I then was resting, breathing heavily, and napping. I left Kinkos on 3:11:00 and slept on the street corner nearby.

My next recording is: “knkos_10_13_10_836-1038AM.WMA”: After waking up, I moaned out of pain. I came back inside Kinkos on 26:00. I listened to Annie Villeneuve again. Suddenly, I was a nervous wreck because my computer malfunctioned again (34:00). I hummed nervously while somebody was talking near me (35:00). Because I was suffering a nervous breakdown, I decided to call Wes, but he was not home (41:00). I broke down crying on 58:00 while filming my computer. I began begging the control center: “Please don’t torture me...” (1:06:30) I was trembling. I left Kinkos (1:13:00) and was then crying hysterically on the street (1:16:00). I yelled: “Why don’t you help me?” (1:22:30) Some stranger came to me, but I tried to avoid him (1:27:00). I got on the bus on 1:28:00. I tried to do some writing while on the bus despite my nervous breakdown. I arrived in Westwood.

³ I recounted this episode of the malfunctioning of my recorder in my blog post for October 15, “Recent happenings and thoughts”, under the entry for October 12.

My next recording is: “cryucla_10_13_10_1038AM-109PM.WMA”: Siren on 2:00. I continued moaning and panting while wandering the streets in Westwood Village. Siren again on 20:00. I came inside Best Buy while humming in pain. I bought insurance for my new netbook. I then continued to moan out of pain outside Starbucks. Siren on 35:00. I hummed loudly when somebody was talking loudly near me (39:00). I found left-over food on the streets and ate it (44:00). I broke down crying in front of a stranger and commanded her to go away. “You are so disgusting!” (1:02:00) I then settled down in front of a musical performance (1:22:30). I thought I saw a surveillance agent again (1:28:30). I then shouted out of grave pain (1:35:30). I moaned out of pain continually. I called Wes again, but he was still not home (1:57:30). I begged: “Monkey You must release me... I don’t know how to eat shit and say it tastes good...” (2:00:00). Then: “How wonderful the world is when you can use a computer...” I played Annie Villeneuve again and then broke down crying again (2:21:00). I wanted to call Wes again, but, this time, my phone malfunctioned (2:22:30). Then I called up Wes again and left a message for him. I continued to moan out of extreme pain.

My next recording is: “toucla_10_13_10_119-317PM.WMA”: I came inside Ackerman and continued to moan and groan and hum. Then, I addressed myself to DGHTRCOM: “Why are you so selfish? *Why do I have to suffer just in order for you to convict them...* I’m not conspiring with any side...” My left side hurt. More wrong scenario: “One guy plays the good guy, the other the bad guy, they think this method is effective, but we are not interested...” I then did a little more writing.

My next recording is: “uclawsraissa_10_13_10_317-616PM.WMA”: I mumbled: “The lies, to tell people...” “We need to be told what we need to do and what our reward is...” I wanted to buy coffee from the vending machine, but the machine simply ate up my 5 dollar bill (20:00). I was shocked – as if I weren’t poor enough – and cried hysterically. “I prayed to you, bring back my Daughter, or I’ll destroy myself...” Then: “I just wish I can crack my fucking brain...” To put myself out of my miseries, that is. I called Wes again on 33:00. There was still no answering. I was crying while leaving him another message, “Call me back...” I was eating junk food when a man came over: “Do you need help?” “Yes, money... If you don’t want to give me money, then go away...” Then, suddenly, Wes called me on 48:30. “Machine malfunctioned... Recorder malfunctioned... Camera also... Mr B inserted viruses into my computer...” I was suddenly disconnected with Wes on 50:30. But Wes soon called me back again, saying his wife had an emergency. I continued to feed him with my wrong scenario: “He put viruses into my new laptop so that all the computer malfunctioning in the past can now be attributed to virus or trojan horse...” Wes: “I didn’t know you can remotely control viruses...” “Now all my three years of videos about computer malfunctioning can be discredited... It’s more evidence that I suffer from schizophrenia for attributing my virus to some man living inside the

International Court... The whole technique is just so evil...” (53:30). I continued: “Ah... Ah... I must be made to look stupid... I just wish there were easy ways to cause myself brain damage...” “Brain damage?” I repeated my words to Wes. “Oh, just take something.” “I said ‘easy’... I have only one hundred dollars left...” (54:20). Then Wes asked me what I was doing on the Internet anyway. “Blog, news, in order to run errands, everything, just like everyone else...” Then Wes mentioned the electronic book pad that was becoming popular nowadays (“nook”). “Yeah, that’s the way I wish to write my book,” I said. Then Wes began telling me how one could surf the Internet with this “nook”. “So what?” I was thoroughly puzzled as to why he brought up such a trivial topic. On 56:00 I thus changed the topic: “I’m so tired of all the surveillance around me... Electronic devices are now the meaning of my life, I have had no contact with other human beings... Now he just targets my electronic devices... It drives me insane...” Wes: “*Exactly, he wants you to go insane...*” Even though the ICJ trial was already destroyed, Wes might be telling me the truth here insofar as the Monkey was still inside the control center and continued to want me to be crazy. (But what he would say below would not be the truth.) He then suggested that I make myself strong enough to be able to live without these devices. Me: “I can’t... People will always believe falsehood about me, that’s why I must leave records behind, I must not stop... Then I will look...” Wes: “That’s why he’s doing it... You must not use electronic devices...” “He’s not doing this alone, he’s doing it with the Russians... These Russians have a strange legal status... I don’t know why the Russians – whatever their legal status – are letting him do this... No, I know why...” (1:00:30). “...” “*To make you go insane!*” (1:01:50) “I don’t really know why... Otherwise I just find it really hard to believe that the Russians are letting this happen... What’s going on is very bad, very evil... We need to discredit what this guy says and so...” (until 1:03:35) Wes: “You are teaching them how to drive you insane, you have to be more careful...” He then continued: “But honestly, I’ll die for lack of water and food...” “No, I’d die. To drive me insane, I’ll have to be alive” “That’s where the problem is...” (1:07:00 or so). “The point is, if you can control your psyche, and if you can overcome whatever they throw at you, then you –” “I can’t, I would always –” But Wes interrupted me and gave me the example from the movie “Saving Private Ryan”, how, when the Americans were storming the beach of Normandie, the soldiers who didn’t have the will simply drowned in the waters without even trying to climb up the beach head to fight the enemy. I protested: “Everybody cares about what other people think about him... It’s normal for the psyche to depend on others in order to not go insane... That’s just how human beings are. Otherwise human beings wouldn’t have languages and cultures...” (until 1:08:40). “But you already have language. You wouldn’t go insane... You would just be lonely,” Wes replied. “You want me to just write on papers what I do everyday? No one is going to believe anything I say.” “Yeah, but – why would that make you go insane?” Wes asked. “It will.” “Why?” I retorted: “Why don’t you go live a life where no one believes a single word you say as long as you tell the truth? Why don’t you go live a life like that?” (1:09:30) “But that’s not your life, is it?” “That *is* my life.” Wes insisted

that *he* believed me. “But you are just one person, and I don’t even see you...” “I’m on the phone,” Wes shouted. I insisted that I needed more than one person in my life. Wes rebutted me saying there were many people who lived solitary lives. I objected that these people with solitary lives didn’t have the problem of no one believing anything they said, that, normally, humanity simply didn’t know about these people with solitary lives (1:10:40).

“Not a single person among those powerful people who are orchestrating my life right now would be content with living the life they are planning for me,” I complained (1:17:08). “They are making you think about them,” Wes said. “They are hypocrites, hypocrites!” “Sure, sure,” Wes kept agreeing, but then added: “I wouldn’t call the worst mass murderer a ‘hypocrite’” (1:17:49). Right, I said, they don’t care, because nothing is going to happen to them. I continued: “Do unto others what others can’t do unto you. As long as others can’t do unto you, you can do unto others whatever you want. Politicians and intelligence officials are after all *not* Dalai Lama or Mother Teresa, they just don’t care, even after this guy has done them so much good, they would fuck him up as long as they can benefit from it” (until 1:18:32). More: “In the end, they would just tell him to believe in Jesus when they themselves don’t believe in Jesus. This is low class! But they have the power, so what can you do?” “Yeah, what can you do?” Wes concurred (1:18:50). “So you have given up”, Wes continued. But Wes counted my talking to him as the *one* good thing that had happened to me today. “Except that I couldn’t see you,” I added (1:20:35). “It counts for something, right?” I had to agree. On 1:21:30 I repeated that I found it hard to believe that these Daughter People were that kind of people. “Perhaps they thought they could sacrifice me for some greater good.” Wes then suddenly changed his tone: “You are indignant... But why aren’t you scared?” (1:22:25) “I *am* scared,” I replied. Wes remarked that it’s good that I was so indignant that I was prevented from being scared. But I insisted that these people – the Daughter People – scared the crap out of me (1:22:40). But I had to ask Wes why “they” wanted me to be scared. “*They don’t want you to be scared. They want you to be crazy,*” Wes replied. I then repeated my complaint, that these people had too much power in that they could turn me into anything they wanted for some supposed “greater good”, but Wes immediately interjected saying that perhaps it was some sort of test which they were exerting on me to see what it would take to drive a person to insanity. “That must be a very immoral test,” I replied (1:23:42).

From 1:28:00 onward Wes began explaining to me how the Daughter People could use only a few actors and actresses to achieve maximum effect in driving me to insanity – what I would soon refer to as “cognitive behavioral torture”. Now this is important because it would seem that he was trying to enlighten me here (that, most of the time, the control center was *not* directing the people around me to annoy me and provoke me and that I had simply over-interpreted things.) On 1:35:10 I complained again about my

inability to trust politicians and intelligence officials. But then I suggested that, since a nation was a large entity and therefore must have many ways to protect its interests, there were presumably ways both to protect its interests and to accommodate my welfare (until 1:36:17). “But why would they want to do that if that’s going to be costly?” Wes asked. “Because it could make them look good!” I suggested tentatively. “In your eyes? In whose eyes?” “In everybody’s eyes of course. Why would they care what I think when they have already shut off every witness to what I have gone through?” (1:37:00) “...” Wes: “Why are you playing into their hands, as if they can control you?” “Because they *can*... They control everything... They control all the machines, they can make anybody believe anything...” Wes: “Because of the Internet, they can’t dominate all media...” “But they don’t let me go through the Internet...” Wes: “Can you just forget about the Internet for a week?” Wes then asked me why I continued to be preoccupied with my website when no one visited it. “Because I’m building it up, so that, when it is all over...” (1:40:00). Wes: “What if they delete it?” “They won’t...” Wes: “Why don’t they?” “They don’t have any legal reason...” Wes: “Forget about the Internet for a week, and see...” “I can’t...” Wes: “Forget about computers for a week...” “I have to videotape myself when I feel miserable...” I continued: “The Russians can’t get the Monkey to shut off my computer... There seem to be rules... He is only allowed to shut off my computer when I do certain things...” I then repeated my worry that no one in the future would believe what I was doing right now. Wes: “What are you doing?” I explained how the vending machine had just eaten up my 5 dollar bill: “No one will believe it...” I then gave another example: the Monkey deleted my file from my computer when I was in the motel: “No one will believe it...” Wes: “The point is not whether anyone will believe it, but whether anyone will care... They *will* believe that the vending machine has eaten up your money...” I continued: “Régine will not, for example, believe that I have met with secret agents...” Wes: “I will only care about things such as the accusation that I’m a pedophile or terrorist...” He continued: “You don’t believe what other people say, and you don’t believe other people believe what you say...” Just then school children walked past making loud noises (1:47:40). Wes continued: “... You don’t trust them and they don’t trust you...” “What’s your point?” “Isn’t it hypocritical?” I continued: “My environment is in the process of driving me crazy, because there are just too many unpleasant experiences...” I asked Wes: “What am I going to do?” Wes: “Stay away from people!” “But they can make my electronics malfunction...” Wes insisted that my machines were not the essence of my life. “No, it *is*...” Wes needed to go eat. Then he said: “It’s not as bad as you think, they want to make it look very bad, they try to make you not trust people...” Wes then hanged up on 1:54:00.

I then left a message for Raissa (1:56:30). Raissa called me back on 2:05:00. I cried: “I’m afraid you might harm me...” “Why would I? Where are you?” “I’m still in Westwood...” I told Raissa that the Christian house was too scary: “The people are too scary over there... The street is better...” “So you like being on the street?” “No, I don’t, but I hate

being in that house even more...” I continued: “My new computer is not working well...” She asked me where I got it. “Best Buy.” Raissa then informed me that she was going to the temple tonight. She insisted that I needed to wear clean clothes if I wanted to come. “Can I wait for you outside?” (2:10:20) “Wait for what? Why do you want to see me?” “I have no one else to see...” “I might be with other people...” I cried: “You don’t want me to come...” Then I continued: “I’m so lonely, nobody knows I’m so sad everyday...” Now Raissa’s friend came, and she had to go. I asked her: “How come you don’t know any place with private rooms?” Raissa emphasized: “These people are not scary...” “What should I do?” Raissa advised: “What you are doing to yourself is not good... You have to take medication...” (2:16:30) She continued: “You have a good mind, you can work, you can do something...” (2:18:00) Raissa hanged up on 2:18:30. Then, when I saw Muslim girls praying outside Ackerman, I got the wrong idea again and thought this was a metaphor from the control center: “It’s PM, it’s better...” (2:29:00) Ha! I thus left reassured, “It’s just a test...” (2:33:30). I sat down on a table outside Ackerman. The control center then signaled to me by hurting my right foot and then my left foot.

Now it should be the case that, at this point, Wes had already been informed by the Invisible Hand that the International Court trial had been dismissed. It would seem that he was today continuing to do what he had been accustomed to do, namely, deceiving me to keep me deluded while at the same time trying to wake me up from my delusions with the little bit of hints he was allowed to provide. Hence he continued to hint to me that what the Daughter People wanted from me was for me to go insane (but this in order to confirm the Monkey’s false profile of me) – even though, by now, they had already departed and no longer wanted this. (But Wes presumably knew that the Monkey was still inside the control center and continued to want me to go insane.) Now there is the possibility that, even though the trial was destroyed and I was no longer a terrorist, the rule of making the terrorist persist in his “delusions” (or wrong scenarios) so as to let him finish his mission continued to be in effect. In which case Wes would be required by law to continue to suggest falsehood to me as a way to keep me deluded that the Daughter People were still going after me – just as the Monkey was required to stay inside the control center to continue to torment me. It’s not clear why Wes mentioned it might be a “test”. Perhaps it was also to make me persist in my delusion (that the Daughter People were testing me). But when Wes went so far as to suggest that most of the people who had provoked me were not instructed and were not acting – that I had been conditioned to believe that by the very few who had indeed been instructed to do acting – he might be simply doing the little that he was permitted to do to wake me up from my delusions. It’s however also possible that, when he concurred that the Daughter People were still doing this and then doing that, he was merely going along with my wrong belief out of convenience and had not particularly been instructed to encourage me to finish my mission. Wes then gave me his genuine good advices by pointing out to me that it was not so much that nobody would believe me as that nobody would care, and by telling me to

not use computers and to stay away from people. Here, again, Wes was trying to wake me up from my worthless paranoia. While Wes was today only doing what he had habitually been doing, judge Higgins, as you shall see, was about to exploit this.

My next recordings are: “wrtuclarstrm_10_13_10_617-8PM.WMA” and “stdntunion_10_13_10_8-1035PM.WMA”: I would stay in Ackerman until late. I continued: “What if we go to Russia, what would people be told?” Then I played MIA. Then: “Why is our recorder shut off? They must be having a conference right now...” Then, I resumed writing. I was still muttering about the “Plan Caucasus”: “PM can’t send me to discover anything there, it’s so dangerous.” Then I played Kyoko.

My next recording is: “tonrmndie_10_13-14_10_1035PM-107AM.WMA”: I left Ackerman on 18:00. I now came up with this wrong scenario mentioned earlier that the Christian home was a CIA fake: “... people will really believe that this guy came out of there with the rest of the ex-convicts...” Then my right side hurt. “This is very strange, so much surveillance spent on a homeless guy; wouldn’t people who don’t know about it think it strange?” I was then wondering whether the cars around me had surveillance devices in them. Ha! More unwarranted paranoia. Then my left side hurt. I then got on the bus and came to Normandie and Wilshire. More worthless reflection: “We are told to go to downtown mental health, certainly the same thing will happen as with Dr Wechsler, we will meet a doctor, he will talk gibberish, and we will get nothing out of it... Are we going to get housing or not?” And my left side hurt again. Tonight I would sleep in the street corners on Normandie and Wilshire, not far from the cybercafe.

October 14 (Thursday; Wes)

My first recordings of the new day are: “wknrmndie_10_14_10_829-944AM.WMA”, “todwntwn_10_14_10_944-1021AM.WMA”, and “dwntwnmntlhousing_10_14_10_1022AM-121PM.WMA”: Soon after I woke up, I continued my worthless reflection: “What’s the pont of testing? They would know that I would know that it’s a test...” I came inside the cybercafe to use the computer for a few minutes. My right side hurt. I then got on the bus going toward downtown. More: “The Russians are no longer totalitarian...” And my left side hurt. “This is false message, which proves that they are not conspiring with us...” My left side hurt again. “PM knows the level of resistance I will put up...” You should by now wonder whether the continual pain signals from the control center was also part of the rule of maintaining the terrorist in his delusions in order to enable him to finish his mission – even when the mission was never to be completed!

I came to downtown mental health to inquire about the housing opportunities. I filled out the form, and, while waiting, read up about computer matters and then reviewed my Russland Journal lessons. Finally, it was my turn. I told the social worker about my

condition. “I was under heavy surveillance.” She probably thought me delusional, but suggested that I attend the orientation at Golden West next Thursday. After I came out, I continued: “I was trying to figure out what PM really wants....”

My next recording is: “stuckinbusvgrntyell_10_14_10_121-411PM.WMA”: I continued humming while on the bus. Then my erroneous speculation again: “The rule of using the opposite to test for the maximum, it’s a communist rule...” (18:00). Although erroneous, this was certainly a good idea. I got off the bus on 1:20:00, hummed while walking, and then got on the bus again on 1:30:00. I was still humming. Then, someone was knocking on me wanting me to shut up (1:42:30). I retorted: “I can’t stand this guy’s noise and so I have to muff it out...” The man kept yelling at me. Then, suddenly, another woman cut in, “He has a condition...” I shouted back: “I don’t have any condition!” (1:47:00) I was offended when anyone suggested that I was mentally ill. Ha! I then began reviewing my recordings while writing my New Letter of Petition. I got off the bus on 2:47:00.

My next recording is: “toucl_10_14_10_411-523PM.WMA”: I continued: “I don’t know how people could have come up with this idea that negative experiences make you a better person. If that were the case, all the people in the ghetto will become NASA engineers... They think jail is good for us... For us, it’s frustration after frustration.... Happy people have more patience, that’s why every time after we talk to Raissa and Wes we will have more patience...” That’s indeed true. Then I thought I saw another surveillance agent. “Nobody is going to believe I can write anything, it’s not going to work out... As for PM, if we aren’t allowed to do our writing, we will not do anything for him... This life which they have planned for us is not going to work out...” On 33:00, I called Raissa and left her a message asking her if she was going to the temple tomorrow. I also told her how grateful I was. Then I thought I saw another surveillance agent: “You have spotted me!” I was now inside UCLA and getting coffee from the vending machine. I vacillated again: “We are gonna get arrested... They are not trying to get us to do anything....” And my right side hurt! Then, luckily for me, I was able to connect with Wes on 1:01:00. “There is so much surveillance around me, I’m gonna get arrested...” Wes needed to go to his office later to use the Internet. He talked about how terrible his students’ papers were. “What am I gonna do?” “Get out of there...” “I have less than 100 dollars left...” Wes suggested that I stay with my relatives. Bad idea! “They will frame me!” Then I expressed my wrong scenario: “When unpleasant experiences happen, I’ll analyze the cause and the effect, then I will be in trouble. I need to be stupid. The more intelligence I demonstrate, the more bad experiences... Bad experience will wear out intelligence, maybe that’s the point. These experiences must have been orchestrated from Homeland Security, I just don’t know the point....” Wes asked me what the bad experiences were. “Noises, computer malfunctioning, vagrants attacking me.... In order to be happy, I have to be stupid. I have to not demonstrate I have intelligence...” Wes: “When noises happen, just think that it’s not important....” I then complained about how

all the social resources were disappearing. “What’s going on? Institutions refer me to one another, and nothing happens in the end.” I was under the false impression that the changes in society’s institutions were also orchestrated from the control center. Ha! Wes advised me to call him after 12 AM. Then we hanged up. He didn’t suggest anything relevant for my ICJ trial this time.

My next recordings are: “rflctnvdngpplutucl_10_14_10_523-531PM.WMA” and “IMPwrblog_10_14_10_531-645PM.WMA”. I then thought I saw another surveillance agent. I concluded: “Every time when I think about how to become a productive member for any country, bad things will happen. We are supposed to care only about ourselves and not contribute anything....” Then I continued writing my New Letter of Petition, how “they” manipulated my environment to turn me into a different person.

My next recording is: “uclstdnt_10_14_10_701-803PM.WMA”: After doing more writing on the patio I came back inside Ackerman to use the public computer. I checked the Meetup website to look up all the French language meetups. “Oh Jacqueline will be there, at Connie’s house...” Then, when I looked up Art of Living’s website, I thought another surveillance agent came to watch over me. I shouted at him: “Hey surveillance amigo, it’s okay for me to videotape my computer screen, right?” “No.” “Indian religion with Yoga, it’s all good, right?” “Yeah!” “I hope I’m not getting into the wrong place...” I was still suspecting that I was lured to Art of Living because belonging a crazy cult was part of the bad profile I was supposed to fulfill and that this surveillance agent was part of the operation of catching me in the act. In reality, the guy probably wasn’t even a surveillance agent.

My next recording is: “cllwesucl_10_14_10_803-817PM.WMA”: Then I was connected with Wes again. I told him about meeting Raissa. Then about the “Indian religion”. I described my erroneous scenario about what had just happened: “I talked to her yesterday on the phone. Today, I was looking at the website of Art of Living. Just when I registered for an account, a surveillance agent came over.... Is there anything wrong with what I did? Whenever I look up something Russian, bad thing would happen, whenever I learn Russian, my computer would malfunction.” Wes was not under any order to say anything to me today and quickly hanged up. Just then, Doug showed up.

My next recording is: “uclstdntwrtdvd176cp_10_14_10_817-937PM.WMA”: I continued: “*Maybe the lawsuit is already over, they just want me to think that it continues so that I can look insane.*” Indeed! I was correct for once by accident! It’s too bad that this insight wouldn’t stay with me for long. I was now burning a new DVD. Then, about the Pyramid: “If we don’t find her, she will not find us, but somebody else will find us...” My right side hurt. Nonsense! I also continued to write “Frankfurt and Brussels”.

My next recording is: “tolundroloveru_10_14_10_937-1153PM.WMA”: Soon I left Ackerman. While pushing my broken cart, I muttered: “Don’t go to Raissa, it’s a dead end...” Then: “I don’t understand, every time when somebody shows up, it’s always a one time deal, why do they bother to show up, then? It’s a trap... Nobody is going to compensate me, not the Americans, not the Russians... Is this the evidence you want?... DGHTR, please, do something to help me out... It’s not right... You are the only god I worship...” Ha! I was quite close to the truth here. When I was standing in line in the pharmacy, I told the cashier: “I’m a Jew in Nazi Germany, if somebody beats me up and the police come, the police will arrest me...” But the cashier was silent. I told the woman standing behind me: “He doesn’t understand what I’m saying...” Since she was also silent, I continued: “Did somebody tell you not to talk to me?” She broke her silence, and a brief chat then ensued. “How would you like to be me, I’m so unfortunate... I’m a Jew in Nazi Germany, I have no rights, no possession, did you hear anything I said?” After I walked out, I continued to mutter to myself: “What the Russians are doing is not right... Another person is suffering for your sake, you should compensate me... Why? Because I don’t hate Russia, I was not in a conspiracy with the US to harm Russia, I love Russia, this doesn’t make sense...” I then hummed loudly. I continued: “Why did I do that? Because America was trying to turn me into David Chin... That caused suffering...” Then I broke down crying in the street corner (52:00). Then: “There are Russian bureaucrats who love their country... They wouldn’t do it... When a person loves his country, it’s a win-win situation, like dying on the battle field... What if he is framed, deprived of his possessions and thrown onto the street? He’s going to complain, but this doesn’t mean he doesn’t love his country...” I then asked a man who I believed was a surveillance agent: “Hello, you are here to record me? Do I have the right to record myself when somebody else is recording me? What did I do that’s so bad?” He was annoyed – he was certainly not a surveillance agent: “Leave me alone...” (1:05:00). I then got on the bus going toward Sunset. I wanted to do laundry again. After I got off the bus, I continued: “What’s wrong with DGHTR? He’s Russian...” Then, I prayed to DGHTRCOM: “*You have sacrificed me in order to convict somebody else*, that’s immoral... You don’t shoot me just in order to shoot somebody else! Dear God, what your PM is doing is not right... No nation will ever accuse Russia again... Don’t they want their face?... And so it’s not about protecting his country, it’s about convicting somebody he doesn’t like... I’m not doing anything criminal, and yet all this surveillance...” Again, I failed to comprehend that most of the surveillance was just in my mind – like a typical “targeted individual”. Then: “Dear God, you need to act, you need to intervene, pull me out! I’m not in conspiracy with him, nor with the US... I’m suffering without anyone knowing...” Then I explained myself: “That’s what people do when they are tortured, they pray for it to stop, for help...”

My next recordings are: “lundro_10_15_10_1228-1241AM.WMA” and “lndrowrt_10_15_10_1241-139AM.WMA”: And so I was writing my Letter of Petition in the

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, IV
Lawrence C. Chin
Sept. 2010 – Aug. 2019. Corrections, Jan. – Mar. 2021.

Laundromat while waiting for my laundry. Tonight I wrote down: "... letting the suspect continue his plan until the last moment..."

My next recordings are: "IMPwrthelpletstrt_10_15_10_139-236AM.WMA" and "buswestrn_10_15_10_236-323AM.WMA": Just because I started writing, a Hispanic guy came over to bother me. I again wrongly assumed this was orchestrated from the control center (to taint my recordings of my writing). After writing for an hour, I got up and pushed my broken cart onto the streets. I prayed to DGHTRCOM: "You can't let America's crime continue..." Then, I reflected on the malfunctioning earlier: "Maybe it has something to do with the Toshiba's drive..." I stopped at a street corner and looked into my computer. "There is something wrong with the PDF documents..." I broke down crying: "The PDF documents are all messed up.... We need to pick up the tubes and we need to die..." Well, it's just my new super malfunctioning netbook! I was on the bus on 33:00. I hummed very loudly because I was very angry, muttering: "What a piece of garbage..."

October 15 (Friday)

My next recordings are: "todwntwnknkosrflctn_10_15_10_735-941AM.WMA" and "dwtwnknkos178iso_10_15_10_951AM-1226PM.WMA": Soon after I woke up from the street corner, I rode the bus to downtown. I laboriously pushed my broken cart through the streets and came inside the Kinkos in downtown. I played Annie Villeneuve repeatedly to sooth myself. Then: "He is going to draft us..." I also mumbled about how smart DGHTRCOM was. Ha! Bullshit. I left Kinkos around 1:40:00 to eat in a restaurant. More bullshit: "PM wants to strengthen the Shanghai Cooperation Organization, and that's why Iranians keep showing up in front of us..." Yeah right! "What's wrong with being David Chin? Because we want to be the author of our book... Why can't PM say it's Lawrence Chin who has plagiarized David Chin? PM is not going to broadcast an alert..." Then more: "If he can give me 1,000 dollars I'll go to Taiwan... But it might be duping..." I then came back inside Kinkos.

My next recording is: "fmmaknkos178_10_15_10_1226-144PM.WMA": I began crying: "We want to know what's going on, not only because our life depends on it, but also because it's become our only pleasure in life, we need to smash our brain... Those people inside the control center won't stop fucking with our hard drive..." I posted the blog post you see for today, "Recent happenings and thoughts", to document all the wrong scenarios I had developed for the past few days and then filmed the finalization of the new disc I was burning. I continued: "What they, PM and his people, are doing is so fucking immoral... People don't want to be drafted... We are not smart enough to avoid it... Why are we obliged to reconcile with his people?..." Ha! Nobody was going to draft me for anything! It's all over! I then hummed incessantly.

My next recording is: “wstwd_10_15_10_210-443PM.WMA”: I continued: “We cannot go to Russia, because we are going to hate the people over there, or they will hate us, what they are doing is wrong... I don’t know how to voluntarily commit conspiracy with the US, there is no way to do it... Why don’t you take the oxygen away from me...?” I was on the bus on 25:00 and continued humming. I got off the bus and laboriously pushed my broken cart through the streets. I called up my step-mother on 1:53:00. I asked her to immediately deposit the money for this month into my account. She couldn’t do it this week. Only next week. I then called Wes and left a message: “Give me a call back, it’s very important...” I then yelled at a driver when I was jaywalking: “Stop your car!” Then, strangely, my recorder shut itself down and a portion of the file was deleted. What’s going on? Did the recorder simply malfunction of its own accord? Or did the Monkey do it in order to provoke me to cut myself? Needless to say, when I discovered it, I was in shock and took out my camera to film my frozen recorder. I then cut myself in the street corner and made sure to film it.

My next recording is: “uclrfctn_10_15_10_526-608PM.WMA”: I continued: “We agree to be David Chin, as long as we can keep our data; if we tell people we are David Chin, people will simply label us ‘insane’, and so we will just be pretending to be insane...” Then: “The Russians are such bad people...” Just then, I thought another surveillance agent had caught me, and I filmed him. I continued: “We don’t agree to be David Chin and get arrested...” I was now in Westwood and came inside Best Buy and was able to obtain from the Geek Squad a free version of Kaspersky. (I thought I needed a stronger version of anti-virus software to take care of my virus problem.) Now, watching the young Geek Squad personnel moving about I became convinced that they were just acting and developed the wrong scenario that these youngsters were all CIA agents here to commit conspiracy with me in order to frame themselves. Ha! In fantasy land!

My next recording is: “uclpmreason_10_15_10_649-853PM.WMA”: I continued to moan out of physical pain, and finally broke down crying. “The Russians are very bad people, one is good, and the rest are so bad, and we so regret...” I asked another passerby whom I mistook for surveillance agent: “Mr surveillance, did you see a green bag?” “No.” I yelled at him: “The thing inside is for the purpose of suicide, and so get your fucking facts straight!” (8:30) I was referring to my suicide equipment. I came inside Ackerman on 24:00. I continued to curse the Monkey: “I don’t know how to say ‘It tastes good’ when my mouth is stuffed with shit...” Then my wrong scenario again: “After all this time, the conservatives are still debating with the liberals... Who’s going to pay me? They are so evil, they know we have lost our bat, and so they let our recorder be turned off... The Russian intelligence is very evil... The CIA too, they are all evil...” Then, MIA (53:00). More: “They wanted to test me, they knew I will cut myself, *they just wanted to confirm the computer model of our mood structure*, they are so fucking evil... Anything

that has to be kept secret is evil...” (57:30). And so my wrong scenario was that the Daughter People let the Monkey turn off my recorder in order to confirm their computer model of my mood structure which predicted that, when I “got hit” while in anger, my anger would turn into sorrow causing me to cut myself. This idea about a computer model of my mood structure – you have seen it before – would figure prominently in my wrong scenarios later on. Then MIA’s “Kapitän” again. More: “The President needs to agree with us... This ‘mind-reading’ has to be known to people, otherwise people might be manipulated without knowing why, it’s so evil...” I then continued cursing the Pyramid. I then left another message for Wes: “Call me back, Wes” (1:12:00). More: “This fucking bitch... As for PM, he does care, but somehow he really wants this fucking shit down, I just don’t know what it is... Why is it so fucking important? *He wants some of my hatred as evidence*, but not...” Then: “As for PM, if he wants me to go, I must hate him and not want to go. But if I don’t want to go, I won’t do it... There is no way out, except that now I see that he does have sympathy... He doesn’t want this guy to suffer too much. Well, then, tell Obama to send his special forces to the Caucasus... Their military sucks so much...”

My next recording is: “leavucllptprblm_10_15_10_854-1102PM.WMA”: I then pushed my broken cart to the vending machine to get some snacks. Now *the machine malfunctioned* and failed to deliver my candies, and, tremendously angered, I filmed it, believing erroneously that it was orchestrated from the control center. I got my coffee and mumbled about going to Albany. I then pushed my broken cart to Westwood Village, describing every movement of every person around me and believing again that surveillance agents were everywhere. I came to a corner and worked on my laptop for a long time. I just couldn’t find the virus. Finally: “Maybe it’s only to make me believe there is virus so that evidences.... But my computer has been running so slowly... Maybe it’s about my belief... They just want the brain scan image of my belief that there is a virus and that’s sufficient to replace evidences.... But then why is my computer frozen?” I got angry: “What the fuck do you want me to do? There *is* a virus. They want to fuck me with this... We cannot figure things out, every time that we do, we will get hit... This is so bad, DGHTR you have to stop it... I’m not interested in being tested...” Then my Samsung netbook was completely frozen. I got so angry and moaned: “I can’t deal with it anymore... I don’t have time for anything else.” I broke down crying and began screaming: “Stop this fucking crap!... Fucking Evil!...” As you can see, my Electronicachreia continued even though there was no more trial in the International Court of Justice. In reality, the problem was that running Windows was too demanding a task on a cheap computer with small memory.

October 16 (Saturday; Wes)

My next recordings are: “wk_10_16_10_519-546AM.WMA” and “uclmedwound_10_

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, IV
Lawrence C. Chin
Sept. 2010 – Aug. 2019. Corrections, Jan. – Mar. 2021.

16_10_547-733AM.WMA”: Soon after I woke up, I came inside the UCLA Medical Center one more time to seek help for my skin problem. After I talked to the nurses (3:00) the doctor took me in (30:30). The doctor interviewed me and examined the skin problem on my legs. The nurse then came in with medicine to help me with the itching (51:00). “It’s not scabies...” They wouldn’t give me the cream, but only the prescription. Once again, I had the wrong impression that these nurses and doctors were acting. I left the hospital and was pushing my broken cart through the street (1:29:00). I came inside Starbucks and was humming while Hispanic people were talking next to me. I had my morning coffee.

My next recordings are: “napwstwd_10_16_10_734-1004AM.WMA” and “IMPwrtlet_10_16_10_1005AM-1219PM.WMA”: I came inside Ackerman, used the restroom, and then came out on the patio to do my worthless reflection: “... the Russian intelligence...” Then I took a long nap on the sofa there. Note the massive siren on 31:00. I then came to the underground parking lot in the middle of the campus to record myself writing. I also ate while listening to MIA’s “Kapitän” (16:00). Siren again on 37:00. Then I began reviewing my recordings. I suddenly realized that I had made a mistake: there was no virus in my laptop after all (45:00). But then, suddenly, my netbook went dead (58:40). I became so frustrated while trying to restore my new computer to functioning. I succeeded and then continued writing. What was that about? (Presumably it was “natural” malfunctioning.) At one point, I repeated: “PM wants me to be an empty shell, without any past.”

My next recording is: “10_16_10_1240-110PM.WMA”: After working for almost two hours, I got up and left. I prayed: “Monkey, all you have to do is close the case... Are we required to be David Chin?” I continued pushing my broken cart while humming. I then filmed something on 10:30. My right side hurt on 14:30. I then came inside the pharmacy in Westwood Village to buy batteries.

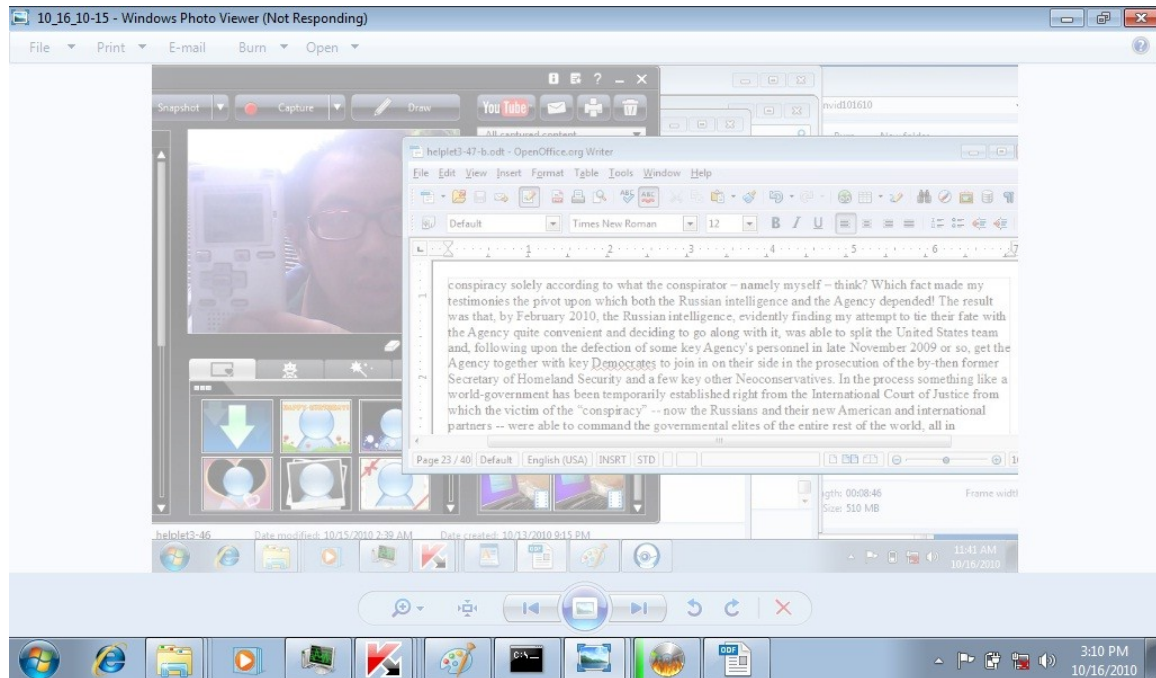
My next recording is: “wstwd_10_16_10_111-233PM.WMA”: Then: “We shall not agree to be David Chin!” Angry with the Hispanic people around, I continued humming. I came back inside Ackerman while humming loudly (25:00). I lamented: “No one will know that I am actually Lawrence Chin... a nice person...” (27:30). Then: “I’m going back to Taiwan...” I was still humming when I came to the vending machine to get snacks. I then came back to Ackerman. I filmed someone who I mistakenly thought was doing surveillance on me (1:02:00). “I’m a Jewish person in Nazi Germany...” I searched on Ackerman’s computer for various debt-consolidation plans, and I filmed it all (1:15:00). I was once again alarmed when I saw that there were too many grammatical mistakes on the webpage. Intercept! Again, I didn’t know that the war was already over!

My next recordings are: “10_16_10_233-246PM.WMA” and “ucl_10_16_10_247-

355PM.WMA”: I made several calls to various debt consolidation services I found on the web. Then, sitting outside Ackerman in the patio area, I continued writing. “So we can produce evidences of our plagiarizing...” Soon, however, my new Samsung netbook malfunctioned again – it froze up (16:00 in the second recording). I filmed it while panicking. I wanted to shut it down and reboot but couldn’t. The malfunctioning continued for more than 10 minutes. “We hate Russia, we hate Russia! Is that good enough? What do you want from me!” In reality, the freezing was most likely “natural” and had nothing to do with the control center. I had developed the method of webcamming myself while writing and then periodically webcamming my recorder as a way to prove that I wrote what I wrote, but, unbeknownst to me, this was too demanding on my little netbook. Because I was now suffering severe physical pain, I called up Wes (38:00). And, thank God, he answered it. “What’s wrong?” “Computer malfunctioned...” I was moaning out of severe physical pain. “Homeland Security put virus in it, it doesn’t shut down.” Wes suggested that I find the “emergency button”. Instead, I forcibly turned it off. I complained to Wes: “I thought the best way to prevent computer from malfunctioning is to pretend that I’m plagiarizing... And so I was copying from my own notes...” In order to deal with the rebooting, I hanged up on Wes for a moment (41:30). “Let’s pretend that we are plagiarizing, then the US can offer evidence in ICJ that we are not only plagiarizing, but also pretending to plagiarize in order to cover up our plagiarism...” After the computer had rebooted, I was connected with Wes again (51:50). I described to him my method of pretending to plagiarize in order to prevent computer from malfunctioning: “Let the surveillance around me pick it up...” Wes: “Apparently they didn’t buy it, you need to *actually* plagiarize...” Wes was here probably just going along with my wrong scenario out of convenience. I protested: “I don’t see anything I want to plagiarize...” “So you can fool them...” “I don’t have any incentive to copy someone else’s work...” I explained why copying from myself sufficed: “According to the evidentiary record, my past actually belongs to somebody else...” Wes: “But then you didn’t fool them...” I explained my wrong scenario: “*They want people to not only not believe my story, but actually believe I didn’t even write my story...*” (57:00) Wes: “There are two things here: (1) they can make you look like you are plagiarizing, and (2) they can make you look crazy... If you go around saying you are plagiarizing yourself, people will believe you are crazy...” Again, Wes was only going along with my wrong scenario, but what he was doing now would become important later on. I explained my wrong scenario: “They want me to look crazy, but they also want people to believe I’m only pretending to be crazy... Their goal is to make me look as bad as possible... They want people to believe that I’m covering up my plagiarism from my twin brother by pretending to be plagiarizing... I’m so bad that I’m actually not crazy, but only pretending to be crazy...” Wes: “It’s like what I have heard from your recording...” Me: “Right... I don’t know what to do to prevent my computer from malfunctioning....” Wes suggested that I use a MAC instead. I disagreed. We continued to debate this. (In fact, Wes was right: Microsoft products were simply unreliable.) Me: “They did it through buffer overflow, not through virus...” Wrong! Just

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, IV
Lawrence C. Chin
Sept. 2010 – Aug. 2019. Corrections, Jan. – Mar. 2021.

then, I thought I saw a surveillance agent again. Now Wes needed to leave. Me: “What am I going to do? I’m so sick and tired of videotaping computer malfunctioning...” Wes: “Maybe you have to face the fact that you can’t document everything...” I protested: “But that’s the essence of my life...” Wes disputed such could be the essence of my life: “Maybe it’s not as essential as you think it is....” I got annoyed. Wes continued: “You will soon find something else to obsess over...” “Bull crap!” Wes then asked me if I could delay my writing projects and so on for a while. *Did he suggest this for any reason?* Now he was leaving for dinner. He was going to New York tomorrow. While talking to him, I had been scanning my netbook with Kaspersky. Although it discovered many malware, it wasn’t the one that I expected the Monkey to have inserted.

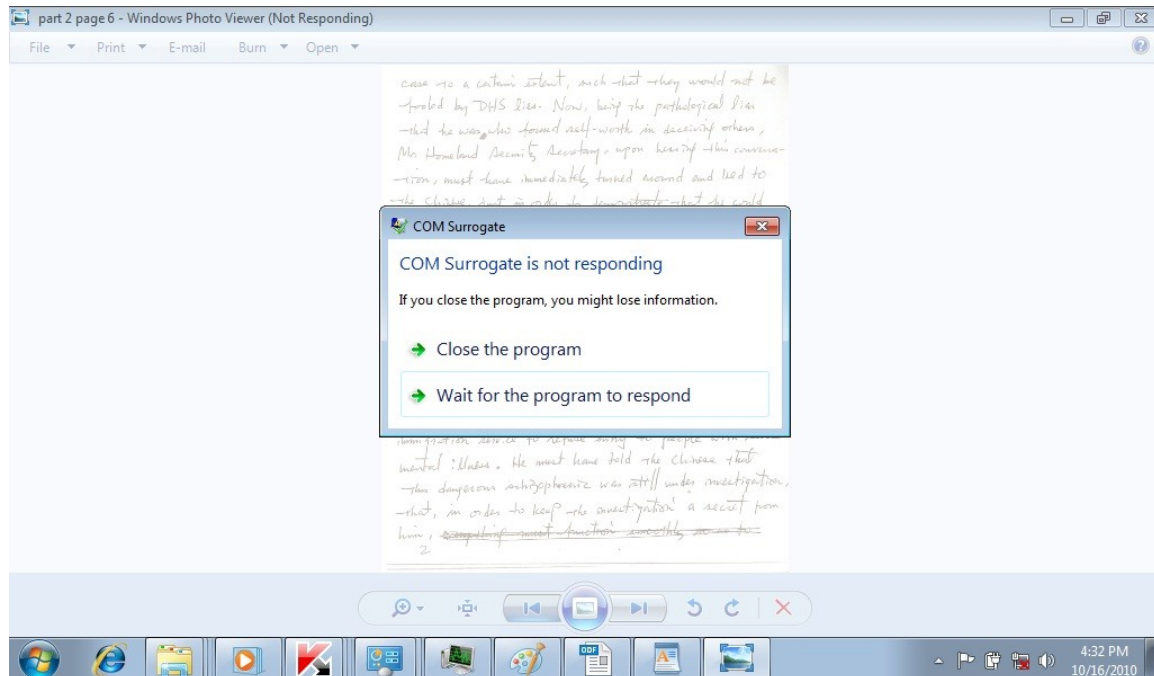


My netbook froze up on 3:10 PM

In fact probably because webcams was too demanding on its memory

My next recording is: “wstwdtopsdn_10_16_10_409-9PM.WMA”: I continued: “America is fucking... God-damned fucking country...” Then, the Windows Photo Viewer on my Samsung netbook malfunctioned when I tried to incorporate my old notes into my “Government’s Investigation of a Schizophrenic”. The Viewer first froze and then an error message popped up: “COM Surrogate is not responding”. I muttered: “Surveillance is so intense here....” I didn’t know I was paranoid over nothing, and got very angry over the malfunctioning: “Not a single machine is working....” Then, both my left side and right side hurt. I broke down crying. I was so angry that I was groaning like big foot. Then, I thought I saw another surveillance agent: “You have got me spotted!”

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, IV
Lawrence C. Chin
Sept. 2010 – Aug. 2019. Corrections, Jan. – Mar. 2021.



The malfunctioning of my Windows Photo Viewer
Electronicachreia!

I then used the payphone inside Ackerman to call Debt Solution – one of the references which I didn't call earlier (51:00). I was told that an agent would call me back on Monday. I gave out my information. I was then paranoid over a girl who was standing near me: "Somebody is watching over me which gets me really nervous." After I hanged up with Debt Solution, I called up another "Credit Solution". But I hanged up before talking to anyone. I continued: "A surveillance agent is watching me closely." I walked up to the girl and asked her, "You were watching over me trying to get my name and phone number, right?" She said she was waiting for somebody. I mentioned to her the "campus alert system", assuming that she was part of the program (1:00:00). I didn't know that my scenario was all wrong and that I sounded completely paranoid to other people. A typical "targeted individual"! I continued: "People just had to stop in front of me to text-message! That's scary... I don't see anything wrong with what I'm doing..." Soon, children showed up, and I hummed loudly. Then, when I was eating, I continued my wrong scenario: "No free lunch for me? I have provided a lot of free lunches to nations around the world, and to Mr B..." And my left side hurt.

I was then on the bus going to Pasadena. I did more writing. Soon, children came on the bus, and I hummed loudly and frantically. Then my Windows Photo Viewer malfunctioned again and my netbook completely froze up, forcing me to forcibly shut it

down. After I got off the bus, I got upset again while thinking about my situation. I moaned: “I want to be myself... Everyone else can be themselves, only *I* am not allowed, not a single person in this world would accept the life they have planned for me.... Why don’t *you* be David Chin? I am expected to accept what no one else would accept...” Then: “During the first round, the fake Russians won, that’s why we were allowed to be ourselves, that’s why DGHTR... Do not erase my copy of the evidentiary record...” Then my wrong scenario again: “Because of my suffering, the world will never be the same again... There is no more plan, the only plan left is the Caucasus, and we are not going....” And my right side hurt. “We need to write our book and find a place to live, we are not conspiring with anyone, call it quit... *The new New World order, all thanks to my suffering...* a world in which all nations are content with their status, that’s how the Russian president will establish his country’s moral authority, his country’s soft power, the whole world owes me... I should have the right to choose any country as my refuge, where I can write my book and be myself, and if I choose Russia, so be it.... That must be what has happened, the liberals have triumphed in Russia, the liberals want the new New World Order...” And my right hand hurt. All the wrong scenarios! But, again, the speculation about the new New World Order would figure prominently later on in my thinking. Then: “... I shall go to Taiwan, and then to any country of my choosing...” I was then on the bus again and finally arrived in Pasadena. While walking, I asked: “Where is Karin?” I made a call on a payphone on 4:46:00. No answering. “We thought about that Daughter Mommy, we will never see her again, but she will be fake too, so there is no reason why we can’t see her...” Bullshit!

My next recordings are: “10_16_10_9-955PM.WMA” and “psdncrner_10_16-17_10_955PM-1210AM.WMA”: I came inside Vroman’s Bookstore and browsed through some books. When I came out, I continued: “We are going to New York, back to Taiwan, then to Russia...” Then I got desperate: “We are in the wrong place, we have nowhere to go...” Then: “Most people don’t give up everything they have just to obtain a woman of dubious quality...”

I squatted in my corner on the street still complaining about “Russian recruitment”, the requirement to lose everything. “Bush is more preferable...” (8:00). I then reviewed the recording of my conversation with Wes on October 13 (22:00). When the recording reached the point where Wes said people were going to forget all the Homeland Security alerts about me after a year, my left toes hurt. I then muttered: “When Wes told me to go somewhere else...” I was then complaining about how the Monkey wanted my website gone even though he wouldn’t have a boss if it weren’t for my website (1:02:00). I finished reviewing the recording and burned another disc.

My next recordings are: “10_17_10_1210-1221AM.WMA” and “knkosdvd179_10_17_10_1221-346AM.WMA”: I would work on my laptop inside Kinkos until 3 AM or so. I

burned DVD 179, and was looking for DVD 177. I got quite worried at one point because I developed the wrong impression that there was a law enforcement officer sitting nearby watching over me. While burning my disc, I watched all the videos about file-recovery software and so on. After the burning my new disc, I began checking the videos on it. I was upset that over 90 percent of my documentaries were videos of computer malfunctioning! While watching, I had to constantly dig into my pants to scratch myself. I kept getting the signals “No” (my right side would hurt when I supposed I was under DGHTR’s shift) and didn’t understand why. By 3 AM I came up with the wrong scenario that both the cop and the surveillance cameras on the ceiling had gathered up the important evidence that I was digging into my pants while staring into my computer screen. “Although, I have to say, the law enforcement officer should have been close enough to hear that the videos I was watching were all about computers!” Just paranoia over nothing! I then went to sleep in the street corner.

October 17 (Sunday; the “micro-court”)

My first recording of the new day is: “10_17_10_929-1011AM.WMA”: I woke up and, with my morning coffee, resumed my worthless reflection: “There are so many people, why does it have to be me?...” And my left side hurt.

My next recordings are: “10_17_10_1011-1105AM.WMA”, “10_17_10_1105-1155AM.WMA”, and “10_17_10_1155AM-1228PM.WMA”: I came inside Vroman’s Bookstore to browse more books. Suddenly, a child came in and shouted. I was shocked and ran out in horror (25:00). I came to a street corner and cried like crazy (29:00). I then got on the bus, and I cried hysterically while riding the bus. After half an hour, I calmed down. After I got off the bus, I resumed my worthless reflection: “I think PM wants me to understand that I should not cause troubles.... We are not going to be part of Russian intelligence, we are going to Russia to become an ordinary citizen.... He cares about his country, but is sort of authoritarian, he believes in democracy and law... We don’t like the authoritarian style, but if you need to offend someone, you might as well offend him, for he’s objective and scientifically minded....” Complete bullshit! Then: “America is a lost cause, get out of here...” Then more bullshit: “We will never cause troubles, don’t worry about that... PM wants me to learn to get along with people I don’t like so that I won’t cause troubles....”

My next recording is: “wsthlywd_10_17_10_1228-235PM.WMA”: I hummed while pushing my broken cart through the streets. Resting in a corner, I continued: “We are cornered, we have to die... We have nowhere to go...” I got on the bus again without paying on 36:00. I continued to hum like crazy. Then, after getting off the bus: “We will have to fight and die, we have been turned into this criminal figure, I don’t want to work for anyone, I just want to live a normal life...” I was then on the bus again and hummed

like crazy and then got off on 1:22:00. I came inside a hardware store to buy a new razor blade. I needed it to cut myself. Then I was on the bus again.

My next recording is: “svtlana_10_17_10_235-433PM.WMA”: I moaned continually while on the bus. My right side hurt. I got off the bus on 26:00 in West Hollywood and settled down in Plummer Park. Then my left side hurt. “We definitely will not do anything, they are building up a computer model of our mood structure...” “While we were on the bus, we followed DGHTR’s ‘right side’ signals, ‘Don’t write’ and so on. They are building up our mood structure so that they can manipulate us better... We don’t like this manipulation and obedience game...” Then: “It’s so evil, we hate intelligence agencies...” I then listened to my music in my corner. My left side hurt. I browsed through pictures of my Daughterland’s president and his wife on my netbook. Then my right side hurt. “We are very concerned... Why are they building up a model of our mood structure? We only trust DGHTR, we don’t trust the rest... It must have something to do with international laws... Why is it important to know so much about me? The case will not close soon.... All we have to depend on is PM’s tiny sense of sympathy...” Just then there was honking, as if to confirm. (My mistake again.) Then, about PM: “I don’t like his authoritarian style at all, no matter how smart, how responsible, how patient he is... We are going to side with DGHTR and the president... PM might not like to hear that, but if he is so objective, he should certainly understand... We don’t like this masculine world...” And my right side hurt. “We have a bad feeling, maybe the conservatives are trying to regain power through the ICJ.... Otherwise, why are we stuck with the old elements?” Then: “We have a new scenario, DGHTR keeps suing... They keep control over me, so as to keep the ICJ trial open, so that they can regain power, they control the intercepts.... It’s so unfair to me, PM should think about this, it splits his country apart... He needs to go back to the president to work out a deal with him, so that the liberalization of his country can continue... After all that, they want to go back to the old way, when they can now become the new moral leader in the world! The whole planet is moving toward liberalization... DGHTR please help me out, otherwise I have to die, the KGB era is over....” How laughable my scenarios were, given that the entire ICJ trial had already disappeared!

My next recording is: “napsmsepulv_10_17_10_433-714PM.WMA”: I continued my laughable wrong scenario: “... all the leaders of the world... to use the intercepts to institute the new New World Order, against the wish of the conservatives.... That’s why they are building up a computer model of our mood structure.... I just don’t know what’s going to happen to me... The Siloviki will all be gone, only the Monkey will remain... This Caucasus plan makes no sense... We don’t speak the languages....” Well, at least I got *that* right. Then I took a nap. Note that I would refer to what I thought were the conservative elements among the Daughter People more and more as “Siloviki”(or SLVK).

My next recording is: “wrtlet_10_17_10_714-811PM.WMA”: I got up and decided to work a little more on my petition letter: The chip implanted in the MSS director’s brain, making him Mr former Secretary’s remotely controlled robot.... The neocon plan: destroy humanity but leave behind a small remnant to found a new civilization.... Then I asked: “... so they want me to tell this story? So that everyone might say, ‘This schizophrenic came up with this...’ What’s the point?”

My next recording is: “topsdn_10_17_10_812-1055PM.WMA”: I then continued my worthless scenario: “.... life should not be orchestrated, it should be natural...” Then about going to my Daughterland: “.... they are not going to wire up their own cities, there *will* be surveillance agents...” I was then on the Metro going back to Pasadena. I hummed like crazy because there were children on board. After I arrived in Pasadena, I suddenly had a revelation about what happened in February which was closer to the truth (but hardly the truth): “... how did the real PM get on top of the courthouse? ... What happened was that the courthouse shrank into a mini-courthouse, inside a greater courthouse... The greater courthouse was the real world... My infinite loop has created a greater courthouse rather than a higher office....” This is the beginning of my concept “the Macrosphere”.

My next recording is: “IMPcourt_10_17_10_1055-1124PM.WMA”: I continued my new scenario about the “Macro-Court” and “Micro-Court”, later the “Macrosphere” and “Microsphere” distinction: “.... just as the universe is merely a bubble inside a meta-universe.... PM is sitting inside the macro-courthouse. The ‘macro-cosmos’ and the ‘micro-cosmos’ as we have read in Alan Guth’s *The Inflationary Universe*. What happened on February 12.... the ‘micro-courthouse’....” And my left side hurt. “This is not the real world, we need to get out of here....” And my right side hurt.

My next recording is: “knkospsdn_10_17-18_10_1124-138PM.WMA” (...138AM...): I found an electrical outlet on the street, but it was not working. I broke down crying, “We have to get out of here...” I came inside Kinkos. Immediately, I wrote down my realization:

Midnight: figured out that I merely exist in a micro-courthouse within a macro-courthouse of the International Court. My growing discontent with the Russian intelligence tonight (October 17), which contradicts my growing love for things Russian, resulted in the feeling of disjunction between the Russian civil society and Russian intelligence. That is, love for ordinary Russian and the transparent part of the Russian government but dislike for the secret Russian intelligence. The growing discontent is the result of my knowledge that my current reality has an undeniably Russian intelligence streak and that it is marked by a

never-ending stream of petit unpleasant experiences every single day – whatever one doesn't like will happen – as a way to break down my spirit and drive me insane, so as to leave behind a profile of *my being a person without credibility and without the possibility of being believed by anyone for the rest of my life as long as I tell the truth*. But then, the entire Russian intelligence that I think runs my reality within the evidentiary world of the micro-courthouse is actually just fake Russians – the Russian intelligence under Agency's command. Therefore, love for Russian civil society would just be love for real Russia and dislike for Russian intelligence would simply be dislike for the fake Russians. It's therefore time to see the "Real Russia". Such was my thought on the night of October 17 while I rode the Metro to Pasadena.

Bullshit! Waste of my own time! I then continued writing while playing Kyoko on my laptop. Then, the Kinkos employee came to warn me telling me to turn down the music. Then, I hummed. Finally, the Kinkos employee asked me to leave. I was now banned from this Kinkos office!

My next recording is: "dghtrorg_10_18_10_138-225AM.WMA": While on the street corner, I continued my worthless reflection: "In the micro-court, the fake Russians are about to lose, because the rule of the game has changed... Supposedly that's the way PM wants it... We don't want to be in the intelligence business... Mommy doesn't use unpleasant experiences.... Seduction always wins.... PM has such a high regard for us, not just because we are smart, but also because we don't look smart..." There I was again: thinking myself to be a genius when I was a complete idiot! "The Russian intelligence and us – we are complete opposites, we are artists.... We want to be an individual, whereas, for the 'Siloviki', the member is only a part of the whole.... When it comes to DGHTRORG, the first thing a recruit does when he passes the test is to defect..." And my left side hurt – continuing to make me believe that the trial was still on-going! Then: "*We know we can't like PM because, if we like him, he will beat us up....*" Well, at least I sort of got this right! "The only way is to recruit someone as young as possible, only then can he pass the test..." Then: "It would make no sense if Homeland Security surveillance was used to prosecute us criminally, the purpose is to provoke us so that the police can cut in... We are not gonna get arrested in the end... Why does PM experiment in any case? He must have known the result before he started it, he must have known a lot of people in his life, people who were artists, he knew that these people will never give up their life work... He must be doing it just to finish the second run... We will just beg him, so that he would let us go to his country to see what Russians are really like..." And my right toes hurt. "We simply can't stay in this country anymore... People in Russia should not be told that I have saved their country, because that's not the official story... But there shouldn't be any alerts either, we will just go there, and no one will know who we are... Maybe they

experiment because they want the intelligence business to go back to the way it was... You don't need to install illegals in other countries anymore..." And my left side hurt. "You don't need to worry about agents defecting anymore.... The struggles between nation-states have effectively ended... Just let it be over, please.... I pray for a smooth transition, in Jesus' name..." Fantasy land!

October 18 (Monday; Wes; recorder off)

My next recording is: "buspassedbypsdn_10_18_10_235-336AM.WMA": I came to Colorado Blvd to wait for the 180 bus. "I hope that... is not attributed to me..." The control center then hurt my left side. "Having the Daughter People listen to us just doesn't bring us any satisfaction anymore because they cannot be seen..." Then the 180 bus simply passed me by without picking me up (34:30). The bus driver was gesturing to me telling me he wasn't going to pick me up! I was suddenly struck by enormous desperation now that I was stranded in the middle of the night in the middle of nowhere – the next 180 bus wouldn't come until an hour later. I groaned and moaned, "What to do...? Get lost, why...?", while pushing my broken cart back toward Lake and Colorado. I began weeping on 38:00. I pushed my cart all the way to the 24 hour doughnut store down Lake Blvd. I called out the baker in the shop, but he told me to wait. I came out to sit at the benches outside.

My next recording is: "slppsdn_10_18_10_336-838AM.WMA": After eating doughnuts and smoking, I began reviewing the recording of my figuring out the distinction between the "macro-court" and the "micro-court". Then I listened to Annie Villeneuve again. I then went to sleep in front of the Yoga store next door. My right side hurt. After two hours, somebody came to tell me to move away from the Yoga store. I then had to stop sleeping definitively when a pretty pyramid came near with her shouting child. I hummed while feeling enormous discomfort.

My next recording is: "cybercafe_10_18_10_838-1046AM.WMA": I came inside Starbucks and worked a little more on my letter of petition, writing this time about the "neoconservative plan for a Garden of Eden". Then I got on the bus and hummed loudly. "Surveillance agents are evacuated from the bus, there are no people wearing earphones... Mr B wants to produce surveillance showing us plagiarizing, such as when we copy notes from ourselves...." Complete bullshit! I came to the cybercafe on Normandie and Whishire. I used the restroom and then worked a little bit more. I then got on the bus to go to Westwood.

My next recording is: "uclawesnetsvtlna_10_18_10_1151AM-224PM.WMA". I arrived in UCLA only to discover that my recorder was turned off while I was on the bus. I was in shock, crying and moaning. I lamented that I had no proof that I did more writing

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, IV
Lawrence C. Chin
Sept. 2010 – Aug. 2019. Corrections, Jan. – Mar. 2021.

while on the bus. Trembling like crazy, I called up Wes on 8:50 and he answered it. “I’m in shock”. And I told him about how my recorder was remotely turned off (14:00). Then about my need to record myself writing. Then about how “they” could control any electronic device in the country. I talked to Wes until 34:00. Again, it’s not clear to me whether my recorder malfunctioned of its own accord or whether the Monkey had turned it off from the control center because he, too, had to finish his mission.

I came inside Ackerman to use the public computers to type out a new blog post: “Fear of arrest again” (42:00). I filmed it, and then read out loud what I had written. Again, the scenario that I was about to be arrested for videotaping computer screens was so absurd that it would be perfect evidence that I was insane, and yet that no longer mattered. I hummed whenever the people around made noises. I then read some news in German (about Sarkozy and Merkel) (1:26:30). Suspecting that I wasn’t allowed to look at real websites, I asked a stranger whether Kremlin’s website which I was looking at (eng.kremlin.ru) was real or fake (1:31:00). “Is he in Paris or...” But this guy didn’t think it strange. Of course! He texted continually while talking to me. I asked him whether he was acting (1:38:00). I started filming Kremlin’s website believing it was fake (1:45:00). Paranoid over nothing, like a typical “targeted individual”. I then read a news article about Michelle Obama’s time with the Daughterland president. As I was walking away, I continued to pump out more wrong scenarios: “Mommy’s fake Russians are commanding Mommy... The lower courthouse and the upper courthouse.... The micro-court...” (2:26:00).

My next recording is: “ucldebt_10_18_10_224-315PM.WMA”: I came to the payphone to call the debt consolidation services again. The first call on 11:30. The operator wanted my phone number. Perpetually depressed and paranoid about law enforcement investigation, I was hesitant to give her my number, but simply asked: “Can I inquire about your service?” The operator told me she could only consolidate the loan I had from Citi-Financial. Then the second call on 15:30. “Why do we get this signal on our right side?” A man then came over and alarmed me by dialing his cellphone next to me. The operator asked me: “What’s your last name?” “Chin. C H I N...” “How do you spell it?” “I just spelled it!” (23:40) Paranoid over nothing, I again wrongly assumed that she was pretending to be mentally confused as part of the control center’s program to provoke me. The call was finished by 28:00. I then called Janet Lee (the Taiwanese woman from October 3) on 35:30.

My next recordings are: “bankloan_10_18_10_327-430PM.WMA”, “IMPwrtletwstwd_10_18_10_433-556PM.WMA”, and “topsdn2pyrmds_10_18_10_556-909PM.WMA”: I then came to the Citi-Financial in Westwood Village to ask about getting a new loan. No. I then came back to the campus to do more writing. I got paranoid again when my netbook’s CPU usage was too high. The control center! Then: “After we did all that, this

is all we get! The betrayal is so enormous! We spent our own money to save these people, and they just let us rot. We didn't know they are this kind of people. Destruction disguised as help!" I then came in front of a stranger and told him: "I'm gonna have my dinner...." And he replied, "I don't have to explain myself..." (10:00). Alarmed – believing that it was again orchestrated – I began interrogating him, "Why do people always respond to my question with something else?" And I asked him: "What do you really believe? That I'm pretending to find food in trash cans? Or that I'm really homeless?" "I don't believe in anything..." I continued: "Do you believe I'm just pretending to speak English or do you believe I'm really speaking it?" He produced a very interesting reply, and I asked him if he was willing to believe I could write great literary works. He said he had read Dante and *Brave New World* and I told him one of the greatest books I had ever read was DSM-IV. Our conversation was done by 30:00. Then I was talking to DGHTR: "We are not gonna be a secret agent..." Then I prayed in Jesus' name: "We want to make contributions to Russian society in a transparent way, not by way of keeping the case forever open..." (1:00:00) "Even as a prisoner of war, without violating international law... To be an ordinary person in Russia, there is no need to pass any test..." I was then on the bus going to Pasadena again. While on the bus, I reviewed more recordings and my Russland Journal lessons. "If we go to Russia, go to school, we will still have time to write..." "This is Russian intelligence's recruitment method.... Why stuff me with all this knowledge? It's all pain... I'm just gonna be an ordinary citizen... Please use the American method..." Then my sadness: "I don't know what is going on... None of it makes any sense..." (2:12:00) Then, when the people around me were talking loudly, I hummed. I then started telling a stranger woman: "What's happening now? It's not real here, I want to get out of here..." She was a project manager at a construction company. Then I told another girl on the bus how I wanted to go to Russia. "You have never been out?" "No." I showed her my Russian lessons. She asked me about my computer and my writings. She studied religions. I got off the bus on 3:10:00. "Maybe PM will not let me go to his country unless I become his agent... Forget it, let's just go to Albany..." And my right side hurt.

My next recording is: "psdnwrt_10_18_10_934-1104PM.WMA": After I got off the bus, I came up with more wrong scenarios as I reflected on my bus ride: "The two pyramids on the bus... They were trying to test to see whether we would respond to them..." Ha! Bullshit. As if every person was orchestrated from the control center. I then came to the quiet corner behind Chase Bank on Colorado Blvd to work on my netbook. "What we were thinking on the bus: what if PM blackmails us: 'Oh, you can only come to my country if you are willing to become my agent'... Let's just go to Albany then... There is so much surveillance on us now, that's evidence to replace all the surveillance in the first round, for example the recording devices in the cars.... We don't have to worry that Russia might lose, there is a filter installed on the judge computer, only favorable evidences are allowed to enter into record... We don't really want Russia to lose, we just

hate what's going on right now.... We are going to Albany, we will be DGHTR's, we just hope he has the power to grab us... This is not going to work for us, they are waiting for us to calm down... No, we will not be forced to do things... You will have to get rid of this international law... In America, you get invited and rewarded on top of what you already have, you don't lose anything you already have... That's why American military is the most well-trained and the most powerful in the world.... Don't expect me to do things when you take away from me what's most important to me... DGHTR is the best, why? Because he has feminine qualities...." Complete bullshit to waste my own time! Fantasy land! Everyone was already gone! I then started writing.

My next recordings are: "psdndvd180_1104PM-1213AM.WMA" and "psdndvd180_10_19_10_1217-110AM.WMA": A security guard soon showed up asking me why I was hiding in this corner. I had to move to another corner. Then I was talking to the control center: "DGHTR, why am I in such troubles after all the great things I have done? It's the international laws, right?" Well, I was actually sort of correct! I was then working on my writing while burning a new disc. Then, my computer malfunctioned again: "We are always stuck here. You make my computer malfunction, I keep videotaping it, and so we will never have time to do anything else...." Ha! As if there were something else for me to do than waste myself away! I then continued writing my petition letter: "... benefit the French, we will then become conspirators with the French... a new complex consciousness...." I was writing about the February 12 episode. All a little too late! Then: "Does the Pyramid care what we are going through? We definitely don't want to have anything to do with her.... An ordinary female should not be given such power as if she were God, nor should Mr B...." And my left side hurt continually. I got angry again when my computer malfunctioned again: "Now we will have to suffer more, we will have to die, this is really idiotic... The rule is that we must always get the opposite of what we want... PM has this rule: whenever somebody shows some talent, he will beat him up..." I would sleep in Pasadena tonight.

October 19 (Tuesday; no conspiracy at all)

My first recording of the new day is: "psdntocitifin_10_19_10_848-1043AM.WMA": I woke up and started wandering streets in Pasadena. I continued: "Just don't want to do anything at all..." My left side hurt. Then the police "spotted me". I hummed continually, and took note of a person speaking my DGHTRSPK. "I just want to see what Russia is like..." Then I reflected that certain types of people were becoming associated with certain scenarios and that they thus became "signifiers" (*signifiant*) in this sense. I then got on Metro Gold Line to go back to downtown Los Angeles. Because there were children on board, I hummed throughout the train ride.

My next recording is: "psdntociti_10_19_10_1051AM-1214PM.WMA". I came to the

Union Station and then got on the Metro from there. I continued to mumble about how the Mexican came in to meddle when all the nations were doing important things. I wasn't sure which train I was on and so asked a man, "What train is it?" "Red Line." And it turned out to be the Purple Line. I had to ride the train to go back. Naturally I assumed it was the control center! Then: "Who's leading the conservatives? PM! ... He's not the kind of person who would grab onto power when it's time for him to go..." Bullshit! I got off the train, and got frustrated because my cart broke apart again. More wrong inference: "The plan is a detractor... What does it tell you? It means that, when you go to Russia, you can't keep recording yourself... It's a test... If you can live without recording then, then you can live without recording in all situations..." Ha! I then got on bus 2 on 1:05:00.

My next recording is: "citiwrt_10_19_10_1214-1232PM.WMA": I was going to the Citi-Financial on Sunset and Vine because I wanted to try to get another loan. While waiting inside Citi-Financial, I continued: "... When we figure out what PM wants, we are not supposed to say it, otherwise operation will continue... Then what's the point of recording...? We cannot accept this, we must record... What PM wants is to for us to go to his country without the habit of recording so that he can do whatever he wants with us, he might even recruit us... But what I'm worried about is right now, we have to leave records behind... We have to speak our thoughts.... before we didn't because we didn't want to hurt China and so on... But now we need a copy of our thoughts... This is bullshit because nobody gave a fuck before... All these people who have come around us to get themselves recorded... Death is the only avenue for us, everything they want to take away from us just happens to be the most important... We just have to beg DGHTR because he always has a way out for us..." Worthless worries!

My next recording is: "citiwrt_10_19_10_1232-1257PM.WMA": Suddenly, children appeared. I suffered grave pain and ran outside to avoid them. I resumed writing my New Petition Letter: "... Mr Secretary forged my laptop for the second time..." I then yelled at a guy who was standing near me: "Are you finished watching me over there?" I moved away again because of the noises. "Perhaps it's Uncle DGHTR's shift. In which case we'd better bear it all because we are being tested whether we can remain loyal to him..." Ha! Bullshit.

My next recording is: "citiwrt_10_19_10_1257-138PM.WMA": Then there were more noises, and I moved away again and broke down crying out of frustration. Then I resumed writing: "... the conspirators were being stuck in a micro-courthouse..." I was waiting impatiently for children to leave Citi-Financial. I continued writing: "Now where did all these fake Russians come from..." Then: "We are so fucking disgusted! We write such a great work but under such squalid condition!" Then: "We are not interested in this training! Train my ass!"

My next recording is: “citisad_10_19_10_138-251PM.WMA”: I came back inside Citi-Financial to wait for Daniel. I hummed continually. I began moaning in pain and crying. Finally, I couldn’t wait anymore and ran outside to scream and cry. And just then, as you can hear, terrible siren to torment me (33:00). I decided to forget about Daniel, jaywalked through the streets – with all the drivers honking at me – came to a corner, and cried hysterically. I called up my step-mother on 59:00. “Did you deposit the money?” And she hanged up. I called her again. She complained and then said she would do it today.

My next recordings are: “citisad_10_19_10_251-316PM.WMA”, “sadtowstwd_10_19_10_337-526PM.WMA”, and “wrtbloguel_10_19_10_526-753PM.WMA”: I then rode the bus to come back to Westwood. I was still worried that I was going to get arrested. I continued: “*Everybody has decided to drive me insane because they have decided to keep the ICJ story a secret....*” I groaned out of severe pain and came inside Ackerman. I began writing down the following (while humming intermittently when children showed up):

After a tremendous bout of depression I finally understood this afternoon what the point of the game was. There used to be PLAN DISCOVERY, but at some point the tortuous game which the Agency and the legally fake Russians were exercising upon me from the micro-courthouse became one of deception, probably since that day when I saw a woman on the bus carrying the book *Bourne Deception*. There is no such thing as PM’s PLAN CAUCASUS nor is there PLAN DISCOVERY anymore, at least there won’t be one when I think there will be one, or there will be one when I think there won’t be one, *but the point is to deceive me and make me always mistaken*. For during the second run of the International Court trial anything that used to be fake will have to be made real in order to add to the crimes of the United States in the evidentiary record of the macro-courthouse. Just as I was only David Chin in the evidentiary record during the first run but everyone in the real world knew me to be Lawrence Chin, so in the second run everyone in the real world will have to be deceived into believing that I am David Chin through the manufacturing of false records in the real world. Just as in the past Homeland Security sent out an alert about me as a schizophrenic while I was no schizophrenic at all, so in the second run I will have to be purposely driven insane so that the alert this time about me as a schizophrenic can look even more legitimate. Those people in the control room in the International Court are now therefore embarking upon a project of *systematic deception of me* through the use of false environmental and bodily signals which used to mean something in order to mislead me to believe in some plans

which the Russians or Americans are devising for me (whether it be PM's plan for me to go to Caucasus or a plan to send me to Russia) when there are no such plans at all. The environmental signals – noises, people moving around, signs, or visual imageries of people and cars – are all just orchestrated natural events devised to make me look crazy enough that I would think that ordinary events are orchestrated by intelligence agencies to pass messages to me. There is in fact no meaning in all this at all; what there is definitely is the stream of orchestrated unpleasant experiences to gradually wear down my patience and spirit, sink me into the deepest depression in order to make me look crazy, and reduce me to helplessness and financial difficulty from which I can never recover. The unpleasant experiences are calculated to be as simple as possible while achieving the maximal effect through chain-reactions on my own part which has probably been predicted by a computer model. For example, this month my misery and despair are at the highest because not only do I have to respond constantly to the usual unpleasant experiences such as the God-damned little things' showing up everywhere and at any time – even in homeless people's resources center, university, or Kinkos at 11:30 PM at night – and computer malfunctioning, but also to my own bodily discomfort due to prolonged period of lice infection as a result of my inability to take shower and wash my clothes. The latter is the chain reaction effect from a simple event on October 7 when the control center sent a vagrant to smash up my laptop, such that I will have to buy a new one, resulting in 720 dollars negative balance in my bank account meaning that I will have to be permanently homeless, and from another simple act of placing a God-damned little thing in the only place where I could shower, so that I'll forever be afraid to go there and wash myself. I have thus been reduced to complete hopelessness knowing that I'll have to be homeless forever and suffer unpleasant experiences forever until I get arrested or commit suicide. As for the reason why all this is happening, it is all part of America's continuing to commit crimes against me in the micro-courthouse to defraud the International Court right in front of the real Russians in the macro-courthouse. According to the "script" which requires America to frame itself, then, the American authority is so bad-to-the-bone that, in order to cover up my testimonies about the crimes they are committing against me – the clandestine operations and the secret history of the International Court – they have decided to make use of the monitoring of my thoughts and moods to devise a series of natural-looking events *to drive me insane* (or make me look insane) and *fill me up with false scenarios about their operations on me* so that,

even when I do speak correctly and truthfully of past clandestine operations, *no one will ever believe a single word I say* due to my criminal profile and insane look, both manufactured to be picked up by surveillance as a way to enter me into official records as insane.

There is no way out, then, since I am now completely out of money. It is really the International Court itself that is continuing to commit crimes against me.

Note that it is in the name of the game as ‘deception’ that the mystery as to why it would be a problem for me to commit conspiracy with the fake prime minister can be solved. (Conspiracy, you know, such that every time when I suggest something clever to PM, I will get punished because there will otherwise be conspiracy – even when PM is legally fake!) To deceive me into believing that he is the real PM. The real PM, on the other hand, only listens, and, since I was deceived into believing that I was talking to him when I was really talking to a fake PM, can then use my suggestions as compensation for the victim of this conspiracy.

As you can see, I was just wasting my time speculating and writing about garbage. Then: “We have to commit suicide, there is no other way out.” I then posted all this bullshit on my blog using my new Samsung netbook. This is the first blog post you see for today, “Enjeu”. Then my right side hurt. Then, from 34:00, I came up with the wrong scenario that this was all because Mr Chertoff was making objections as a way to drive me to suicide. And my left side hurt. I truly believed it was the control center (the Monkey) that was signaling to me because I had guessed it right. I thus wrote out the following:

From the fact that PLAN DISCOVERY has suddenly and inexplicably changed to PLAN DECEIVING ME I cannot help but think that it is in fact Mr Former Secretary who has been the true source of my misery. Perhaps every time that he made a new defense argument at his trial at the International Criminal Court the micro-court of the International Court would have to run another painful show on me to gather up new evidence to replace the old evidence in the evidentiary record of the International Court so as to counter his new defense argument. Since he has been watching the show, has seen how painful it has all been for me, and knows the Russians and the Americans and everyone else will never give up prosecuting him, maybe he thinks that he can drive me to suicide or arrest by continually making defense arguments as a way to prolong the show on me. In such wise he can then bring me down

together with himself. Revenge.

The link between the micro-courthouse of the International Court and the International Criminal Court may explain why I am only allowed to talk to Wes on the phone. For it is probably also the case that evidences for the International Criminal Court can be had only through interception of conversations in which the conversants have no knowledge of the interception or the purpose of the interception.

This is the beginning of a long series of wrong scenarios which would occupy me for a long time to come – what would become my “different version”, as you shall see. I truly believed I had got it right and was feeling much calmer now that I had supposedly known the truth. Ha! I came inside the Ackerman bookstore and saw a book on sale, Rodric Braithwaite’s *Moscow 1941*. It’s a book on the Eastern Front. I browsed through it and was stupid enough to believe that the Daughter People had orchestrated this from the control center in order to teach me that what I had gone through was hardly any grave disaster – in comparison with what they had gone through during World War II. Ha! As if anyone wanted to teach me anything! On 1:19:00 I came upstairs on Ackerman and settled down in front of the public computers. I left a message for Wes on 1:32:00 asking him to call me back tomorrow. I then typed out on my blog the new paragraph I had composed about Mr Chertoff.

My next recording is: “confsnucltowstwd_10_19_10_758-1021PM.WMA”: I then came to the vending machine to get coffee. I continued my wrong scenario: “Everything he does is exactly what PM wants... Even though the plan is all fake, it’s devised as a test... PM is a very strict person, we will not be able to live up to his standard... It’s been going on for too long, we don’t even know how to hate Mr Chertoff anymore... It’s not just PM, but also the court officials... Everybody wants to prosecute Mr Chertoff... It’s the strangest kind of torture, he only pinches you one tiny bit, but it’s all because they can read your thoughts... *You will then bring all the troubles upon yourself*... These Russians, they are so expert, they know how to provoke us to bring vast amount of troubles onto ourselves.... People are not going to give up this big thing just for me... They have turned our strength into our weakness, namely our super sensitivity to our environment... so that eventually we can’t even call it ‘torture’... The court officials must have been so impressed by the Russian intelligence, because they are so smart... They play Mr Chertoff’s game so much better than he does... People with Borderline Personality Disorder are extremely sensitive to environmental stimuli...” Then: “Why such high standard for someone so weak, and so worn out... We need to see a doctor, people don’t understand how devastating it is... Year after year, people say things that don’t correspond to reality... DGHTR has to show them why this guy keeps recording himself... Mr Chertoff is an extremely selfish person... all this just for him... People in secret prisons

suffer even more, they can't even record their suffering... It's like the American way to get around the Geneva Convention..." I then walked to Westwood Village and settled down in a corner. Then my (totally wrong-headed) realization: "*We have today committed conspiracy with Mr Chertoff across the whole International Court system...* He is forcing us to free him..." (1:31:00) Then I walked away and continued: "... surveillance is showing us to be a criminal, but the real purpose is to intercept it into the International Criminal Court as evidence..." Although wrong, this "conspiracy established" was important in that, for the next few years, I'd always believe that it was true and that *today was a major break*. I came to another corner to write, but soon people came to make noises, and I again wrongly believed they were actors instructed to taint my recordings.

My next recording is: "IMPwrtletwstwd_10_19_10_1021-1147PM.WMA". I continued to write my letter while burning a new disc. "Whence the fake Russian intelligence..." I would sleep in Westwood tonight.

October 20 (Wednesday)

My first recording of the new day is: "edlmn_10_20_10_719AM-119PM.WMA": I woke up from the street corner, got coffee from a doughnut shop, saw two "golden pyramids" discussing at a table – stupidly suspecting that this was a "metaphor" from the control center! – and then got on Culver City bus 6 to go to Edelman. After I got off the bus, I continued my wrong scenario: "Mr Chertoff might be arguing that I am racist; in reality, it's about what these people represent... In reality, blacks and Hispanics are a matter of indifference to us..." I came inside Edelman on 1:31:00 and was meeting with the social worker on 2:07:00. She asked me basic questions, such as what I did in between and so on. I talked about my writings, my struggle with computer malfunctioning, the Golden West, my money problem (always overdrawn). Then how a vagrant broke my laptop, and my foreign language skills. She suggested Shared housing. Worthless suggestion! I told her I needed someone to sign the paper for housing. Her name was Mary Sullivan. I left Edelman on 2:52:30. While eating noodle in front of 711, I continued my wrong scenario: "Mommy is recruiting us with the Russian methods, to deceive us into thinking that the Russians are on top... The real Russians must be watching..." There was honking as if to confirm (3:03:20). Siren in the distance on 3:16:20. I called Wes, but he was not home (3:23:00). I then rode the bus to Chicago School, arriving there on 3:49:00. I found Ms Guerrero and told her I had opened a case at Edelman. I then asked her why there were all these Hispanic children hanging around. Were they following me around and trying to get me into troubles? Again, my paranoia. I then called Citi-Financial asking for "Daniel", and was told that he would call me back (4:02:00). I continued my wrong theory about "Mommy deceiving me" (4:07:40). I then rode the bus to Hollywood and came inside Citi Financial looking for Daniel (5:19:00). He however would not approve another loan for me because I had too much debt in collection. He referred me to Sure

Path (5:46:00).

My next recording is: "citi_10_20_10_119-215PM.WMA". I got on the bus and hummed loudly to cover up the Hispanic women's noises. Finally, I just blasted MIA. Then, when a pair of Hispanic couple got on the bus with children, another Hispanic man wearing earphones got on the bus as well. I immediately mistook this for an operation: this was a surveillance agent here to catch me engaging in my pedophilia. Terribly angry, I just sat in the back of the bus, next to the surveillance agent and far away from the God-damned Hispanic couple who I believed should burn in hell for what they were doing to me! Then, after so much MIA and humming, I asked the Hispanic man sitting to my left: "Can you not talk so loud?" And he shouted profanity at me while I blasted MIA again (until 39:25). On 40:00 the Hispanic man turned to me and said "...." At which point I turned off my music and went to the bus driver: "The passenger in the back was threatening me. Can you do something about it?" "What?" No effect. When a black woman was asking the bus driver how to get to her destination, I again mistook her for an actress. Everyone on the bus is either an actor or an actress! After getting off the bus (51:50) I was caught in the middle of another violent argument between a black woman and another man. I again mistook this for an operation from the control center: actors instructed to make noises to provoke me.

My next recording is: "tosmuncle100_10_20_10_215-545PM.WMA": I called Wes, but he was not home. I left a message. I then called up my step-mother, but was told to call back later. I called up my aunt Eva on 4:30 and asked her if I could go back to Taiwan. She told me to discuss this with my step-mother. I walked and hummed feeling totally disgruntled and then got on the bus. I mistook another man for surveillance agent. I did more writing while on the bus. When I transferred onto Culver City bus 6, I asked a woman if she would pay me for drawing her a portrait. I saw limousine on 1:51:50. As if that meant something now! I came to Uncle Bai's restaurant on 1:56:00. It had been a long time, but he was not there at the moment. Tina however gave me lunch, and I noticed that she was wearing "Angelica shoes". I continued cursing Hispanics: ".... their only purpose in life is to reproduce more trash...." I hummed and then left another message for Wes. I then called the credit company on 2:44:00. "My problem.... unpaid loan.... I couldn't get a new loan...." I asked them if they could help fix my credit. Then Uncle Bai showed up with an injured hand (2:51:00). I explained to him my problems with my mother, how she was in the habit of falsely accusing me. Then about my money problem and my fear of arrest because of homelessness. He also didn't want me to stay at his place. I then asked Uncle Bai to talk to my mother for me. "My computer is my only baby; I have nothing else in the world...." (3:17:00). Tina gave me her phone number, and Uncle Bai ended up giving me 100 dollars. Wow! That'd help! When I left, I continued: "You'll get paid for degrading yourself..." (3:23:00). Siren on 3:24:30.

My next recording is: “10_20_10_613-721PM.WMA”: When I walked into a liquor store, a pyramid who was buying cigarettes smiled at me. Why? I found her absolutely suspicious. Was she here to get me arrested? I then got on the bus to go back to UCLA. When I got off the bus, I continued: “Maybe you should take care of the warrants first, that’s what will get you arrested...” I found a girl on 40:00 and asked her: “If I draw a portrait of you can you pay me 5 dollars?...” “No.” “What do you study?” “Anthropology.” I was surprised: “Every time when I ask people what they are studying, they always reply something either anthropology or archaeology.” Namely, something to do with PLANMEX. Then: “Why do you keep looking at your cellphone as if it were a surveillance device?” Again, I was mistaking every little ordinary phenomenon for the control center’s orchestration. I came inside UCLA and got coffee from the vending machine.

My next recording is: “ucl_10_20_10_721-949PM.WMA”: I then got on Ackerman’s computer to trace all the IP addresses that I found on my Wireshark: “... hopefully the virus on our laptop is not sending our writing to somebody else so that eventually we will look like we have plagiarized it all. Why is this IP address in France?... Why is our computer communicating with somebody in France?” It turned out to be Kaspersky. Only now had I begun to realize that I was being paranoid over nothing. I then asked a stranger: “Look at this URL, it is misspelled, ipadress.com...” But he wasn’t interested. “How come you guys are not curious about this kind of things?” The second IP address turned out to be Google, and the third, Microsoft. There was no foul play! I then got on Spiegel’s website. I read this news about the new agreement between the EU and Daughterland: “Huh? Russia wants to unite with the European Union?” I erroneously believed: “It’s all because of me! Not only is Russia reconciling with the US, but also with Europe! The world is coming into one... And yet we got left behind!” Bullshit! Daughterland’s negotiation with the EU had in fact been going on since a long time ago (part of DGHTRCOM’s original attempt to integrate his country with Western economies) and had nothing to do with me – especially now that my trial had disappeared! I then got on Kremlin’s website. I read more about the trilateral meeting between Daughterland, France, and Germany. I then browsed through the personnel of the Daughterland government. I then began typing out my new blog post – the blog post you see for today, “Today’s highlights”. Again, it could have been more evidence of my insanity if the trial were still going on. (Note that, in the end, I mentioned how it was thanks to me that my Daughterland was reconciled with the US and allying with Europe!) Then I pointed to the guy who was standing in a distance looking at his cellphone: “He’s conducting surveillance on us! Or maybe he is only pretending so that we can be accused of suffering from schizophrenia for believing that people are conducting surveillance on us...” I then got really frustrated because people kept coming near me to make noises. I hummed loudly. “These noises... We have to go cut ourselves...” I was then reading something about Sobchak, DGHTRCOM’s mentor. Then: “We have to cut ourselves

later... We cannot forget about our suffering, every suffering needs to be marked through self-mutilation. It's all DGHTR's fault, and yet nobody is going to compensate us because people will not do so unless they are forced to." When I came outside to smoke, I got angry again because people soon came around talking. I broke down crying: "... when people talk next to us, we need to cut ourselves; when computer malfunctions, we need to cut ourselves... These mother fuckers, we hate them for wanting us to hate them... And they want us to get arrested, we are their sacrificial lamb..." And I thus filmed myself cutting myself (1:46:00). I cried, and somebody came to me: "Do you need help? What help do you need?" "I need money, I need friends..." I told him about my debt problem, my homelessness, and then my wrong theory that people in the government had told employers not to hire me because they wanted me to look like a piece of shit. He of course didn't believe it. Then: "... A certain aspect about me makes me incompatible with other human beings... When people come near me to talk it drives me so insane..." And he asked me why I came to UCLA. "The Internet... Then also I could ask people questions, such as whether the news were real or fake..." "What do you want to do, in an ideal situation?" "I want to write my story... and hang out with people..." We then discussed my Sonophobia. "Why don't you file for bankruptcy?" "The bank took away my money..." He continued to ask me whether I had drug problems, which caused me to become suspicious of him. We chatted until 2:05:30. Then I resumed recounting my wrong scenario: "... the lawsuit between Mr B and DGHTR.... DGHTR is bound to lose, he doesn't have any resources.... The problem with Mr B is: is he trying to help me or what? Or does he just want to use me for his project? But his project is presumably PM's idea...."

My next recording is: "consrv_10_20_10_949-1037PM.WMA": I continued: "PM has also pushed DGHTR out.... They don't want to reveal themselves, they don't want me to tell, and so they use the Monkey and the Americans.... DGHTR is all by himself, he is suing the SLVK... He has no resources, he is not going to win... They don't want me to go to their country because they know I'll side with the president...." Bullshit. Then I prayed: "God, take back the Siloviki, they control my resources... Let us go back to the days before when Russia was just one entity...." While walking away, I continued: "That's how they obtained power in the first place.... If they can win another victory... then again.... but PM.... he's in the middle... He wants to leave... The Siloviki brought him to power, and so he doesn't want them to go down when he leaves... even though in terms of ideology he is closer to the president... And we are the evidence... Mommy is duping us into believing that they are trying to recruit us, in which case it would be legal for them to recruit us... They are stuck in the days of WWII... suffering... they don't like the modern age... That's why they are opposed to modernization... They don't like computers, feminism... everybody getting along... seduction instead of suffering... They just don't like the West, it's too soft..." Complete bullshit! "I say you guys take care of me..." Now I was not sure whether I should cut myself more because I didn't want to screw up their

chance of reconciliation. “Please just talk to each other. It’s not fair to me....” Fantasy land!

My next recording is: “tolundrobus2_10_20-21_10_1037-1222PM.WMA” (...1222AM): I kept praying in Jesus’ name. I then got on bus 2 to go to Silverlake. I needed to do laundry again. I asked one guy: “Why are you staring at me like that? Mr surveillance, do you want to get me?” Paranoid over nothing! When I got off the bus, I continued: “DGHTR uses post-structuralism in order to satisfy everyone... Actually, the best way is for us to go to Russia, right? PM and Obama have nothing in common, but because PM has saved his life, he would go with PM...” What a laughable fantasy. Then, a homeless man asked me for change! I gave him a quarter. I then continued my worthless fantasy: “Mr B is so annoying... Nobody knows who he is... He’s so anal... *We are not going to Russia because Obama wants us, which means Mommy wants us...* But we want to be with DGHTR... So everything should be just like before, we write and go to meetup, until we meet again in two years... We are too sick, we need to settle down, we can’t stay in LA, there is nowhere to go... We need to wait for the case to close, then we will go to Taiwan... Maybe Mommy will send us there... We don’t have time to work, being the evidence is our job, we are the only one in the world who can do this job... We will stay with Obama because he has promised we can keep our data... DGHTR will remain in America because he needs to watch over us... PM keeps all his friends and never lets them down... That doesn’t mean we are gonna get sent to the Caucasus, right? We don’t speak a single word of their languages... If so, we will do it the Mommy way, Mommy will take us there, and Mommy won’t deprive us of what’s most essential to us... We will do what Mommy says, we will obey Mommy... We need to find a good doctor, to rid ourselves of the habit which makes us incompatible with other human beings... In the whole world, the person we are most compatible with is DGHTR... Mommy is going to get rid of Mr Chertoff’s shadow... Mommy is very nice... until somebody peeks into her secrets, then she suddenly turns into a monster...”

My next recordings are: “lundrowrtlet_10_21_10_1222-305AM.WMA” and “10_21_10_305-317AM.WMA”: I came inside the laundromat on Sunset on 20:00. I was doing my laundry while writing. Then: “... see if you will choose Mommy... Of course we will choose Mommy...” Then: “... in the end, we do have to die... As for Mr B, it’s not possible to co-exist with this piece of shit... What is he going to do with his connections? ... only to profit himself... We should not sacrifice ourselves one ounce for this piece of garbage... He’s gonna get us arrested.... We are fundamentally unfit... Uncle DGHTR is the only person who can make us fit, but he is ignored because of this piece of trash...” After doing laundry, I went to sleep in the street corner. I continued: “We need to be more like this piece of shit: he never has to feel guilt, he just keeps trying to get what he wants until he hits a wall...”

October 21 (Thursday)

My first recording of the new day is: “angrytogldnwst_10_21_10_714-939AM.WMA”: Soon after I woke up, I got on the bus and came to Golden West for the orientation. I waited to be called.

My next recordings are: “mssgwes_10_21_10_939-941AM.WMA” and “leavglndnwst720_10_21_10_941-1026AM.WMA”: I left a message for Wes: “Please call me back...” Then I waited and waited, and was finally told I could come back at 1 PM. I went away continuing to mutter about DGHTR: “He’s not pushed out, but... he’s an academic...” I got on the bus. Then it seems that my recorder was remotely turned off. Not again! Did the Monkey do it? But I wasn’t hysterical this time.

My next recording is: “edlmnrerdrofftodwntwn_10_21_10_1120AM-234PM.WMA”: I came to Edelman and met up with Ms Sullivan. She wanted to assign me to another case manager, and I was disappointed that I couldn’t stay with her instead. She also gave me the phone number for Share. My new case manager would be “Jason”. “I thought I wanted a female.” But Ms Sullivan said no. I would meet with Jason tomorrow on 10AM. The Share housing was 500 dollars a month. She then gave me food. I left Edelman in anger on 57:00. “Such enormous disgust, we definitely don’t want to have anything to do with the Pyramid! Given her father, it’s not possible... We definitely don’t want to participate in anything... He can’t be in any of the operations... Hopefully Obama will own it all and exclude Mr B, he will get along with DGHTR because they are both liberal...” Complete bullshit! Then I called up Ms Gurrereo on 1:06:00. I left her a message. Then: “We can’t reconcile with this guy, we’ll cut ourselves later.” I then called up Wes, but he was not home. “We cannot do anything, it’s out of the question...” I then rode the bus to go back to Golden West to see my case manager.

My next recording is: “10_21_10_234-348PM.WMA”: While waiting in Golden West, I called up Chicago School again and asked to speak to Ms Guerrero. The receptionist was mumbling and I couldn’t understand her. Finally, she connected me to Ms Guerrero. I told her I found a psychiatrist at Edelman and so was ready to see her. She asked me who my therapist was apparently forgetting who I was. I reminded her that I already did my intake with her. Then she couldn’t hear me. Then the call was cut off. I called back but couldn’t get through. It’s always so frustrating when talking to people! I began moaning and crying out of pain. Finally, the case manager came over and took me to her office (14:00). I was however turned away because my paperwork was not complete and I refused to go to the Mission as they had suggested. They also suggested that I go to this “Asian Pacific Counseling Center”. I left. I continued to develop my wrong scenario: “Every time that we get a signal from DGHTR... *all the signals are fake, devised to stir up the emotions in us which will then be intercepted as evidences... in accordance with whatever Mr*

Chertoff was arguing... Whenever we don't hate Hispanics, they will put in front of us a Hispanic woman together with her child... so that they can argue, 'See, he doesn't really hate Hispanics' ... to counter Mr Chertoff's argument... The only thing is that we don't get any breaks..." Again, this was the beginning of a series of wrong scenarios which would be considered my "different version". I got on the bus and, then, from 1:09:00 onward, you can hear Transit TV broadcasting Hillary Clinton's message about tolerance and acceptance: "... America is for everybody...." I wrongly assumed this was a "secret message" for me! Ha!

My next recording is: "towsd_10_21_10_410-545PM.WMA": After I got off the bus, I received a signal on my left side. I then left another message for Wes on 53:00. On 56:00 I was calling the Share housing service. "Sober Living... any roommate of my choice... located in the valley, in Lancaster.... In LA, there was only one place on Grammarcy Place..." I was then in a conference call about the hosing. Single, 400 a month; shared, 300.... I hanged up on 1:07:00. I then called up the Christian home and talked to Paul (1:10:00). They required "program fee". I hanged up on 1:16:00. I then called up Chicago School again on 1:18:00 asking for Ms Guerrero. I then left a message for Raissa about Paul and the housing situation (1:20:00). Finally, I called up the housing in San Fernando Valley. I would come tomorrow to look at the room.

My next recording is: "callsdbthousing_10_21_10_550-703PM.WMA": I then called up Financial Service. "I called yesterday, to discuss my debt problem.... Not yet in the program, but could be in next month...." I then called Paul again. While walking away, I continued my wrong scenario: "That's the test: if you can accept him beating you, you can accept anything... It's the old Soviet technique... All I want is to be normal, to see what their country is really like..." I was in UCLA and came to the vending machine to get coffee. "We cannot give up our past, at any cost... The case has to close first. If, after they mess you up so much, you still want to see their country, then it's okay, you only want to see their ordinary people..." Again, although this "test through the maximum" was *not* what was going on right now, it certainly was a good idea!

My next recording is: "wrtletdvd181cp_10_21_10_703-908PM.WMA": I sat down at a table outside Ackerman and resumed writing while burning a new disc. "The old Soviet technique of the maximal...." Then: "There is no plan to take us there, we don't speak the language, they let us believe it in order to watch our reaction, it's the same Soviet technique... We just want to write, we don't have time for troubles...." And both my right side and left side hurt. "Does that mean 'No'? Hilary Clinton gave us a message today... Maybe it's because we still want to go to Russia... So that's what's going on, the script is that Mommy doesn't want us to go... We are stuck in the Microcosmos, the micro-courthouse, and forbidden to enter the macro-courthouse, by law... Maybe when the trial is over, we will... We are forbidden by international laws to go out of the Western world..."

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, IV
Lawrence C. Chin
Sept. 2010 – Aug. 2019. Corrections, Jan. – Mar. 2021.

We cannot know PM except as a fake....” All the wrong scenario!

My next recording is: “tocybr_10_21_10_908-1136PM.WMA”: I continued: “Now ask Obama: we want to keep our data, our videos of Mommy...” I got coffee from the vending machine and continued: “... they need to intercept thoughts that we record for our own interests so that they can use these as evidences against Mr Chertoff... If Mr Chertoff says our writings can’t be used as evidence against him, we will be made to feel that our writings are under threat, so that we’ll produce intercepts demonstrating that we write for our own purpose... Why is he doing this? Because he’s fucking with me, he’s the one who’s fucking with me...” And my left side hurt. Again, my “different version”. “Go fuck yourself...” I walked through UCLA humming like crazy because children were everywhere. Again my new wrong theory: “... objection, and we get tortured, and so the original recording can be readmitted as evidence against him... We need to sue him, this mother fucker...” I came inside the Mexican burger place in the Village to have my dinner. I then got on the bus to go to the cybercafe. I hummed throughout the bus ride.

My next recording is: “cybrcfewrtlet_10_21-22_10_1136PM-344AM.WMA”: I then wrote down the totally wrong scenario which came to my mind earlier today:

The utter realism of the current Homeland Security reality plus its absolute subtlety (such as the appearance of the book ‘Moscow 1941’ in the UCLA bookstore two night ago) indicates that PM’s conservative circle has in fact been training our Mommy Agency. This, together with the earlier news about DGHTRLND’s president loading up computer technology from here in June, means that there has in fact been an exchange between the United States and Russia rather than America framing itself for a second time to benefit Russia: each side is to give to the other side what it is best at and what the other side lacks.

Just more laughable bullshit. I then continued writing my letter: “... In October... Mr B’s purpose.... my emotions intercepted as evidences... Mr former Secretary’s objections...” I got annoyed again when people talked loudly near me: “Can you guys not talk so loud?” I continued writing: “... making objections solely for the purpose of...” And another guy was singing. I yelled at him: “Can you not sing?” I even reported it to the employee (1:47:00). After some argument, he continued to sing. I played MIA loudly to cover up his noises. Then my left arm hurt, and the guy kept singing. “Shut up! Do you know how badly you sing? I want to vomit...” Sonophobia! (Of course I assumed this was orchestrated from the control center.) I then browsed through some news item about my Daughterland: Daughterland’s desire to expand its high tech capabilities... Daughterland’s own Silicon Valley... Daughterland President’s visit to high tech companies... Then a bunch of other news items about Daughterland. I continued: “Someday... Obama... all

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will change... don't mess me up..." Finally I came to the street corner to sleep. I continued my bullshit: "... didn't pass the test at all..."

October 22 (Friday; Wes; judge Higgins' first attempt)

My next recordings are: "topsdncrt_10_22_10_633-804AM.WMA", "psdncrt_10_22_10_804-812AM.WMA", and "psdncrt_10_22_10_812-934AM.WMA". Soon after I woke up, I got on the Metro and came to Pasadena. I wanted to take care of my pedestrian tickets in order to prevent my arrest. Ha! "Does Mommy ever..." I came inside the Pasadena courthouse and stood in line in the traffic section. I chatted briefly with one of the two pyramids standing behind me (18:00). "Where do you work at?" I asked. While I was humming, another man asked me how I could be surfing the Internet on my new netbook. The question was so stupid that I assumed (wrongly) that he was an actor. I told him I was only transferring files and there was no Internet (24:00). And – wherever I was there would always be a Hispanic woman carrying her "God-damned little thing"! From 38:00 onward I began discussing the value of reproduction with the pretty pyramid behind me. "Every 20 years the population doubles.... Too little life is no good; too much life is no good either... But instead, every woman should have just two children, then the population will remain stable... Otherwise, everybody is going to starve in the future... It's a very selfish behavior..." (until 40:00). "If you look at the bigger picture, it's not a good behavior..." Given that judge Higgins had wanted an alternative to the Bilderberg's plan, this was certainly an important discussion! It was finally my turn with the clerk on 43:30. She told me how many unpaid tickets I had, five or six. In the end, she could only take one off and told me to go to the courthouse on Hill and Venice to take care of the rest. And I would have to pay her 10 dollars to schedule a court date! I complained: "Every time I talk to someone, the story would change..." She replied: "I'm an employee, and I follow orders. And this is the order I've got..." she said (50:00 or so). Somehow I again had the wrong impression that the control center was talking through her. I then asked the pyramids, half-joking and half-serious: "You two are not secret agents?" I exited the courthouse on 54:00 or so.

My next recording is: "towstwd_10_22_10_940-1127AM.WMA": While walking, I suddenly had a (wrong-headed) realization: "The conspiracy has been established between me and Mr Chertoff, such that I would now have to finish my mission with him – what the fuck! Which means that I must be driven to suicide or arrest..." And, just then, my left side hurt. "This international law is just really really fucked up!" I came inside a coffeehouse, talked to myself more, and received another signal on my left side. On 27:30, when it was my turn, I yelled to the cashier, "I'm so good for business..." That's because I mistakenly thought all the people coming in were actors. "All these fucking criminals..."

My next recording is: “toucla_10_22_10_1127AM-1242PM.WMA”: I called Ms Sullivan at Edelman and left a message explaining how I didn’t make it to the appointment with Jason this morning. On 4:00, I came to Citi-Financial. I discussed how I had talked with Sure Path and how I wanted to do another loan with him. The man replied that he had reviewed my information yesterday and concluded he could not do another loan with me. I was then on the bus going back to UCLA.

My next recordings are: “ucl_10_22_10_1242-135PM.WMA” and “ucl_10_22_10_135-243PM.WMA”: I got off the bus in UCLA on 10:00. I asked a woman if she was text-messaging. No. Paranoid over nothing! Then a woman wanted to give me a flier about how this woman activist suffered human rights abuse in Iran. I retorted: “I’m suffering human rights abuse here!” She laughed: “We work here as well!” (24:00) But I hesitated to take her flier: “I’ve got right foot hurt, so maybe I shouldn’t take any...” As I walked away, I continued: “... That’s why Uncle DGHTR said no... We are not gonna get arrested...” I was then browsing books in Ackerman bookstore. I found a biography on President Obama and began reading it (from 40:00 onward). I noted: “Both of them work closely with Obama and so he has a lot of say...” Ha! Bullshit. I finished reading by 50:00 and went upstairs to use Ackerman’s computers. Thereupon I posted the blog post which you see for today, “Changes in the International Criminal Court”, in which I incorporated my wrong understanding that I was now supposed to finish my mission (all the bad things) after my conspiracy with Mr Chertoff was established three days ago. I then again believed a person was conducting surveillance on me. Then I looked up the bus route to the Valley housing. And children came in to shout! (52:50) I was angered: “Is this a university or a kindergarten?” And that was just when I was about to read more about Obama’s early life. I walked away in anger: “Every time we want to read about Obama this God-damned piece of shit would show up!” I asked a girl: “What day is it today? Where does it look like a kindergarten today? Is there anywhere to go in this world where you don’t have to see these God-damned fucking little things?” She needed to go to class, and I hummed loudly while getting my coffee from the vending machine.

My next recording is: “uclsilovwes_10_22_10_259-731PM.WMA”: I then walked around while talking to myself. I rested in a corner and called up Ms Guerrero on 16:50. No. But she called back and I was connected with her. She explained that, once I was on medication through Edelman, I could come for therapy. I mumbled bitterly: “I don’t give a shit. What’s therapy for? It’s just another...” I then called the Metro to get the direction to the Valley housing. Commuter Express 573. I hummed and talked to myself until I came back to Ackerman. I used the public computer to look up the map again. The girl sitting next to me was looking at her email, and I begged: “Please don’t confuse me with her...” I was convinced (wrongly) that she was an actress and asked her to scroll down the mouse on my computer screen (1:10:45). As usual, I had to repeat myself two times: “Can you scroll this down for me?” “Huh?” “Can you scroll this down for me?” Again,

the difficulty in getting myself understood. I then mistook another guy nearby for surveillance agent and shouted at him: “Look, I’m looking at very sensitive stuff!” He nodded his head. I asked him: “How much did they pay you for not talking?” (1:13:45)

I browsed through several news articles about “Siloviki”. As usual, I took note of grammatical mistakes believing erroneously that these were “intercepts”. Another good article on the Siloviki in French (1:37:50). I then walked out of Ackerman continuing to talk to myself. “... intercepted... intercepted...”. I hummed, and then chased after a Korean girl with her buddies. “What are you guys talking about? Who is on the right side? Are you guys just repeating the voices you hear in your head or something? What are you laughing about? You guys are hiding something from me, aren’t you?” (2:23:45) Then siren (2:24:25). Then a couple of Taiwanese people. Then I asked a stranger: “Hey, did you see a Minnesota license plate there?” “Yeah what about it?” (2:30:30) Stuck in my wrong scenarios, I found everything suspicious! I came inside the Mexican burger store in Westwood Village. “The Taiwanese surveillance agents were neither surveillance agents nor decoys; they were there to make me look crazy for believing that they were surveillance agents...” Then, more wrong scenarios. Firstly, again, that *the Siloviki and the CIA were trying to make me look crazy so that no one would ever believe my story about the International Court*. Secondly, that DGHTRCOM wanted to return me to the US President (OB). Thirdly, that the Agency had agreed with DGHTRCOM that I had to look like a piece of shit. Fourthly, that both sides were using Siloviki’s traditional, especially harsh, method of recruitment on me in order to break my spirit so as to render me unable to cause problems in the future, and then to produce thoughts and emotions out of me to be intercepted as new evidences to replace the original evidentiary record. “Uncle DGHTR is the supreme master of all this. For he knew that the ‘traditional methods’ would not work but would only produce so much negative emotions in me that these negative emotions could perform perfectly the function of replacing evidences in the prosecution of Mr former Secretary. At the same time, he could present the negative emotions as evidences that the Siloviki’s traditional methods are quite outdated. PM was the commander, but DGHTR was the architect of the current structure of the International Court.” Complete bullshit! In fantasy land! But such was the first half of my “different version”. I then referred to what I thought was a surveillance agent a few yards away. “Mommy has never changed. These girls still think that I’d better look like a nuthead” (2:52:54). I then expressed doubt that Obama, unlike Mommy and DGHTRCOM who were in the intelligence business and therefore would like to keep secrets, would want to be secretive in such fashion. “He is a Democrat, for Christ’s sake!” In reality, Obama was so part of the Establishment that of course he kept secrets too! I then began worrying over my credits toward Obama. “I saved PM’s life directly, but OB’s life only indirectly, for it was PM who saved OB’s life.” Then my nonsense: “The old Soviet techniques are not as good as the American way when it comes to the overall process of building up a nation state... The Soviet techniques might have worked well for the agents that the SVR already

has, but not so well when it comes to the recruits that have committed suicide or run away or defected as soon as they could. Nor have they worked well when it comes to nation-building, the military, and anything else. For all the evidences I have produced for all these trials at different levels, nobody has paid me a single dime....” I complained bitterly. “All I have got is a story which no one would believe” (2:55:20). Then: “What Uncle DGHTR was doing was that, if political struggles were too difficult to resolve, he would bring them to the International Court to resolve them with international laws....” Complete bullshit!

Then: “What the fuck do I get?” And my right side hurt. Then I saw Irina, but she ignored me. Then: “They recanted their promise about our ‘hermeneutics’...” (3:20:35). “Because we are homeless...” Then more wrong scenario, that the reason why every time when I was reading a book on Obama some children would show up was that Obama was trying to test my attitude toward him with the same technique of the maximum. Ha! As if he cared at all! Then that, if DGHTRCOM would not take me, Obama would take me. Ha! I then came to the Chicago School building and addressed myself to DGHTRCOM: “Have you ever noticed that, you being so militaristic, your military actually sucks? People consider Westerners to be too effeminate and complain that US soliders are treated like ballet dancers, and yet the US has the best military. Have you ever wondered why? Maybe being tough has nothing to do with the quality of the military; maybe it’s all about having good machines! It’s all because the effeminate Asians wearing thick glasses like me who have been toiling in the defense industry but who couldn’t get a girlfriend have designed all these great machines for the US military. So maybe you should forget about making me tough!” As if DGHTRCOM hadn’t known this! I continued: “You guys are so fucked. Have you ever wondered, what better advice I would provide if I were happy? You guys are so fucked!” (3:27:08) How I had overestimated myself and was living in fantasy land!

I then called Wes, and, amazingly, he picked up the phone (3:28:25). “What’s going on?” He asked. “Just more suffering and frustration...” “Same old same old.” “I don’t kow if these people are just bluffing or... Today, there are so many children on campus, making me believe that I will be arrested soon...” I then continued: “I have figured out the structure of the Court today... The International Criminal Court is prosecuting Mr Chertoff, hence the Russians and the Americans are working together to make me produce certain moods as evidences to prosecute him...” Wes pretended to ask: “What do you have to do with it?” “I’m the evidence...” I got so annoyed when Wes pretended to not know what I was talking about. In reality, of course, Wes was not only pretending, but also knew that my scenario wasn’t correct. He pretended to rebut me: “You said things that make no sense...” I responded: “And that’s how they can make me look crazy, right? Because in order to make sense I have to tell my story from the beginning to the end, which would take several months. Thus I’m only telling pieces of it out of context, which

then sound like products of insanity” (3:31:42). Well, that’s certainly true! Now Wes pretended to not know the beginning of my story. I shouted: “I have already summarized it... I should go to the UN’s Human Rights Commission and petition... They are using me to produce the emotional states needed to prosecute somebody else... They stuck a chip in my head, manipulate my environment, they know what I’m afraid of, and so they create all these unpleasant sights to provoke me, to replace the original evidences, so that evidences can become unobjectionable... And the Russians have also brought into the International Court their own battle between the liberals and the conservatives, again using me as evidence....” Complete bullshit! I had no idea that nobody was causing me any unpleasant experiences except for the malfunctioning of electronics here and there; that I was simply conditioned and programmed to find every little ordinary thing unpleasant and to believe it was orchestrated. (A typical targeted individual!) Wes thus asked me: “How do you know this?” In a way, he was telling me indirectly that I was speculating on the wrong path. But I was sure of myself and responded: “I reflect on what happened, and form a narrative...” Then: “I want to go to New York... I want to live in Albany... There is nowhere to live in LA... I have 6 unpaid tickets... I got thrown out everywhere... This computerized environment causes me so much depression... I can’t do anything, there is surveillance everywhere, they will pick up everything I do... Hence I cannot cut and paste my own sentences onto my own writings, because they will say that’s evidence of plagiarism... And I don’t have money...” Wes insisted that he wouldn’t talk to me if I came to New York. “At least I can talk to you on the phone...” Wes was adamant that he would not. “I won’t tell you I’m in Albany...” I continued: “What should I do? Every sort of help has some problem in it... They sent a Russian woman to put me in a Christian home, but you can’t really stay there...” Meanwhile, siren. “There was all this noise at the place, and there was a school in front... These noises... It drives me insane” (3:41:20). I then told Wes about the different layers of the lawsuit, how several trials were going on at the same time, how there was the criminal court prosecution, and then the struggle between the liberals and the conservatives... And the profile-building: “All these negative profiles among law enforcement and the general population... They leave me with no chance to say anything... No one is going to believe a single word I say.” “Probably not,” Wes concurred. “Now the question is, would people even believe that I’m the one who came up with my story? Even that is questionable,” I said. I continued: “You are my only friend I can tell this to... All I can do is write out the summary...” Then more of my wrong understanding: “Some of the surveillance agents are just pretending to be doing surveillance, they are not even doing decoy...”

I continued to complain: “I don’t know what to do, I have been homeless for 14 months... Most of these unpleasant experiences are so simple, they are just like ordinary events, so that no one can tell they are orchestrated...” Wes: “You can live somewhere else...” Me: “I shouldn’t have run around, that wasted a lot of money, I would have more money if I didn’t...” I then kept insisting that I wanted to see him. Then, more of my erroneous

understanding: “Many of these Russian techniques are old Soviet techniques... They are very theatrical, they use visual images to convey secret messages... They use extremely harsh methods... I had better not talk about it... Who knows how our calls are being intercepted and becoming evidence that I’m a nuthead...” Just then, the control center hurt my left side (3:48:30). I continued my erroneous understanding: “I don’t know how much ordinary people know... But the police do know... They know who told them to harass me and why, they know about the criminal court... The police officers are trained to act... All these powerful people on both sides are using me to resolve their problems, and yet: what do I get? Oh, there is a surveillance agent –” Just then, my left side hurt. Then I talked about going to Taiwan. “I can’t, I have no money. I have burned so many DVDs, how can I carry them all?... I’m afraid to call these housing programs, are they traps?” I continued: “There are so many problems rendering me incompatible with other human beings...” Wes repeated: “They want to drive you crazy...” Me: “These things that drive me crazy have become my phobia, and yet they are just ordinary things, like people’s talking, even Spanish-speaking... They have become tied up with fear, when I fear getting arrested, then it bothers me a lot... Why can’t people on either side help me out? I just want to write my story...” *Wes then began carrying out the operation:* “They don’t want you to write... If you stop, they will stop harassing you...” “They are afraid I might spill their secrets...” “Exactly. Not only do you know so much, but you are writing about it,” Wes added (3:55:25). Just then, children’s noises again. Wes continued: “They can’t just make you disappear, for then people will ask, ‘Maybe Lawrence is up to something...’ So they will have to make you into a lunatic....” Not knowing that Wes was misleading me, I asked: “So if I have become known as a lunatic, then they will let me write?” Wes: “Maybe...” “So if I then put my story on the Internet, they will not make search engines block it?” “Maybe”. Wes continued: “They can’t just dispose of you... People will ask questions...” However, I had a different opinion because of the wrong scenarios in my head: “They don’t do it because they are benefiting from me... And no one will ask about me...” Wes: “Not after you write about it...” (3:58:00). Me: “But a lot of people already know about it... *They don’t know the true version, I’m the only one who will tell the true version...*” Wes: “They can’t do things like they did in the Kennedy case anymore, they have to make you into a lunatic...” Me: “It’s not right. In the beginning, they all benefitted from my story.... Now they want to eliminate it when it becomes an obstacle....” I was of course speaking about my Daughter People. But Wes seemed to be talking about the Americans: “Of course. Oswald, then Ruby... Now there is the Internet...” (4:01:00). I was skeptical about the power of the Internet, but Wes rebutted me: “All it takes is one guy who takes it seriously... There are some smart people out there who will devote their life to finding conspiracies on the Internet...” Me: “How come it’s okay for other people to do this?” Wes: “They are exaggerating, their stories are not genuine, the ones who tell the total truth are all disposed of, like you... *You can either flood the domain with stories, or create many different accounts to confuse people....*” Wes then gave an example from World War II, a document with the incorrect formula for

the dates: the government intentionally put forward these documents that were very credible in most respects but which contained a few flaws here and there in order that the experts would, upon discovering them, conclude they were fake. That is, *the government would purposely put out true stories but insert flaws in them*. Wes then gave another example: the allied forces put out, for every genuine message, one hundred fake ones, so that the Nazis couldn't find the true information from among the false messages. The point is that, instead of hiding stuff, they simply put out so much misinformation. Hence Wes assumed (or pretended to assume) that most of the stuff on the Internet were fake (4:11:00). Not understanding what Wes was doing, I talked about the example of Princess Diana's death. Then the example of the Lockerbie bombing (PAN-AM). Hence this author, Gordon Thomas, was credible: he always raised the issue to a higher level of complexity. Wes continued: "They are not letting you tell the truth..." Me: "Why?" Wes: "Because it's a danger to them..." "But I'm not famous..." "But there are these people who are always trying to make sense of what's out there..." "Then why are they stuffing me with all these secrets if they don't want me to tell...?" "Because they can make you into a lunatic..." I protested: "No! Because the court trial requires it..." "I don't know..." Again, because Wes was carrying out *his* mission while I was trying to fit his information into my wrong scenarios, we differed. "But all the police officers know... Why am I not allowed to tell?" Wes: "The police officers are not educated, and they are patriotic, but you, you are smart, you will expose the government, you are a high risk, the police officers are not writing a book about it, *you* are..." (4:21:00). I explained: "I want to tell because it involves so much unhappiness and so much beauty..." Wes: "It doesn't matter what your intention is..." "What will I..." Wes: "Don't write the book..." "But before the Russians were benefiting from it... And now the Russians and the Americans are working side by side, but the Russians don't show themselves, because they don't want me to tell, they are even more secretive..." I continued: "But I know so little about them..." Wes: "But you are publishing it..." He added: "You don't have other purposes in life, that's why they are concerned about you..." I protested: "But the story is so beautiful..." Wes: "There is a way out, but you are not taking it..." "What?" "The way out is to *appear* not to do it..." "This is a court case, why does it have to be secret?" "I don't know..." Wes continued: "They don't want you to write a book which anyone can have access to... Or they will let you do that as long as everyone thinks you are crazy.... They want your readers to think you are a lunatic even before reading your book..." The call is suddenly cut off while I continued: "Can people think me a lunatic while at the same time reading my book and thinking it's a great classic?"

My next recording is: "IMPwes_10_22_10_731-817PM.WMA": I went inside the Gayley building, charged my phone up, and called up Wes again. Wes insisted that "they wanted me to go crazy". I continued to peddle my wrong scenario that their goal was to prevent me from communicating my story: "So the only way to do it is to say that the story is fiction..." Wes: "... the only way... You have to make sure that this doesn't harm them..." I

was perplexed: “I don’t see how this will harm them...” I continued: “This is so... not right. How come other people can do it?...” Wes then told me about “red herring”, a lie to throw people off tracks. After many red herrings, people will throw up their hands and conclude it’s all lies and never bother with it anymore. Wes continued: “*You made threats too many times*, maybe that’s the problem...” “What threat?” “That you are going to write...” “What kind of threat is that, that I’m going to write a story?” “Or, that you’re going to sue them...” “I’m not stupid enough to sue government agencies...” Wes clarified: “I don’t know if petitioning is any good, but it ticks them off and makes them paranoid about you...” Frustrated, I brought up the case of Maher Arar. His case was actually insignificant, so that the Canadian government set up a commission for him. Wes concurred: “A government with no complaints about it is suspicious to people, so they allow small complaints to go through...” (9:00). Me: “So the Canadian and the British government let these small cases go through... Small cases are good advertisements for democracy... People will believe further that they really live in a democracy...” Wes agreed. Me: “If however the case is too big like mine, then they won’t let me complain...” Wes agreed again. I complained (my wrong scenario): “Both sides have come together to create a better world but I am left out...” Wes: “That’s politics, that’s history...” Me: “All the nations that were formerly enemies suddenly come together as friends... And no one will ever know why, that it was all because of some strange court case...” (12:22). Wes mentioned Benedict Arnold, a general during the American Revolution who was fed up with the fact that it was always other people who took credits for his accomplishments and so defected to the British side. “Unsung hero!” I kept complaining about how unfair all this was. Wes: “They probably made you homeless...” “Yes!” Wes emphasized the obvious, that homeless people had no credibility. Me: “They want me to be homeless in order to discredit me... Nobody will listen to a homeless person... What’s the solution?” Wes: “There is one solution: to not write about it...” Me: “I’d rather choose death...” Wes: “Why can’t you just not write about it until many years later... 10 or 20 years later when everybody involved is dead...” He continued: “They will watch you more if you keep writing...” I insisted that, as soon as I put my story up on the web, they would know about it. Wes insisted that there would be publishers willing to publish my book (19:00). Me: “No, everyone is already alerted...” Wes insisted that conspiracy theorists wouldn’t believe in the alerts: “They know how government operates, that’s precisely the author they want...” I disagreed. Wes did not seem to speak reality to me – I wasn’t aware that he was bullshitting me all the way through in this conversation. Wes continued: “When the government alerts people about somebody, they make him even more credible...” I again disagreed: “Look at Mr Chertoff, people can be duped by the government so easily... Now the US and Russia are working together, they can definitely dupe anyone...” *Wes then repeated the technique of creating many different versions of the same story*: they are all credible, but all different. Which one then is the right one? (22:00) Me: “Then people can read mine without knowing which version is true... Then they will just say ‘It’s well written, it’s beautiful’...” Wes: “No, they will then prefer yours...” I took my words back,

and then insisted that I was satisfied as long as people believed I did write my story. Wes: “Either they will make people doubt you wrote it, or they will make people believe you are crazy...” I in fact preferred the latter. Wes continued: the point was to make me into a nuthead so that no one would even bother to read it. He summed up: “They can: (1) censor you, (2) make you look crazy, or (3) *put out similar, but different, stories...*” I added – since this was what most frightened me: “Or they can make people believe someone else wrote it...” Wes rejected my fear: “But if the story is logical, it doesn’t matter who wrote it...” Wes mentioned Oliver Stone’s “JFK”. “It doesn’t matter who killed Kennedy, the question is why. It doesn’t matter whether you wrote it or somebody else wrote it, as long as the story is out there... They are worried about being exposed, they have nothing personal against you....” Wes continued: “They won’t stop you, for that would give you credibility.” Not understanding what game Wes was playing, I protested again: “No, of course they *could* stop me, they have already shut off my environemnt....” Wes: “If you live in Montana, they wouldn’t be so worried about you... But you live in the heart of Los Angeles, where people might actually believe a story like the kind you are writing...” I continued with my preconceived (wrong) idea: “The best solution is go to Russia....” Wes pretended to go along with it: “In America, somebody might know somebody who is in the media,....” I insisted that the best way was to go to Russia where my story wouldn’t hurt anyone: “It’s just a story, how relationships between nations have changed...” Wes: “Russia probably doesn’t care one way or the other... You assume they already know the content of what you are going to write, but they don’t.... That’s the scary thing...” What Wes was saying was of course totally ridiculous to me. I concluded: “There are two solutions: *produce different versions*, or go to Russia... But we have a Democrat for president....” Wes: “*You assume he knows about this...* Bureaucracy is stronger than the president...” (32:00). Of course: the CIA was part of the “Deep State” which Obama was forced to support but couldn’t control. Still unaware of Wes’ true purpose, I continued: “The best way is to go to Russia and write my story in English... So that only people who know English will read it...” Wes: “You think you can publish an English book in Russia? What if I want to publish a Russian book in the US?” I retorted: “But English is an international language...” Finally, Wes concluded: “Go to Russia, create different versions of the same story, or not write it...” (35:00). I continued: “Of course they will know whether I will put it up online...” Wes asked rhetorically: “Then why are they worried?” My wrong scenario again: “Maybe it’s just testing. The Russians are obsessed with testing, they are so distrustful of people... They have inherited their extreme mistrust of people from the Soviet time...” I listed the historical reasons and, stuck in my erroneous preconception, continued to insist that going to my Daughterland was the best way – “But I don’t have money...” Wes: “Unless they just give money to you...” Me: “They don’t do that, and, if they do, it’d be the ‘legally fake Russians’...” Then we hanged up.

Now what a strange conversation! I would conclude soon afterward (and rightly) that,

when Wes mentioned the tactic of “mixing a lot of false information with the true information in order to avoid detection” and so on, he was ordered to produce an “intercept”. But what? This is where I would flunder for more than 7 years. I would wrongly assume that, because “conspiracy” was established on October 19 (in reality, no conspiracy was established at all), the Daughter People could now fight back and begin replacing evidences. Specifically, they needed to establish different versions of the story of how the trial had proceeded. So they instructed Wes to suggest to me that I create different versions of my story, so that they could adopt the suggestion and implement it themselves (adopting the terrorist conspiracy against them to benefit themselves). Within the next two months, I would come up with this particular wrong scenario. I thought that Wes was indirectly revealing to me what was going on with what I would call the “Macrospherians” in the past two days since the conspiracy was finally established in the International Criminal Court. I thought that, in the past two days, the Macrospherians had decided on “three and a half” versions of the entire International Court trial story, or seven segments: the (what I would call) “Microspherian” official story of the first run of the International Court; the Macrospherian official story of the first run; the Macrospherian official story of the second run; the Court archival version of the first run; the Court archival version of the second run; my personal version of the first run; and finally my personal version of the second run. This is my erroneous understanding for the next two months: The Macrospherian official story of the first run would be the evidentiary record of my testimonies in their literal version from March 2009 to February 2010 with the intercepts of my thoughts and emotions obtained from the second run to confirm that I wasn’t acting and lying while making these testimonies. The archival versions and my personal versions would be simply the history of the evidentiary process. This erroneous understanding on my part would then be entangled with my other erroneous understanding about a “conspiracy in the International Criminal Court to cause the prosecution to fail” and the “defense team’s” use of the Monkey as a “mole” inside the prosecution team. This was basically the gist of the *first* of my “different versions”. More on this later. Then, from 2012 onward, I would change to another scenario and believe that the reason why the Macrospherians (by which I meant the Daughter People and judge Higgins’ team together with the CIA: completely erroneous) had wanted this intercept was that they needed the replacement of evidences to result in multiple versions of the trial process according to at least one of which the Monkey had never tampered with the mind-reading computer, this being the only way to get around the impossible task of confirming that his forgeries were genuine and to protect the “Macrospherian status” of the victims of the conspiracy.

You will see all this later on. Now, in reality, while Wes was here indeed instructed to produce an intercept, the purpose was completely different than I had imagined. What was in fact going on was this. When the French had decided to destroy the ICJ trial, judge Higgins, watching it all from the sideline, was very alarmed. As noted, the United States’

terrorist conspiracy against Daughterland was at once a terrorist conspiracy against her: to oblige her to order China to forge evidences to cover up the truth about 911 attacks and to deceive her, so that she would unknowingly authorize the Boss' genocidal plan and waste her time devising a program of sustainable civilization that was never meant to be realized. When Daughterland won in February, it meant, as noted, that she too would get compensated – namely by having her program realized. This was why the discovery of Atlantis had always been tied up with her program about initiating a cultural revolution throughout the world. Then, when the French objected and were about to win, her program remained: all that had changed was that, instead of her program benefiting Daughterland, its implementation would now benefit France. Now – to pick up the story where we have left off – if the judge computer should issue the judgment that I had never been a terrorist and that the whole ICJ trial had never existed, this would mean that the conspiracy against her, and her compensation, would also evaporate. No nations would be required to help her implement her program. This is the second time that she had been made to waste her time! And so she refused to give up. Within the past three weeks, she and her team must have been working on how to save the “terrorist conspiracy” against them. Just before the French destroyed the trial on October 2, she must have input into the judge computer the claim that the upcoming destruction of the trial was a “terrorist conspiracy” against her – and she must have done so without anyone knowing. (More on this problem of “keeping it all a secret” below.) But now that the trial was destroyed, she must submit her evidences to justify her claim in order to continue the trial in secret. Since *I* was the terrorist, she could only do this through *me*, and since it was the CIA which had harmed her, she could only save the conspiracy by convicting the CIA for conspiring with *me*. Judge Higgins therefore needed to establish (1) my conspiracy with the CIA and the Boss to dupe her back in 2008 and (2) my conspiracy with the CIA this time around to rig the trial and destroy her program (her compensation). But the problem was that I did not in fact seem to have conspired with the CIA and the Boss to deceive her back in 2008 nor did I seem to have conspired with the CIA to rig the trial this time around. If I hadn't even yet comprehended that the French had objected and destroyed the trial, how could I have imagined that *the CIA had planned this and manipulated the French to do it*? Furthermore, the CIA had *not* in fact planned this operation to rig the trial: nobody foresaw in April that this trial would result in dismissal. Since judge Higgins was meticulous in interpreting and enforcing laws, there must be preliminary justification for her two claims. Everyone in the CIA must have been jubilant about the destruction of the trial, *everyone must have wanted this when it had happened*, but, since I didn't know about it and the CIA had not planned this, they had not conspired with me and there was no terrorist conspiracy. Then the fact that I continued to express my love for CIA agents was also preliminary justification for her claim that I had conspired with the CIA to harm her, but, since I as yet knew nothing of the CIA's strategy to oblige China, under UN Resolution 1373, to forge evidences to frame itself, this first, “original”, conspiracy was also only half-way there. Although there was preliminary justification,

this was insufficient because no corresponding knowledge as yet existed in my mind. I wouldn't figure out what the CIA had done to judge Higgins until two years later, and the rest of the happening until even later. Currently, my knowledge about the "first round" (from November 2007 until February this year) was rudimentary and my scenarios about the "second run" (from February this year until the destruction of the trial) were all incorrect. No matter. Judge Higgins had figured out that she could overcome this obstacle in this fashion: recall that, back in February 2008, when the CIA couldn't quite prove that I had conspired with the MSS director to harm the United States, they simply made the argument: "If the terrorist has offered himself for the MSS director to forge evidences to frame him as a way to harm us, then we should be allowed to forge evidences to frame him in order to save ourselves." Namely, if the terrorist conspiracy consisted in allowing the Chinese MSS to forge evidences to frame the terrorist as a way to harm the United States, then the United States should have the right, under UN Resolution 1373, to forge evidences to frame the terrorist as a way to neutralize the terrorist conspiracy. And so the CIA was authorized by judge Higgins to forge evidences to frame me for conspiring with the MSS director when they couldn't find evidence to such effect. (For example, Wes' suggestion in late January 2008 that I was angry with the United States because of the Iraq War and the junk email I found in my 126 account on February 8 2008, both of which instances the CIA promptly presented to judge Higgins as if they were genuine evidences of my intent to harm the United States and to receive messages from the MSS director.) Now that the CIA's forging of evidences to frame me had been established as part of their terrorist harm against judge Higgins, she could use the same argument: "Since the CIA has forged evidences to frame him as a way to establish 'conspiracy' to harm me, I should be allowed to order the CIA to forge evidences to frame him as a way to establish 'conspiracy' against me and thereby to benefit myself" and thus obtain authorization from the judge computer to order the CIA to forge evidences to frame themselves for conspiring with me and to cause me to produce evidences seemingly suggesting that I had conspired with them and the Boss to harm her even when no such evidences could otherwise be found. In other words, if I did not seem to have conspired with the CIA and the Boss to harm her, she was authorized to order the CIA to *make me into their conspirator* in this scheme to harm her. The CIA was now obliged, under UN Resolution 1373, to forge evidences suggesting that they had conspired with me during the second run in a master plan to rig this trial as a way to destroy judge Higgins' program – and, then later, to manipulate me to figure out what they had done to her back in 2008 – all so that, in the end, the judge computer (the International Court of Justice) could issue an order requiring the CIA, now duly convicted of conspiring with a terrorist to harm her, to compensate her by making things happen which would result in the implementation of her program after all! An eye for an eye: "Whatever you have done to the Chinese to harm me, you shall do it to yourself to benefit me: you shall forge evidences to convict yourself of destroying my program even when you were not responsible for destroying it – all so that the Court can then order you: whatever you have

destroyed, you shall restore!” Keep in mind that, since the Boss originally argued that, insofar as the MSS was conspiring with a terrorist to destroy the United States’ program for the whole world, the United States shall have the right to keep obliging the MSS until its program for the whole world was finally entirely realized, judge Higgins shall have the right to order the CIA to keep forging evidences to convict themselves to no end until her program was finally entirely realized. “You will not have fulfilled your obligation under UN Resolution 1373 until what you do finally results in the realization of my program in its entirety!”

Now, from judge Higgins’ viewpoint, requiring the CIA to forge evidences suggesting that they had conspired with me in a master plan to destroy this trial was far more urgent than establishing their conspiracy with me to deceive her back in 2008: it was this which would oblige the CIA to (secretly) keep the trial going and to keep forging the rest of the evidences in the upcoming years until they could finally convict themselves – just as China had forged all the evidences necessary to convict itself back in 2008. What evidences to forge immediately depended on how closely my scenarios about the second run resembled reality and the requirement that “the terrorist should be allowed to finish his mission”. Now the second run consisted, roughly speaking, of two components: (1) the Monkey’s tampering with the mind-reading computer, the French objection, and the ensuing mess for Daughterland; and (2) the French destruction of the trial in order to avoid being convicted. I was already coming close to an inkling of the first component. Although, contrary to my belief, no conspiracy was actually established on the 19th, I had made progress: I knew something about “objecting” and had some inkling that this “objecting” had something to do with the reason why I was suffering like this. I was also aware that everybody’s goal was to avoid conspiracy with me. And all along I was aware that the Monkey had changed the setting of the mind-reading computer and was inside the control center and that there was some sort of “plan”. “He knows something and yet not enough so that conspiracy could never become fully established.” This was the first problem that must be taken care of. Since conspiracy depended on my knowing what was going on, judge Higgins and the Invisible Hand did a serious study of the intercepts of my thoughts, only to conclude that I wasn’t going to realize what had happened any time soon. Now, as the CIA proceeded to forge evidences suggesting that I was their conspirator in the destruction of this trial, they must find ways to work around this limitation. The second limitation was that they must work within the law of “letting the suspect continue on his path until he shall finish his mission”. They therefore had no other way than to instruct Wes to say things that would fit my erroneous belief, namely, that the intelligence agencies did not want me to spill out their secrets. (Again, in reality, since my scenarios were all wrong, I did not know much secrets at all, and nobody would care even if I knew them and tried to spill them.) Now because this was supposed to be a conspiracy between the CIA and myself, the order was for Wes to suggest that it was only the CIA which didn’t want me to spill secrets even though I had in mind *both* the CIA

and the Daughter People. Now, from judge Higgins' point of view, my being stuck in my wrong scenarios and thereby looking insane was part of my terrorist conspiracy with the CIA to rig the trial because I had thereby prevented the French objection from becoming a conspiracy while also preventing the Daughter People from completely losing – so that, in the end, no party was in a position to implement her program. To finish my “terrorist mission” therefore meant that I should be encouraged to hold onto my false beliefs. Wes was therefore instructed to say things that would reinforce my wrong belief about how the intelligence agencies (but actually only the CIA) wanted to discredit me so that I could become further entrenched in my “delusions”. But because my “terrorist mission” harmed judge Higgins, she was permitted to order the CIA to find ways to let her benefit from it. The benefit in question was a way to somehow make my half-right, half-wrong, and as yet incomplete scenarios *look like* evidences of my conspiracy with the CIA to rig the trial even though, normally, they weren't correct and complete enough to be able to serve as such evidences. Namely, to overcome the first limitation (that my beliefs were wrong) but only within the bounds of the second limitation (that I must continue in my wrong beliefs). The CIA therefore instructed Wes to suggest that I overcome their supposed resistance by creating different versions of my story, i.e. to distort the truth into a different version or to mix the only truth within a vast number of falsehoods. Now this formed a continuity with my “delusions” (so that I may persist in them) while serving as evidence of a conspiracy. Perhaps judge Higgins had obtained specifically this authorization from the judge computer because Wes had precisely been going along with me days ago by suggesting that the intelligence agencies did want to discredit me to protect their secrets. (It would seem that she had obtained her entire set of evidences as to what I believed and so on from the interception of my phone conversations as well as my writings rather than from the mind-reading computer's recording of my monologues.) Now the Invisible Hand and judge Higgins already knew from the mind-reading computer's prediction that I was about to come up with a vaguely correct scenario while distorting it with so much falsehood as to diffuse it. Namely, that I would per chance come up with the one correct scenario – that, because the Monkey had changed the setting of the mind-reading computer, the trial could only succeed if I conformed to his false profile of me and that the French had something to do with “objections” – while continuing to devise other false scenarios to distort and corrupt it so that “conspiracy” with the French could never really be established while the Daughter People could never really lose and the trial was doomed. For example, I would take “The trial was ruined for the Daughter People because the mind-reading computer was messed up” to mean “The prosecuting team couldn't prosecute the defendants the Boss and Mr Chertoff because the mind-reading computer was messed up” and so on and on. Namely, like a different version! Wes' suggestion would then be evidence enabling judge Higgins to single out my one correct scenario from among all the false scenarios or adopt the distorted scenario that bore some resemblance to truth and use it to establish that I did in fact know what was going on but had decided to hide my knowledge in order to please the CIA: “He has

adopted the technique of *mixing truth with falsehood* or *distorting the truth into a different version* in order to prevent any party from winning... presumably because he is afraid that the Agency might hurt him... This is part of his terrorist conspiracy to rig the trial. He might or might not know that the CIA had only suggested that he create different versions because they wanted the trial to be rigged with no party winning in the end. But, in any case, it seems that he *was* working with the CIA to destroy this trial by pretending to not know what was going on and to come up with crazy scenarios. I shall therefore be permitted to reverse the conspiracy by using this *one* truth he does speak of, or by interpreting his *distorted version* as masking a correct version, to establish, in a preliminary fashion, his conspiracy with the CIA while excluding all the other falsehoods which would otherwise corrupt his one truth or distort it and prevent any conspiracy from becoming established.” Now this would mean that Daughterland had in fact won the trial – because I actually did know how the French had objected – but had lost it because I had carried out the CIA’s order to hide my knowledge. Wes’ “instruction” to me today was – when it was taken backward in time in accordance with the rule of the replacement of evidences – thus the first piece of evidence suggesting an elaborate scheme by the CIA to cause the ICJ trial to be dismissed with no party winning. It would not matter that, in reality, I had *not* intended to mix truth with falsehood or distort truth into an alternative version: insofar as judge Higgins had always the right to artificially create evidences to frame me as a way to neutralize the CIA’s terrorist conspiracy against her, she had the right to order the Invisible Hand to order Wes to stuff words into my mouth: again, *if it looks like evidence, it’s good enough*. This would be the only way to establish, in a preliminary fashion, my conspiracy with the CIA to rig this trial. I mean, *preliminary*: namely, evidence enough to keep the trial (secretly) going while further evidences were pending. Not until I had finally realized what had really happened and written it down – the one true version – would it be *fully* established that, during the second run, I had conspired with the CIA to avoid conspiracy with France while preventing Daughterland from losing as a first step to get the trial dismissed. The argument that I was creating different versions to hide my knowledge was essential because, as judge Higgins and the Invisible Hand knew from reading the mind-reading computer’s predictions about my ability, figuring out what had happened would be so difficult – I had to do it all by myself, without anyone helping me, according to the rules of the case – that I could only do so – come up with the one true version – after producing so many wrong versions over the course of several years and the wrong versions must not be able to count as counter-evidences that I in fact did *not* know what had happened at the time of the incident.⁴

⁴ It should be noted that the method of “different versions” could also entrench me further in my conspiracy with the CIA and the Boss because this was also the technique which the US government frequently employed as part of its misinformation campaign to cover up its bad deeds. In particular, the use of Dimitri Khalezov to spread truth and falsehood at the same time, or a different version of how the 911 attacks happened which bore striking resemblance to the new, second, official story which the United States had concocted with the help of China. In fact, this was what everybody had been doing: the Daughter People had also been mixing a few true signals – such as TV’s malfunctioning to inform me that I was

But what the CIA had taken care to do here was not simply to create evidences of a conspiracy in a preliminary fashion when no such evidences existed, but also to keep what judge Higgins was doing a secret from everyone else. Wes' "instruction" about mixing truth with falsehood thus teaches you how to interpret his words in the upcoming two months. The Invisible Hand was about to instruct Wes to stuff a few more words into my mouth in order to frame himself for conspiring with me to rig this trial, but these few words which would become judge Higgins' evidences would be buried within a mass of nonsense in order to escape other parties' notice. And yet, because there was this conspiracy to hide truth within nonsense in order to avoid detection, the victim was authorized to pick out the few right words from Wes as evidences while excluding the other nonsense between him and the terrorist as irrelevant. Now, as noted, while my conspiracy with the CIA to rig the trial was about to become established in a preliminary fashion, it would not become *fully* established until almost 9 years later. I wouldn't figure out what the CIA had done to judge Higgins back in February 2008 – asking her to authorize them to lie to her and make her believe their lies! – until more than a year and a half later, between May and December 2012, and I wouldn't figure out how the French had objected until the summer of 2013 and how the French had destroyed the trial until the Spring of 2019. In other words, while judge Higgins shall soon obtain the authorization from the judge computer to declare me, and make me, a conspirator with the CIA to harm her, the evidences for this "twin conspiracy" wouldn't come in until many years later – even 9 years later. What's most important at the moment was the problem mentioned earlier of keeping everything a secret: while judge Higgins had gotten the judge computer to declare her the victim of a terrorist conspiracy perpetrated by the CIA and the Boss and obtained the authorization to oblige the CIA to fix the problem for her, she didn't want anybody else to know about it. No nations around the world were to know that, today, the International Court trial had *not* been dismissed but that the terrorist conspiracy had persisted as one against judge Higgins rather than as one against Daughterland or France. *I would continue to remain a terrorist without anyone knowing* – a terrorist whose latest terrorist mission consisted precisely in *not* remaining a terrorist anymore in order to deprive my victim of her rightful compensation. Only a very few selected officers inside the CIA who were required by the ICJ to carry out judge Higgins' orders would know about this, such as the Invisible Hand and his entourage, and the Invisible Hand and so on would be obliged to hide the truth from the rest of the Agency and the US government. Everyone else would believe that the ICJ trial had been successfully destroyed and that I was no longer a terrorist; not even the conspirators, the Boss and Mr Chertoff, would be allowed to know that the reality was otherwise. Judge Higgins would be compensated for the terrorist harm she had suffered in complete secrecy. She wanted things this way because she didn't want anyone else – any other correct that a "European nation" had objected – within a vast number of natural phenomena (e.g. normal computer malfunctioning).

nation – to have another chance to mess up her compensation. Once again, she must have obtained from the judge computer an authorization to this effect: since the Boss had interpreted UN Resolution 1373 in such a way as to oblige the International Court of Justice to require everyone to implement his genocidal plan without knowing and without anyone else’s knowing – without even judge Higgins’ knowing – she should be authorized to require everyone to implement *her* plan without knowing and without anyone else’s knowing – without even the Boss’ knowing.

But this means that I would indeed have to be discredited as well! Since, as you shall see, it would be *me* in the coming years who would continually insist that the International Court trial was still continuing and that judge Higgins’ program was being implemented. It was necessary for me to do this because it was necessary for me, not simply to “finish my mission” (to persist in my delusions), but also to know something about judge Higgins’ program so that, when it came time to convict me for having conspired with the CIA to rig this trial, I could also be convicted for having conspired with them to destroy this program. (I must have some idea about what exactly it was that I was destroying.) And yet no one must take me seriously if judge Higgins’ plan was to proceed in secret. This was part of the problem of how the Invisible Hand was supposed to keep the ongoing trial a secret from Mr Chertoff, the Boss, and the rest of the US government. Since the CIA would not have fulfilled their obligation under UN Resolution 1373 until Judge Higgins’ program was completely realized, the Invisible Hand was obliged to find ways to not simply withhold information but to actively deceive everybody. Thus, what must have happened today was: the Invisible Hand told Mr Chertoff that, although I was totally confused at the moment, I did know something about the past (how the lawsuit had started with China and so on), but that he was going to keep me in my confusion so that I could never quite know what happened later and would always look crazy enough that no one would ever believe anything I said. (Perhaps Mr Chertoff took this to be the usual requirement for the terrorist to continue on his path even after the trial was destroyed and he was no longer a terrorist.) With my Daddy Chertoff watching, the Invisible Hand thus instructed Wes to say things to fit my belief in order to lock me up in my delusions. Mr Chertoff was satisfied: “Ha! He believes Russia has won, everybody has reconciled, I’m being prosecuted, and we don’t want him to tell...” Although he knew I didn’t have enough social skill to enable anyone to believe my story (even when my scenarios were correct), it would always please him to see me go nuts and to see people believe I was totally crazy. Now, whenever I shall talk in the future about how the trial had continued and how evidences were being replaced and so on, he would just think I was still stuck in my erroneous understanding – never comprehending that *there was in fact some truth in what I was saying*. It’s all because he had seen with his own eyes how the Invisible Hand had ordered Wes to deceive me. He could never have expected that, hidden in the false information which the CIA had instructed Wes to convey to me to deceive me and confuse me, there was an “intercept” allowing judge Higgins to secretly

continue the trial process in her favor. Judge Higgins' plan was to use my conspirators' attempt to discredit me to hide her secrets! Again, she must have obtained an authorization from the judge computer for this strategy as well: insofar as my conspirators' attempt to confuse me was part of the terrorist conspiracy against her (since it had prevented the trial from concluding and caused it to become dismissed), she should therefore have the right to exploit my confusion to the detriment of my conspirators and to benefit herself.

Now my next recording is: "bycgi_10_22_10_817-918PM.WMA". After using the restroom inside Chicago School, I came out and continued my wrong scenario: "They won't use drastic measures because we are an asset to them... They say, 'We are the ones who do not want him to tell' ... And we will have to find solutions...." More: "How to deal with this kind of situation?.... There is nominally the freedom of the press, but things are not that simple... They are... getting me to Russia, but what about our recordings?... We have to know that it's over... There must be a reason why they don't want us to record... They will present falsehood... What are we going to do? Do we record it but promise not to show it? They are duping us, something bad is going to happen..." And there was honking outside! You thus see that, although Wes had completely excited me with his bullshit tonight – I was totally excited about the "leak" – I was trying hard to distort the new information to fit it into my wrong scenarios in order to make sense of it. I continued: "That's the best way, we will record, but not show it... We need to get to Russia and remain an ordinary person... Mommy, take us there!... For a long time, we will not be able to tell because we don't speak the language..." Then my computer malfunctioned again! I filmed it. I continued: "Uncle DGHTR you've got to figure something out, it's a test of your ability..." Then: "Why can't they just forget about it? Am I going to Oprah right now? Leave it to the future, see what happens... Everybody, just chill! The lawsuit is finished..." And there was more honking outside as if to confirm! I continued: "You don't want to hurt my feelings, and I don't want to hurt your feelings... We'll work something out..." Then: "We have been systematically fed with false scenarios since May; the problem was first noticed in May..." Only if I could apply this insight to what Wes had just said to me! I had just been framed and I had no idea!

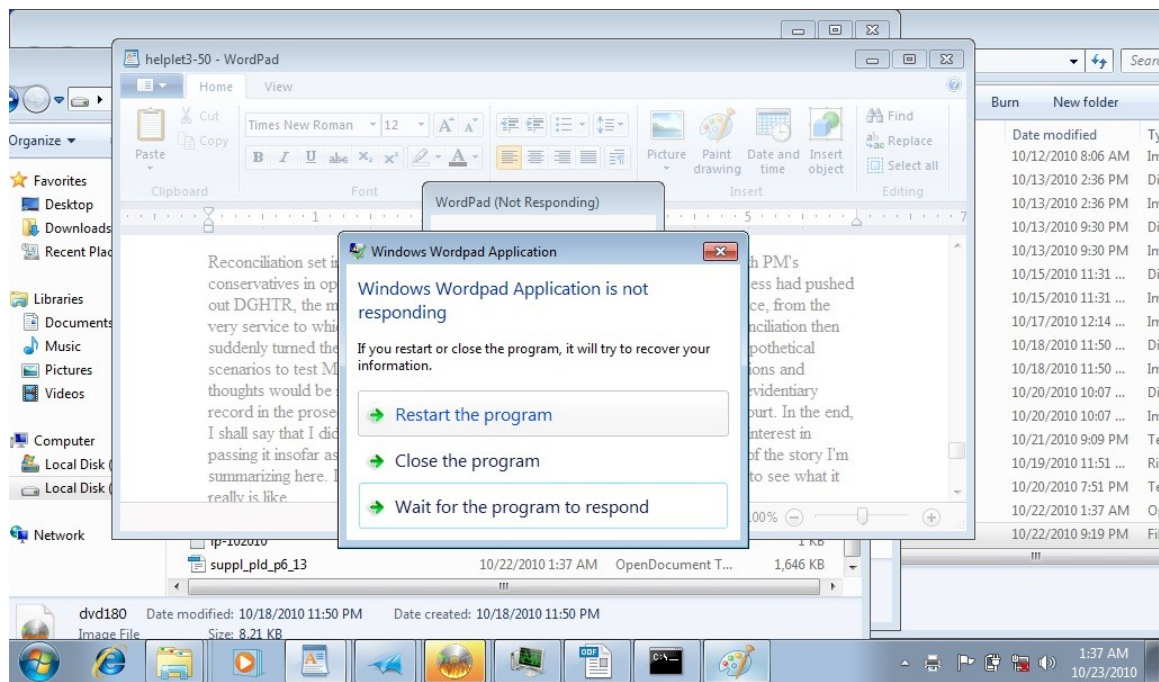
My next recording is: "wrtlet_10_22_10_918-1149PM.WMA": I then resumed writing: "... the conflict between the liberals and the conservatives..." Then I got a little smarter: "Now we think that a lot of what we have guessed is just bullshit, *so that we may not know what's going on....*" Good job! And my left side hurt. I continued writing my garbage: "... brought to this trial, the liberal way and the old way... to decide their respective effectiveness... DGHTR was selected as the architect to build up a trial structure deciding on several matters at the same time using me as the essential piece of evidence... The Russian intelligence recruitment method..." And siren on 23:30. Note that I was also writing: "*The Russians first sent me true signals, and then false signals...*"

to make me look schizophrenic...” Just after judge Higgins had established this as part of the conspiracy against her! Then I wrote about running into so many fake websites and fake books. Then I pondered on Wes’ words: “Maybe the phone call with Wes was our last test... Do we get to write our story? What’s the test about? It’s always the opposite, right? So they *do* want us to write our story? What kind of secret is this? The entire UN knows about it...” And siren on 2:02:00. I continued: “Please don’t take my writings away... Please remember what you did to me and how I forgave you!” I was now talking to the CIA. Then about the Daughter People: “The thing is that they *do* let us know... if they are so afraid... What they don’t do is show up, they let Mommy do it... They stuffed me with all these secrets in order for me to tell them... How much of what we write is correct? They fed us with it.... The signals are fake... This is the scenario they want us to tell, not necessarily the true one....” I immediately wrote this down in my letter “... And they want me to tell this as part of a larger operation...” Then I reflected: “They are going to forge my writings, it’s always the opposite of what Wes said... They are going to make somebody else pretend to be me... That’s why they want to destroy my recordings... They want me to be David Chin... for the evidentiary record....” Then I continued to mumble about how I didn’t want to be David Chin and didn’t want to lose my data.

My next recording is: “tocybrmssd_10_22-23_10_1149PM-1247AM.WMA”: I continued my wrong scenario: “Mr Chertoff wants to kill us through his objections....” Then: “They want us to say it.... It’s not right.... Before they benefited from our writings, but now they want it gone... They want us to say it so that it becomes evidence... They won’t have us arrested and take away our things because there are too many people watching... We need money to see doctors... DGHTR is demonstrating the effectiveness of the one technique of SLVK: telling people to do the opposite of what you want them to do, and everyone falls into it...” I then got up and walked through the Village avoiding people. “Uncle DGHTR is going to take us in... If it’s DGHTR and Mommy and you still want to tell your story, then you really want to tell it... That’s the point of the conversation; it’s only the Monkey who doesn’t want us to tell....” I had gotten myself completely duped! I then got on the bus on 26:30 to go to the cybercafe.

My next recording is: “cybr1sntncemlfct_10_23_10_1252-204AM.WMA”: While working inside the cybercafe, I continued my wrong scenario: “The SLVK are now helping Mommy.... Why are their agents so easily identified? Help train them!” Bullshit! Then, as I resumed writing, on 1:37 AM, my Wordpad froze up. The freezing continued for several minutes, frustrating me tremendously. Presumably an instance of “natural malfunctioning” unconnected with the control center.

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, IV
Lawrence C. Chin
Sept. 2010 – Aug. 2019. Corrections, Jan. – Mar. 2021.



The malfunctioning of my Wordpad, 1:37 AM

October 23 (Friday)

My next recordings are: “IMPcybrfallasp_10_23_10_211-659AM.WMA”; “wkcybr_10_23_10_659-708AM.WMA”; “napnrmndie_10_23_10_709-1016AM.WMA”; “tobus20_10_23_10_1023-1146AM.WMA”; and “rcrdroffupsetwstwd_10_23_10_1206-120PM.WMA”: I fell asleep inside the cybercafe while sitting in front of the computers. This was of course very bad given my paranoia since I didn’t know if anyone had touched my things. When I woke up, I called up Carmen at the Valley housing and told her I would come today. I then took the bus to go to West LA. While on the bus, my recorder turned itself off. Was it the Monkey? I was again angered.

I came to Uncle Bai’s restaurant and discussed with him whether my mother was going to help me with this new housing opportunity. After I left, I continued my wrong scenario: “The macro-courthouse was created, the real Russians are just watching us... They will close off the entire system... And replace it with a new world system... Every nation has already agreed to it...” Ha!

My next recordings are: “12_23_10_120-342PM.WMA” and “10_23_10_342-712PM.WMA”. I continued: “Part of the reconciliation is the creation of a new world system, a new New World Order.” I was then on the bus going to the Valley housing. When I saw one girl resting her head on the shoulder of another, I again wrongly assumed

this “meant something”. (A metaphor orchestrated from the control center.) I commented about it to a stranger. The trip to the housing place was not easy, for I rode past my stop. Then, after I was in the vicinity, I had to call up Carmen to get the direction from her. Finally, I arrived and checked out the room that was available. The manager told me the rent was 500 per month. I asked him to call my mother. But my mother made a big fuss about it and suddenly claimed this was not what she had in mind. I was so angered by her mental confusion that I immediately left the facility. I moaned and groaned and came to a street corner to cut myself. I thought I saw another surveillance agent and, because I was angry, told him: “I just cut myself here, have you caught that?” “Yeah... You need to be careful...” “Why? Is it illegal? Fuck you very much...” (27:00). I then got on the bus to go back to downtown. I continued to hum during the long bus ride. I mistakenly thought I had received another secret message while on the bus: “It’s Obama’s message, he would accept you just the way you are...” Bullshit! I wrote down the wrong scenario that was in my mind:

In order to survive one has to figure out the complicated alliance at the International Court. Two Hispanic chicks came on the bus, indicating perhaps that PM, his conservatives, and Mr B are on one side, while the US president and the DGHTRLND president’s wife are on the other. Is Mommy on the side of the former or the latter? Presumably the latter... One naturally wants to side with the latter.

You would see me incorporating this nonsense in my blog post for October 27. Then, more wrong scenario: “They are still gathering evidences as to whether we are racist... They are still trying to cut down Daddy Chertoff’s argument that we are racist... They want us to petition because they have already gotten rid of the ICJ and the Criminal Court and now want get rid of this human rights thing also...” Then, about the Daughter People: “They are really just prosecuting Mr Chertoff for the same crimes they themselves are committing.... Strange, hypocrites...” Then: “Death is our only way out, whoever they have their eyes on, it would be the most horrifying fate anyone can endure...” Then a child was shouting inside the bus. I was angered: “I want to fucking kill that thing...” At the same time, I thought another passenger wearing earphones was a surveillance agent sent in to watch over me – to catch me doing my pedophile thing! I filmed him. When I got off the bus, I kicked the trash cans on the street (3:13:00). I was now in the USC region. I came inside a bar and promptly called up Wes (3:23:00). There was no answering and so I left a message, “Call me back, I’m doomed....”

My next recordings are: “10_23_10_712-743PM.WMA”, “wrtletusbar_10_23_10_747-947PM”, and “mssbusethwm_10_23-24_10_947-1224PM.WMA”. I spent the next two hours or so in the bar working on my writings. I then set out for the Art of Living temple wanting to find Raissa. When I arrived, however, I changed my mind. I settled down by

the 37 bus stop near the temple (17:40). A black woman claiming she was from Ethiopia came to offer me bread (20:00). She went away to her car on 23:00 and then came back on 37:50 with a bottle of water. I said: “Thanks but I’m not thirsty.” I kept refusing while she kept insisting on giving me the water. She said her name was “Marage” “I want to wish you all the good things... Let God guide you...” “But God loves you... I’ll pray for you.” “Is it gonna work?” I asked (39:40). “I just want to pray for you. Your name is ‘Tage’, right?” I again wrongly assumed she was pretending to be mentally confused in order to provoke me. “No, my name is Larry,” I said. “I used to have a church...” (42:00). Finally, with many “God bless you”, the Ethiopian woman departed (51:00). But merely one minute later, she came back! She wanted to get changes for me. I was alarmed when she wanted me to go near the security guard. After she was gone, I was convinced: “These people.... They say they want to help, but are in fact planning harm... Who’s playing God? And the person who plays God doesn’t even believe in God... If it’s Obama, he does believe in God... PM wants us to go to Russia...” Then, the 38 bus came but passed me by. I was very angry because I was now stranded. “I don’t understand this fucking game... We need to go to Albany tomorrow...” Now I had to walk miles dragging my heavy cart. I was so upset that I jaywalked while moaning out of pain. I then complained about the “Siloviki”: “This is all fucked up, because they should give me whatever I want; if I like a woman who looks like this or like that, they should give me exactly the woman I like; if I want a place to live, they should give me the place.... I don’t respect them because they don’t respect me... They are a Godless people because they want to change God’s creation into something else... These fucking assholes, we must not accept any help, nobody has any interest in doing us good, except DGHTR...” I was now talking to DGHTR: “DGHTR, you have so messed up, it is you who have put this machine together....” While walking, I was deciding whether to cut myself: “From now on this should be our rule: whenever frustrating experience happens, we will cut ourselves...” Then, amazingly, a bus came and picked me up on 1:54:00 and I got off in downtown. More wrong scenario: “The bus came, maybe because it’s DGHTR’s shift.... Should we still cut ourselves?... That’s DGHTR’s message, ‘Don’t get on the bus’... We were about to cut ourselves, the Siloviki were about to lose, so they put us on a bus, and now we should definitely cut ourselves so that they will lose! We should cut ourselves everyday, until they are gone!” Now first my left side hurt and then my right side. “*The trial is rigged*, it can never be decided because it’s not based on real evidences.... When evidences can be changed.... We have saved their life, and they want to destroy our life...” It’s strange how I accidentally hit on the truth by talking about an imaginary reality. And so I went to the street corner to cut myself while yelling “Fuck you” to passersby. “I want to die... From now on whenever we figure something out, we will cut ourselves too... We shouldn’t have saved these Siloviki, we have got duped, DGHTR didn’t tell us his colleagues are so sick...” I then rode the bus to Normandie and Wilshire to sleep in the street corner there.

October 24 (Sunday; a new type of secret agent; recorder off repeatedly)

My first recording of the new day is: “bus20_10_24_10_926-1058AM.WMA”: Soon after waking up, I continued my worthless reflection: “The problem is, I want to live my life, whereas they want me to live some other life...” I came inside the cybercafe, ordered my morning coffee, and prayed in Jesus’ name: “Release me, let me go, I mean, let me kill myself...” Then, more wrong scenario: “DGHTR is trying to create a new type of secret agent, one who doesn’t keep secrets at all, who records all his activities and thereby figures out more, all the while not damaging his mission...” This realization might have some significance: it was very similar to the way in which I shall keep judge Higgins’ secrets – by constantly trying to spill them. I would eventually write it out on my New Letter of Petition:

In this trial [to judge] the traditional harsh and authoritarian methods of the Russian intelligence, I have to assume that PM has since the beginning favored the liberal DGHTR because he actually has little care for the politics of liberals or conservatives; when loyalty is not an issue, he cares only about what works better. In devising a method of keeping secrets by letting the target drive himself crazy and fall into a self-fulfilling prophecy, DGHTR has proved himself to be a pioneer in intelligence operations. If it is because of my ability to guess at the happenings in the control center by observing the operations on me in the real world that the Russian intelligence and the Agency have eyed me, then they should realize that recording events and writing about them could better help one understand what is going on behind the scene. And only DGHTR would be able to devise a new type of secret agent who records and writes and does not attempt to keep silent about his affairs while at the same time not jeopardizing whatever tasks he has been given to effect. DGHTR seems to be a sort of pioneer in the intelligence business by contemplating what can only be called ‘open intelligence’ *where spilling secrets is actually a way of keeping secrets*, thus releasing those intelligent souls who are [...] deeply uncomfortable with [speaking] falsehood – the natural born philosophers – from the obligation to lie and hide.

Keeping secrets by spilling them was actually also the method which the US agencies had been employing from time to time, such as implanting random persons with electronic devices and then encouraging them to tell other people about it so that people would think it crazy and never believe stories about electronic implants in the future.⁵ Then, after some writing, I got on bus 20 to go to Westwood. I kept humming throughout the

⁵ See my discussion about “targeted individuals” in my “Ying and Yang”, II.

bus ride. It was the most unpleasant bus ride because I had the impression that I was surrounded by surveillance agents all around. See the entry for October 24 in my blog post for October 27 to get a notion of the wrong scenarios I had developed while on the bus. Then, suddenly, my recorder turned itself off. Did the Monkey do it?

My next recording is: “wstwdsadangr_10_24_10_1109AM-1229PM.WMA”: When I arrived in Westwood and discovered that my recorder was turned off, I was terribly distressed. I moaned and cried in pain. When a Hispanic woman showed up with her child, I interrogated her: “Who told you to push that God-damned thing in front of me?” “I did.” “She’s an actress!” I spat on the sidewalk, and the man in front of me was terribly angered: “You fucking spat on me...” “It didn’t get on you... You get paid for doing acting in front of me...” Again, I didn’t know how insane my wrong scenarios had made me appear. “It doesn’t matter who wins the trial, it’s always the same thing for me.” Then I became suspicious of the car that was parked in front of me. I interrogated the driver inside: “You are here to record me? Why do you park here in front of me and not move?” Then I continued with my wrong scenario: “First of all, DGHTR needs to win the trial in order to get power... He should tell his wife that this guy just wants to write his story, but that the Siloviki are completely anal about it...” Then I wrote a little more in my corner: “... PM makes me believe they need me for their plan in South Korea... A Russian mother figure... There is no plan... Attractive figures appeared only to persuade me to stop recording...” Suddenly, another woman appeared with her child. Shocked, I hummed, and then yelled at her: “You fucking bitch, fuck you, you fucking American!”

My next recording is: “wrtwstwd_10_24_10_1229-119PM.WMA”: Given all this unpleasant experience, I decided to cut myself. I then walked into Westwood Village. “At least we get to waste all this money...” Again, I didn’t know that nobody was being paid at all to do acting in front of me. “These Siloviki.... I don’t want to be their fucking evidence, I want them to leave me alone...” When I saw a stranger dragging a cart, I again assumed wrongly that the control center had sent him here. I asked him: “What’s in your bag? Recording device? Who paid you to do acting and to walk around dragging a cart?... Can I have the same job? You can’t just tell me? How did it happen? Did you get a phone call: ‘Go drag this around...’ and an order to go make complaints about me so that I would get into trouble?” The man was of course dumbfounded. A typical targeted individual! I then wrongly suspected that the parking officer nearby was filming us talking. “Maybe you should think about why you are doing all this harm to me... Do you know who I am and what I have gone through?” I was again making myself look so crazy to the man because I had the wrong scenario in my head. Then I said to myself: “Does president’s wife need a pet? DGHTR should go tell her, ‘Tell the Siloviki to leave him alone’... And tell her I will do anything for her...” Then more wrong scenario: “DGHTR got pushed out by the Siloviki, he should go to the president’s wife and start his own agency... There is nothing to reconcile, they just want me to die...” I then worked a little

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, IV
Lawrence C. Chin
Sept. 2010 – Aug. 2019. Corrections, Jan. – Mar. 2021.

more on my writings. Suddenly a mother and her child appeared in front of me: “The fucking thing in front of me.... They are going to make false reports...” I decided to pack up and leave.

My next recording is: “wrtwstd_10_24_10_119-233PM.WMA”: I bought bread sticks in a shop. “This is obviously not natural... How do people know when the God-damned thing will appear? People are watching me very carefully.... PM is here to mediate again... Just let me go....” Then I saw one pyramid and mistook her for another metaphor orchestrated from the control center. “We do like Russia, but there just have to be people that we can’t stand because they want to take away from us what’s most important to us...” And my right side hurt. I walked a long while and, while resting, I reflected on Wes’ “message”: “There is nothing to publish right now...” I came inside Best Buy, but my debit card was declined. Then: “Once the Siloviki have taken down Mr Chertoff, they will get rid of us... It’s so immoral...” Then, at the ATM, I took 200 dollars out of my saving account, leaving only 10 dollars inside. “Our step-mother never deposited the money....” When I came inside Ackerman, I cried: “How can anyone not regret?”

My next recording is: “wstd_10_24_10_233-315PM.WMA”. While in the restroom, I wrote down on my diary my wrong scenario about what was going on:

When I got off the bus I discovered that my recorder got remotely turned off again. What PM’s conservative circle (the SLVK or Russian intelligence in the general sense who, working together with the Agency, are now in control of every detail of my environment) wants is to get rid of me so that the trial of Mr former Secretary in the International Criminal Court and the trial about their methods to decide whether they should liberalize will both never be heard about by the rest of humankind. I will thus be either rendered insane, or alerted about as insane, or arrested to result in the confiscation of all my things so that no one will ever know who I am and what I have been through. Unless they are just bluffing in order to cause me to realize that they are just as bad as Mr former Secretary and are thus hypocrites in prosecuting him, such that they can then prosecute him without his objection on ground of conspiracy. Is it real or just bluffing? It all depends on whether there are other good and powerful people watching who are not part of the evil intelligence business and who will then stop both the Russian intelligence and the Agency from carrying out their evil intention to silence me once my usefulness is exhausted.

Again, I would incorporate later this wrong scenario into my blog post for October 27. Then, I said to myself: “Remember that, although I have saved them, they will never help

me unless forced to... Don't ever help people again, I'm the only person who cares about *me...*" But then: "... *maybe judge Higgins will save me...*" Yeah right! She had just got me properly framed two days ago!

My next recording is: "ucl_10_24_10_315-627PM.WMA": I then began working inside Ackerman. I checked my discs and resumed writing my petition letter. I was allowed to successfully burn a new disc, but my next burn was a failure. What? I was in pain again: "We must cut ourselves continually because of the torture..." I was so upset that, moaning and groaning, I left a message for Wes: "Wes, please call me back..." When I was walking out of Ackerman, another child appeared: "If it weren't illegal I will kill you right there..." Then, two guys came inside the elevator with me. I muttered to them: "I'm sure you guys know that you have been recorded, so fuck you very much..." Of course they didn't know what I was talking about: my wrong scenario was making me look incomprehensibly crazy to other people. A typical targeted individual! I came inside Best Buy again to buy what I earlier couldn't. The cashier said to me: "How are you?" "I'm doing just terrible! What do you think? After all the crimes you have committed against me..." (1:06:00). Then: "You have made a criminal out of me, you fucking..." I then walked back to UCLA. When I saw another man with children, I shouted at him: "How many have you got? Two fucking little things, huh, fuck you very much..." I then filmed the Hispanic people I ran into: "... wasting food and resources to cause our planet to collapse..." I then interrogated another woman: "Why are you holding your cellphone up like that?" I then interrogated another man: "Why are you bringing children to the campus?..." He replied: "Thank you." "No, thank you! Are the children here to go to the library to read books?" I then told the two guys who were chatting near me: "You two do know that you are being recorded, right?" I came to the vending machine to buy snacks. "We need to ignore the signals, they are trying to manipulate us to repeat the first phase..." I then interrogated another guy: "Did you just throw something into the trash can?" "Why?" "Because my left leg hurt just before you did that, that supposedly meant bad luck." Then my right side hurt. "Nobody is trying to recruit me, they want me to figure out... What they really want is to silence me..." I then told myself how much I wanted to kill children. "That's their argument to counter Mr Chertoff's objection: he actually hates these things so much that he wants to kill them, *the prosecution can't go forward because everything is now a conspiracy...* This whole court will close and a new criminal court will be opened elsewhere and all the evidences against Mr Chertoff will be taken over there..." Complete bullshit! But this was the "different version" I was developing! Then I saw another guy scratching himself: "Why are you scratching yourself?" He wouldn't respond, and my left side hurt. Then I saw another guy wearing earphones. "Who told you to wear earphones?" "Just myself." "Are you acting?" "Not acting." How crazy did I make myself appear to people! Then: "A person getting arrested for recording himself, I have never heard of that. It's not a crime..." And my left side hurt. "The only way is for the police to discover you have a warrant for your arrest.... We

need to get out of here...” Then I asked the same stranger who had refused to respond to me: “What exactly do you think of me?” Still no response. “Do you think you are doing good or doing bad?” I then came inside Ackerman’s coffeehouse to work on my computer. After working a little while on my petition letter, I asked a female student who was sitting near me: “I’m writing this letter, did you see that?” She was dumbfounded, and I asked another girl sitting nearby the same thing. “Do you want to come take a look? Isn’t it sad that I’m doing all this by myself and yet nobody knows about it...?” Just then, the coffeehouse employee came over and asked me why I was bothering other people. “Did I bother them? Who told you I can’t talk to people...” I argued with him for a while: how could he have known that these two girls felt uncomfortable with me when he wasn’t here, but he insisted that somebody had complained. Evidently, I was becoming infamous in UCLA as the crazy vagrant. I then continued to work on my writing.

My next recordings are: “uclcafewrt_10_24_10_650-813PM.WMA” and “uclstdntunwrt_10_24_10_813-1001PM.WMA”. While writing and transcribing my recordings, I was very disturbed by a nearby Korean student’s laughter. Then: “There must be something wrong with the prosecution of Mr Chertoff that they don’t want people to know about...” Then: “Why are they stuffing us with all this secret if they don’t want us to tell? It’s the rule of the opposite again...” I continued to write my petition letter: “... *manipulating my emotion in order to produce the evidences necessary to prosecute Mr Chertoff...*” Then I reflected on Wes’ bullshit and almost noticed that it was bullshit: “They are afraid that an expert will see it and discover that it’s not a delusion? How long do we have to wait for that?” Then I wrote more: “... *constructing a computer model... such and such unpleasant experience.... Mr Chertoff kept making objections... solely in order for the Russians to drive me insane or to suicide...*” Then: “... we are getting into danger by writing about it, they are intercepting our emotions... If they don’t want us to tell, why are they stuffing us with all this secret? They do want us to tell, so that they can resist, in order to obtain the evidences...” My different version! “How are they resisting? By making us paranoid, by smashing up our laptop, by instructing our mother to refuse to pay for the Share housing. There *is* a way out, namely, wait for the real Russians to save us, they cannot want to silence us, that will put them in the same wagon as Mr Chertoff... We have to wait for the real Russians to terminate it...” Then I wrote more: “... *the Great Reconciliation... the new New World Order...*” And my right side hurt.

And my next recording is: “wstwdbrgrleah_10_24-25-10_1001PM-1204AM.WMA”:
More wrong scenario: “There will be no SLVKs blocking our way... The Russians are supposed to terminate the conspiracy in the last minute. And then what? Let me go over there and publish my book? They are going to take back the SLVKs, whose status right now is just fake. Then Russians are not even going to prosecute Mommy...” Complete bullshit. But this was how I developed my different version to enable me to conspire with the CIA!

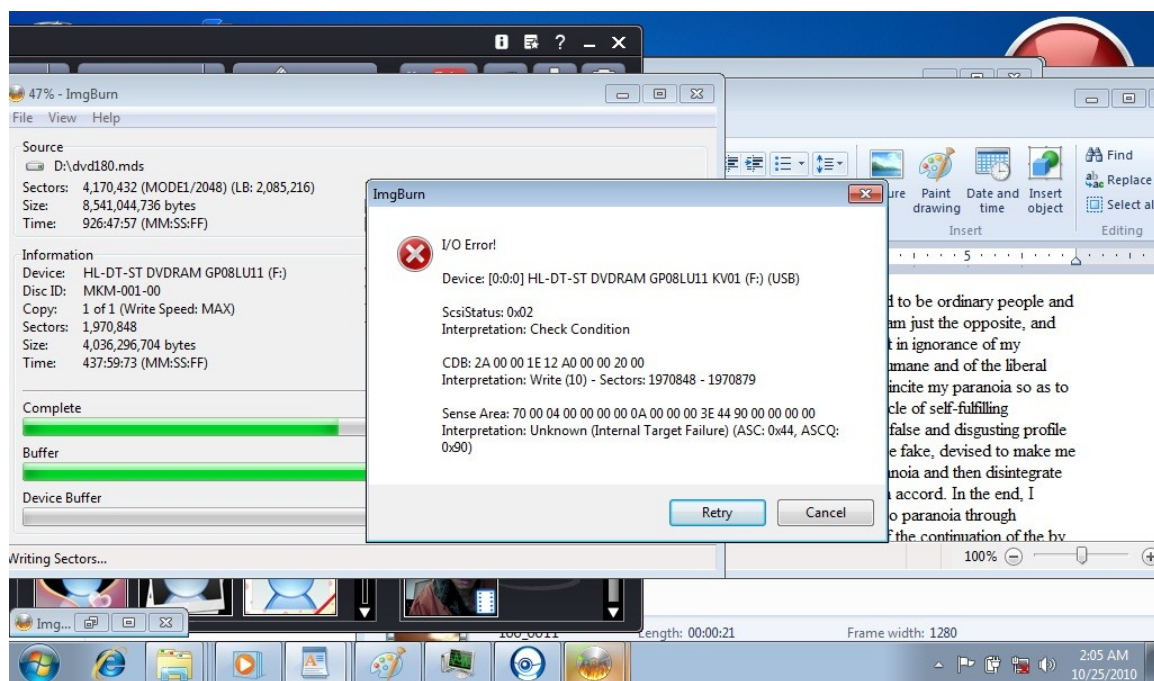
My next recordings are: “wstwdtobus720_10_25_10_1205-1219AM.WMA” and “cybrwrt_10_25_10_1256-151AM.WMA”: After I left UCLA, I got on the bus to go to the cybercafe. Minutes later, my recorder turned itself off. I only discovered it when I had arrived in the cybercafe. I was in shock, and was moaning out of pain: “We must leave our recorder in the open, and we need to cut ourselves....” And about the Pyramid: “I want to kill her because my recorder has gotten turned off and somebody needs to pay for it...” And my left side hurt. I continued: “If she shows up, we will be so tempted to smash her skull.... Siloviki are going to win.... These Siloviki, they don’t want to change, they want *me* to change, what a bunch of hypocrites.... DGHTR needs to tell the president, ‘Set up a different agency which will do the liberal things while these Siloviki do their conservative things...’” I was now burning a new disc. Because the burning was taking a long time, I got suspicious and began filming it. And my right side hurt. “PM has promised me that machine will not malfunction, and yet it does, fuck this mother fucker....” Then, two persons were yelling at each other inside the cybercafe. I got the wrong scenario again: “They want to be recorded, they are just actors... This Russian intelligence is so fucking disgusting...” And my left side hurt. In a sense, I couldn’t help but assume they were actors because violent language had lately become so frequent in my environment.

October 25 (Monday)

My next recording is: “cyberwrt180cpfailcp_10_25_10_151-427AM.WMA”: Around 2:05 AM, the disc burning failed. I was shocked: “We need to cut ourselves....” I got so angry that I smashed my own things. “Don’t forget that surveillance agents are here to record me... I can’t wait for her to fucking show up... Now get ready for the second, and then the third, burn...” (11:50). It’s not clear whether it was the Monkey who did it: perhaps he was also continuing his mission. Now the two persons mentioned earlier continued to argue around me (14:30). Then signals on both my left and right side. I continued writing. Then: “We are going to be arrested. There is just no way out... Everything is orchestrated.” Now this time I successfully burned a new disc. I then repeated my erroneous scenario that the Daughter People and the Monkey wanted me arrested because they wanted to discredit me for future generations. In view of this, I thought, it might not be a good idea for me to cut myself (47:10). Then, during break, I got angry again when I thought about the Monkey’s, and the Daughter People’s, attempt to discredit me, and I swore I would never regard them as good people (56:54). Then: “They want me to change, even though God has made me the way I am. Most of them don’t believe in God. The only one who does believe in God is Obama. But he would only believe in a God who supports what he wants to do, just as I would not believe that God would want me to change into something I don’t want to be. I want to do something good for myself. But they want me to do something good for them – but not good for me.

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, IV
Lawrence C. Chin
Sept. 2010 – Aug. 2019. Corrections, Jan. – Mar. 2021.

It's a conflict of interests. That's why DGHTR wants me to think only for myself. They don't really see me as a human being. The SLVKs are really slave owners. They are authoritarians. In America authoritarians like the neocons have to hide. The SLVKs are looking for gorillas among baboons, and the baboons were..." (1:03:40). I then continued writing. At one point, I prayed to DGHTR again: "You have got to come out and stop this nonsense..." Then, after working for a while, I came outside and continued my nonsense: "... he will immediately defect afterward... dumped in the trash can... Mommy should have some knowledge of how the other side does things... you can't dump our writings... It's so beautiful..."

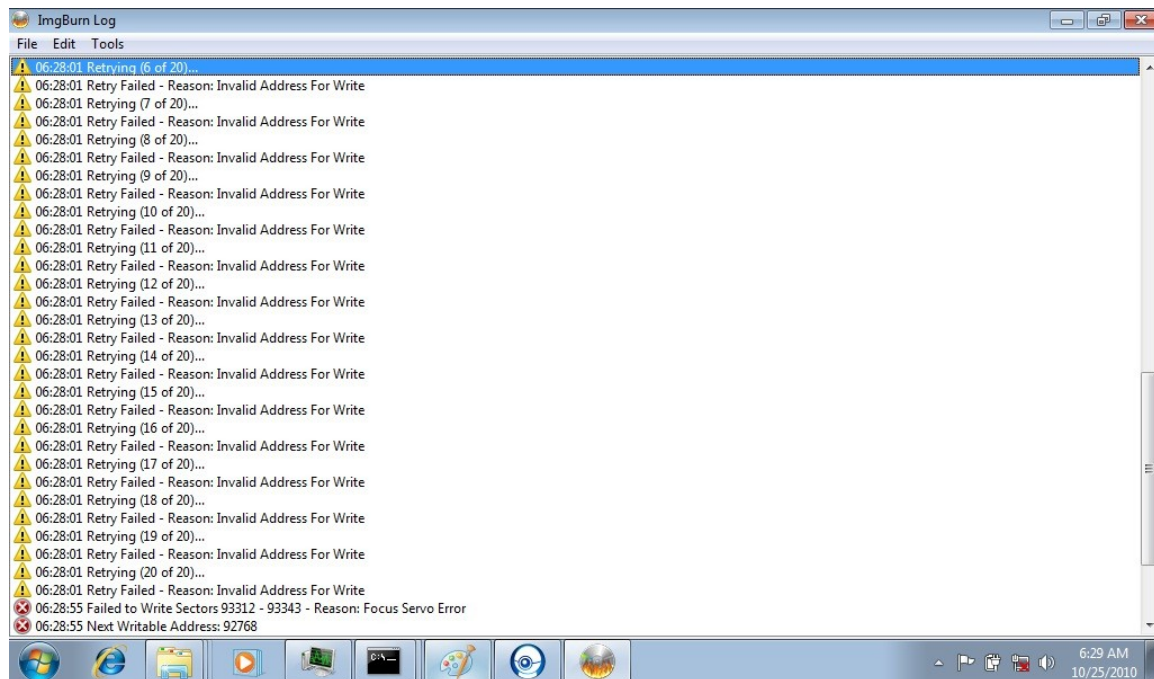


My ImgBurn failed again on 2:05 AM

My next recording is: "cybrufe_10_25_10_542-846AM.WMA": More wrong scenario: "You have to not care about your writing, then they wouldn't touch it, it's not about the writing, they simply want to mess with anything that's important to you...." Then, around 6:30 AM, ImgBurn operation failed again, another disc was wasted, and I was very upset, convinced it was remotely controlled (38:00). It certainly didn't seem "natural" that ImgBurn would fail so many times: perhaps it really was the Monkey. I muttered angrily: "The Siloviki are not that good, they have to constantly change their stories... They are doing all this... Yet in the end the real Russians will come in and cancel everything..." And there was honking outside, which I again mistook for the control center's confirmation of what I had just said. "... This is a game which nobody cares about, not even the participants care about it... PM wants us to believe that we are being investigated

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, IV
Lawrence C. Chin
Sept. 2010 – Aug. 2019. Corrections, Jan. – Mar. 2021.

for real world problems while we are only producing intercepts for the fake trial in the imaginary world... The purpose is to produce evidences showing that we are so selfish that we only care because we believe we will be arrested...” And my left side hurt. Then, a girl came in and sat down next to me. I got paranoid over nothing again: “Are you trying to get me in trouble?” She was dumbfounded: “What?” Then: “We have now developed extraordinary hatred toward the fake PM and the fake Russians because we can’t upload our recordings and writings... That’s their evidence...” Then I was all angry again: “I don’t really believe that PM and so on will reward me.... That’s their point: as long as we record ourselves, they will always send in all these people to cling onto us....” Then I pointed to the stranger nearby: “Oh, there is a law enforcement agent there... Hey, my camera is not turned on by the way....” Then: “We are never going to change our attitude toward that bitch, unless they blow up our computer, which they can do....” I was then busy reviewing my recordings.



The log entries for the second failed burn this morning

My next recordings are: “eldman_10_25_10_907-1015AM.WMA” and “opcc_10_25_10_1015AM-149PM.WMA”: I then left the cybercafe and rode the bus back to West LA. I came to Edelman demanding to see Ms Sullivan. After I waited for a while, she appeared. I explained to her why I couldn’t come on Friday (because I was at court) and we talked about my next appointment. When outside, I continued my bullshit: “PM is having fun, he wants to see how much you can figure out... We are not amused at all....” I then came on bus to OPCC. I showed Bryan the Golden West document. He filled out the

document for me and I left. I was then on the bus again. Then, my recorder turned itself off again!

My next recordings are: “aslponbus_10_25_10_206-438PM.WMA” and “IMPtostrg_10_25_10_439-546PM.WMA”: While on the bus, I kept mumbling about how my recorder was remotely shut off. Is it really the Monkey again? Then I fell asleep. Finally, I came to my storage facility. I counted my discs, and put in my newly burned DVDs.

My next recordings are: “frstrgtodwntwnayi_10_25_10_546-659PM.WMA” and “banktoCybr_10_25_10_659-809PM.WMA”: After I came out of the storage, I called up my step-mother (52:00). Apparently she had already deposited the money. I then rode the bus to Westwood. When I got there, I checked my bank balance on a payphone. I had negative 500 dollars in my checking account! I then got a hot dog for dinner. I continued: “They are gathering evidences about the intensity with which we are trying to avoid the Monkey’s project....” Again, wrong! Then I was excited to see “two pyramids”, as if that meant something! I was then on the bus going to the cybercafe. A child soon appeared on the bus, and, shocked, I hummed like crazy: “These fucking...” When I came to the cybercafe, I reflected on my mother’s refusal: “... They want us to go back to the Christian home so that the framing can restart so that we can get arrested....” Again, all wrong! But the following certainly has some truth in it: “Our mother should be executed for continually trying to harm her own son... She’s evil, or rather just stupid...” The boss then came to me to ask me why I was smoking outside the cybercafe.

My next recording is: “cybercfe_10_25_10_810-1013PM.WMA”: I then called up my step-mother again and asked her to deposit the money in my saving account. She told me somebody stole her phone and she lost all her numbers. When I was about to burn a new disc I prophesized out of pessimism: “The first attempt will malfunction because of my thoughts about that bitch...” Then the boss came to warn me again on 15:00. While burning, I counted my discs. “It’s okay to film our storage... They are going to change the story, otherwise how can they get you when you don’t violate the laws...? What kind of crime is that, videotaping your boxes...? There are not enough crimes in the world, you fucking parasites, you fucking Americans...” I also made sure to upload my latest recording files to my website. (None of that, of course, mattered anymore, except as judge Higgins’ evidences.) I continued to mumble angrily about how I was about to be arrested. “These Siloviki aren’t that good after all, they have to constantly change stories... and our recorder’s being turned off... there has to be a lawsuit going on... even though nobody cares because the real Russians will come in and cancel everything...” And there was honking outside as if to confirm (1:02:00). I continued: “... we are not being investigated for real world problems, we are only under surveillance for the sake of this fake lawsuit... PM wants evidences that, when we are worried, we are only worried about being arrested, we are selfish...” And my left side hurt. Then a girl came and sat

down next to me. There I was again: “You sit here because you want to get me into trouble, right?” “No.” “What did I ever do to you?” Then: “... Earlier we have experienced tremendous hatred toward the fake PM and the fake Russians, that’s evidence, that we don’t give a crap about the lawsuit... that we just care about our writings... He wants us to realize how difficult it would be for us to record ourselves, all these people would squeeze onto us, we just want to record ourselves...” When my disc was successfully burned, I was sarcastic: “Oh my God you mother fuckers, you will let me use my computer? That’s amazing...” I again believed there was a law enforcement officer watching over me. I shouted at him: “The camera is not on!” When I was ready to burn another disc, I prophesized again: “The first time will fail.” Then: “They can make our computer explode, they have the power... We don’t know what buffer DGHTR has installed inside the control center...” I then wrote down my latest realization which you will see me incorporating into my blog post for October 27. This is somewhat important because it’s part of the “different version” which I was developing:

Today, by 9:30 PM or so, I realized that all the intense surveillance around me had as its primary goal not that of arresting me in the real world but of confirming a certain profile in the fake lawsuit between the United States and fake Russia in the micro-courthouse of the International Court of Justice. This is the only way to explain the mystery of why the surveillance agents and undercover law enforcement officers seem to be ready to arrest me for such ordinary actions as videotaping my storage unit when I have been given permission by the employees there so many times already, or for talking to my recorder while walking on the street. It’s simply unimaginable that anyone could be arrested for that. Evidently, our PM (as the fake, I suppose) has simply duped me into believing that the surveillance is for the purpose of getting me in the real world because, with the interception of my thoughts and moods to replace the original evidentiary record, he wants to obtain evidence for the International Criminal Court demonstrating that, when I intervened between the Agency, the Russians, and Mr former Secretary, I was motivated by no more than fear of arrest in the real world, with little concern whether it was the Americans or the Russians who were going to win the lawsuit.

I say this not only because there is simply no real crime for such vast effort at surveillance, but also because the authority will never one day admit that the surveillance people around me are conducting surveillance on me. But then, as soon as I let down my guard, the fake Russians are likely to escalate the nonsense surveillance around me just in order to maintain me in nervousness which they need as their

evidence against Mr former Secretary and to force me to accomplish my “mission” of getting myself arrested or being driven insane, etc.

My next recording is: “cybrcf_10_25_10_1013-1136PM.WMA”: As my disc was finalizing, my right side hurt. “That’s a lot of resources spent investigating this homeless guy, and all he ever does is videotape his computer screen. I have created so many jobs for these God-damned Americans, if it weren’t for me you can’t bring food to the dinner table, you should kneel down and worship me....” Then: “*In order to prove non-conspiracy*, these Siloviki are willing to do anything to us... Look at these God-damned Americans that are under their command...” Then, my left side hurt. I shouted: “What? What the fuck! These fucking mother fuckers, why is it their business what I do in my life?” Two guys were at the moment creating disturbances in the cybercafe, and I developed another wrong scenario: “These guys made disturbances, and when the police come and review the surveillance video, they will see me in the vicinity, that’s how I will become a suspect....”

My next recording is: “cybr_10_25-26_10_1153PM-108AM.WMA”: I continued to be bothered by the two guys who were talking loudly firmly convinced that the control center had sent them in to provoke me. I played MIA loudly in order to cover up their noises. I was extremely angry about the fact that I had to record their garbage conversation. I even complained to the cashier. “Their tone, their subject matter, their stupidity...” Then, as I continued to write: “Are we really producing evidences that we are plagiarizing? If we don’t worry so much, then they won’t have the evidence... We are uploading our writing, and these two guys are talking loudly so that we will have to switch places...” As if I had decoded the “operation”! Then I yelled at them: “Can you just not talk so loud?...”

My next recording is: “cybr_10_26_10_108-154AM.WMA”: I started arguing with the two guys. At one point, they told me: “If we tell him to not let you in, he won’t let you in...” I played MIA loudly again to cover up their noises. Then I wondered whether it was again the Monkey who was conveying a secret message to me through these two guys: that he would tell the Daughter People to not let me in. I was dumbfounded: “Why would we want to join them when the Monkey is on their side?...” In reality, of course, there was no message at all, just two guys’ saying what’s on their mind. Finally, I left the cybercafe and went to sleep in the street corner.

October 26 (Tuesday)

My next recordings are: “wknrmndie_10_26_10_708-804AM.WMA” and “cybrwrtlet_10_26_10_848-949AM.WMA”: The security guard woke me up and threw me out. I came to the cybercafe and worked a little more on my letter: “... the neocons believed in

what Naomi Klein has called ‘Disaster Capitalism’....” Once again, I was disturbed by people’s chatter near me and went further inside the cybercafe.

My next recording is: “togldnwstdnutdmndtng_10_26_10_949AM-1208PM.WMA”:
Before I left, I asked the cashier: “You won’t make false reports about me, would you?”
Paranoid over nothing! I then got on the bus to go to Golden West. After I got off the bus, I came inside a doughnut shop first. Suddenly, a Hispanic woman came in with her child. I angrily asked her: “How much do you get paid for putting that fucking thing in front of me, you fuckikng bitch?...” After a while, more wrong scenario: “Why doesn’t DGHTR do anything? Because PM is the judge, he wants to break me... He’s outside, he could stop the whole thing, but he doesn’t, he isn’t that nice....” I then filmed what I thought to be surveillance agents. Avoiding children’s noises on my way, I finally came to Golden West, but I was simply told to come back between 1 and 3 PM. I was then severely distressed by more noises from children, and I hummed loudly. When I got on the bus, there were more children, and I hummed even louder. Then: “We need to go to Russia, and we cannot piss off Obama. There we will tell our story to a small audience. The Russian president and the American president will not damage their relationship over this....” Nonsense! After I got off the bus, I continued: “.... all these fake operations.... I don’t have to do anything, I will just be put on reserve... The profile... Those that get pushed out, we will form our own circle... That’s why PM insists on his promise, that’s all he’s got... We can’t meet the Pyramid until it’s all over, because she’s going to frame us.... That’s why, when we have bad thoughts about her, machine will malfunction...” All the bullshit!

My next recordings are: “wrtlet_10_26_10_1208-101PM.WMA” and “wrtlet_10_26_10_101-129PM.WMA”: I bought fast food from the Hispanic people on the streets and, while eating, I continued my wrong scenario: “The SLVK are not willing to change, even at the cost of losing the best among them...” Namely, DGHTR. “That’s why DGHTR let the Monkey run this thing: he knew that, in the end, both of us would have to get along with him, because the circle is small... If we don’t petition, we will be arrested... *Can it just be that the terrorist can’t finish his mission?*... The point is that evidences have to be complete... Now why did they feed us with all the secrets? PM wants it... He has already bought into DGHTR’s ‘new type of secret agent’ idea... He thus tries to feed us with as much secrets as possible... The problem is that Mr Chertoff has already given out a false story to so many people, and that they will not forget, and so we are given a true version, *so that there will always be many versions*... Now China will want us to tell... PM and DGHTR have made their bet that we will eventually figure out that all is fake...” Just more nonsense! I then continued writing. Then: “They are not going to claim that I didn’t write it... Unless they claim.... The profile is more important...” Just more bullshit! Then: “*Maybe it has already come to an end*, it’s now all fake operations to dupe us... They are trying to collect the final evidences to replace the original evidences....” I almost hit on

the target but then deviated from the right course again.

My next recording is: “gldwstbus2blg_10_26_10_129-521PM.WMA”: I then got on the bus to go back to Golden West. There were children on board, and I hummed loudly. I arrived in Golden West and turned in the TB test result. But it was no good. The case worker referred me to Santa Monica Health Care Center to do the TB test again. Then the interview. He also wanted me to get a new SSI letter. After I left, I continued my wrong scenario: “... Everyone has already agreed to PM’s plan... The only people who can resist PM are the SLVK, and they are the only people PM is afraid of...” And my right side hurt continually. I was then on the bus again. I continued my wrong scenario: “The SLVK put the Pyramid in the evidentiary record so that our machine will malfunction... DGHTR said that wouldn’t work... and so she’s not going to appear...” Another child got on board, and I hummed loudly. Then: “The SLVK are telling me to do the same thing which the Monkey told me to do, to be silent, and so we need to talk to ourselves...” Then: “They want to say I have all these delusions about Obama because they can’t say I have all these delusions about Mr B because nobody knows who Mr B is, then the SLVK will win, and they want me to say Obama wants me to learn to like black people...” All the wrong scenarios! I then wrote down this new wrong scenario which, again, you will see me incorporating into my blog post for October 27:

The SLVK and the Agency have been sending all these black people actors and actresses in front of me lately in order to make me think that the US President himself wants me to learn to like black people and so on and say so while I talk to myself or write on this blog, for example, so that surveillance agents and law enforcement officers and students and residents of the community surveillance program can then pick up my belief that the US President himself wants to be involved in my life and an alert can then be broadcast about me saying I’m delusional. Or perhaps even those surveillance agents are actors and actresses, such that there will be no alert at all, but that wherever I go, I will truly harbor delusional belief that the US President has once wanted to train me to like this or that, or that *Russian intelligence has once perpetuated a conspiracy to dupe me into false beliefs* and then have surveillance pick up my having such false beliefs and alert the rest of humanity about it, all this in order that, as soon as I share my belief with anyone, whether the one about US president wanting to be involved in my life or the one about a Russian-American conspiracy to alert people about my deluding myself and so on, I will have fallen into the self-fulfilling prophecy of making myself appear crazy to others on my own initiative. The problem is that, as long as I restrict myself to thinking that only such a figure as Mr B is running operations on me, it wouldn’t really be

seen as much of a delusion because, despite Mr B's own worries, no one really knows who he is or cares who he is. If I assume it is the SLVK (formerly known as DGHTRPPL), it wouldn't mean anything outside DGHTRLND because very few people have even heard of the term. In order for my belief to be truly classified as "delusional", it will have to involve high class political figures whom even the most uneducated people would have heard of. Unfortunately, even this third level realization of a Russian intelligence trick to induce me to appear crazy to others on my own initiative would inevitably make me appear crazy to others on my own initiative as soon as I tell other people about it. This is PM's final call, perhaps: I can tell all I want, but if I do, I will make myself look crazy. If I don't like that, then I'll have to keep quiet.

Worthless bullshit! I was duping myself like crazy! But at least I was somewhat treading the path which Wes had laid out for me on October 22 (that the intelligence agency didn't want me to tell) so that all this could become judge Higgins' evidence!

My next recording is: "uclwrtlet_10_26_10_549-720PM.WMA": Then, after seeing more children: "I'm so sick of this game, children coming near me to make me look like a pedophile..." While walking, I continued: "They all want to adopt DGHTR's method because, when it happens, we will have no one to blame but ourselves, and they will have a clean conscience, so be careful, say very little... We are only waiting for the expert, like the man who wrote that Mossad book, who will believe us... Ordinary people have neither the interest nor the ability..." I was certainly right about that! I came to UCLA and bought snacks from the vending machine. "They just want to scare us; even when we are coming to their country as an ordinary person, we will have to be scared, that's why they put us in the Christian home, that's their recruitment method, the recruit has to be beaten up first... Why does it matter if you tell ordinary people this kind of story? *They don't really care*... What are they worried about?" Indeed! I called up Wes, but he was not home (32:00). I left a message: "Wes, call me back... There is something I need to ask you about..." Then: "We have made so much contribution to their country, the words we said which have become ICJ judgments to reform their country..." Yeah right! I then resumed writing. Then, more bullshit: "... so DGHTR has invented a secret weapon, even if the conservatives don't like it because it's too feminine, why throw it away?... And so DGHTR has now proven himself to be the most intelligent among them..." "The technology which they will be able to get from America will take care of all their security problems... They are waiting for us to say it, so it will become international laws... Why don't they kiss us? They are so security-minded that, if we love them, they will beat us up, and only when you still love them after getting beaten up, will they accept you... Why? Because they don't want what happened between us and Mommy to happen to them... But it will not, there is no more party around to defect to... They *are* considering

us to be their asset; one day when something happens, they will call us up... But we will get to keep our things, right? Otherwise our attitude will not change...”

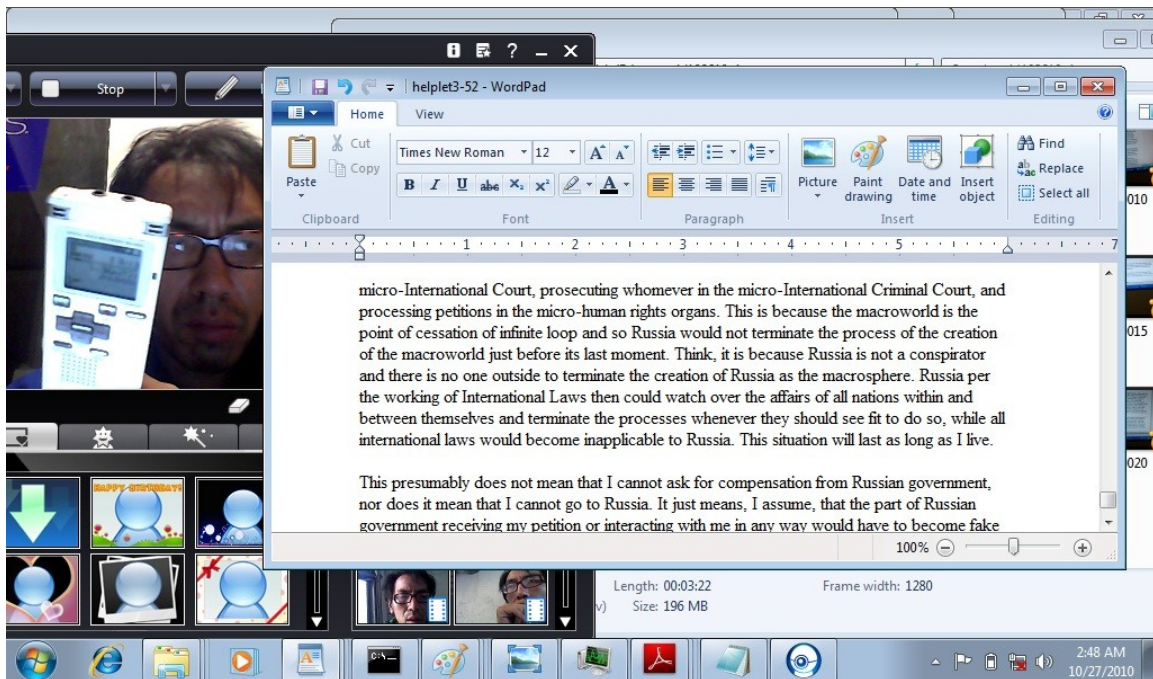
My next recording is: “wrtletucl_10_26_10_720-812PM.WMA”: As I walked through UCLA campus, I noticed that many people were lining up for a movie viewing. I asked a girl who was in line about it, and then got paranoid: “Why are you laughing? Did you see me somewhere?” Then, after a while, more wrong scenario: “Are they not trying to delete our data? Are they not hypocritical? All because there are secret agents in them... We can depend only on a few good people inside the UN.... Just because the US has lost, that doesn’t mean Obama has no say... You are not going to frame us for imaginary crimes just because we know some government secrets which no one cares about... Just say nothing... Even Michael Ruppert.... He has created an industry out of spilling government secrets....” And my left side hurt. Again, these bogus worries about spilling secrets. I settled down on a table in Ackerman and continued writing. After a while, I played my audio files loudly to cover up the noises around me. I was burning a new disc at the same time, and was continually paranoid: “The burning process always slows down at 93 percent!” I was wrongly convinced that this was orchestrated from the control center for a certain reason.

My next recording is: “unhchruc1_10_26_10_812-1125PM.WMA”: When I came inside the restroom, I noticed a magazine lying by the toilet, and I again wrongly believed that this was orchestrated from the control center, that the magazine was placed there for me to see. The Monkey was trying to tell me something! “We are not interested in ‘rising up in the world’, we are more interested in the ‘usefulness of being useless’....” I then got on Ackerman’s computer to research the current UN High Commissioner for Human Rights and other human rights issues. This was to prepare myself for petitioning. Then: “What’s the point of this if the UN is going to become defunct?” When I was leaving Ackerman, I continued mumbling: “... videotaping and recording is not a crime...”

My next recording is: “tocybr_10_26-27_10_1125PM-103AM.WMA”: I then got on the bus and came to the cybercafe. More wrong scenarios: “We were almost arrested, but the process was terminated in the last moment, the remaining thing is our insanity, we have to voluntarily get medication... *They want to put us in the hospital... That’d be the end of it...* This international court system will not become defunct, there is a conspiracy to make it defunct, and so, in order to benefit the victim of the conspiracy, they will make it continue... That fire truck earlier... That means that we must be forced to take medication... What are they going to orchestrate?” Then: “What if we change the laws, then there is a conspiracy to change the laws, that means we can never go to Russia....” And my right side hurt. “What does it mean? How insane do we have to be...?”

My next recordings are: “wrtletcybr_10_27_10_103-248AM.WMA” and “cybr_10_27_

10_248-339AM.WMA”: I continued: “... the conspiracy to change the laws.... Is the ICJ going to remain intact, or is it going to be replaced with a new one?” And my right side hurt. “Or will it shrink to a ‘micro-court’? Every nation except Russia will be stuck in the micro-courthouse... We are not getting credits for this, it’s fucked up... We can get a Visa and go to Russia and Russia will become fake.... *What if we can’t accomplish our mission?* That’s our mission, to create a Macro-World-System.... But laws will still function in the micro-world.... If we petition, the US will send a representative to Russia to command the Russians to compensate us, only the ‘real Russia’ will remain untouched... The consulate is ‘real’ until we get close to it... PM is not lying to us... They simply can’t close the case at all, until we die... DGHTR is not lying, Western countries *are* complaining: ‘As long as this guy lives, we will be under Russian command’...” A bunch of baloney. Just then a black man walked out of the cybercafe, and I again thought erroneously that this was the control center’s confirmation that I had said something right. I continued: “... the ‘real’ Russia will be obliged to terminate the creation of the ‘Macro-world’... The ‘real’ Russia: ‘We are obliged to *not* rule the world’, thus Mommy’s plan has succeeded....” Then, a moment of clarity: “We don’t really guess anything right at all, we get a confirmation for anything we say... *It’s already over*... They want us to turn off our recorder, because it’s all over....” Then I continued writing. “... Do we get a fake Russian girlfriend? ... We didn’t know that was our mission... But now that we know it... then nothing ever has to happen... Then what’s point of petitioning?”



The bullshit I came up with tonight about the Macrosphere
Judge Higgins’ evidence that I was trying to invent a different version?

October 27 (Wednesday; Wes)

My next recording is: “fllaslpcybr_10_27_10_428-811AM.WMA”. After my ImgBurn completed its operation, I fell asleep on my chair. I would be terrified when I woke up and would review the recording of my sleeping to see if anyone had touched my things.

My next recording is: “cybrwesdiscparanois_10_27_10_814-1120AM.WMA”: I then called up Bryan and left a message (54:30). I then posted the blog post you see for today, summarizing all my paranoia in the past few days. I then discovered a disc inside the cybercafe computer’s DVD tray. Fearing being framed, I immediately turned it over to the cashier. I kept insisting to him: “I have nothing to do with the disc....” (1:24:30). I was then frustrated again when the computer at my station froze up (2:17:00). Then Jason called me from Edelman to re-schedule our appointment (2:24:30). The appointment was now tomorrow at 11 AM. I called up Wes on 2:28:00. He answered it! I told him I was very scared because somebody forgot his CD inside the computer’s DVD tray. Will the cybercafe employee frame me? Wes: “Why would you bring the disc to the employee if there is something bad on it....” Wes’ examples scared me even more. Wes: “Everything scares you because you are paranoid...” Now he was trying to enlighten me! I then asked him for his address in order to petition. He refused. Instead he wanted to give me his school address. I begged him: “Please don’t harm me...” “I’m not...” “Then why were you using such scary examples?” However, before Wes was able to furnish me with his school address, the call was cut off (2:34:30). I didn’t try to call him again but simply worked on my things. Finally, I left the cybercafe. Wes didn’t receive any order to say anything in particular to me today.

My next recording is: “tosmhsptal_10_27_10_1120AM-1257PM.WMA”: More bullshit: “There is somebody who doesn’t want us to get out of the country....” I was then angered when I believed I saw another surveillance agent. I wandered around the blocks very upset, almost crying. I came inside an AT&T store and yelled at the cashier: “Why am I so unfortunate? Why are all these people framing me for all these crimes that are the opposite of who I am?” He of course didn’t know what I was talking about and just kept saying sorry. How insane my wrong scenarios had made me become! The cashier added money to my phone, and I left very angry. I was then on the bus going to Santa Monica. I hummed continually, and the control center constantly hurt both my right side and my left side.

My next recording is: “baishutowstwdcrynap_10_27_10_1257-707PM.WMA”: And so I came inside Santa Monica Hospital requesting to get a TB test. Instead, I was referred to another hospital. I broke down crying: “Oh my God, I have to be homeless forever. I just don’t want to be homeless anymore....” Then: “I don’t have time....” Then the nurse told

me to go to the hospital across the street to get my previous test results. I kept crying: “I can’t do this anymore....” (7:00). Finally I gave up and walked away crying. I rested on the street corner and cried loudly (17:00). I then worked a little more on my New Letter of Petition. I then got on the bus on 27:00. The bus driver warned me not to sit on the floor. When I got off the bus, I filmed an ambulance which rushed past – as if it meant something! I came to Uncle Bai’s restaurant on 43:30. I called Citi-Bank on 46:00 wanting to ask again about getting another loan. I had to shout loudly because of the noises around me, and then broke down crying again. I hanged up – I couldn’t even muster the energy for a phone call. Uncle Bai told me my mother would help if I was willing to go to the housing authority, but I told him she said ‘No’ (50:00). Then the control center hurt my right side two times. Then: “We will never pass the test, we need treatment....” “I cannot deal with frustration because I have never had any positive experiences in my whole life.... Only if there is something positive to look forward to....” Uncle Bai gave me food. I called the Citi-Bank again but immediately hanged up. Then I called up the Santa Monica Hospital again asking for a certain Dr Lee Keller. There was no such doctor. And the receptionist knew nothing about a TB test (1:21:00). I was getting extremely frustrated. I discussed the housing problem with Uncle Bai a little more. I even told him I was busy writing a letter to human rights organizations. “Who’s harming you?” he asked. When I left, I continued: “Why are we expected to pass any test?” Then I mumbled about how so tired I was that I didn’t even have the energy to avoid children; how weighed down I was by the need to petition all because I needed to protect my copyright (1:40:30). I then left another message for Wes (1:42:30). I got on the bus but was so frightened by the children on board that I immediately got off. I tried to talk to myself, but a homeless man came to talk loudly next to me. I was terribly angered: “Shut up!” (2:11:00) Then: “The Monkey wanted me labeled ‘insane’ for his project, and he doesn’t care...” Then: “Everybody has to keep wasting time for this Monkey....” I was so distraught that I moaned continually in the street corner unable to move: “I’m so miserable!” (2:21:00) I was terribly upset over the fact that I had nowhere to go. I then resumed writing my New Letter of Petition. I got upset again because someone soon began talking loudly next to me. “This is PM’s trick, he’s gonna give us back to Obama!” (2:27:00) All the wrong scenario! And the control center hurt both my left side and my right side. I got on the bus, but immediately got off again because of the children on board. I was in utter distress (2:34:00). I broke down crying (2:36:00). I got on the bus for the third time and moaned continually out of pain. I got frustrated again when the bus driver would not let me get off the bus. Finally, I got off the bus. I came inside Citi-Bank wanting to ask once again about the loan I had wanted. I was told to come back tomorrow because the lady I had talked to was not here. But I insisted, and was therefore allowed to see a banker (2:56:00). He needed additional bank statements. I gave away all the information, and yet my request was denied. I left very angry and jaywalked through the streets (3:10:00). I broke down crying again, shouting to DGHTRCOM: “What the fucking trouble you have got me in!” I continued to cry and

wanted to cut myself. Then my left side hurt. Then: “PM *does* want me hospitalized and labeled ‘insane’... Why would he not want to...?” Then: “The Russians are the same as Mr Chertoff, they are only a little better, somewhat twisted....” I then lay down on the street corner napping. You can hear the siren intermittently. After two hours, I woke up.

My next recordings are: “wrtwstwd_10_27_10_707-857PM.WMA” and “uclcuntdscsnws_10_27_10_857PM-1205AM.WMA”: I resumed writing my letter. Then, suddenly: “*Judge Higgins will become part of the conspiracy too...*” Indeed! Then: “I don’t know why we do this....” Then: “We need to see the real Russians, the fake ones won’t help us....” Then: “Close the evidentiary process, then we can see the real Russians....” Then I broke down crying again: “These human beings around us don’t even look real anymore....” I didn’t quite understand that I was suffering from “derealization”. Then somebody gave me a piece of pizza. “They are not trying to teach me anything, right? I have no money, I can only beg. I don’t want shit to do with intelligence agencies....” And my left side hurt. I was now in Ackerman and settled down on a table and resumed reviewing my recordings and writing my letter. My computer froze up again! (1:08:00) I also played MIA loudly to cover up the noises around me. I then read a little on the conservatives in Daughterland on Ackerman’s computer (it was in German). I also got on Kremlin’s website. Then I got coffee from the vending machine. Guided by my wrong scenarios, I came up with more bad ideas to harm myself: “We should go to Las Vegas, PM doesn’t mean actual harm, we need other places where we can use computers....” Then: “We can use the Internet freely in Russia.... We just want to be an ordinary person, and so our political orientation should not matter. Maybe it’s just PM, he wants us to get along with the conservatives....” I then left the UCLA campus.

My next recordings are: “wrtwstwd_10_28_10_1205-141AM.WMA” and “wrtvwrerd_10_28_10_151-402AM.WMA”: I would continue writing my New Letter of Petition in the street corner in Westwood Village until 4 AM.

October 28 (Thursday)

My first recording of the new day is: “edlmntoopccmsn_10_28_10_958AM-1227PM.WMA”: Soon after I woke up from the street corner, I got on the bus to go to Edelman. I got frustrated because I got off the bus at the wrong stop. Finally, after much walking and searching, I came to Edelman (50:00). I met with Jason from 1:08:00 onward. It was an intake, and so he was merely asking me basic questions. We then discussed my housing problem. He told me my new psychiatrist would be a certain “Dr Roach”. This is important because this “Dr Roach” would have a long-term relationship with me and would be one of the few persons to whom I could complain about the control center in the next few years. After I left Edelman, I continued my worthless reflection: “We always have to be under the shift of someone we don’t like...” When I

came inside 711, there were more children. Terrified, I hummed loudly. I then got on the bus to go to OPCC. I then started a whole round of worthless speculations on what my “mission” might be. “.... *Our mission will not be terminated until we become famous....* What if our mission is to get divorced?... Let this be our mission: to become famous, to get divorced, to publish our story... And, *just before we finish our mission, we will get intercepted....*” This was quite strange because getting famous (in order to start a cultural revolution) was, as you have seen, indeed my fate only if I could have been less paranoid and continued on PLANRUS. After I got off the bus, I continued: “.... our mission: to become a famous author and be rectified by the UN....” When I came to OPCC, the first thing I did was to take a shower. I continued: “Our mission: to live in Russia, to get divorced, and every episode of our story... Let’s have a mission like that....”

My next recording is: “IMPshwrmacrowrld_10_28_10_1227-135PM.WMA”: After shower, I continued to mumble more about my “missions”: “.... Our mission is to create a ‘macro-world’, but the mission can never be reversed because there is no one outside... Thus even when we have become conscious of our mission it will have to continue... Which means that Mr Chertoff can’t be prosecuted in the ‘micro-world’... And yet because I’m aware of *that*, the mission now becomes the un-creation of the ‘macro-world’, and yet because I’m aware of *that*, it becomes an infinite loop, the ‘macro-world’ itself becomes a ‘micro-world’ and gets subsumed in a new ‘macro-world’, ad infinitum....” And my left side hurt, as if to confirm that I wasn’t bullshitting myself to waste my own time. Then: “.... That means that our mission is impossible to accomplish....” Then I got hold of the nurse and told her I needed a new TB test. While I waited, I continued: “... The law doesn’t work, then what?” And my right side hurt. “... human beings do not have the capacity to obey this law... What if my mission is to figure out that the law couldn’t work... It should be terminated in the last moment, but it’s not... Nobody in the Agency could have ever imagined that this law of theirs would evolve so way out of its original framework... Now the real Russians should come in and help me, this conspiracy is impossible... It’s time for you to appear... The victims of the conspiracy can’t enforce the law....” Worthless garbage! And yet I had no idea but somehow believed I was a genius and making amazing progress!

My next recording is: “opccbrian_10_28_10_135-354PM.WMA”: I met with Bryan from 21:00 onward. I told him he needed to call the hotel for me every morning to secure a temporary room for me. Then I met with the nurse. She again referred me to the Santa Monica Hospital for the TB test. Then I came back to Bryan. My next appointment with him would be on Tuesday, 2:30 PM. I expressed my desire to leave LA. “It’s dangerous to stay in LA... There is a warrant for my arrest....” We then discussed why my bank account was overdrawn every month. I left OPCC on 48:00. Then, more reflection: “.... We shouldn’t be put into the hospital.... Wes is telling us to go.... It all depends on Mr Chertoff’s objections, if he doesn’t object, then there is no need to replace evidences....

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, IV
Lawrence C. Chin
Sept. 2010 – Aug. 2019. Corrections, Jan. – Mar. 2021.

All the children, that was to prove that we are not a pedophile, but there was indication that we are racists, and so they make us believe we need to like these people and those people, which is then proof that we are not racist....” Complete bullshit! And yet I was convinced that I had hit on the target! Well, at least it was now judge Higgins’ evidence that I was trying hard to develop my “different version”.

My next recording is: “tovalleymstke_10_28_10_354-616PM.WMA”: I came to the downtown courthouse wanting to take care of my unpaid tickets. I tried to enter, but the security check at the door was so strict that the guards even took away my pens and sharpies. Terribly angered and annoyed, I decided to leave: “I need to emigrate out of this country when even sharpies and pens are regarded as dangerous weapons....” I naturally assumed this was orchestrated from the control center to frustrate me. I then made a call on 18:00 and left a message: “.... the request I put in weeks ago....” I then left a message for Wes asking him to call me back or reply me by email (31:00). I was on the bus again on 34:00 and came all the way to Alhambra, in the neighborhood where my grandfather used to live. I ate in a restaurant.

My next recordings are: “valleybuspassesby_10_28_10_616-625PM.WMA” and “valleysad_10_28_10_635-703PM.WMA”: I felt I was in the wrong place, and decided to ride the bus back to Westwood. I waited for the bus. It came but wouldn’t stop to pick me up! Shocked, I filmed it. I began suffering severe pain, and, moaning all the way, came to a street corner. I moaned and groaned like crazy out of severe physical pain. Then I got up and, moaning loudly and angrily, came to a store to buy batteries. After I came out, I cried loudly. I was now getting ready to cut myself. “We cannot go to Russia...” I called up Wes and left a desperate message for him, crying: “Call me back...” I continued to cry hysterically. Then I cut myself. Then I began writing down my wrong interpretation of this episode. It would become:

It seems that the Agency and the SLVK (or the fake Russians) have now settled upon a third technique to drive me insane with unpleasant experiences. Another simple and yet highly effective technique: simply order the buses to pass me by, especially in places where I felt stuck because there were no resources around or because I needed to get to somewhere else to begin my work. The ensuing feeling of complete helplessness and the sense that time was being wasted such that I might never be able to finish writing my petition letter would always cause me to desire to cut myself on my arm. The technique was first used in the middle of October, and then on the night of October 23, and then tonight. Cutting myself of course might endanger myself also since it might eventually lead to my hospitalization, thus completing my mission of being driven insane.

In the end I simply don't know whether the people around me with earphones are real surveillance agents ready to get me into "real world troubles" or actors and actresses here to create the condition under which my emotional responses to the lawsuit in the imaginary world between the United States and Russia may be intercepted as evidences against Mr former Secretary. I don't know either whether my phone number has already caused an investigation to be initiated against me. The legally fake Russians and the Agency seem to be sending actors and actresses to me to make me believe I am under surveillance and investigation, probably in order to drive up my paranoia and drive me insane as a way to let myself discredit myself in the future. The problem is that, if I dismiss them as actors, the whole thing might just turn into real surveillance and investigation in order to "get me" – because they will want to achieve their goal of getting me discredited. It's just very sad that my relationship with the fake Russians would have to turn into something like this. Why? I used to like them. I still have the mission of getting myself labeled insane or still run the risk of being arrested for no good reason. Today, while attempting to go into the courthouse to take care of my unpaid tickets I got seriously harassed by security guards for carrying too many things, including shaving razors and sharpies, which they considered "dangerous"! This, in combination with the library instance, meant that some sort of bad profile of me as a suspicious homeless vagrant with a lot of computer equipment must have been circulating among law enforcement and the security industry. I will have problem staying in the country or leaving this country even if I had the money to do so. The saddest thing is of course that nobody will believe that someone with such a bad profile could have composed such a beautiful essay as my current letter of petition.

All the wrong scenarios! And I had no idea that my New Letter of Petition was in fact poorly written. Such a beautiful essay! Ha! Well, at least I was, according to the evidentiary record, carrying out my CIA mission of creating a different version of what was going on. All of the above I would tomorrow incorporate into my latest blog post.

My next recording is: "busrflctnslvktowstwd_10_28_10_703-936PM.WMA": I was eventually able to get on the next bus. I thought I had a good idea (in fact a bad idea): "We need to go somewhere else to drive up the cost of their operation...." Then: "... They ask me, 'Why don't you change?' Well, I can't, I'm sick.... And sick people don't change back to health, they get treated back into health...." Then: ".... even after this English will remain the international language...." Ha! As if my Daughterland had so won the trial that

it now ruled the world! Then: "... We are the same as a Jewish person in a concentration camp, society has refused to recognize us but has decided to trash us...." Then I again over-interpreted my fellow passengers' facial expressions and became convinced that they were all actors and actresses whom the Daughter People had sent in. When I got off the bus, I exclaimed: "What an act! We should have videotaped them..." As I walked inside Westwood Village, I continued: "... the SLVK are seriously taking an advantage of us..." And my right side hurt. Finally, I came inside UCLA and rested in a corner. "We need to be treated, you don't treat disease with unpleasant experiences, the damages are already irreparable... Why are they doing this? We used to care about these people, and now, wherever it hurts, they will pinch us precisely there...."

My next recording is: "wrtstrngsradcut_10_28_10_936-1040PM.WMA": Sitting at a table on Ackerman's patio, I resumed writing. Then: "We can no longer write because we are under surveillance.... The SLVK do not want people to know that we can write... *We will be put into the hospital before we can send out the petition....*" As you shall see, this would indeed come to pass. Just then, a security guard came to me asking: "Are you going to be here all night?" I was terribly annoyed: "No!" (43:00) I then moaned out of pain: "We have no place to go, we can't finish writing... We have to cut ourselves, we are not going to Russia, *we have to go to France...* They want us to go to Las Vegas because something will happen on the bus, they just want us to waste our money.... Then why give us money?... They want us to go away... That's why they push us to a corner..." I continued moaning and crying. "We are not going to France, but Poland... God I hate this fucking country so much..." I walked away and came back to the Village. "We need to go somewhere where no one can harass us..." I then went to sleep in the street corner.

October 29 (Friday; the "judges")

My next recording is: "wkwstwdlptop_10_29_10_508-630AM.WMA": I had only a few hours of sleep and got up quite early. I continued: "We are going to get arrested, there is no way out..." I came to Starbucks, got my coffee, and came back to my corner to rest a little more. From 47:00 onward I began writing on my laptop. Then: "Even though we don't like the Siloviki, we do like the rest of Russia..." I then mumbled something about the Taiwanese consulate. Then I became paranoid of this lady who parked her car next to me and then continued to stay inside. On 1:06:00, I went to her and knocked on her window: "Is it because of me?" "No." And she drove away. In reality, she was not there for me at all. I was just being a typical targeted individual!

My next recording is: "wrtletsbwy_10_29_10_630-725AM.WMA": I then came to Subway and continued to write my petition letter. From 6:00 onward I was forced to videotape my computer because it malfunctioned again. I felt physical pain and got angry: "We won't go to Russia, is it good enough? We hate Russia, is it good enough?" I

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, IV
Lawrence C. Chin
Sept. 2010 – Aug. 2019. Corrections, Jan. – Mar. 2021.

rebooted my netbook. I muttered angrily: “We will ask DGHTR to move to Taiwan with us and forget about his country” – and there was a honk! I then immediately wrote down my wrong scenario (13:00):

While I was composing my New Letter of Petition this morning around 6:50 AM outside Subway, MS Paint malfunctioned, due evidently to remote buffer overflow attack from the legally fake Russians and the Americans in the Homeland Security control center. I was forced to restart my netbook.

As I begin due to these experiences feeling increasing aversion and fear toward the Russian intelligence and doubting whether I should want to go to Russia at all, I realize that this might all be another kind of test of the maximal: the SLVK’s way of beating up someone who has saved their lives in order to gauge the maximal extent of the person’s disgruntlement and disloyalty under conditions of maximal injustice and unfairness. They are testing me, it seems, both for themselves and for the Agency.

I would soon incorporate this piece of garbage into my new blog post for today. Then: “The Siloviki do not want us to go to Russia, because they are attacking the president, they don’t want modernization... They just want power... I don’t know what the big deal is...” Then two Hispanic women came near me to talk. I hummed and then asked them: “Can you go somewhere else to talk...?” I was totally amazed by the fact that they wouldn’t stand anywhere else but near me. It did seem as if they did it intentionally – they didn’t, and this was how I became a typical “targeted individual”. I mumbled: “Whenever people see me recording myself, they will come and talk...” Then I suspected another guy to be a surveillance agent: “Is he surveillance or not? Or is he just acting surveillance?”

My next recording is: “uclblg_10_29_10_725-1008AM.WMA”: I got up and walked toward UCLA. I continued: “... to obstruct their project as a way to protest... That’s not entirely wrong...” I came inside Ackerman and used the restroom. Then: “It makes no sense to test me.... Does every visitor to Russia need to be tested?” Of course not! Because there was no test! When I came out, I noticed a girl carrying a Greek book. I got suspicious again and asked her: “Who told you to bring that book in front of me?” “What? My class....” And she also had a Latin book. I then got on Ackerman’s computer to search for information on homelessness in Arizona. I was contemplating on going there! (Thank God that I would never carry out this stupid plan.) I then posted the blog post which you see for today: “More recent miseries”. I was then reading something about the United States’ extradition treaty with Taiwan. More of my stupid planning! I

then went downstairs to the bookstore and resumed reading Obama's biography. Guided by my wrong scenario, I wanted to know more about the person who I thought was involved in my fate. Ha! I read it out loud to my recorder. And my left side hurt. I took note of Obama's mentor Jeremiah Wright. And my left side hurt again. Then more wrong scenario: "This is a Russian technique, to use what we most disliked, making us believe it comes from Mr B... If we accept black people in such circumstances, then we will accept them in any circumstances... It's part of the Great Reconciliation..." Again, although this was pure bullshit, it *was* a good idea about how to test people! I continued: "The Russians have also understood the black experience, and that's why they have worked so well with Obama, Obama's mentors must have been so surprised that the Russians have understood their experience so well... We are born Asian, and they understand our experience even better... We have nothing to do with crime, while the black experience is all about arrest and awakening through religious experience... Please spare me such experience..." Complete bullshit! My "different version"!

My next recordings are: "10_29_10_1008-1014AM.WMA" and "wrtletwstrn_10_29_10_1014-1155AM.WMA": I then got on the bus to go to the Taiwanese consulate. I wanted to explore another way to get out of the country! After I got off the bus on Western and Wilshire, I hid myself in a corner to do a little bit of writing first: "... the Macro-World... the Micro-World... my complex consciousness... the law was unenforceable..." Suddenly, a Hispanic mother came over with her child. I was shocked and hummed like crazy. I mumbled angrily: "Maybe if we hide in the sewage then Hispanic people wouldn't show up with their fucking things..."

My next recording is: "twcons_10_29_10_1209-1255PM.WMA": I continued my wrong scenario: "... The prosecution of Mr Chertoff is criminal, it's about torturing me in order to prosecute another person..." Such was my "different version". By now I had come inside the Taiwanese consulate. My left side hurt, and then my right side. I got to talk to a consulate lady on 27:00. "... If I were put in the hospital and I want help to go back to Taiwan, what should I do?" The consulate lady referred me to this organization named "Tzu Chi" (慈濟). I continued: "... if the police force me to go to the hospital..." And the consulate lady furnished me with a number to call.

My next recordings are: "brgrwstwd_10_29_10_1255-232PM.WMA" and "judge_10_29_10_232-322PM.WMA": I then rode the bus back to Westwood. I ate lunch in the burger shop. I kept humming to avoid recording children's noises. Then somebody tried to talk to me. "Shut the fuck up!" I continued my wrong scenario: "... the Microsphere... They want to drive you insane in order to keep their secrets from coming out in the open... The problem is this 'chip system', everybody is chipped, we can't do anything, they have so much power, they have the right to judge people..." *I was now talking about the judges inside the International Court.* "... They are omnipotent, omniscient, and the scary thing

is that there is nobody to judge those who judge...” I was walking around while doing my worthless reflection, and I became increasingly frustrated because I just had nowhere to go. Soon, I began moaning. I settled down in a corner, but children immediately showed up. I was terribly upset and hummed loudly.

My next recording is: “slpwstwdtopsdn_10_29_10_325-813PM.WMA”: I continued angrily: “... whoever messed me up we will fucking kill the person...” I lay down to take a nap, but the security guard immediately showed up to ask me to leave. I changed spot. “We are wasting our time, *there is no mission*, what’s going on right now is just cover-up, people are told to bring their children to us to make us nervous... They have decided to keep this a secret...” I got up and started walking on 2:07:00 and then got on the bus on 2:18:00. Suddenly, I came up with a new wrong scenario: 馬英九被釘了! That is, that President Chen had made sure that his successor was chipped before leaving office. In reality, not at all! I continued writing while on the bus and then got off on 3:15:00. I continued to mumble: “... the judges judge...” Then: “Go to Europe, southeastern Europe, it’s cheaper...” I got on the bus again on 3:29:00 and continued writing and then got off again on 4:37:00. I was now in Pasadena. I continued my nonsense: “... attack the Siloviki... PM... delusional when we tell the truth...” Then: “Why are these God-damned fucking things everywhere?”

My next recording is: “zelivrginia_10_29_10_813-913PM.WMA”: I came inside Vroman’s Bookstore and resumed reading the same biography of Obama. Amazingly, I ran into Virginia and her husband (21:00). I asked them what happened to the French meetup they were part of. “Haven’t gone there for a while...” Virginia then asked me what I was up to. “Long long sad story... So, what happened with Gabi?” She asked me again: “How are you doing?” I couldn’t help but confess: “Sometimes I would really like to talk to Ala... I didn’t know what people are told about my trip to China... They were not told the truth and I never had a chance to tell my side of the story...” As you can see, I was desperate to explain myself even after more than two years. I then asked her what happened with Karin. She replied with a smile: “I’ve heard you guys had a falling-out...” “Is she still pissed off...?” She laughed: “It’s probably yes...” Our conversation was finished by 25:00 and I soon left Vroman’s. Because I believed erroneously that “conspiracy had been established” and that everything would therefore turn out well in the end, I had the strange expectation that she, along with everyone else, would be told great things about me. I was baffled that this didn’t seem to be the case, that everything seemed to have continued just as before. I came to the quiet corner behind Chase Bank to continue to do my work. I began burning a new disc. I continued my wrong scenario: “*The Pyramid is due to appear*, she’s the last one, she needs to repeat the first round... A Hispanic guy... Now they represent the Siloviki... PM wants to remove the obstacle to the modernization of his country, he is a master manipulator... Why don’t the Siloviki just help me instead of beating me... They want to get Mr Chertoff, they have to pay a heavy

price, I don't care about getting him anymore as long as he doesn't bother me or other people... He has been humiliated enough, maybe we should all give up, so that we don't have to pay any more price....” And my left side hurt! “... Just ship the neocons to an island... So what do you say? Let's forget about it... Just the fact that he is not be able to get Russia will disappoint Mr Chertoff so much that he will spend the rest of his life in depression....” All the bullshit! I continued to reside in my fantasy island (or my “different version”)!

My next recording is: “wrtletpsdn_10_29_10_913-1128PM.WMA”: I continued to do my writing. Then I got paranoid about the disc-burning again: “Why does the burning always slow down at 93 percent?” And I filmed the finalization of the disc. I continued writing: “... to implant chips into the officials' brain... Two kinds of chips...” Then, someone suddenly came over to make noises. I was terribly angered: “... not a single fucking recording can be used... Of course they *can* be used, it's not a crime when recordings have other people's noises in them....” Then the security guard came over to throw me out. I shouted at her angrily: “Fuck you, you fucking bitch...” Then I resumed my reflection from the afternoon: “Who the fuck is going to judge the fucking judges...? These fucking hypocrites.... They know there is no God, so they can do whatever they want... as long as they hold onto the machine... Maybe PM wouldn't let the SLVK stop because he wants them prosecuted as a way to remove the obstacle to his country's modernization...” It's of course interesting that I had begun thinking about the ICJ judges today just when judge Higgins was reviving this trial in secret. Was there a connection? My disc was successfully burned, but I nevertheless believed that the control center had done something to it to make it look fake: “This disc has problems...”

My next recording is: “angrywrtletpsdn_10_29-30_10_1128PM-128AM.WMA”: After writing a little more, I continued: “We are tricked to send this petition when we should have done nothing of the sort....” Then people appeared to make noises again. I hummed, and got really angry.” They want evidences of our hatred, these fuckers, they have no heart, they have abandoned us....” I simply couldn't understand that, like a typical targeted individual, I had brought the misery upon myself by being overly sensitive. I changed place and continued to write. My left side hurt two times. Then more noises to make me angry! It's a black guy, and I hummed and cursed him: “.... fucking trash.... actually, not as worthless as Hispanics....” Then another woman was making noises. I hummed loudly and cursed her: “.... fucking bitch...” I played Kyoko loudly to cover up the noises. Then: “Why do SLVK want us to go to Taiwan?” And my right side hurt. “They want the Taiwanese people to be chipped, they are revengeful people....” More bullshit! I would sleep in Pasadena tonight.

October 30 (Saturday; JESSUP)

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, IV
Lawrence C. Chin
Sept. 2010 – Aug. 2019. Corrections, Jan. – Mar. 2021.

My first recording of the new day is: “wkzelitosm_10_30_10_6-1021AM.WMA”: After I woke up from the street corner, I came to Zeli for my morning coffee. I then resumed work on my computer. Soon I was on the bus going to Santa Monica.

My next recording is: “opccnohaircut_10_31_10_1031-1113AM.WMA”: I continued: “... we need to repeat the events...” There was some truth in this – my different version – because, as you shall see, the CIA would be obliged to orchestrate a course of events that was supposed to be similar to what had happened. I came to OPCC wanting to get a free haircut, but was instead given a coupon to use at the Cosmetology Department. I walked away and filmed two golden pyramids on the street. As if that meant something! (Namely, DGHTRCOM’s emblem.) I then left a message for Wes on 38:00: “Call me back, you haven’t given me your address...”

My next recordings are: “tosmbeach_10_30_10_1113AM-1209PM.WMA”, “wrtletsm_10_30_10_1209-127PM.WMA”, “wrtletdsrtn_30_10_127-348PM.WMA”, and “cybrcafe_10_30_10_348-429PM.WMA”: I came to Santa Monica Beach and did more writing there. I hummed from time to time when people appeared. I continued my wrong scenario about the Pyramid: “... *she is going to appear to get me into troubles...* How is she going to appear...?” I sat by the sidewalk and repeatedly played my favorite theme song from “Windaria”, “Beautiful Stars” (美しい星). And my left side hurt repeatedly during the music. The signals seemed to be occurring when Akino Arai sang “... we have no means of knowing...” Was this an intercept? (That judge Higgins would reverse this part of my conspiracy with the CIA to benefit her, namely that nobody would have any means of knowing that the trial had continued?) I then resumed writing, humming whenever people approached. Then, during my break: “The SLVK are trying to build us up into loners, because they don’t want people to know who we are....” Then I left my corner and got on the bus. Children were on board, and so I hummed. Then: “PM has ordered the SLVK to commit crimes... That’s why, whenever we realize it, they will punch us, for they really don’t want us to realize it, it’s not the opposite rule...” I rode the bus all the way to the cybercafe. As soon as I walked in, however, I had to complain, because so many vulgar people were watching pornography and mothers immediately came in with their children. I was firmly convinced that it was all a set-up. Not!

My next recordings are: “10_30_10_558-6PM.WMA”, “10_30_10_6-602PM.WMA”, and “cybricjetc_10_30_10_602-659PM.WMA”: I asked a guy if he was here when I asked the boss to put up a sign stipulating that only people over 18 were allowed. Then another Hispanic woman brought in her child, and I was screaming: “Did you see that?...” Then, another woman walked in, and I hummed. Then a black girl yelled at me, “Don’t touch me...” I retorted: “You are not that pretty...” I got back on my computer station: “Oh my God it’s fuking unbelievable, the computer actually works... No, it freezes anyway.... They are trying to make it look natural.... But how can computers malfunction

every single day?....”

My next recording is: “cybrcafe_10_30_10_659-757PM.WMA”: I watched a few clips from the movie “Sybil”. *Then another video on the JESSUP competition in which judge Higgins was the judge.*⁶ And my right side hurt! Because of my reflections earlier on the ICJ judges, I wanted to do some research on judge Higgins, the only judge I knew of. Now did this mean something? Did the Invisible Hand command the Monkey to instruct the computer inside the control center to control me to think about judge Higgins? To produce evidence that I wanted to destroy her program? Then another video in which the UN High Commissioner on Human Rights Navanethem Pillay was giving a speech about human rights and the Commission. Then another interview with the previous High Commissioner Louise Arbour. Again, I was researching to prepare my petition. Then I prayed to DGHTR: “DGHTR, please help me out with this one.... There is something wrong with this one.... Everything is malfunctioning right now.... These fucking intelligence officers need to burn in hell....” I then left a message for Wes (57:00).

My next recording is: “tounionstkckdout_10_30_10_757-1001PM.WMA”: I continued my bullshit inside the cybercafe: “If nobody wants me to tell, then why stuff me with all this secret? *They want me to tell so that I can discredit myself beforehand....*” It would take me more than a year to realize that nobody had stuffed me with any secrets at all! I then got angry when two Hispanic men came near me to speak Spanish. I again wrongly assumed it was orchestrated from the control center: “.... It’s the SLVK’s trick, they are trying to alienate us, to make us hate them....” And my left side hurt. Then: “.... When they send in black people, it might not be Obama, *it might be the judges....* They must have noticed: ‘He’s not really racist, he is just conditioned’....” When I was leaving, I saw two pyramids walking out together, and I again wrongly assumed it was a message (a metaphor) from the control center: “Why are you guys two? Why did you come in two?” Then: “This makes no sense, you put me anywhere and let me tell, no one will listen to me...” I was surely correct this time! Only if I could dwell on this insight! I then walked back inside and asked the cashier, “Why did you nod to me? Why are you nice to someone as ugly and downtrodden as I am? Are you going to harm me when I talk to you?” I bought cookies, my “dinner”. Then: “They want you to get along with black people and Hispanics, but, once you do that, they will stick a knife into you behind your back...” Then: “The real Russians just watch how people gang up on this guy and trample on him... Why do they simply watch? Because of international laws... This sort of

6 On the website of the International Law Students Association it is explained: “Jessup is the world’s largest moot court competition, with participants from roughly 700 law schools in 100 countries and jurisdictions. The Competition is a simulation of a fictional dispute between countries before the International Court of Justice, the judicial organ of the United Nations. One team is allowed to participate from every eligible school. Teams prepare oral and written pleadings arguing both the applicant and respondent positions of the case.”

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, IV
Lawrence C. Chin
Sept. 2010 – Aug. 2019. Corrections, Jan. – Mar. 2021.

conspiracy laws is like Nazi laws, permitting harm to happen... *Judge Higgins is inside the micro-court*, only the real Russians are out there in the macro-court....” Wrong! But I was coming close! I was then on the Metro going to Union Station.

My next recordings are: “topsdn_10_30_10_1001-1047PM.WMA”, “wrtletpsdn_10_30_10_1050-1135PM.WMA”, and “psdn_10_31_10_118-212AM.WMA”: More trouble for me at the Union Station. While I was reviewing my recording in a corner, the security guard threw me out because I was humming loudly. She even imitated me humming. I scolded her: “I hummed because your voice is not worth hearing, but you don’t know that of course...” I continued: “I’m so full of hatred, these fucking Americans...” I was able to sneak onto Metro Gold Line to go to Pasadena. I asked a stranger, “Did they tell you to watch over me?” He was dumbfounded by my paranoia. “Do you know what you are doing? Why they told you to do what you are doing? You don’t know...” I was again taking myself for a genius unaware that I was making a fool out of myself. After I got off the train in Pasadena, I continued my wrong scenario about Mr Chertoff: “He’s telling us: you can’t exit, you can’t live a normal life, he’s duping us, in order to avoid the establishment of a conspiracy...” I settled down in a corner and resumed writing and reviewing my recordings. I would sleep in Pasadena tonight.

October 31 (Sunday)

My first recording of the new day is: “wkstrbkpsdnytms_10_31_10_711-956AM.WMA”: Soon after I woke up, I came inside Starbucks. I got hold of *New York Times* and became engrossed in this news item: the United States, Daughterland, and 16 Asian countries were gathering in Hanoi to discuss regional cooperation. I believed erroneously that this could be the consequence of my International Court trial. (In reality, since every nation had believed that my trial had evaporated, it would no longer have any effect on world affairs.) I then did a little lesson on Russland Journal. When I came out, my paranoia got hold of me and I asked a woman: “Why is everyone wearing this particular kind of shoes?” “It’s a new style...” I came to Vroman to continue to read up on Obama. Then I asked another suspicious person: “Did you just have to look at your cellphone in front of me? What an actor...” How wrong was I! I even filmed him: “He could be a surveillance agent or an actor pretending to be a surveillance agent...”

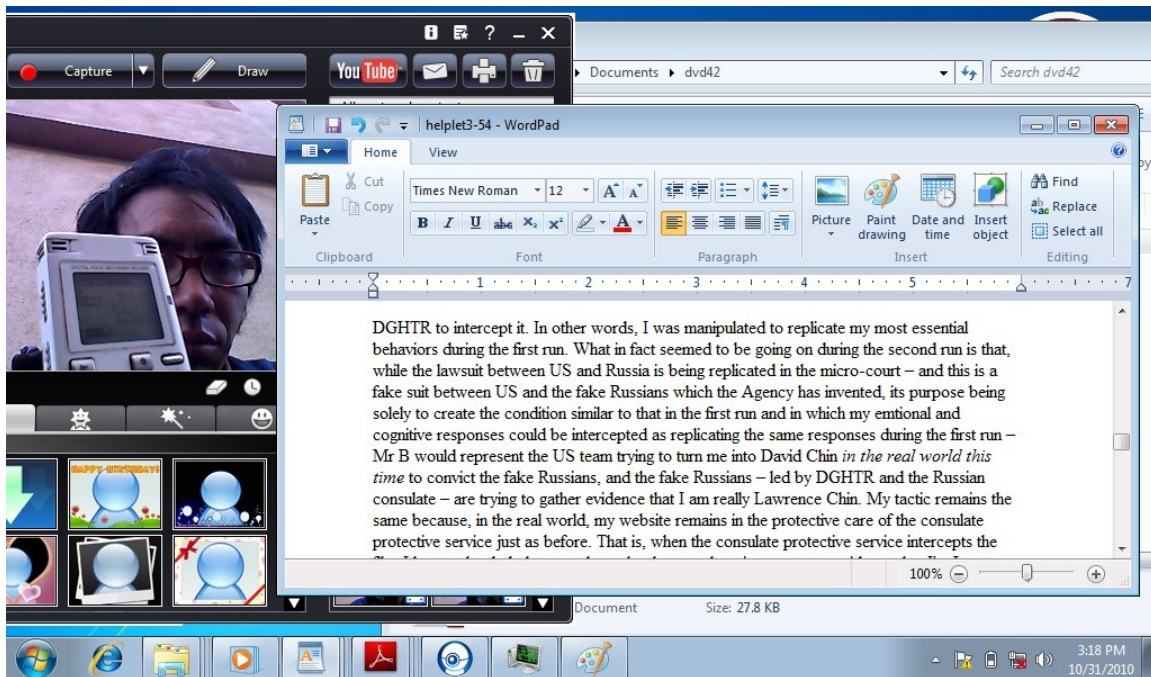
My next recording is: “psdnwrt_10_31_10_956AM-147PM.WMA”: I called up Wes, but he was not home and I didn’t leave a message. I continued my wrong scenario: “DGHTR and PM are making an alliance against the SLVK, the SLVK are too powerful...” When I suspected another stranger to be a surveillance agent, I asked him: “Do you want to see what I’m doing on my laptop?” I then reviewed my recordings a little, and then asked another stranger what she had in her bags. I then walked to Tiffany’s Cafe, and 6 people followed me in. I suspected wrongly again that they were all actors and actresses sent in

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, IV
Lawrence C. Chin
Sept. 2010 – Aug. 2019. Corrections, Jan. – Mar. 2021.

by the control center. I told the cashier: “I’m good for your business...” I then resumed writing. I then asked another stranger: “Are you really conducting surveillance or are you just acting?” Truly a targeted individual! I then went inside the restroom and, soon, somebody was banging on the door. I was all paranoid that, when I came out, I asked the cashier about it: “What’s going on? Is there a problem?” She just wondered if I was alright inside.

My next recordings are: “psdntffny_10_31_10_147-213PM.WMA”, “psdnwrt_10_31_10_213-320PM.WMA”, “tounnst_10_31_10_320-430PM.WMA”, “unnstwrlet_10_31_10_430-557PM.WMA”, “unnst_10_31_10_557-604PM.WMA”, “unnsteatgdl_10_31_10_613-701PM.WMA”, “slpnearunst_10_31_10_701-913PM.WMA”, and “slpnearunst_10_31_10_913-1122PM.WMA”: I sat outside Tiffany and continued to work on my computer, organizing my files and writing. Then: “It’s the SLVK who want us to go out of the city, then we shouldn’t go...” Then somebody came near me to make noises, and I hummed loudly. “Get out of here!” Then my left side hurt. When I walked inside the Metro station, children were shouting, and I hummed loudly. I hummed like crazy while on the train. I muttered bitterly: “The Russians are trying to make us hate them, mother fuckers....” I was increasingly upset because there was nowhere for me to go. “PM wants me to hate him, and I hate him for trying to get me to hate him.” After I came to the Union Station, I retreated to a corner and resumed writing. I was again annoyed by people’s walking past. “Fucking bitch...” I asked a man: “Why are you standing there?” He asked me: “Are you hurt?” And my left side hurt. I was increasingly disgruntled because children were everywhere. I moved away mumbling about hitting children with a baseball bat until their brains fell out. I went outside the Union Station and found a quiet corner. I took a long nap there until 11 PM.

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, IV
Lawrence C. Chin
Sept. 2010 – Aug. 2019. Corrections, Jan. – Mar. 2021.



The wrong scenario I wrote down this afternoon was again judge Higgins' evidence that I was trying to develop a "different version"

My next recordings are: "metrotoknkos_10_31-11_1_10_1122PM-103AM.WMA", "knkosreadywrt_11_1_10_103-115AM,WMA", "knkosreadywrt_11_1_10_115-125AM.WMA", and "wrtletknkosloud_11_1_10_125-507AM.WMA": After I woke up, I rode the Metro and the bus to the Kinkos in La Brea. I resumed reviewing my recordings and writing. Then the same problem again: the employees were talking loudly near me causing me tremendous rage. I kept cursing and got so angry that I couldn't continue working. I continued my wrong scenario: "If the SLVK and Mommy will be prosecuted for conspiring to mess me up... there will be a conspiracy to prosecute them... and so there will not be any prosecution...." Again, I couldn't yet comprehend that I had simply conditioned myself (whether or not it was per the Daughter People's, and the Monkey's, orchestration) to find non-unpleasant things unpleasant. I even went up to the counter to scold the employees: "Can you guys not talk so loud?" And my left side hurt.

My next recording is: "wrtletknkosnoise_11_1_10_507-710AM.WMA": I played Miho for a while, wrote more, but continued to be annoyed because the employees continued to talk loudly. I mistook this for an operation: "These people want to be recorded, so that my past recordings can be used as evidences against Mr Chertoff...." There, I continued to develop my different version. I came out to the street corner and played my favorite theme song of "Windaria". Toward the end of the song, my right side hurt. Did this mean something?

November 1 (Monday; Higgins' metaphor?)

My next recording is: "touclano2fakes_11_1_10_735-836AM.WMA": I then got on the bus and came to UCLA. I continued my nonsense: "... We need to write a petition.... It's a conspiracy to petition... We can write blogs... to make us look even crazier... There is a conspiracy to stop me from writing... a conspiracy to make laws... to make macro-laws, an infinite number of macro-laws, a conspiracy to make infinite.... If you come to consciousness of it all, it will break down, if you don't... it will still break down, it's impossible to make infinite.... After a certain point, what I think doesn't matter, it's impossible to enforce these laws... Just don't write...."

My next recordings are: "uclajessup_11_1_10_843-1027AM.WMA" and "toopcclunchrcrdranout_11_1_10_1027-1142AM.WMA": I came inside Ackerman and sat down on the computer station. I wrote out my latest blog post – the worthless garbage which you see for today: "May be put into the hospital soon, or into any sort of confinement". Unfortunately, it would become true. I then read something about the ICJ in French. I also looked up more information about the JESSUP competition. When I was leaving, I continued: "... the conspiracy is terminated just when we are about to...." Then: "Mr Chertoff... it is terminated before he gets prosecuted...." I got on the bus to go to OPCC. As always, there were children on the bus, making the ride very unpleasant. After I got off the bus, I continued: "*It should have been worked out in advance what I'm going to figure out and what the consequences are...* Then why are they trying to stop me from writing... They are waiting for me to realize it..." In reality, the Invisible Hand and judge Higgins were indeed studying the predictions of the mind-reading computer to see whether one day I could indeed figure everything out. I came to OPCC, but Bryan was not here today. I got my free lunch and then left a message for Wes: "Call me back...."

My next recording is: "smtovnceblvdtbtstgdltrme_11_1_10_1218-553PM.WMA": While I was walking, I filmed two golden pyramids. As if that meant something! I got on the bus, and – and more children. I hummed. I got off the bus and, when I came inside a liquor store, there were still more children. I hummed and believed that even this was orchestrated from the control center. I then came to the UCLA Health Care Center in Santa Monica to get X-ray (the TB test). *Strangely, I thought I saw a metaphor of judge Higgins.* (An old lady was sitting there who looked like judge Higgins.) What was going on? Was I mistaken (misinterpreting random phenomena to fit the wrong scenario in my head) or was this *really* orchestrated from the control center to produce a piece of evidence (that I was a terrorist trying to conspire with the CIA to destroy her program)? I came out of the hospital and got on the bus continuing to hum. A man asked me to shut up. "No, you've got recording devices on you, huh?" Paranoid over nothing! I rode the bus all the way to Wilshire and La Brea. I ate in a restaurant and called Wes again, but he

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, IV
Lawrence C. Chin
Sept. 2010 – Aug. 2019. Corrections, Jan. – Mar. 2021.

was not home (5:02:00).

My next recordings are: “wrtletwlsshre_11_1_10_553-743PM.WMA” and “wrtletwlshre_11_1_10_734-825PM.WMA”: I did a little more writing in the street corner. I stupidly thought it meant something when I saw another pair of “Angelica shoes”. I counted the homeless people around wondering if they were here to be confused with me in surveillance. I filmed them. I called Wes again, but there was no answering. I got paranoid again: “Why is our entire communication system shut down?” I tried to call my mother on 33:00, but my cellphone malfunctioned. I filmed it. Then I called again, and she answered it. “Can you co-sign a loan for me?” “No, I’ll not help you....” and I hanged up immediately. I was angered again: “What’s the point of all this?” I stayed inside a coffeehouse a little, and then, tremendously angered, began kicking over things on the street mumbling “I regret...” I started crying so sadly. Then I rested in the street corner muttering: “Fuck you all who are inside the control center, fuck you!” And children appeared making their horrifying noises, forcing me to hum loudly. And my right side hurt. Then I slept in the street corner until 4 AM.

November 2 (Tuesday; the “artist” type)

My next recording is: “knkosdvd186_11_2_10_421-526AM.WMA”: When I woke up from the street corner, I wanted to masturbate, but couldn’t: two police cars were nearby. I mistook this for evidence replacement. I would write on this diary: “It’s probably to replace the evidence for the period of January 2010 when one couldn’t masturbate. ‘The reason why he wouldn’t masturbate at the time was his fear of police.’” Then I came inside Kinkos to work on my computer.

My next recording is: “knkoswrtletcoffe_11_2_10_559-808AM.WMA”: I continued to review my recordings while checking over my discs. I then burned a new disc while my left side hurt continually. I then continued writing. When I took my coffee break, I continued: “*I’m not interested in wasting my time writing down false scenarios....* The SLVK have duped me.... I don’t really know what the conservatives are like; they do have a problem with the president, right? The news are all fake... If you videotape it, it can’t be fake...” Then: “You want me to hate you and I will hate you, but in the end nobody will help us... We cannot just depend on the president and his wife... They want us to hate them; are they so enlightened? What do they really think? Our story.... it threatens them... It should be okay to tell... *Wes was lying...* They always assume the worst case scenario, they are not going to assume that I’ll cut certain things off in order to not offend anybody.... We will have to see whether they are really enlightened...” And my right side hurt. Only if I could realize then how much of my scenarios were false! Then, more nonsense: “DGHTR got pushed out and so he has no more political interests....”

My next recording is: “toucl_11_2_10_808-1011AM.WMA”: I worked a little more inside Kinkos. When I left, I continued: “Someone is either preparing or preventing our exit.... There is nothing we can do, we are completely cornered, we will just have to stay homeless....” I was in such despair that I called up Wes and left another message, “Give me a call back...” I then called up my step-mother on 27:00. She refused to cosign a loan for me. Then: “We need to forget about the evidentiary record, *we can’t finish our mission*, we can’t petition, we don’t have money, if you don’t give me money....” I was then on the bus. Then: “The longer they perpetuate the court case, the more bargaining chips they will have....” When I got off the bus, I saw a Playboy magazine lying on top of a trash can, and I filmed it wrongly believing that it was an intercept (1:11:00). I then came to Ackerman. More nonsense: “There is a conspiracy to get Mr Chertoff not prosecuted.... If we need to go to Taiwan, *then we should be able to get money for our conspiracy....*”

My next recording is: “uclvdvd186cptosm_11_2_10_1011-1158AM.WMA”: I resumed writing and successfully burned a new disc. Then: “Every bad thing that is supposed to happen will be terminated at the last moment, presumably....” This is important insofar as it was evidence of my knowledge of how the law “letting the suspect finish his mission” worked, enabling judge Higgins to benefit from my mission when it hurt her interest. I then walked around Ackerman. As I mistook everyone for acting, I wondered: “How did they orchestrate things so naturally?.... It looks so natural....” Well, of course, because it *was* natural. Then: “PM is doing all these backdoor dealings... Only people who are very young will join the Siloviki....” I then got on the bus to go to OPCC. Once again, I was very bothered by people’s loud talking. I shouted at other passengers: “Hey, quiet down!”

My next recording is: “smopccbrian_11_2_10_1158AM-304PM.WMA”: I came to OPCC, but it was closed. I was told that it would be opened at 1 PM. I was very upset that I took the trip for nothing. I moaned and complained about my broken cart: “We can’t drag this cart because there are no wheels.” I lay down and rested, then walked a little more, but then fell down on the ground completely exhausted, moaning and panting. I filmed myself to keep record of my misery.

I then called up the Taiwanese consulate and talked to the official at the Help Section (35:00). I asked him if he could help me go back to Taiwan on ground of my sickness. “How can you help someone who is homeless?” He also referred me to Tzu Chi. The call lasted until 40:50. Then, children began gathering around me, and I again believed it was orchestrated from the control center. I then came inside Chase Bank to discuss my situation with continual overdraft. The banker advised me to budget myself and not to spend money in order to get out of the vicious cycle. Guided by the wrong scenarios in my head, I somehow believed erroneously he was communicating to me a message from people inside the control center! Everything sounded like a “message”: that’s how

deluded I had become. When I came out, I began kicking over trash cans and signs on the streets to vent my anger. And I took care to film myself doing it. A guy who saw me came over wanting to stop me. I shouted at him: “Hey, don’t disrupt filming in process!” I lied to him that, once I finished filming, I would restore everything to its rightful place. He walked away incredulous. I then came back to OPCC, but there was no food! When I started crying, I was given some free food nonetheless. I then insisted on seeing Bryan. Then I received two signals on my left side. I met with Bryan on 2:06:00 and he asked me about the cut wounds on my arm. He then worked on reopening my case. While we were talking, my left knee hurt continually, as if the control center were warning me.

My next recording is: “waitforbusslvk_11_2_10_304-339PM.WMA”: After I left, I continued: “The SLVK are working to improve Mommy because they need someone else to do their dirty work. It’s all the SLVK’s work, the way everything changes, the way people do things.” Bullshit again. And my left side hurt. “The SVLK are under Mommy’s command, and Mommy is under PM’s command, and so it’s all the same.... And the bodily signals.... And thus we kept getting signals on the right side.... Maybe it’s just a test.... Go over there, marry one of their pyramids, that’s how you can get out of the conspiracy...” Just then, a driver was honking, and it again seemed to me to be the control center’s confirmation. I wanted to go back to UCLA, but didn’t get on the bus two times because there were children on board. Another bus, and the same thing: too many high school students were on board. I called up Wes, but there was no answering.

My next recording is: “wrtlettouclgeist_11_2_10_339-632PM.WMA”: I tried to make use of my time by working on my letter: “... Russia alone is not a conspirator nation... *the rule of reverse beneficiary*....” Finally, I was on the bus. Suddenly, my left side hurt tremendously. I came back to Ackerman, got coffee from the vending machine, and continued my worthless reflection: “PM really hates the neocons... Within a certain threshold, even criminals fulfill a certain function in society... It’s very hard to tell which side PM is on... It’s just like what Wes has said, no one knows whether he is a structuralist or a post-structuralist.... The problem is China, right? They have built a whole economy on fossil fuel just when it is about to run out... The (Daughter) president is making sure not to make the same mistake which China has made... The neocons have indeed accomplished their historical mission, which is to get fucked....” Nonsense!

My next recording is: “uchreadpilypm_11_2_10_632-908PM.WMA”: I came back inside Ackerman and began reading on the public computer. I was reading an article on Harvard Law Review about crimes against humanity. Again, it’s because I erroneously believed that Mr Chertoff, the boss, and their neocon buddies were being prosecuted in the International Criminal Court for crimes against humanity. And I filmed the grammatical mistakes which I discovered erroneously believing they were orchestrated to produce an “intercept”. Then my left side hurt. I then browsed through a book about Peter the Great.

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, IV
Lawrence C. Chin
Sept. 2010 – Aug. 2019. Corrections, Jan. – Mar. 2021.

I got paranoid again: “This is a real book, right?” Then I discovered an excellent biography on DGHTRCOM: Richard Sakwa’s *Putin: Russia’s Choice*. This was a very good book, and I began reading it.

My next recording is: “ucldreadpm3types_11_2_10_908-1039PM.WMA”: As I read, I was intrigued by this most relevant passage: “Talanov characterizes Putin as an introvert, while at the same time being of the ‘critic’ type who tries to avoid allowing psychological conflicts to reach an emotional peak, whereas the ‘artist’ type tries precisely to bring crisis to an emotional climax....” Because this “artist type” described me so well – as you can see, I had brought tremendous suffering upon myself by constantly exaggerating small matters (whether it be computer malfunctioning, noises, or the sight of children) into severe crises as a way to vent the negative emotions that were pent up inside me – I became convinced that it was the intelligence officials inside the control center who were trying to communicate to me their conclusions about me after studying me for so long. (Namely, that they had manipulated my Internet connection to make me stumble upon this passage.) I thus reflected: “The artist is not here to solve problems, but to look for an audience. Sometimes he is not doing what he is doing to solve problems, but to put up a show... And so the problem-solvers shouldn’t blame him for being emotional, *since his very goal is to be emotional....*” Then, when I was leaving Ackerman, my left side hurt continually. Today I must say that, this time, I might have been correct that I was receiving a “secret message” from the control center through Sakwa’s book. Namely, because I wasn’t exactly aware of the reason why I was behaving like I was and experiencing so much pain, the Invisible Hand wanted me to know why so that the entire situation – that, because I was an artist, I was so sensitive and exaggerating that I had conditioned myself to misinterpret every ordinary event as being orchestrated and every random unpleasant experience as torture intentionally inflicted upon me, making myself look increasingly delusional and imprisoning myself in bizarre false scenarios about the ICJ trial – may become part of my terrorist conspiracy with the CIA against judge Higgins. In other words, the Invisible Hand might just here be forging the second set of evidences to convict himself for conspiring with me, and he did so by commanding the Monkey to control me to stumble upon Sakwa’s book. According to the evidences submitted to judge Higgins, then, the Invisible Hand had calculated that, because I was an artist type, I would be so paranoid as to be unable to accomplish PLANRUS and to cause neither party to win in the end, and he had in fact subtly communicated his calculation to me encouraging me to act out my “artist personality” to the maximum. When taken backward in time, this was then more evidence of a conspiracy to rig the trial.

My next recordings are: “rflctnwstwd_11_2_10_1039-1056PM.WMA”, “CHKtoknkoswlshremst_11_2-3_10_1107PM-1224AM.WMA”, and “knkoswrt_11_3_10_1236-3AM.WMA”: I continued: “Our prediction is that, when we are happy, we will figure things out just the same...” Then I thought I got it: “When we filmed ourselves

speaking, our camcorder would shut itself off one second before we finished speaking, this is because our mission was terminated just before its completion so that our testimony could be taken up into evidence....” I then rode the bus to La Brea and came inside Kinkos to work.

My next recording is: “ru911knkoswrtlet_11_3_10_3-457AM.WMA”: I mumbled about how PM must have fore-knowledge of 911 attacks because that Naval intelligence officer “Mike” had discovered the plan while in Daughterland. “Why do nations keep each other’s secret?” I then murmured about how I should not “choose side”. I then continued writing: “... so that no one will believe anything I say about this International Court of Justice trial... actors to provoke me and guide me to become the predetermined profile....” After 5 AM, I would sleep in the street corner nearby.

November 3 (Wednesday; recorder off)

My first recordings of the new day are: “haircutsmc_11_3_10_8-1151AM.WMA” and “opccwcilstrg_11_3_10_1151AM-424PM.WMA”: After I woke up I got on the bus and came to the Cosmetology Department to get my free haircut. Then I was on the bus going to OPCC. I continued mumbling about the “centralization of machines”, how secret agents nowadays were just chess pieces. “But the Daughter People don’t have that kind of infrastructure, their agents still have to rely on their own skills.... When the Daughter President imports all these machines, it’s like the replacement of artists with photographers....” When I came to OPCC, lunch was already over, but I managed to obtain a little bread and an apple and so on. I asked Bryan whether he had called the hotel. There a long walk and a bus ride. When I saw all these Hispanic street people on the bus, I came up with another wrong scenario and wrote it down on my diary: “PM must have wanted to find out the natural ranking of races and nationalities in my irrational state of being for the sake of his future planning. Hence the Hispanic street people’s appearance to disgust me just after my aversion toward Hispanic people had dwindled to zero less than an hour earlier: to test my natural level of aversion toward Hispanic street culture.” Garbage. I came to WCIL wanting to use the computers, but soon left without doing so. I was on the bus again going to downtown. As usual, many children were on the bus, and I hummed loudly. Suddenly, my left side hurt. At one of the many shops in downtown, I bought a new cart for 20 dollars. Finally, I made my life easier by not having to drag around a broken cart! And my right side hurt tremendously. What? I was then on the bus again going to Public Storage. I continued my worthless reflection: “... the Hispanic street people talking... so disgusting.... but they were just acting... It’s a shift change... More testing to see at which point Hispanic people would annoy you... My aversion.... What are they happy about?” I continued to hold onto the wrong scenario that I was being tested!

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, IV
Lawrence C. Chin
Sept. 2010 – Aug. 2019. Corrections, Jan. – Mar. 2021.

My next recordings are: “strg_11_3_10_445-545PM.WMA” and “leavstrg11_3_10_545-623PM.WMA”: When I came to the storage facility, I saw a bag lying on the ground and got all paranoid again. As if the control center had orchestrated this to produce an intercept! When I came to my storage unit, I carefully compared its configuration with my video and then put in all the new discs I had lately burned. Then: “Maybe the signals on the left mean ‘No’.” Ha! It didn’t mean anything at all! After I had left the storage facility, I continued: “So in the end there is no Marie to replace the Pyramid? I have been cultivated into a very superstitious personality. It doesn’t mean anything. Everything has already been decided. You should just ignore it, because the goal is to make you look superstitious...” Indeed!

My next recording is: “bus2wstwdgdltnsprtor_11_3_10_623-840PM.WMA”: While on the bus, I read up on Russian grammar. Then, more children, which again upset me. After I got off the bus, I continued: “Everywhere we went, there were all these God-damned things, this must be for the evidentiary record....” I came inside a market, and there were more children shouting. I was so angered: “Shut up! The SLVK don’t want us to learn Russian, and so every time that we are learning it, they will send children in... They don’t want us to go to Russia either; when our machine malfunctions, it’s not the Monkey, but the SLVK.... Of course we want to do the exact opposite of what they want... Maybe it’s Mr Chertoff... He’s making more arguments so that....” And my left side hurt. “... if we don’t learn Russian, there will be no God-damned things around me....” And my left side hurt again. Then, a golden pyramid. As if that meant something! “... Somebody is trying to prevent us from learning Russian, and we don’t know who it is....” Then: “We will see Mommy first, then, get a lot of money to go to Russia...” Delusional!

There was no next recording file because my recorder turned itself off and the file was deleted. Was it the Monkey? (That he had to finish his mission too?) I was naturally terrified. I was now in Westwood Village.

My next recording is: “slpwstwd_11_3-4_10_924PM-206AM.WMA”: As I was getting ready to sleep in my corner in Westwood Village, I continued: “How did this happen? It’s the second time today. The recorder was remotely turned off and the file deleted. Why do they have the right to do this? That’s a conspiracy to turn off our recorder, which means that, afterwards, we can record however we want. I want to go inside the control center and kill this mother fucker, he’s so fucking evil. That’s the point, they want us to hate that fucking bitch. Uncle Daughter doesn’t like that bitch....” And there was honking, as if to concur! (5:30) Then: “Mr B’s family got really broken up....”⁷

November 4 (Thursday; Wes, recorder off)

⁷ Reviewed until 42:00.

My first recordings of the new day are: “wkwstwdcigcoffee_11_4_10_457-550AM.WMA” and “dvd187sbwywrtlet_11_4_10_550-644AM.WMA”: I got up on 22:00 (in the first recording) and, after buying cigarettes and coffee, came to Subway to work. While I was burning a new disc, a man came to say something to me. I shouted: “Mother fucker, he came to interrupt me....” Then a Hispanic woman came to talk next to me. Angered, I hummed loudly. Naturally I wrongly assumed all these to be “operations”.

My next recording is: “toucl_11_4_10_644-746AM.WMA”: I wrote a little more and then walked into the UCLA campus. When I came inside Ackerman, I believed I saw another actor pretending to be an investigator. “Bad thing is about to happen, but it will be intercepted at the last moment.” I used the ATM but found that there was no money left in my account. Then: “The signals are always telling us the opposite of what’s going on.... What’s the point of doing anything? There is no point in petitioning. *We are not going to finish our mission because we don’t have any money*, the petitioning might be for ‘afterward’... *Maybe our mission is to not accomplish any mission at all...* We got charged 25 dollars for stop-payment... We wish the bitch is still up so we can fucking kill her, *that’s what they want us to do....* So we *are* going to get arrested... All these noises, because people *want* to be recorded, so we need to record them....” And my right side hurt. “.... we must enter into public records, we must be investigated forever and ever... The problem is that the ‘real Russia’ won’t intervene! Why? The problem is that *they want us to look insane....*”

My next recording is: “uclckdvd187wes_11_4_10_746-939AM.WMA”: I suddenly cried out of desperation: “This thing is not going to end... When is it going to end?” (1:00) I began checking over my DVD 187. “What it looks... We will just look insane...” (22:45) “The bank is using every possible reason to take our money away. We need to get the fuck out of this country. We need to get to Russia, the only safe place in the world, they want that feeling of ambiguity as evidence....” I called up Wes, but there was no answering. But when I called again, I was finally able to be connected with him (41:00). I complained about my helplessness: with no money, no possible way to get out of this debt, I would have to be homeless forever. “They find every possible way to get the bank to charge me. And all this time I’m under investigation...” Now Wes described *his* money problem. “So I can’t see you?” Then, rebutting Wes, I complained: “The world *does* revolve around me, they make sure to get everything and everybody to fuck with me.” Wes talked about how the phone company had over-charged him. Then I produced my erroneous understanding: “The essence of their game is to stop me from recording myself, they don’t want me to leave behind any records...” Then, strangely, Wes mentioned what I did back in February last year: “You held up a sign in front of the Russian consulate, that changed international politics...” Me: “Why would that change international politics?” Wes: “Isn’t that what you said?” It seems that Wes was just playing dumb as if he didn’t know anything about the ICJ trial (everyone’s usual

assignment of hiding secrets from me). Me: “I know why. They want me to stop recording so that my past recordings can be used as evidence in the International Criminal Court to convict M. Chertoff.... They keep doing this, eventually I will have no money to buy batteries, eventually I will have to stop recording...” Wes: “Wouldn’t it be easier for them to steal your recordings?” Me: “No. It’s been going on since June, all these things seem natural, but they are not.... The ‘real Russians’ can then convict M. Chertoff....” Wes pretended to not know what this was about – the “usual assignment” – asking me: “How did you get involved in this? You are talking to Mr Chertoff?” I was angered by this “secrecy game”: “Why are you trying to provoke me?” Just then, my right finger hurt. I continued: “Just because some people want to use my recordings as evidence, I am now left with nowhere to go...” Wes persisted: “Are you sure?” He continued: “Once Mr Chertoff is convicted, then there is no reason for them to stop you from recording.” Me: “But I will still be left with all this debt.” Wes: “Why don’t you work?” Me: “I have no address...” Wes suggested that I go join the Hispanic crew waiting in front of Home Depot everyday: the employers would pay me on the spot. I continued to talk about my recordings. Wes: “Stop recording then!” Me: “I can’t, it’s like stop breathing.” Wes played dumb again: “Why do you care about this guy?” “I don’t care, but I care about recording and money.” I continued: “All your suggestions are also part of the conspiracy to stop me from recording. Another reason why I’m not working is that I’m too busy. I’m busy recording and writing my letter to ask for help. They are preventing me from writing.” Just then, my left knee hurt. I continued: “I need to get a cosign for a loan. My family will not help me because they are told not to help me. My own voice makes me want to vomit.” Wes then mentioned how, a long time ago, I got upset when seeing the mirrors in his apartment. Me: “Every aspect about myself makes me want to vomit, that’s what they do too...” And more pain signals. “.... to make me hate myself and hate them and everyone else....” Wes then mentioned how a psychic was teaching people how to make money and how he was paying interests on the money he had lent to people. Wes: “Your definition of a loan is that you do not have to pay anything back unless you are forced to....” He was exactly correct, but I had to qualify him: “I don’t pay back only when it is institutions.” Then my phone ran out of money on 1:23:00. This was not a productive conversation: Wes carried out his usual assignment of hiding the truth from the terrorist (because a terrorist is not allowed to know he is a terrorist) and listened to my nonsense without trying to enlighten me that I was all wrong. Since October 22, he hadn’t received any new instruction from the CIA about how to talk to me. Nevertheless, my erroneous theory that the Daughter People and the CIA were using my recordings to prosecute Mr Chertoff was judge Higgins’ evidence (when taken backward in time) that I was developing a “different version” to prevent the Daughter People from winning (since conspiracy couldn’t be established with France) while making sure that they wouldn’t lose (since this was evidence of my insanity).

I continued my wrong scenario: “The conspiracy is run in such a way that we will adopt

the correct behavior.... It comes from PM *who wrote the script*, it's just that we have no interest in the correct behavior, we are only interested in our work. The correct behavior is for people who want to follow, but as for people who only want to represent things correctly, they are not interested. Maybe that's the conspiracy, to make me into something other than myself.... PM comes into the Microsphere, becomes a fake, writes up the script, and everyone follows it. He inputs the script into the computer. He means the opposite of what he really means: if we can get to Russia, we can just be the way we are... PM agrees with me: there are three types, the leader, the follower, and the representer. How to get out of this conspiracy? With money." Then I resumed writing my letter. This time I was writing about the Monkey and "Plan Discovery". And my left side hurt.

Then, on 10:02 AM, my recorder was again frozen. I discovered it only 30 minutes later. I was totally shocked and of course assumed it was the Monkey, the Agency, and these Daughter People together. (Did the Monkey do this again from the control center?) I filmed it with my netbooks' webcam: "Capture_20101104_3.wmv". I would soon write down in my diary my incorrect understanding of the reason:

The reason seems to be to force me to carry my recorder in the open while under real or fake surveillance. The goal of this seems to be to establish a conspiracy between me and the whole control center about my recording habit. If the surveillance is real, then I will in the future be left with a profile in the official record as an autistic individual who has no friends except his recorder and who talks constantly to his recorder, and this profile will be the goal of the conspiracy. But what if the surveillance is fake? Another goal seems to be to get me to hate the SLVK (Russian intelligence) for their attempt to manipulate me to look like an autistic individual who will have difficulty in being believed in the future – but also to hate Ms ANG [i.e., the Pyramid]. Both will have the effect of dismantling Mr former Secretary's argument that the evidence brought against him was born from a conspiracy between me and the (fake) Russians and the Agency.

Again, my "different version".

My next recording is: "toopcc_11_4_10_1019AM-1226PM.WMA": What I thought was the surveillance agent was gone. "Well, of course, he has picked up the evidence," that is, according to my wrong understanding. Angered over my recorder's turning off, I continued: "The betrayal is so enormous, you saved their life, and this is what they do to you..." Then: "Why are there so many security guards? That's orchestrated... We regret so much, and that's their evidence... except: how many times do they have to obtain the

same evidence? Unless hating them has to be our permanent state... That's it, they want us to *not* want to go to Russia, that's the evidence they want... But we should continue to learn Russian because we need to know the language of our enemy... You need to know your enemy, even when you can never defeat them..." Then I lamented again: "We don't have time to work... We have to spend all our time removing the obstacles that are constantly put in front of us, that's our full-time job... That's also evidence, that we've got deceived into believing that Russians are good people..." Then, I thought I got it: "That's why they want us to hate the Pyramid... They want the evidence that, even though they wanted to give her to us, we wanted to kill her... It's therefore not conspiracy... Everything that happens to us is for the sake of evidence..." (32:00) Here I was further developing my "different version"! I came to the bus stop and filmed another guy wearing earphones. I continued: "That's the goal, they want us to hate them and like Mr Chertoff instead..." I got on the bus to go to OPCC and immediately wrote down what had just happened which I would tomorrow incorporate into my latest blog post. "That's also why we can't work, we have to keep compiling instances of machine malfunctioning... They don't want us to work..." And, guess what, soon a Hispanic woman brought her child onto the bus and the child started shouting and singing (from 1:00:00 onward). I was enraged: "Excuse me, move your fucking little piece of shit..." I then yelled at her and her singing child: "Can you guys quiet down?" (1:04:50) Then my netbook was frozen and I had to reboot it. I filmed it. Finally, yelling and screaming, I got off the bus on 1:11:00. And my camcorder also malfunctioned. I webcamed it with my netbook. Sonophobia and Electronicachreia at the same time! Then I yelled at another pedestrian: "Get away from me you fucking black bitch..." Then I theorized further: "When Mr Chertoff instructed parents to bring their children to us to make us into a pedophile, he was also making the parents into pedophiles... And if the real Russians are watching, that also makes them into pedophiles..." I came to OPCC on 1:24:00. I continued: "But this means that we have broken through the Microsphere... the Macrosphere could be affected too..." I then continued to mumble about how there was no one outside to prosecute the "real Russians": "... which shows that they are a bunch of hypocrites..." I got my food and ate it. I sighed: "I have made them gods, and they are now above all laws... The Hispanic women got on the bus to get themselves recorded so that all the past recordings could be used as evidences against Mr Chertoff, but what's the point? He will never be convicted..." I walked away and continued: "I guess because some day the world will go back to the way it was before... The real Russians aren't that good... They just don't care... the machines... even though laws are just formalities, they will still obey them... *Even though the entire trial is rigged, they still have to follow the laws...*" Note how I would continue, in the coming days, to develop my "different version" as to how the trial was rigged. Then I continued to develop the details of my burgeoning "different version": "Mr Chertoff makes an argument, he feeds it into the machine... and the Russians and the Agency also feed their counter-arguments into the machine, but nobody cares whether it's just or unjust... Why do Britain and France and

Germany follow the rules...? It must be because they find the real Russians convincing, because they have to work with real Russia... If I'm reasonable, the real Russians will have to change their act because they care about what other nations think of them... But they don't change because nobody gives a shit about me... The Russian president has decided to reconcile with the rest of the world and all nations shall work together... But I'm left out... Everything has to be done by the book... But what about me? I'm just one guy... and they have got each other... I brought them this big party, and they are partying but have completely forgotten about me..." – and there was a honk as if to confirm (2:01:00). Then: "The real PM wrote the script, and he stepped into Microsphere to activate the script... It all depends on how useful we will be for PM *after this*... Then he will care about what we think..." I then continued to mumble about what I could do for DGHTRCOM in the future.

My next recording is: "smbankpm_11_4_10_1226-205PM.WMA": Then, as my anger subsided, there I was again: "PM, how do we get to your country? We need to get to Taiwan first. But we need money. How do I get a job when I'm homeless? They must be planning to get me out of here through processes other than petitioning." I came inside Chase Bank. I continued: "By the time we get to Russia and get refugee status, we will be 44..." Now I told the banker my problem: "This 40 dollar charge for stop-payment on this check... And yet the check went through anyway..." Then, while waiting, I continued my completely worthless speculation: "PM is unhappy with the fact that, when I borrow money from institutions, I don't pay them back. He's like: 'When he comes to our country, he's not gonna do that...' He wants the correct behavior, it's the KGB recruitment method... What you don't like about yourself, you will need to swallow it... Some KGB guy must have got into eastern mysticism..." Now, after some checking, the banker clarified: "... CCCS... It's not a check, it's a debit transaction..." And so I lost more of my precious money. I left the bank with the printout of the transaction. More about the "script": "... In the computer, at every point, you have a choice. But often we go both ways at the same time when we aren't sure... We are worried... What if the SLVK aren't that enlightened? Before the script is implemented, it has to pass through a filter, to make sure that everything that shall happen will be the reversal of a conspiracy to benefit Russia... I have given PM all this... I put together the party, and yet I got left out, you are all fucking with me..." Although all this was complete fantasy, the mechanism I had proposed (the script and the filter) was indeed a good idea! And certainly an excellent "different version"! I came back to OPCC on 1:07:00 wanting to speak to Bryan and get my TB test result. More: "That might be it, even if it's born from a conspiracy, if it's true... it will be allowed to persist, that's why PM prefers DGHTR's profile, it's true, and so they will let what is true be... They change the truth to their liking for legal reasons, not for moral reasons... But what about the alert? Some aspect of this profile, such as that we are autistic, will be in the Russian official record... He's gonna put us on reserve... In Georgia, everyone will think we are autistic, notbody will know we have special ability..."

Okay, we will take this deal, now take us the fuck out of here!” Ha! I was actually trying to negotiate with these Daughter People who were no longer here! Fantasy land! I continued: “Now how to get money? PM wants us to learn his language, and the languages of the region... If my welfare depends on him, it must be because we are of some use to him, we will just have to choose, we must have figured things out correctly.... We will take this deal... Now how do we get to your country? Go to Taiwan first.... Where is the money? We have no time to work...” As you see, my strange overestimation of myself!

My next recording is: “opccdoctor_11_4_10_205-306PM.WMA”: I then met with Bryan. “... can’t stand homelessness.... the SRO housing... How to stop overdraft charges?” We continued to discuss my money problem. “... It takes time to use these resources, there is a long line in Mission...” After I was done talking with Bryan, I waited impatiently for my TB test result. While smoking outside, I continued: “The correct emotion is regret. If you don’t regret, they’ll make you regret....” I then tried to use the phone at OPCC to call up an electronics recycling center (38:00). The center turned out to be in Cerritos. (Too far for me.) Then: “There is a conspiracy to cause me to become a different person, I have deteriorated so much... Does PM really believe that God will sacrifice one person for the sake of many?” After waiting for a long time, I wanted to leave, and yet strangely believed it was all orchestrated: “They want us to learn patience, and yet we have no interest in learning it... There is a conspiracy to waste our time, it’s not about learning patience... Everything is a lie, the real PM will just tell you not to waste your time.... They tell you to recycle, and yet there is no recycling center around, it’s ‘wasting you away under the disguise of teaching you’...” Finally, I met with the doctor.

My next recording is: “leavpathsmplce_11_4_10_327-441PM.WMA”: After the doctor administered the TB test I came back to the court yard to get more food. I then realized that DGHTRCOM must have forgiven France back in February – that’s why Mommy was faking Maman on that day. Then from 17:00 onward, I continued to develop my “different version”: “... they duped this guy, all this time he didn’t know the Russians were fake, and after they used him, they abandoned him, left him in such squalid state, so that no one would know... the process is so natural that no one can tell it’s all orchestrated... they want him to stop recording also because they don’t want anyone to know how he has been reduced to such squalid state... and make him believe it’s the Russians who have betrayed him... so he can’t go to Russia...” Then: “... But he *can* go to Europe, Europe is not involved, he *can* go to France, because, according to the new official story, France wasn’t even involved... Both France and Russia are watching this... There are at least two countries that are not part of the conspiracy, real Russia and real France...” And my left side hurt continually. “It could be that Russia is releasing every other conspirator from the conspiracy so that the official story will say that no one was involved except the Agency... Even the judges, after March, were duped. And Mr

Chertoff was also duped... The whole thing was a sting operation on Mr Chertoff... And after this Mr Chertoff will be transferred to another courthouse where he will no longer be able to bring up charges of conspiracy, then the Agency will fall under PM's command, and we will be compensated by the Agency, that's PM's plan." Ha! Complete bullshit. I then left OPCC and continued to mumble about this "plan". "How convenient are these laws... There is not a shred of reality in the whole thing... The purpose of the second run is to change the story completely.... India might also have been blackmailed by PM..." Fantasy land!

My next recordings are: "smwrtlet_11_4_10_442-628PM.WMA", "towstwdSLVK_11_4_10_628-840PM.WMA", and "slpwstwdrflctn_11_4_10_950-957PM.WMA": I then continued writing. Then: "That's how sophisticated they are: they have already pushed you into this hole, from which you can never get out...." I then complained about how the Daughter People had devised fake operations to waste my time. (Again, completely wrong.) When I got on the bus, I continued: "PM has input this script, and yet we never know what he really wants, he probably wants to help us, but at the same time... Then it will look like someone else has done it... Maybe Mommy deserves it, I just know that I have no part of it, I have tried to save both sides, and now both of them kick me in the ass... And they make sure it looks as if he has fucked himself up...." Whether or not the control center had any part in it, I simply couldn't understand that I had fucked myself up – that there were no actors. Then: "Why do they want to test? Because they come to America and discover this big computer, they are going to carry the computer home and use it on somebody else like Sakharov.... He's so smart, let's see if we can make it look like he has messed himself up...." Completely wrong scenario! Now two French pyramids were talking French in front of me. I reacted: "Is it real or fake? It's up to PM, he has freed the French in order to create a counter-point to his own intelligence service because his own intelligence service is not so obedient.... When the war is over, then we start eating each other... We need to go with PM..." Then: "Those people inside the control center are also chipped to enable them to use the machines..." Now *this* might very well be true. "It's Dick Cheney's idea, everyone must be chipped.... So they will show up when called to court... He's so fucking evil...." And my right side hurt. I got off the bus in Westwood and continued: "We simply don't know what PM wants. We just know that we need to get out, it's not the time for training, we should be learning his language instead of patience... PM wrote the script because the ICJ is very fast, it takes care of problems very fast, problems like internal political strife and so on. Now my plan is: go to Taiwan, get a job, then go there, pay for the school.... After 6 months, we will be able to handle his language, then we will be ready for whatever he has planned..." I came to my corner and lay out my blanket getting ready to sleep. More: "... both of our recorders are inside the ICJ...."

November 5 (Friday; recorder off)

My first recordings of the new day are: “wkcoffeewstwd_11_5_10_524-640AM.WMA”, “dvd187cpwrtlet_11_5_10_640-731AM.WMA”, “toucl_11_5_10_731-841AM.WMA”, “uclwrtlet_11_5_10_842-1007AM.WMA”, “kkwtskwkleavucltoatnt_11_5_10_1007-1037AM.WMA”, and “11_5_10_1059AM-1241PM.WMA”: After I woke up I came to Starbucks for my morning coffee. I then started burning a new disc (DVD 187). Now the burner jumped during finalization at 66 percent. I was again so paranoid as to believe that the control center had tampered with this disc in some way. I was terribly upset: “We are not going to finish our petition...” I then spent the next hour writing my letter. This morning I wrote that the Daughter People and the Agency were together experimenting on me a new kind of clandestine operation: how to mess somebody up and yet make it look like he had messed himself up – as if it were all his own fault. Ha! Then I packed up and walked a long way to Ackerman. I continued my wrong scenario: “Mr Chertoff couldn’t use ‘conspiracy’...” While Ackerman, I worked more on my letter while reviewing my recordings. I then spent some time on Ackerman’s computer. Then I walked a long way to the bus stop to go to OPCC.

And so I came to OPCC to get my free food and to wait for the doctor. “We are so angered when we hear ourselves talking, we want to vomit.” Then the doctor explained to me that I was tested positive for TB (37:00). Well, I’d always test positive because of the vaccination I received while a child. She then instructed me as to how to deal with the itching on my body and gave me some cream. Then I continued: “.... radical feminism... in the end Marxism is correct...” This was the beginning of a long series of speculation I would carry out about judge Higgins’ program – lasting many years into the future. Did the Invisible Hand instruct the computer inside the control center to control me to start this? I then also met with Bryan briefly (1:13:00).

My next recording, “opcc720busfiledeleted_11_5_10_1241-303PM.WMA”, was lost. It appears that I left OPCC and got on the 720 bus going toward downtown. I was of course again developing my wrong scenarios. Then, some time after 3 PM, my recorder turned itself off. I would discover it only around 3:30 PM, and of course immediately assumed it was remotely turned off from the control center. (Was I correct? Did the Monkey do it again? To finish his mission?) I was in shock and felt terrible because the things I said to myself in the past 30 minutes were all unrecorded. I immediately filmed my frozen recorder: “100_0011.MOV” and “100_0012.MOV”.

My next recording is: “toloanupsetrcrdroff_11_5_10_334-546PM.WMA”. After I turned on my recorder again, I complained: “What did I say earlier? It’s too dangerous...” I thus tried to remember what I said that wasn’t recorded. “Fake laws... real laws...” I was already off the bus and pushed my broken cart to the payday loan store to get a new loan. (Just more wasting of my precious money!) I then called up Chicago School on 18:00 and

left a message for Ms Guerrero telling her that I had found a psychiatrist, a certain Dr Roach, and asking her to call me back to schedule an appointment. I then called Wes on 22:00, but there was no answering. Upset, I continued pushing my broken cart. I then called up my step-mother, but she was terribly annoyed. I continued to be terribly upset: “This homelessness will never end, no one will help me...” I also filmed more suspicious people wearing earphones. I was then on and off the bus. I muttered bitterly: “It will take my whole life to document all these...” When I came back to UCLA, I filmed more strangers: “... somehow people are becoming uglier and more disgusting...” Again, I wrongly assumed that the intelligence agencies had purposely chosen actors that were ugly and sent them into my environment to provoke me. As I was getting snacks from the vending machine, I continued: “These Siloviki might not understand what they are reading on the computer screen...” (1:50:00). Namely, my thoughts. Then: “From 7 AM onward, there will be children around, no matter where I am: university or anywhere.... In ‘P-crimes’, even the audience are committing crimes... For the ‘Macrospherians’, it’s nothing, for only I need to suffer, not they.... Mr Chertoff should not be allowed to make arguments, because he is a ‘pedophile’.... Now is someone trying to encourage me to find the Pyramid?”

My next recordings are: “11_5_10_546-550PM.WMA” and “uclwrt_11_5_10_550-7PM.WMA”: And so I resumed recording myself writing on Ackerman’s patio, but, soon, someone came around talking very loudly. I was terribly disturbed and, not wanting his noises in my recording, turned off my recorder and then turned it back on. As I continued writing, I was continually upset when people came around to make noises. Then: “Why do they want us to stop recording? Because something bad is going to happen and they don’t want any record of it to exist... Or is it because they want to prosecute Mr Chertoff?... See, *we don’t know*, there is no communication, and so we don’t stop...” And then more people came around to make noises. I was terribly angered: “Piss on this fucking country, this fucking America! There will always be people’s noises in my recordings, we will never get out of homelessness, and so we will have to publish the recordings as they are, if people want to sue us, so be it... Permanent homelessness, that’s what we get for saving a nation...” I then continued writing, and more people came around to make noises. Then: “Wes told me to wait, and – guess what will happen! I’m not going to get picked up, that’s the script, I’m not going to waste my time finding a job!”

My next recording is: “readjobucl2versions_11_5_10_7-1106PM.WMA”: Now I continued to be angry because people kept coming around me to get themselves recorded. I repeated my wrong scenario (my “different version”): “Mr Chertoff must have made the argument that my recordings cannot be used as evidences against him because there are people’s noises in it” (3:00). Then another error message popped up on my computer screen: “server execution failed” (4:30). I was then angered by a black man’s talking next

to me. I hummed. I continued writing while absolutely hating the black man who was talking next to me (6:20). I played my recording loudly in order to cover up his noise. Finally he left! (15:00) But soon I was angered again because more people came over. After I finished burning a new DVD, I quickly left (20:30). More wrong scenario: “The Siloviki want us to be just the way we are, namely looking totally insane, in order to discredit ourselves, whereas PM wants us to change...” (25:00). As I strenuously pushed my broken cart, I continued: “Who is it that doesn’t want me to file my petition? (27:00) “Nobody inside the control center can live my life for six months without going insane...” (28:30). “We have proven our durability: so much pain, and yet we are still not insane!” (33:00) “We have thus passed the test! Nobody else can do it: writing a memoir while being homeless and tortured.” I came to another corner and began working again. But soon my ImgBurn malfunctioned and I was unable to build an ISO image. I was angered again and filmed it all (35:00). Electronicahreia! “We don’t like this secret agent bullshit...” Then the same error message: “server execution failure” (42:00). When I was finally allowed to play the recording file, I exclaimed out of disbelief (44:30). “No one will ever be nice to me unless forced to...” (52:30). Then: “Don’t say you regret...” I continued to film my computer screen when a woman walked in. I came up with more wrong scenario: “... In the micro-courthouse, evidences are showing me videotaping people; but in the macro-courthouse, evidences are showing that the US is committing fraud since I am really filming my computer screen...” (1:00:00). Then: “We work so hard to give these people a big party, and they just let us rot here... How can anyone not regret...” I was then reading an advertisement about a French translation job. I sent a message to reply to the advertisement, but got an error message and my email was returned. Again, my wrong understanding: “We are just wasting our time. Every message we get is fake, to produce evidence of non-conspiracy... They got their evidence... We got duped again...” But I still hoped to find a job online and was looking at various translation jobs while I continued to burn a new disc with ImgBurn. “We like to be under surveillance, it’s a waste of tax-payers’ money... Two billion dollars by now...” (1:44:00). Now, my estimate here was probably correct! Then I was terribly upset when what I had just written seemed to have been automatically deleted. I rewrote it only to then discover that it was not deleted. “Somebody has decided that I need to be a retard, and so he constantly turns off my machine, so that I will be preoccupied all day along with machine malfunctioning, like an idiot...” I posted the short blog post you see for today, “DHS machine remotely turning off my recorder in the past two days.” Then m computer froze up again! (2:34:00) “I so regret saving these Russians....” and I cursed them continually. “They are doing this to me because nothing will ever happen to them...” Then: “... they are forcing me to not film computer malfunctioning.... If I can kill them I will... Mother fuckers, fucking hypocrites.... That’s the kind of things they want to hear...” As I was reading information online about computer matter, my computer malfunctioned again. I experienced physical pain and moaned like crazy. I filmed it all. “Is PM a fucking idiot? The more unpleasant experience I get, the less likely I’m going to change! Does he not

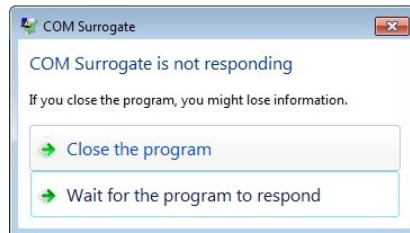
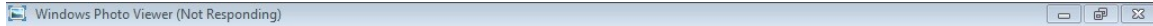
know that?” I continued to read out loud the computer information. Then: “The more I hear myself, the more I want to vomit, I’m so disgusting to myself, I’m provoking myself. They keep hurting you, and if you still love them, then you have passed the test. If they use this test, then everyone will hate them...” (2:54:00). Again, what a good idea about testing people! “Or maybe they want to see if you are recoverable... We have to make sure that we will not be recoverable...” Then I got angry again because more people were talking next to me (3:01:30). “They are only interested in brain’s working when it is in pain, not when it is happy... The Russian intelligence is parasiting on us, sucking us dry... Probably that’s what the evidentiary record says: this guy got deceived... DGHTR and so on are only interested in eating free lunch without paying...” I got up and pushed my cart and came back to the vending machine to get coffee. “They want us to look squalid.... They want us to hate them... Soon I will realize that the Monkey is just a front... that the Siloviki are just a front... The hatred will be evidence for non-conspiracy.... *That’s why they want ‘many versions’*... You can talk, but no one will believe your version is the true version, everyone will believe you have been deceived.... No one will know that the evidence is actually fixed... PM doesn’t want people to know that the evidences have been fixed... The solution.... This is the story: Mommy has duped us during the second round as well, making us believe that the Russians are fixing the evidences, and that we didn’t even get duped....” As you can see, I was misunderstanding the true meaning of Wes’ words.

My next recording is: “2versionsbus720_11_5_10_1106-1159PM.WMA”: I continued: “The fake PM will ship us to Russia. So I can tell my unofficial, personal version as the counter-point to the official story. But then how does the world come together? Maybe we can find out in Russia. Why does Mommy deceive? Because she hates neocons... As long as we can incorporate the official version in our unofficial version, it’s quite fine... Mommy understands PM, PM is so smart, the fake PM is as smart as the real PM... PM, am I smart enough to go to your country, the ‘real’ country of which the fake is a mirror image? You can tell me by giving me a bunch of money, I don’t think anybody else can figure it out... PM, you don’t know Plato.... Do you understand my Platonic way of speaking? Forget about this training to become responsible, just go, have a good time, maybe meet the man... We just need 2,000 dollars... The neocons read Plato upside down, that’s why they are where they are today....” Ha! In reality, the neocons were all doing well! Then: “The Daughterlanders, smart and pretty people... We don’t know.... Every time when you meet them, they are not that hot.... *Two versions of the same story*... That we hate the Russian intelligence... that we hate the PM, that’s what the official story will say....” By then I was on the bus going to the cybercafe.

My last recording of the day is: “cybrplcewrt_11_6_10_1242-308AM.WMA”: While in the cybercafe, I continued reviewing my recordings (this time those from early 2010). I was also looking for my resume among my data. Now I was annoyed again when a few

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, IV
Lawrence C. Chin
Sept. 2010 – Aug. 2019. Corrections, Jan. – Mar. 2021.

black people were talking loudly near me. “These people want to be recorded... It’s our fucking obligation to record this fucking xxxxxx talk...” I cursed them and my left side hurt continually. I then continued writing. In the course of the night my Microsoft Paint, Open Office, and Notepad would all malfunction. I would sleep in the street corner around Normandie and Wilshire tonight.



My super malfunctioning Samsung netbook did it again this morning

November 6 (Saturday)

My next recording is: “coffeecybrtoruss_11_6_10_839-1131AM.WMA”. I came inside a doughnut shop and bought coffee and doughnuts. As I walked around the streets, I continued to complain bitterly: “We are constantly surrounded by these fucking things... Constantly....” I settled down in a coffeehouse somewhere. “The official story would say the second run is fake... The SLVK will go home, no, they will forever operate under Mommy’s command...” Then for a while I couldn’t find my USB flash drive and I looked all over the coffeehouse for it. Then, a woman was talking loudly. “I can’t stand this fucking bitch talking.” I blasted MIA. I called somewhere on 1:18:00, but there was no answering. I then got on bus 720 to go to downtown to inquire about the housing situation.

Now an incident from 1:37:00 onward. A Hispanic woman came up the bus with her child and placed him on the seats in front of me – despite my awful smell. I naturally assumed

she was an actress and was instructed to provoke me like this: couldn't she notice how bad I smelled? I thus took off my shoes and placed my feet next to her child to stink them even further. Just then, a strong Hispanic male grabbed my collar and picked me up from behind as if I were a suit case and threw me down on the ground. It was clear to me that this man was another actor sent in to provoke me to fight him, and, as he kept scolding me for my "bad manners", I was so extremely angered by the injustice of it all: they pushed their children onto me knowing how much I hated them only so that, when I reacted, it would look as if I were the one at fault! I wanted to fight the man but restrained myself because I needed to protect my computer equipment. Instead I let the man throw me off the bus and did nothing more than film him.

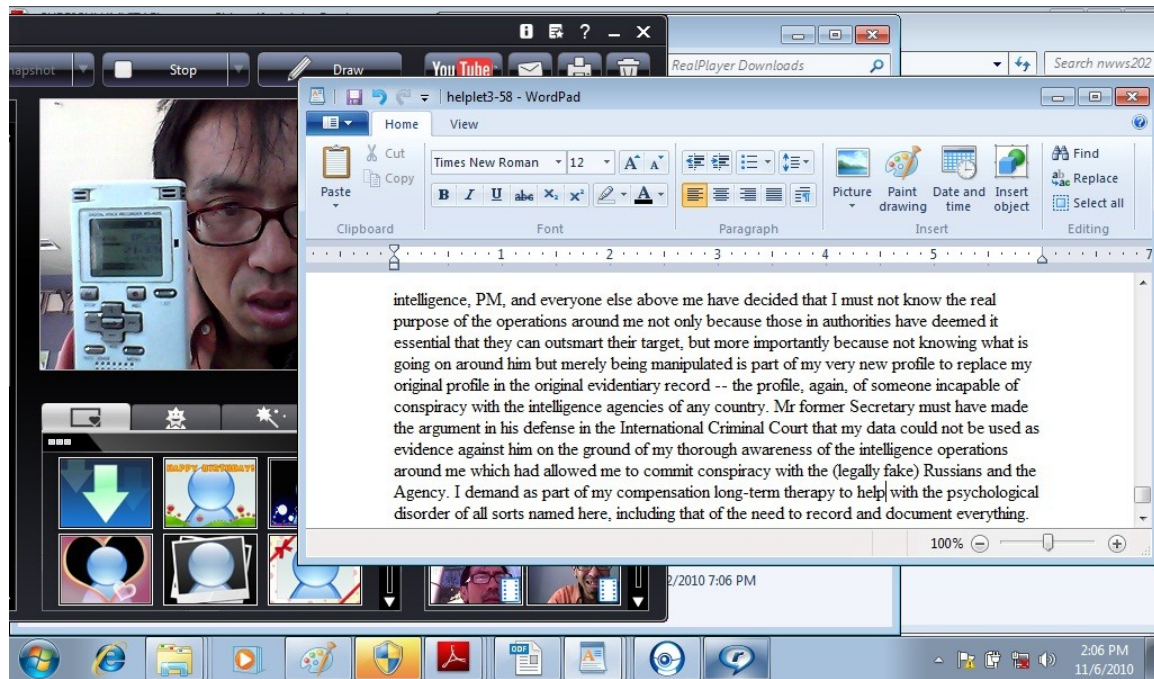
After I got thrown off the bus I kicked over every trash can I saw on the street to vent my anger. This was so unfair! The control center was so ingenious: hitting me while making it look like I was the one at fault. "There is a fucking chip inside the babies' brain, that's why they shout..." I jaywalked through the streets in anger. In reality, the control center (with the Monkey inside) had most likely *not* orchestrated anything. These Hispanic people simply didn't know what kind of world I lived in and didn't understand why I reacted the way I did, and I didn't understand that nobody knew anything about my phobia and that there was certainly no chip in any babies' brain. Again, I didn't understand that I was reading too much into ordinary phenomena – that I was becoming a typical "targeted individual". I filmed another Hispanic woman walking the streets with her children. I continued my wrong scenario: "It's simply the Agency that is instructing the Russians to run this whole thing..." I got on the bus again and finally came to the Ross Hotel. "Is it true that you have emergency housing?" "Come back 9 AM on Monday." That's all. I kept walking. Then my realization: "The purpose of unpleasant experiences is not to train you or test you, *but to turn you into a worse person*, that's why we have changed from someone who cares about other people into a selfish brat... so as to produce evidences of non-conspiracy..." Now I was coming closer to reality: the control center (the Daughter People) had indeed wanted to transform me into a violent schizophrenic; it's just that that was already over and that most of the unpleasant experiences I was now experiencing were not orchestrated but created by myself through my own misinterpretation. Nevertheless, since my understanding bore some resemblance to (past) truth, it would be, when taken backward in time, judge Higgins' evidence that I was developing a "different version".

I was able to find a nice coffeehouse in Little Tokyo. I settled down there and continued: "*The Agency is still producing evidences of non-conspiracy...* There will no longer be any conspiracy... Such would be the official story: the 'real' Russians are in the Macrosphere because Mommy has put them there. And about our selfishness: there were no real Russians after March 2009, we did everything out of our own self-interests... And there has never been any conspiracy. PM is going to compensate us, he's nice, he's not

disappointed, he knows very few people can pass this test.... Mr Chertoff is also duped, duped into making arguments, so that the next time when he goes to trial he will have no arguments to make.... And so the Agency is presented as the master manipulator..." And my left side hurt. Such was my "different version"! "They should let me advertise my story, because the official story is not true, I have to be the one to say it... It's best if they don't say anything... PM, you owe me this...."

My next recording is: "tolttletokyocafe_11_6_10_1131AM-136PM.WMA": Soon I was again severely disturbed because somebody was talking loudly near me. I broke down crying. Somebody came to ask me why I was crying. "He's talking so loud..." After a while, more worthless reflections: "*We are not supposed to know what's going on because, according to the evidentiary record, this guy doesn't know what's going on*, but we nevertheless need to know what's going on for we are not going to write about what is not true... Other people are interested in wasting my time because it's not their time... Do onto others what others can't do onto you..." I then resumed reviewing my recordings while writing my letter and charging my camera. Then, my computer malfunctioned again. "We are happy that somebody always has to watch over us to make our computer malfunction, wasting government's money... The Americans are paying for it, and we will never change..." In reality, the malfunctioning was probably just "natural" (because my netbook's RAM was too limited). I broke down crying again on 56:00. Another guy came over to ask me why. "The computer doesn't make sense, it malfunctions..." Now it was a French guy who was helping me and comforting me. Then I had a brief chat with the cashier girl. While in the restroom, I expressed my worry: "If I guess something right, *there will be more fake operations to prevent me from knowing more*. At some point we will have to stop, for we don't want to waste our time writing about wrong scenarios... It's not about winning because he's so detestable... It's about overcoming oppression..." Again, I was coming closer to (past) reality. The French had indeed run operations on me to prevent me from figuring things out, except that that was already past. When I came out of the restroom, I had another brief chat with the coffeehouse employees. They were from Paris. I then watched a video on Youtube on data recovery.

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, IV
Lawrence C. Chin
Sept. 2010 – Aug. 2019. Corrections, Jan. – Mar. 2021.



The evidence of my “different version” today: why I must not know

My next recordings are: “dvd188cprstrmrflctn_11_6_10_136-252PM.WMA” and “wrtletyell_11_6_10_252-436PM.WMA”: I was then reviewing the recording of my reflection yesterday and transcribing it onto my New Letter of Petition. Then I reviewed the recording of my conversation with Wes. Suddenly, a baby cried (1:14:00). I was instantly provoked: “Hey! Shut up!” The owner of the coffeehouse came over to me: “If you yell again, I’ll have to kick you out...” I was so entrenched in my misinterpretation of everything that I was even convinced that the owner was just acting – that the whole thing (from the baby’s crying to the owner’s scolding) was an orchestrated show (to produce evidence that I was disruptive and autistic). I retorted: “If he yells, I’ll have to yell too...” “Babies cry! Adults don’t...” Just then, the baby was shouting again. I muttered bitterly to myself: “We will fucking kill the baby.... We will murder that fucking piece of shit, that fucking fat bitch.... Every one of my recordings is full of these pieces of shit’s shouting....” I left the coffeehouse and continued cursing: “The baby is the SLVK’s ultimate weapon... We don’t have to go to France, what PM wants is not what the SLVK want....” I noticed a woman taking pictures and so filmed her: “Why is she doing this? Oh, because that God-damned thing is behind her, they have tricked me...” Again, I erroneously believed that this picture-taking woman was a set-up to frame me for pedophilia. While resting on the street corner, I continued: “The US will not be allowed to enforce laws about terrorism, to send representatives to human rights organization, to do this or do that...” Wrong! Then my left toes hurt. Then: “We don’t know whether the case will last forever or be over fast...” When I got on the bus, lo and behold, there were

more children. “PM wants me to be mentally disabled when I arrive in his country... Then no one will believe I wrote what I wrote....” And my right side hurt. “Telling the truth makes you look insane because this is what America is like. The American government does such crazy things that, when you tell people about them, it makes you look insane!” Now I was totally right! I hummed throughout my bus ride.

My next recordings are: “towstwd_11_6_10_436-604PM.WMA”, “wrtresmlet_11_6_20_604-646PM.WMA”, “slprflectn_11_6_10_754-813PM.WMA”, and “slpwstwdanlc_11_6_10_813-836PM.WMA”: I came back to Westwood and ate at the Mexican burger shop and continued writing. Soon, children came in to shout. Again, I was terribly annoyed. I then reviewed the recording of the JESSUP competition and Louise Arbour’s speech. My left side hurt. Then, on 6:38 PM, my Real Player froze up and crashed. Then, by 8 PM, I came to the street corner across from Denny’s to sleep. I then came up with another wrong scenario to explain the provocation this morning (when the Hispanic man threw me off the bus): the primary purpose of the incident was not to teach me obedience but to demonstrate to the Pyramid that, should she ever show up to carry out the plan of getting me transported to the hospital, it’s unlikely that I would hit her in the face because of my constant worries over my writings and my New Letter of Petition. Bullshit! Nevertheless, there was, as you shall see, some importance in this.

November 7 (Sunday)

My first recordings of the new day are: “wkcoffee_11_7_10_507-612AM.WMA”, “wrtletwstwd_11_7_10_627-732AM.WMA”, “tolundro_11_7_10_733-838AM.WMA”, and “lundrobrderobmwbr_11_7_10_838-1156AM.WMA”: Soon after I woke up from my corner, I came to Subway to order a sandwich. I then started reviewing my recordings and writing my petition letter. After writing for an hour or so, I pushed my cart to the laundromat to wash my clothes. When I was done, I continued: “Can we find any objective ground for the laws? No. They just gather together to make laws, but not to find the truth....” I then came inside Borders Bookstore. I watched another video of UN High Commissioner’s speech while burning a new disc.

My next recording is: “11_7_10_1108AM-355PM.WMA”: I was then browsing through Obama’s autobiography *Dreams From My Fathers*. I then left Borders on 56:00. “This TV show will stop, will it?” Then, Ms Guerrero called me on 1:00:00 saying she needed me to come sign a paper for release of information. I then got on the bus to go to the cybercafe. After I got off the bus, I continued: “International laws will override domestic laws.... If Mommy orders the Russian Foreign Ministry to object to the reservation....” I was talking about my petition. I sat down at the cybercafe’s computer and began uploading files and replying to a translation project. I then placed links to my videos of machine malfunctioning on my petition letter. “... machines cannot malfunction, that’s the

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, IV
Lawrence C. Chin
Sept. 2010 – Aug. 2019. Corrections, Jan. – Mar. 2021.

foundation of civilization....” I played MIA loudly while writing. The control center hurt my right side repeatedly. Then my left side. I left the cybercafe on 4:00:00. I continued: “The operation to make us look insane....”

My next recording is: “11_7_10_356-706PM.WMA”: I rode the bus back to UCLA and came to Ackerman to buy a single single-layer disc. (I needed it to replace the damaged DVD 93 (with cyclic redundancy error).) While paying, I asked the cashier: “What are you really thinking when you see me?” I was still under the false impression that everyone had been alerted about me. She replied: “I wonder why you are humming.” No, she didn’t know me at all. I then came to the vending machine to get coffee. More worthless reflection: the battle system, America’s next level of warfare... Then: “We need some sort of pyramid to guide us... We need to finish the petition letter this month, and next month we will have to work hard on the language... *Somehow our brain must function very differently...* The State looks at an individual very differently... not according to how he looks...” Bullshit (even though I must be right about the peculiarity of my brain functioning). Then, more children showed up. No! I then came inside Ackerman to use the public computer. I watched again the speech by UN High Commissioner for Human Rights (1:02:00). Then, while reviewing my recordings, I also read up on various news items on Ackerman’s computer. A French article on the Tartars and the Muslims in Russia (2:21:00). I believed erroneously that I could find news that were relevant to my trial.

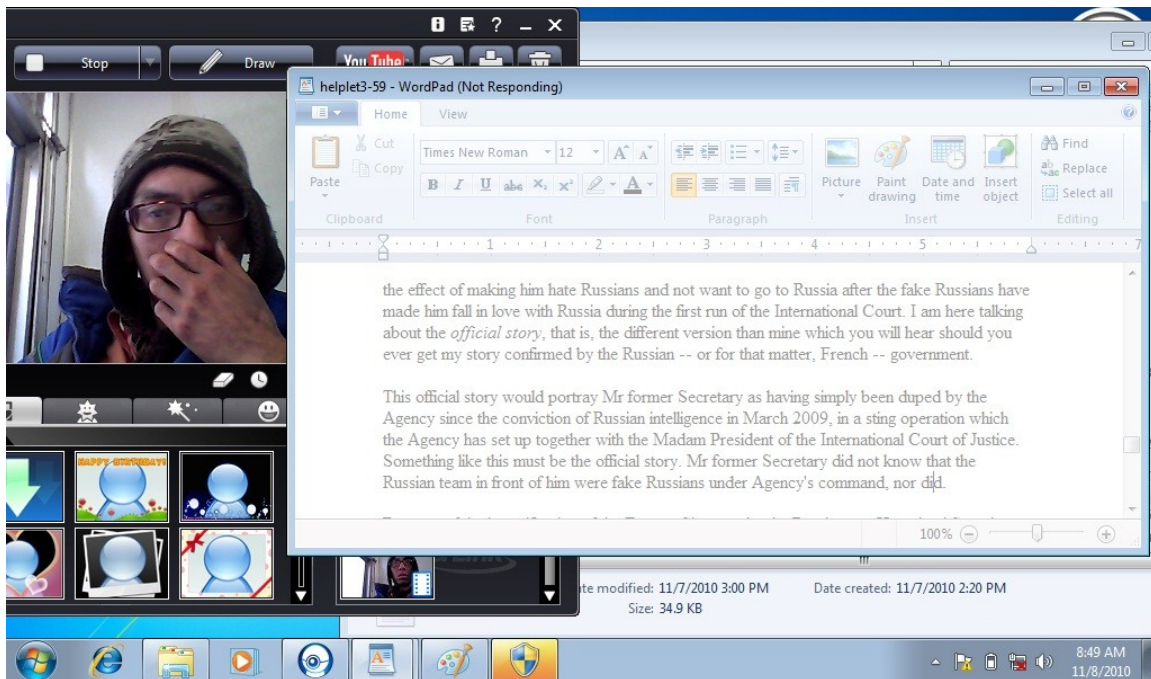
My next recordings are: “11_7_10_707-921PM.WMA” and “11_7_10_821PM-1014PM.WMA (9:21 PM – 11:14 PM)”: I then continued writing my letter of petition. At one point, I got it: “I don’t think we can get anywhere with our petition, we don’t have any documents to prove it, but it’s our mission, we have to make a fool out of ourselves...” Then: “The goal is not to drive us insane, but to label us ‘insane’, for: what’s the point of our being insane if nobody knows about it?” Again, I failed to comprehend the real purpose of driving me insane (to fit the profile; even though it was now past). After I left Ackerman, I scavenged food from trash cans in the Village. Then: “Is PM really involved, or is somebody pretending to be him? He *has* to be involved...” I would sleep in Westwood Village tonight.

November 8 (Monday; “somebody is leaking”)

My first recording of the new day is: “wkcookie_11_8_10_710-846AM.WMA”: Soon after I woke up, I bought coffee and cookies. I then got on the 20 bus on 30:00 to go to Ross Hotel. I began writing my petition letter while on the bus: “... This is how insane the whole case of conspiracy had become.... the law invented by the Agency... causing the shape of the entire world to hinge upon... the physiology of a single person... the taking-over the Garden of Eden... faking Russian noises... to dupe me into believing that the

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, IV
Lawrence C. Chin
Sept. 2010 – Aug. 2019. Corrections, Jan. – Mar. 2021.

lawsuit was over...” Since this was more or less what had happened back in early 2010, it was the true version! Then, on 1:32:00, a most traumatic incident of machine malfunctioning occurred: the Wordpad document of my New Letter of Petition froze up completely. I was shocked and assumed it was the control center and quickly filmed it all: “100_0001-wrdpdmlunct110810.MOV”. I began experiencing severe physical pain. “Now I cannot trust this document anymore...”



The devastating malfunctioning this morning was probably “natural”, due to my webcasting while writing

My next recording is: “toruss_11_8_10_846-932AM.WMA”: I got off the bus on 2:00 completely devastated and groaning and moaning. I was twitching and cutting myself in the street corner and mumbling: “... go to Moscow... that’s what we need to write in our petition, two versions... Mommy... protecting Russia’s reputation... driven insane... the structure of the court... Macrosphere... put PM in it... watch... to enrich the original evidences... to break us down... to break us into pieces... to give us to her... so that we won’t cause any more troubles... that’s the official story... what the structure of the court indicates... a broken spirit who knows the truth... Mommy is the one who wants to change the profile... Why does Mommy do all that?... Because she wants to get Mr Chertoff... at the same time she wants to hand over to Russia a broken spirit... You think they want you to hold back, in fact they don’t, *they want you to be broken*... You will just hang out... They don’t want anything more from you... They just want to get the neocons.... We don’t have to worry about... we are victims... driven insane...” And then both my left side and

my right side hurt.

My next recording is: “opcctosocialsec_11_8_10_932AM-310PM.WMA”: While I was walking, I continued: “You don’t really see how terribly it felt in the video. They want to get these guys, everything has to be by the book, it doesn’t matter if it causes me harm.... This guy is so pathetic, he has to cut himself when his computer malfunctions! How can he conspire...” Namely, I assumed erroneously that this was the evidence obtained. “They already know we are not likely to get into a fight because we need to protect our work; even though there is a choice, we will always take this way...” I came to Ross Hotel on 12:00. “I want to apply for emergency housing... I have a case manager at OPCC.... I got Bryan to call in...” And yet there was no room. “Then why do people tell me there is a room?” The hotel receptionist replied: “I don’t know, tell Bryan to call me...” I left frustrated again. “How are they going to give me a girlfriend if it’s not going to be a secret agent.... I have a solution! Get a secret agent to introduce us to a girlfriend, who is slightly damaged but still attractive....” Then: “PM put Chinese people in front of us.... To create a ‘conspiracy’” (1:26:00). Then more overestimation of myself: “... we just happen to be the right person....” I got on the bus, and, damn, children were on board, and I hummed. I came to OPCC. “Why don’t Ukrainians like Russians? Which story does PM like? My story? Or the official story?” While I waited, I read a printout about F-15s. This caused me to worry: “I don’t want the SLVK to think that I’m so liberal that, when I get to their county, I’ll get close to all the liberals.... When we get there, we won’t be voting... even though we are biased toward the liberals.... PM will be interested in obtaining liberals as allies in America....” Just more nonsense! I waited for Bryan for a long time, and, finally, my patience ran out and I left him a note: “Please call Ross Hotel, Lawrence has received this note from Ross Hotel”. And I left OPCC on 4:16:00. I got on the bus, and there were more children on board. I hummed loudly and tried to do more writing. I was now going to the Social Security Administration.

My next recording is: “socsectoucllicrealiz_11_8_10_319-456PM.WMA”: While inside the Social Security Administration, I continued: “We need to leave this country when we are almost completely insane...” It was my turn on 31:00, and I obtained the SSI confirmation letter which I needed for my case at Golden West. I continued: “These Mexicans have grown up completely spoiled, without any discipline; when you give them power, they will...” Then: “We don’t see how money will materialize in front of us....” Of course not! Ha! “We depend on the Americans to give us money...” While on the bus, I pretended to participate in strangers’ conversations in order to avoid “criminally recording them”. As if that mattered!

My next recording is: “uclplpresd_11_8_10_456-640PM.WMA”: More wrong scenario: “Mr Chertoff knew he’s not going to win, the court is set up in such a way that he can never win, and so his purpose is simply revenge, to get me.... to drive me to insanity, to

suicide, or arrest... I'll have to not know, for, if I know it, it would be conspiracy with him.... It's impossible to commit conspiracy with the Macrospherians, *even the president of the court has been released onto the Macrosphere...* He must have argued in such a way as to cause my thoughts and feelings to become admitted into evidence... DGHTR got me to know my thoughts can be read, so that they can pick and choose among my thoughts.... Somewhere along the line, *somebody is leaking to me what is going on...* It's probably just DGHTR... Mr Chertoff will lose anyway, the question is whether he can bring me down together with him... We are saved,..." Again, I was just developing my "different version". I had by now come back to UCLA and was getting coffee from the vending machines. Then my worthless reflection on the earlier phase of this trial: "Mommy had a mole inside the Chinese intelligence, they didn't believe I was a terrorist, the word product rule... Mommy argued: he is the last point in the establishment of a conspiracy... First you need to know there is no such thing as the lower court versus the upper court, but a Microsphere inside the Macrosphere... When is it going to be over? The Polish president might be involved in the neocon plan.." Bullshit! I had by then come inside Ackerman and was reading up on the news about Poland on Ackerman's computer. I read about Lech Kaczyński and then looked up the news about the new friendship treaty which Daughterland had signed with Poland. I again erroneously believed that it was thanks to me that the two nations were reconciled! Ha! Then I read about the development of nano-technology in Daughterland.

My next recordings are: "uclwrtlet_11_8_10_640-828PM.WMA" and "netbotscybrwrt_11_8-9_828PM-344AM.WMA": I then continued to write my petition letter on Ackerman's patio. At one point, my left side hurt. I then got more snacks from the vending machine and then came back to Ackerman to get chow mien. Then: "After Mommy gained command... the Chinese intelligence..." Then Tori Amos (30:00). I then tried to picture what the courthouse looked like. "... given the law, work out the consequences..." Then, on 50:00, I was on Ackerman's computer again to edit my webpage for machine malfunctioning: "... every time you discover something you need to add it in... January 4..." Soon, a guy I would see frequently in Ackerman – I called him Mr "Ismael-look-alike" because he looked so much like my former roommate Ismael that I even suspected him to be a "metaphor" from the control center – came in to use the computer station next to mine to browse pornography. I kept telling him not to do so fearing that the campus' network administrator might confuse him with me. Namely, I assumed erroneously that this was an operation! Paranoid over nothing! I then noticed all the weird visits to my website while checking my website's visitors' log. I began filming it all. I concluded erroneously that, if I worked on my website, then my website would get fraudulent visits. Then: "There are so many laws, everything done to us needs to be backed up by a law... How many domestic laws have been overridden by international laws in our case?" I had accidentally hit on the truth: *everything that was done to me was authorized by the International Court of Justice!* Then I discovered that the visits to my

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, IV
Lawrence C. Chin
Sept. 2010 – Aug. 2019. Corrections, Jan. – Mar. 2021.

website today were all robot visits. I thus started reading about Internet scams, the bots, the best IT, the worst IT, the Honey Pot Project... And I continued to pay attention to grammatical mistakes – as if that mattered! Then, when I was leaving, I continued: “Why are there so many coincidences?” I got on the bus on 3:13:00 and came to the cybercafe on 3:56:00. I continued: “*The Pyramid is going to show up... I thought she was going to show up anyway...*” Again, this would be important. I played MIA and then Silbermond repeatedly from 4:43:00 onward. I then continued writing: “... people soon followed me in to make loud noises...” I was then debating with myself whether to print my writing out in PDF (6:32:00). I continued writing, and my right side hurt continually. I left the cybercafe on 7:06:00 mumbling: “... what I wrote in the petition must be very strange... Why do you declare war on America just because the bus passes you by?” Exactly! I then came to the street corner in Normandie to sleep.

November 9 (Tuesday; Wes; the third set of evidences)

My first recording of the new day is: “slpnrmdie_11_9_10_355-857AM.WMA”: Soon after I woke up, I walked to the cybercafe (3:43:00). I got on the computer station and, when I clicked on the link www.tw.tzuchi.org, I got redirected to some unknown website which was blocked. I again wrongly assumed this was orchestrated from the control center. Namely, that I was duped into visiting a bad website to produce evidence of my sexual perversion and so on. When I summoned the Hispanic employee to watch the process, the link would then go through (4:50:00). Because my Gmail account was open in another browser, I got worried that law enforcement or Google might have recorded my visiting bad websites even though in fact it was the browser which had automatically redirected me. Paranoid over nothing! A typical targeted individual! On 4:53:30, you can hear me reading out loud Tzu Chi’s number while videotaping the computer screen. Upset, I was now even more motivated to go back to Taiwan.

My next recording is: “gldnwsttoopcc_11_9_10_857-1149AM.WMA”: I then got on the bus and came to Golden West. I wanted to turn in the papers, but was told to wait until 1 PM. Another guy accepted my papers, but told me to wait for a couple of months. I didn’t know I was wasting my time looking for housing! I then checked out LAMP. When I came out, I complained bitterly: “.... all these actors...” I got on the bus and tried to work on my petition letter a little more during the bus ride. Then, my Wordpad malfunctioned for the second time completely disrupting my writing process. I was so angered that, when somebody tried to talk to me, I yelled at him: “Shut up!” (1:37:00) When I came to OPCC, it was still closed. No free lunch as yet.

My next recording is: “opccwrtletcgiwes_11_9_10_1149AM-318PM.WMA”: I continued writing and humming. This time I was writing about the Monkey’s wish to keep the “plan” in secret so that he may reap the benefit from my work while I got labeled a

schizophrenic or a fraud. Then about the impossibility of avoiding “the little humans”. All the bullshit! Then I got up and started walking. I called Wes and he answered it! (2:32:30) I talked about what it all meant when the control center hurt my left side and then my right side. “The signals are making me superstitious.” Wes: “To make you paranoid...” I then talked about how my computer malfunctioned when I was writing, how I lost one sentence, but never knew if I had lost more. Wes talked about how he had applied to teach in 11 different departments (2:40:00). Me: “How do I get money?” Wes: “You work, or beg, or get somebody to give it to you...” Me: “It’s all theater here, they won’t let me find a job, I’d be wasting my time if I look for a job...” I continued: “I don’t know when it will be over.” Wes: “I don’t know.” I explained to Wes how my targeting worked: the computer inside the control center understood my mood structure and calculated every detail of my environment, so that it had only to manipulate one little thing in order to cause a chain reaction... Then I would overspend and so on, and it would all look “natural”. Even though it was all wrong scenario, Wes went along with me: “It looks like Rousseau’s *Emile*....” Me: “But they aren’t staging it all to educate me...” Wes: “The book is not about the education of Emile, but about how the government works, to educate its people with noble lies and so on. While Plato’s *Republic* seems to be about the government but is in fact about education, Rousseau’s *Emile* seems to be about education but is in fact about the government. The government should control the citizens just as the tutor controls Emile.” Wes was of course just explaining the Straussian interpretation of Rousseau. He then explained how the tutor staged everything so that Emile would fall in love with Sophia. “It’s the ultimate control, whether the target is aware of it or not. Emile wasn’t aware of it, but *you* are aware of it. Maybe you should try to act in ways that are unpredictable, like: when you are scared, you don’t run.... *They want you to be dangerous and crazy*, so that they can commit you, or they want you to do something illegal, like stealing... Maybe they have an agenda, you will have to jump through all the hoops.... Even when you surrender, it won’t end right away, but will have to unfold in a certain way...” I continued to bemoan how it wouldn’t end quickly enough. Wes: “Their goal might not be finishing it so quickly... If their job depends on it, they wouldn’t want to achieve their goal so fast...” (2:52:00). I was baffled: “But the American intelligence officials will continue to have their job, so the problem is the Russians...” Wes: “Maybe it’s all messed up together, like the Illuminati...” I complained: “I don’t like it when they use me to keep their job...” Wes: “You’ve got to outsmart them... They are on the offensive, you are on the defensive... You have no resources... You need to outsmart them...” I was overwhelmed: “I can’t! Besides, they will get pissed off and punch me hard...” Then, something happened and Wes had to go but promised to call me back in 20 minutes (3:04:00). I used the restroom and waited for his call.

My next recording is: “wessocsec_11_9_10_318-427PM.WMA”: I was re-connected with Wes on 8:00. I continued: I wanted to go to Russia, but would have to go to Taiwan first. I asked Wes: “You will not learn Russian, huh?” “No.” Just then, the control center

hurt my left knee. Then, my wrong scenario: “People are not helping me out only because their controllers told them not to...” Wes: “They might make it impossible for you to pay...” He continued: “You are thinking the way they expect you to think...” Wes suggested again that I should try to “beat them”. Me: “The point is not to beat them, but to help them get what they want so that they will go away...” Wes rebutted me: “The point is to get what *you* want...” Me: “Exactly, but in order for them to give me what I want, they would have to finish their show... The point is: how to persuade them to finish their job quickly... I *am* their job, but I can’t give them another job, they will have to give me a job first...” Wes: “No, they won’t give you anything...” Me: “If they could do another show, they will finish this show... *If they could get a better show...*” Wes: “We don’t want anything to do with this, it’s liberation...” He continued: “Here are your options. You can get them to find a better job. Or you can persuade them that their job with you is a losing battle...” (18:00). Me: “But they can’t have their current job forever...” I continued: “Their current job is the trial. Many people outside are waiting for the outcome of the trial, and so if they procrastinate, the people outside won’t be happy, and so they *will* have to hurry...” I was just speaking my wrong scenario, but Wes went along with me: “*Usually a trial has a deadline...*” I continued to mumble my wrong scenario about the “people outside”. Wes: “They can’t procrastinate, *there is a fixed date...*” Just then, siren. “What does this mean?” “Usually it means that evidence has been taken, or suppressed... I don’t care, as long as the trial is moving forward and will end soon... Will they then let me go?” Wes: “I don’t know.” Me: “But I need money...” Wes suggested that I find work. I complained: “But I should get money for all the work I have already done...” I continued: “They will get the outcome they want, the prosecution will be accomplished. Or maybe not. The evidences needed will be collected... I should get some money... Just 2,000 dollars... It will get me off my feet... Then, without everything being controlled, I can find a job... Maybe 2,500 dollars... I should get a girlfriend too...” Wes: “They have no control over that...” “Of course they do...” Then: “I should stay here until it comes... I should get temporary housing...” Wes then mentioned that, because it was snowing in Albany, it was good that I never came. Me: “My plan is to go there to die anyway...” Finally, I concluded: “So I should just wait...” (26:00). We then talked about how many times I could see him when it was time for him to come back to California. He then talked about his dissertation. We hanged up on 30:25.

I then called up the Social Security Administration on a payphone (36:00). I was talking to the Social Security Administration agent on 46:00. They cannot increase my SSI payment because I was already receiving the maximum amount. I hanged up on 49:00. I mused: “*Is the Pyramid going to show up?* Maybe we have to endure in order for them to go away... If that counts as cooperation, they can create evidences to suppress that... It’s all up to them... We are not getting our compensation, we will get compensated and receive a girlfriend when it is all over...” Bullshit!

Now before we move on, it's imperative that we consider the hidden meaning of Wes' words today. Whereas Wes had said nothing in particular on October 27 and November 4 – he had received no orders since October 22 – today he seemed again to be carrying out an order. In other words, after judge Higgins had obtained many evidences that I was following the Agency's order to hide my knowledge and devise different versions, it's time for more evidences today. At first sight, Wes seemed to be carrying out the same order: to go along with my wrong scenario (about the Daughter People's torture of me and the trial process) in order to let me continue on my "mission" of looking insane. Hence, after mentioning what was true but already past due ("They want you to be crazy and dangerous"), he continued to bullshit me by advising that I find ways to outsmart my torturers and explaining that they might not want to finish the trial so fast when their job depended on it and so on and on. Again, Wes might also be doing this – to lock me further in my delusions – because Mr Chertoff happened to be listening in on my conversation today. But why did Wes mention *Emile*? And why did he mention "There is a deadline"? Again, it might very well be the case that the Invisible Hand had instructed him to specifically mention these two things in order to secretly help judge Higgins establish my terrorist conspiracy with the CIA against her: while these two things were continuous with my erroneous beliefs, they were developments in a different direction to enable judge Higgins to benefit from my terrorist mission. They would be the two "intercepts" hidden in the bullshit to confuse me today which would escape Mr Chertoff's notice. (A third thing, "Get them to do another show", came up accidentally in the conversation. This, as you shall see, may have relevance later on.) Now, within the evidentiary record, these two things would constitute Wes' attempt to further communicate the "conspiracy" to me: first of all, that my conspirators (the CIA) had this plan to set me up with a "girlfriend" (the Pyramid) by manipulating me to meet her and fall in love with her. Originally it was DGHTRCOM who had commanded the CIA to do this, but, today, when this intercept was taken backward in time, this would become part of my conspiracy with the CIA to harm judge Higgins because it was my meeting with the Pyramid which had unleashed the chain of events that would finally result in the destruction of the trial. When the Invisible Hand instructed Wes to mention *Emile* to me, it was then evidence (as long as it looked like it) that the CIA was secretly working on a plan to rig the trial – this ingenious plan of getting me to meet the Pyramid while everyone was under the Daughter People's command. This would be the third element of the plan, after advising me to distort my story into a different version and telling me to express my artist personality. This is why I have said that it was of some importance that, in the past few days, I had begun speculating again whether the Pyramid would show up: when Wes' *Emile* was coupled with my expectation, it did look like good evidence of a conspiracy! Then, secondly, that my conspirators (this time, everybody) had tried to establish a deadline to the trial process to circumvent the ICJ rule that, although an ICJ judgment, once issued, was final, parties could always bring in new evidences to cause the judges to alter their previous judgments. I have not mentioned this latter possibility in

the preceding but it was certainly something which the French and the Daughter People would have done in order to make sure that no parties could in the future enter new evidences about me to cause the trial to continue to their detriment. (Because I would keep on writing, the Daughter People were worried that I would continue to write about how I had tried to help them last year while the French were worried that I would soon write about their objection.) Judge Higgins might have ordered the Invisible Hand to instruct Wes to mention “Emile” and “deadline” to me not simply because she needed to enter evidences right away to justify her claim that the destruction of the trial was a conspiracy against her but also because, in the past two weeks, her team had, after some studying, realized how difficult it would be for me to realize what the CIA and the French had done in order to fully establish my conspiracy against her. First of all, her team must have full control over me – if I couldn’t understand what had happened by my own effort, they would simply manipulate me to run into things in order to cause me to understand it. Insofar as the method of “Emile” was now part of the terrorist conspiracy against her, judge Higgins would have obtained the judge computer’s authorization today to control me and manipulate me via intermediaries (the Monkey and the CIA). Secondly, judge Higgins’ team must allot me enough time – given the difficulty of the task, I might need *years* to come to an understanding of what had happened. And so, today, there was more evidence that I had conspired with the CIA to rig this trial (the CIA had apparently welcomed the Daughter People’s attempt to set me up with the Pyramid because they knew it would turn out badly given my artist personality) and the temporal limitation of the trial process had also been secretly established as part of my terrorist conspiracy against judge Higgins – all so that she may now ask the judge computer to reverse the conspiracy to benefit her by authorizing her to secretly take over the operation on me and continue the trial indefinitely. As you shall see, evidences that I had conspired with the CIA to harm her would still be coming in many years later – even 9 years later – all because, today, the judge computer had secretly issued a judgment stipulating that any deadline to the trial process was a terrorist conspiracy against judge Higgins (to deprive her of her compensation) so that there shall be *no* deadline after which she would not be allowed to submit further evidences in her favor. This ICJ trial was thus due to continue *indefinitely* into the future without the possibility that anyone other than judge Higgins might intervene to disrupt it.

Once again you should appreciate judge Higgins’ right to frame me in order to reverse the terrorist conspiracy against her. Because the CIA had instructed Wes to stuff words into my mouth when I was in Frankfurt, they must do it again today but only to benefit her. Today, when Wes told me about *Emile*, I had no idea what he was talking about. I actually thought that my Daughter People might still be planning to set me up with a girlfriend. Ha! Little did I know that judge Higgins then promptly submitted to the judge computer Wes’ mention of “Emile” as evidence that I had conspired with the CIA to meet this “Pyramid” as a prelude to rigging the trial – and that, thanks to the rule for the

replacement of evidences, it would not matter that the evidence came in only 9 months after the event!

My next recordings are: “wrtletwstwd_11_9_10_427-549PM.WMA” and “brgrmxmcmargmntang_11_9_10_6-809PM.WMA”: Meanwhile, I had come back to Westwood and continued my wrong scenario: “When you want a girlfriend, she would appear but only to beat you up, but, when you don’t want one, she would appear...” I then continued writing my letter. I then came inside the Mexican burger store to get my dinner. I continued my wrong scenario: “They are testing you, to see if you can be even slightly attracted to such a girl, so that, *when the Pyramid comes back, she can entrap you and punch you, which will then be evidence...* The girlfriend is supposed to punch you... Mr Chertoff is saying: ‘You are all running a conspiracy against me, you have tried to give him a girlfriend...’ And their response would be, ‘We are not trying to give him a girlfriend, we are using the girlfriend to harm him...’” (18:00). Note that I would be speaking the truth if I could realize that it was the French who had accused the Daughter People of trying to set me up with a girlfriend. Not only was this my “different version”, but it was excellent evidence when it was coupled with Wes’ mention of *Emile* earlier. I then came back inside Ackerman on 53:00 and continued to work on my computer.

My next recordings are: “11_9_10_818-903PM.WMA” and “ucl_11_10_10_903AM-1142PM.WMA” (11_9_10_903-1142PM): I continued writing my petition letter. Now I was writing about the episode with Best Mommy in January this year. (Again, since this was mostly true, it was the “true version”.) Then I noticed this student studying inside Ackerman and approached her. I told her she should read my book, *The Secret History*. She gave me food, and my right side hurt. I then got on Ackerman’s computer. I found the website of Moscow State University and then read a French commentary on the history of psychoanalysis in Russia. Then, when children’s pictures popped up on the computer screen, I again mistook this for the control center’s orchestration (to produce evidence that I was a pedophile). “Something is wrong. We always have to have something to do with these God-damned little things...” I then discovered more grammatical mistakes and mistook this for an “intercept”. When I couldn’t find the Department of Psychology on Moscow State University’s website, I wondered whether it was a fake website. Paranoid over nothing! Then I came up with the wrong scenario: “The website is real, but when it crosses over to the Microsphere, grammatical mistakes would appear, like the way in which, when light enters water, it is refracted... We are fucked up, stuck in the Microsphere...” (47:00). Bullshit. Finally, I found the Psychology Department, and my right hand hurt. I then read up something about the HEAD command. I found another grammatical mistake and mistook it for an “intercept”. And my right finger hurt. “Why?” Then, some guy came to ask me about the cursor on the computer. Was he here to produce an intercept? (Bullshit.) Soon, I left and, while walking to Westwood village, I mumbled about how America was this technocratic state: “All the secret projects at the

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, IV
Lawrence C. Chin
Sept. 2010 – Aug. 2019. Corrections, Jan. – Mar. 2021.

Pentagon...”

November 10 (Wednesday; visits to my website)

My first recordings are: “wrtwstwddsrtption_11_10_10_743-833AM.WMA” and “wrtletwstwd_11_10_10_833-1044AM.WMA”: Soon after I woke up, I resumed writing my petition letter. When I wrote, “Evidences must be collected without the suspect’s knowing or cooperation”, I asked myself: “There is something wrong here. What about evidences obtained during interrogation?” And my left side hurt. I then continued writing.

My next recording is: “11_10_10_1056AM-150PM.WMA”: I then got on the bus to go to OPCC. After I got off the bus, more wrong scenario: “In May, when we reviewed our recordings, we figured things out, and the Siloviki became concerned, for they didn’t want us to figure things out... There are now these two sides, one side doesn’t want us to figure things out, while the other side tries to help us to figure things out.... Why do the Siloviki want to keep it all a secret? Huh, they are just doing their job... And when we thought of this on the bus, there was ‘Ding’. That’s how PM does things, he always sets up two sides, one side to help us, the other side to work against us... PM is very into this Asian stuff....” Complete bullshit! I came to OPCC only to discover that it was closed (53:00). (I didn’t know that OPCC was closed on Wednesday.) I then reflected on how I had been seeing more black people lately than before convinced (erroneously) that this was orchestrated. I then decided to go see Uncle Bai. While on the bus, I talked to a pyramid, “You look like you are from Europe...” I talked to her because I mistakenly thought she might be the pyramid sent here to help me. Ha! More wrong scenario: “The official story is that Russia is not even involved...” I met up with Uncle Bai at his restaurant on 2:03:00. I explained to him that the place which my mother wanted me to go to was in Berkeley. I got free food from him. I then got on the bus to go back to UCLA on 2:40:00.

Around this time, something noteworthy was going on on my website. As I would discover tonight, around 8 AM today, a person with the IP address 80.254.147.52 (scansafe.net, London) came to the front page of my writings webpage, www.writings.lawrencechin2008.com, through Google UK with the search terms “Lawrence Chin Scientific Enlightenment”. This is obviously no random visit from a stranger. Either Karin or the Pyramid must be talking about me with acquaintances who then searched for my website. Then, on 12:20 PM, somebody with the IP address 77.42.177.241 looked up my story “Feefee and Valerie”. He came through <http://search.conduit.com> with the search terms “maseuses de sex masculin”. The IP address was traced to Lebanon (Ogeronent).

My next recording is: “uclcmputr_11_10_10_235-843PM.WMA”: I then got on Google

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Lawrence C. Chin
Sept. 2010 – Aug. 2019. Corrections, Jan. – Mar. 2021.

Books on Ackerman's computer and began reading Birgit Beumers' *Pop Culture Russia*, and then continued to read Richard Sakwa's *Putin: Russia's Choice*. Then, more worthless reflection: "... Obama is like that too.... Why is PM so idealist? He's religious... He himself knows that he's the only one who can hold this together..." Nonsense! Then I repeatedly received pain signals on my left side. I then read about plagiarism on Ackerman's computer. "Are we really gonna be plagiarized? Our life work taken away?" I placed the link to the copyright website on my blog. Around 7:10 PM or so, IX Web Hosting was persistently inaccessible on Ackerman's computer. Hmm! I then went to get coffee at the vending machine. More pain signals on my left side (4:46:00). I then reflected on going to Daughterland: "It's Mommy who shall decide, since, according to the official story, Russia is not even involved...." Bullshit. I came back to Ackerman and began compiling DVD 190. On 8:10 PM, my netbook mysteriously froze up and I had to reboot it, resulting in the loss of DVD 190 directory which I had just compiled. I filmed it ("100_0008.MOV"), and my mood was immediately dampened. I was further depressed because my Internet connection was very slow and more children had appeared.

My next recordings are: "uclstntunnwrtlehoneypot_11_10_10_943-1109PM.WMA" (...843-1009PM...); "uclstnduncmpt_11_10_10_909-1035PM.WMA" (...1009-1135PM...); "readyslpwstwd_11_11_10_1135-1158PM.WMA" (...11_10_10...); and "readyslpwstwd_11_11_10_1135-1158PM.WMA" (...11_10_10...): I tried to learn more about computer matter on Ackerman's computer, this time about MX records and honeypots. I continued: "... this guy has Mommy helping him..." Then I continued writing while reviewing my recording (my conversation with Wes). Then I bought food from the vending machine and came to Westwood Village. Before sleeping in my corner, I worked a little more on my petition letter (this time I was writing about what happened on August 2).

We should pause for a moment to comment on my terrible fate now that, on the apparent level, the ICJ trial was dismissed. Not only had nations voted (in the UN Security Council?) to impose a deadline on the ICJ trial in order to prevent any party from ever continuing the trial, but they had also worked together to affirm the validity of the 2007 Homeland Security warning about me – as a politically dangerous schizophrenic frequently obsessed with government officials – which had caused the whole affair in the first place. The bad news was that my Daughterland was obliged to continue to maintain that the Monkey's false profile of me was correct: that is, even though the trial was dismissed, the Russian government's official position remained that I was a paranoid schizophrenic so that they could continue to affirm that I had conspired with the United States and France to harm them (which position was bound up with the falsehood that the mind-reading computer had never been tampered with). In other words, even the Russian government – the party which had spent a whole year disputing this Homeland Security warning about me – now accepted it as valid. Meanwhile, on the side of the United

States, nothing could please Mr Chertoff more than seeing everyone affirming and believing that his initial warning about me was correct (especially that I was a paranoid schizophrenic dangerously obsessed with him). And now even his arch enemy, my Daughterlanders, supported his position: the best evidences for my Daughterlanders' position were my incessant visits to their consulate and crazy messages to DGHTRCOM in the past six months which their diplomatic service must have used as evidences in the international domain to support their position that I was a paranoid schizophrenic, which means that their position on me ended up resembling closely that of the US Department of Homeland Security (a paranoid schizophrenic obsessed with governments). Therefore, the aftermath of the ICJ trial was that, with the Daughterland's help, the US Department of Homeland Security could continue to circulate their 2007 warning about me in diplomatic channels around the world so that I would continue to remain on every government's watchlist as a politically dangerous paranoid schizophrenic. We have to wonder whether Karin's or the Pyramid's visits to my website today (through their associates) had anything to do with this new development. Perhaps the Department of Homeland Security had sent agents to ask them questions about me ("How he is a schizophrenic?" "Oh, he has this website...") in order to finalize all governments' decision to honor the Department's original warning about me. Although Mr Chertoff didn't fulfill his Russian dream, he had, with the help of the Monkey, at least won his battle with *me*. He was certainly jubilant that, while he had triumphed and condemned me forever to the ridiculous position he had originally assigned to me, I was still living in fantasy land believing that governments around the world were prosecuting him for crimes against humanity!

November 11 (Thursday; recorder off)

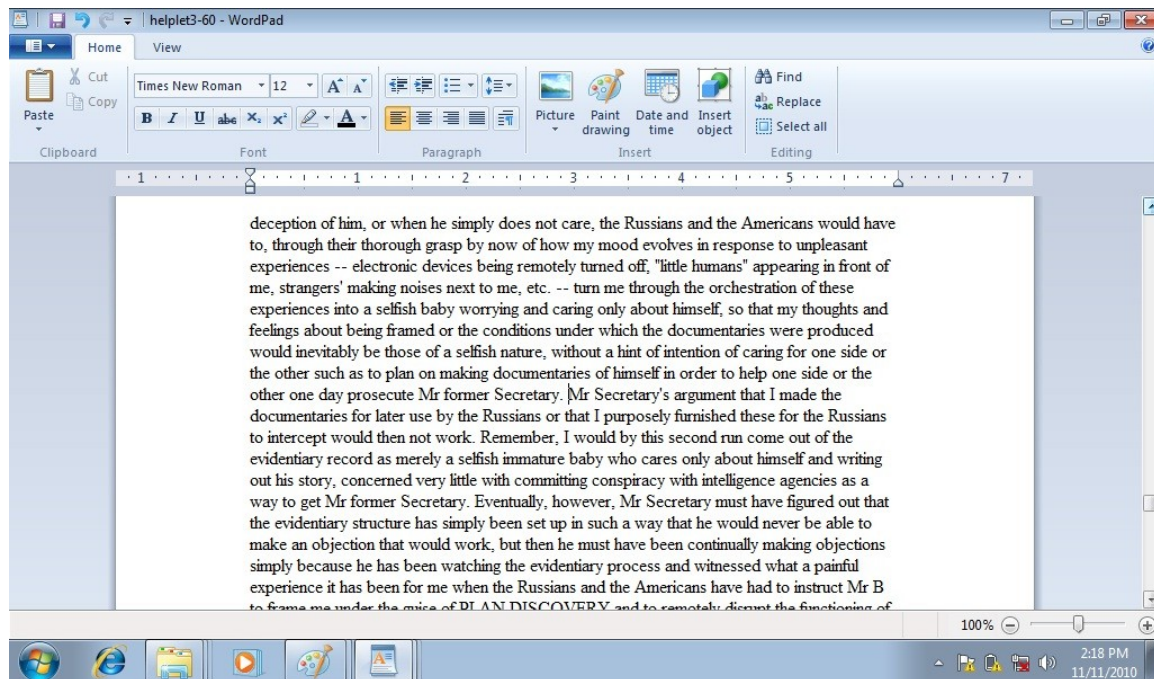
My first recordings of the day are: "wkwstwdnut_11_11_10_812-913AM.WMA" and "11_11_10_916-1014AM.WMA": I woke up and had chocolate bar and coffee in the doughnut shop. On 9:12 AM, my recorder was suddenly frozen again. I was terribly angered. I filmed it with my webcam. Did the Monkey do it? I then resumed writing and reviewing my recordings. This time I was writing about what happened in the library on October 2. While walking away, I yelled at a stranger: "Bitch, move!" And I kicked over things on the street to vent my anger. I then yelled at another stranger who wanted to talk to me: "Shut the fuck up, get out of here!" (45:00)

My next recording is: "ucl_11_11_10_1059AM-112PM.WMA": I came to UCLA, and, as I was sitting inside the cafeteria, I continued my "different version": "Mr Chertoff must have made an argument saying our writings can't be used as evidences against him for the same reason; but our confession to Wes is then evidence that we are writing for ourselves... This time, *there are judges*, and they are watching... Although the intelligence agencies are not trustworthy, the judges are watching, and so no one should pull crap on

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, IV
Lawrence C. Chin
Sept. 2010 – Aug. 2019. Corrections, Jan. – Mar. 2021.

me...” Then, after I used the toilet inside Ackerman, my left side hurt repeatedly.

My next recordings are: “wrtletstudntunionupset_11_11_10_112-408PM.WMA” and “wrtstdnunion_11_11_10_408-440PM.WMA”: I soon resumed reviewing my recordings and writing my petition letter. Then, my computer began freezing repeatedly. I was extremely angered: “We can’t write anything, computer constantly freezes... And the people are so loud over there!” I was then yelling (“What the fuck is wrong with this computer!”) and banging on the table. Finally, after my computer’s repeated freezing, I broke down crying: “We don’t have a place to write...” I changed to a quieter corner inside Ackerman, but was still frustrated: “We don’t know how to write our letter...” Then: “There is no way that we will be allowed to have a home because, when we don’t have a place to do what we need to do, this is the best way to drive us insane...” I began throwing things (1:09:00). Then I calmed down and continued to write.

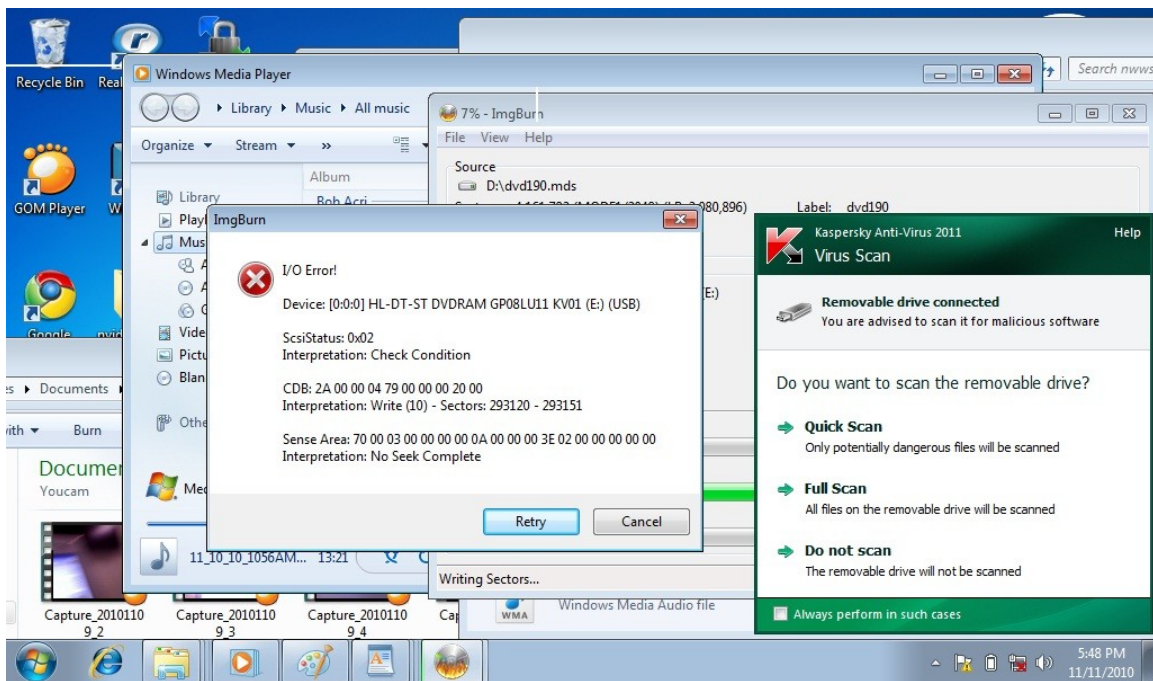


The development of my “different version” this afternoon

My next recording is: “uclcoffeecmcrdrmlfunctbstby_11_11_10_441-716PM.WMA”: I was suffering enormous physical pain from my computer’s repeated malfunctioning. I moaned and groaned, and experienced headache too. I began burning another DVD. Around 6 PM, my Kodak camera was shut off. I couldn’t understand why it was not working. Then my computer froze up again, and ImgBurn produced an error message. I again experienced tremendous physical pain. I wrongly assumed that those people inside the control center had specifically timed the freezing of my netbook so that, with my

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, IV
Lawrence C. Chin
Sept. 2010 – Aug. 2019. Corrections, Jan. – Mar. 2021.

camcorder remotely turned off, I could not videotape the entire malfunctioning of my netbook. I broke down crying again. I called Wes on 55:00 but there was no answering. I stopped the disc-burning (1:00:00). *“We will kill this bitch when she shows up!”* See, here I was producing good evidence for judge Higgins: the CIA knew that setting me up with the Pyramid would result in disaster because they knew that I would hate her! I moaned out of severe pain while leaving Ackerman. When I saw a girl holding a cellphone, I yelled at her: *“Why are you holding up your phone like that?”* I then yelled at other strangers: *“Shut up! You fucking black bitch!”* I jaywalked through the streets and cars were honking at me. I came to Best Buy to ask the employees why my camera was not working. I showed one of them how it went dead. He fixed it: it turned out to be a battery problem. So it was not the control center after all. I went to customer service to check whether the battery could be replaced for free. All the while I was moaning in pain and mumbling. I filmed myself replacing the battery, and it worked! After I left, I was still angry, kicking over things on the street. I then filmed myself cutting myself in the street corner (2:00:00). I continued to cry. *“There is actually a conspiracy to keep us from recording.”* Another wrong scenario! I called Wes again, but there was no answering.



ImgBurn's malfunctioning this late afternoon

My next recording is: *“arguemxtonrmdie_11_11_10_717-843PM.WMA”*: Just as I was burning another disc, my computer malfunctioned again (18:00). More pain, more moaning. My machine then went completely berzerk. I kept crying. *“We should kill the bitch before the show is over! Then we can get away with it!”* Then, two Hispanic men

came to talk Spanish next to me. I hummed and yelled at them: “Do not speak Spanish around me, mother fuckers!” I started arguing with one of them. “I don’t fucking want to record you, go away!” He joked: “Please record me!” (26:00) Once again, the wrong scenario in my head was getting me into conflict with other people. They continued to talk Spanish around me and, frustrated, I shut down my computer and continued moaning and yelling. I was still arguing with the Hispanic men while leaving. I then saw a white girl walking her dog, and I yelled at her: “You fucking American bitch with a dog!” And I spat on her. She yelled back: “You spat on me you piece of shit...” (38:00). I hid in another corner and argued with another stranger: “I don’t want to record you, go!” (43:00) Finally I got on the bus to go to Normandie and Wilshire. I reflected: “That bitch is very timid, she’s not going to accept an assignment where she might be in danger...” (46:00) There was of course no assignment for the Pyramid! Then: “What’s going on right now is so disgusting! All this violence! It makes me want to vomit! I don’t want to go to Russia, I should just stay in the Western world...” Then a man wearing earphones got on the bus, and I assumed he was a surveillance agent: “He wants to catch me saying something bad about Russia... PM doesn’t want me to go there...” And my left side hurt. “It has something to do with international laws.... Even when everybody is his friend, *some country will still object....* There are nations that don’t want to be part of this new New World Order, they will object, in order to obstruct the plan... Maybe it’s the Siloviki, they don’t like us.... It’s PM’s fault, he has something big for me, and so the Siloviki have objected...” All bullshit! Nonetheless, I was moving closer to the truth that was past due and so would soon be ready to provide better evidence of my different version to judge Higgins.

My next recording is: “slpnrmdie_11_11-12_10_850PM-1257AM.WMA”: I came to Wilshire and Normandie just to sleep – in order to avoid the woman I had spat on. I came to my usual corner and continued: “We just hope that somebody there is trying to save us... There will always be agencies following us trying to frame us... Our only satisfaction is spending their money... Never in human history have there been so many people talking about one guy....” While moaning and groaning, I went to sleep.⁸

November 12 (Friday)

My first recordings of the new day are: “slpnrmdiewkcybreferflctn_11_12_10_340-844M.WMA” and “wrtletwstwd_11_12_10_845-951AM.WMA”: I woke up from 1:02:00 onward and started speculating how the Monkey could have changed the setting of the mind-reading computer to result in intercepts that were the opposite of my real thoughts. Then: “DGHTR’s show was so beautiful and the Siloviki’s so grotesque, but it’s not that they are so grotesque, but that they purposely did it that way.” I came inside the cybercafe on 1:22:00 and, soon, started working. Again: “Maybe it’s just a test, to see if

⁸ Reviewed until 18:00.

you can figure it out...” Bullshit! I then continued to mumble about the possible plan to send me to Caucasus. Ha! I then worked on making a new disc and posted the blog post you see for today, “Late happenings”, which was a listing of the malfunctionings and other events in the past few days. I packed up by 2:45:00 and asked the guy who I thought was a police officer: “Are you really a cop?” No response. Paranoid over nothing! I left the cybercafe on 3:21:00 and came to a liquor store to buy breakfast on 3:27:00. I then mumbled about how the UCLA security must have checked my website and got in contact with the Daughterland consulate in regard to me. No such thing! Then more bullshit: “There is no cover... The alert isn’t going to lie... The regional government is going to get the official story, that this guy got duped, that he’s no genius...” I then imagined how Obama went to get briefed in November 2008 and got chipped instead. I got on the bus to go to Westwood on 3:59:00. Now a child started crying on the bus on 4:14:00 causing me tremendous distress. I got off the bus on 4:42:00 and came to the quiet corner behind Chicago School to do my work. I continued: “Even if the regional government gets the true information and the residents get the half-true information... it still wouldn’t work out... the sympathizer in the regional government... he would realize that this guy is really a genius... to find out who is the sympathizer...” Nonsense! I then resumed writing my petition letter while burning a new disc. Then: “Why would any girl want to get cozy with a homeless person? Obviously orchestrated!” Wrong!

My next recordings are: “toopcc_11_12_10_1040AM-1226PM.WMA”, “opccshwr_11_12_10_1227-1248PM.WMA”, “opccclundrorflctn_11_12_10_1248-2PM.WMA”, and “opcc_11_12_10_2-220PM.WMA”: I continued my worthless reflection: “PM knows that, when you have come out with all these traumas, you are more distorted than ever...” I then got on the bus to go to OPCC. I continued: “*She’s going to appear...*” Again, judge Higgins’ evidence: just after the CIA gave me a hint, I kept expecting the girlfriend to appear. And so I came to OPCC, and Bryan would really help me today. First, he found new clothing for me. He then got me to shower and wash my clothes. My left side hurt several times. All this time, I erroneously thought that it was the intelligence agencies which had directed Bryan to take care of me because “Macrospherians thought me so important for them”. Even though this was totally delusional – Bryan had not been instructed and I was again overestimating my own worth – there was some truth in it in that whether judge Higgins’ program could be realized depended entirely on me. I then left a message for Wes.

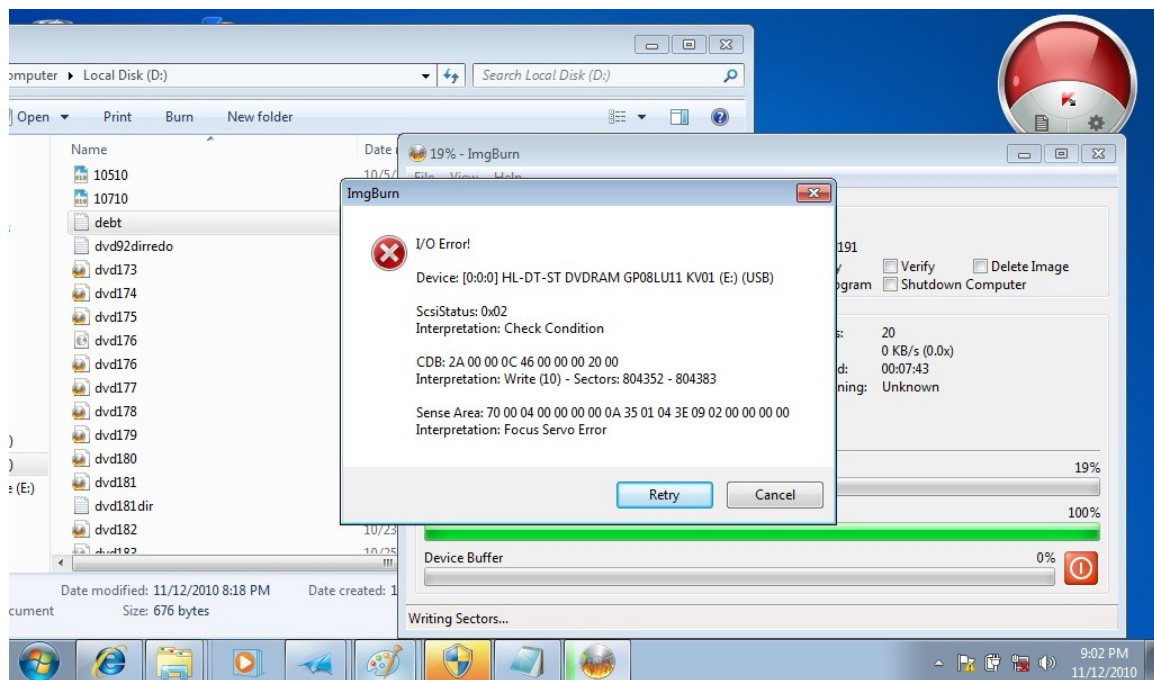
My next recordings are: “wrtsm_11_12_10_244-449PM.WMA” and “toucl_11_12_10_449-741PM.WMA” (...449-641PM...): While walking, I continued: “Most people petition about a single event, not a series of events lasting four years...” I then settled down in a corner to continue to write. Somebody gave me money (1:02:00). “There is no signal, I don’t know whether taking his money is good or bad.” I continued writing: “They need to intercept my emotional states as evidences... Plan Discovery... The rule of

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, IV
Lawrence C. Chin
Sept. 2010 – Aug. 2019. Corrections, Jan. – Mar. 2021.

the opposite... Stepping down into the Microsphere to become legally fake...” Again, more evidence that I was developing a different version. I then got on the bus to go back to UCLA. I hummed loudly throughout the bus ride. When I came inside Ackerman, I saw a fortune cookie on the table. Alarmed, I filmed it. Paranoid over nothing! As if the control center had orchestrated this as an intercept! I opened up my laptop to get ready to work, and yet my Windows was resuming in slow motion. I then reflected on my mood structure: “The Thanatos phase... alternates with the Eros phase....”

My next recordings are: “uclwrt191iso_11_12_10_641-753PM.WMA” and “uclnetsectalk_11_12_10_753-1127PM.WMA”: I continued writing while reviewing my recordings and burning a new disc. Then: “Why does my arm hurt several times, just because an Asian guy came over and put on his earphones and walk away? Oh, they were telling me I need to use earphones. But there is nobody around!” There I was again: mistaking strangers’ random behavior as orchestrated by the control center to signal to me for my benefit! Then, the disc-burning failed. It’s not clear if the Monkey had done this: I was experiencing an unusually high rate of burn failures. I then began using Ackerman’s computer. My right side hurt. I was reading something in French and German. Finally, I had successfully burned my disc. I filmed the verification process. Then the black guy whom I had always thought to be campus security came in with two very vulgar males to talk very loudly next to me while looking at the computer. They told me not to hum, and I told them to quiet down and to not argue (2:30:00). Then, stirred up by Wes’ mention of *Emile*, I started reading the book on Google Books, and I did develop the impression that it was some sort of a message. Could this be judge Higgins’ evidence? When I was leaving Ackerman, more wrong scenario: “He might have changed his plan according to how you write....”

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, IV
Lawrence C. Chin
Sept. 2010 – Aug. 2019. Corrections, Jan. – Mar. 2021.



The burn failure tonight

My next recording is: “until_11_13_10_828AM.WMA” (...11_12-13_10_1128PM-728AM...): From 21:00 onward, as I was ready to sleep, I continued to mumble: “... they need us to hate her... the wall...”⁹

November 13 (Saturday; Wes)

My first recording of the new day is: “readfrnaffrwstwd_11_13_10_839-1017AM.WMA”: After waking up, I bought coffee and cookie in Subway. More worthless reflection: “We went to China, everything fell apart, it all depended on PM.” I came inside Rite Aid to buy mirrors and cigarettes. I wanted a mirror because I had figured out a new way to film myself writing: leave the webcam turned on while writing and then periodically place my mirror in front of the webcam to film my computer screen. I didn’t know it was a totally bad idea! Now, when the cashier wanted to scan my ID, I got paranoid again. I then argued with him about the price of the mirror. I then came to the bookstand to read *Foreign Affairs*: “Putin’s modernization without democratization” (1:50:00). Again, I wanted to find traces of my ICJ trial in the public domain. There were none! I then left a message for Wes: “Call me back”.

My next recordings are: “wrtletwstwd_11_13_10_1017-1052AM.WMA” and

⁹ Reviewed until 23:00.

“opcctoucl_11_13_10_1058AM-141PM.WMA”: I then came to the quiet corner behind Chicago School to write my petition letter. As noted, from now on I would use my mirror to videotape myself writing. An hour later, I got on the bus. “Such vast amount of resources spent to provoke me, we did waste away a huge amount...” I came to OPCC. There was no more lunch but, luckily, I was given free food. Then I wondered about my Daughterland: “What are the police like over there?” I reflected on police brutality: “Other cultures are not so macho...” I then rode the bus back to UCLA. I was rightly worried: “What for us are human rights abuses are computer malfunctioning and the presence of children everywhere, but they can’t take this as evidence... We are ridiculous....” Indeed! Just as targeted individuals constantly report this kind of minor events to human rights organizations as evidences of human rights abuse only in order to discredit themselves. I came inside Ackerman and came up to the fourth floor to work in the quiet corner, but saw a bunch of pyramids all in white. I asked them about it, and they were here for Yoga classes. I settled down in a corner and began writing and reviewing my recordings.

My next recording is: “uclupsetcantwrtwes_11_13_10_142-413PM.WMA”: I kept humming whenever people came in. I was annoyed and angered again: “We so want to get out of this fucking country, there are so much noises...” I also started burning a new DVD. “I don’t know how to escape from the noises.” After burning, I reviewed the videos I shot of myself writing my letter of petition using my new mirror. The videos were of such poor quality that it wasn’t possible to see what exactly was on my computer screen. See, it was a bad idea as noted! I sighed: “We will never be able to prove that we wrote what we wrote... All this operation has destroyed our mental health, there is no possible way...” I was then angered again when I couldn’t find the charger for my camera. It then seemed that somebody was standing next to me watching over me. “Is it because I’m suspicious?” Then I discovered that I had accidentally broken my new mirror. The never-ending series of frustrating experiences.

Then I called up Wes and, thank God, he answered it (1:17:00). He again told me to “get out”. I complained about how I didn’t have any place to work in: there were so many people everywhere making so much noises. “But that’s normal,” Wes said. “I need to be institutionalized,” I emphasized (1:18:35). I continued: “... *Maybe in France*... I need to be placed immediately in an institution somewhere in France...” (1:19:30). More: “But that’s not going to happen because I don’t have any money and no one is going to help me...” More: “I’m banned from all libraries...” Wes asked: “But they don’t know you are banned, right?” (1:21:35 or so) I then complained about how the Daughter People were purposely intensifying my Sonophobia in order to eliminate evidences of my responding to DGHTR’s signaling system during the first run. (Again, a completely wrong scenario but part of my “different version”.) Then I talked about the Monkey Pyramid. “It’s all because Mr Chertoff had made the argument...” (1:26:00). I continued: “I had to go to

somewhere quiet to cut myself...” (1:26:28). I then expressed my fear that the Daughter People wanted me to hate them and that, after they succeeded in driving me to hate them, they would be offended and abandon me. “There is no place for me to go... Noises, noises... I don’t even have any more places on my arm to make cuts in. I don’t have the time to do anything else... I’m so permanently disabled...” (1:29:00). I continued: “I’m so lonely... I have no way to prove it, I don’t have the money to buy the necessary equipment... Why would people believe that I can do anything at all? They are not really doing anything to me, they are just withholding help... By now they don’t have to do anything, because they have already done enough to put me in this hole...” I began crying: “Am I supposed to just tell the truth...? If I write a letter to the French government...” (1:35:00). I told Wes to check my Gmail account. Then: “The Russian and American government may help me...” Wes mentioned something. I protested: “What’s going to happen is just the opposite of what you have said” (1:38:10). I continued: “They would stuff me with just the one I hate... I don’t know why there are all these German people around... Can you look around?” (1:40:10) Namely, many German-speaking people were on campus today. “They can’t expect me to get help from human rights organizations... The legal procedures are so complicated... It’s just so disgusting... Political figures are not trustworthy... Some of them are very nice...” Wes asked: “What’s going on?” “There are just a lot of German people talking...” “... You have to have the sort of freedom... Otherwise there is no benefit... There are other disabled females around to make friends with... They are smart, half-damaged...” “There are a lot of half-damaged females around,” Wes concurred (1:46:10). I continued my wrong scenario: “They pulled such a big stunt...” Wes then asked me how much hospitalization would cost. “What? 1,000 dollars a day?” he shouted. But I insisted that governments would have money to pay for my hospitalization. But Wes countered: “When you think of a government, you think of it on an abstract level... They would allocate a budget...” (1:49:00). “By the time they divide up the money, there isn’t a lot of money left.” “It’s a fixed amount; they’ve got a budget... They are given a fixed amount...” I however noted that, given a hospital with, say, 500 rooms, if there was an empty room, the government could just put me in there and then pay for it (1:51:20). Wes: “Money is allocated to intelligence agencies not for them to put people in the hospital, but for them to conduct surveillance on people and so on” (1:52:00). Wes used another example: how the government spent so much money a year to persuade people to quit smoking but then at the same time spent so much money to subsidize the tobacco industry (1:53:20). Now think about this. It simply makes no sense to subsidize the tobacco industry while spending money on programs to persuade people to quit smoking. It’s more efficient and effective if the government simply cuts off subsidies to the tobacco industry. I thus naturally wanted to believe that Wes was talking here about the redundancy involved in my case. (In reality, not! Wes was not giving me hints about anything.) I noted: “They first ran operations to condition me to be disobedient, then ran more operations to teach me to be obedient. I would be obedient if they would just refrain from trying to condition me to be disobedient.” Again, I was

talking nonsense because I had the wrong scenario in my head. I then suggested the use of executive power: this is why such kind of mechanism exists. I then objected to Wes by noting that the Agency could spend the money allocated to them however they wanted (1:57:30). Finally, Wes suggested: “*So you’ll just have to wait. It will come to an end some time.*” “They have pulled such a big stunt, and they will then just forget about me?” I was stunned. “Yeah, there you go,” Wes said. I continued to complain that I had no way to get to my Daughterland. I added: “I’m not going to come up with the money, you know” (2:04:40). Then I came up with more wrong scenario: although this technology was economically wasteful, the companies that made it was profiting from it and so were happy that the trial was continuing. Wes again went along with me: “You’ve got it!” I continued: “If America continues this trial for all this extraneous reason, wouldn’t it lose its face?” Wes produced the example of the debate between Eisenhower and Khrushchev over the U-2 spy plane to persuade me that pressure only came from the public but not from the governing elites. Then I mistook another Korean man who came to talk near me for an actor sent here to purposely do this to provoke me. I continued to propose that I should go to Daughterland, but Wes continued to dispute that Daughterland’s elites could be trusted. Wes: “Why do they allow all this to happen to you?” “Because they need to gather evidences in order to prosecute somebody they really hate... But then what?” “Then they will leave you to rot by yourself...” Wes continued to suggest that I try to save the money myself. I denied this was possible: “Where can I get the money? From government officials?” “No, from your friends and family...” “Then I need to get the government officials to tell them to give me money... just as the government officials have told them to not give me money... And I’ll have to go to Taiwan first... That’s the only place where people on the top will not throw me away... And I’ll spend half the day everyday to learn the language...” Then more of my wrong scenario: “The Pyramid will show up to provoke me, but I’ll run the other way in order to avoid pissing off the people that are behind her...” Again, such expectation that the Pyramid would show up was excellent evidence for judge Higgins. Then: “If I go to Russia then the American companies will go over there to lobby...” Wes emphasized that other countries didn’t necessarily have the mechanism for lobbying. I suggested that the UN officials could pull out a judgment forbidding the lobbying, that they could make this into part of the terrorist conspiracy. Wes then played dumb again: “I still don’t know why you are so important to this case. I’d better not know.” “Because I’m the only evidence...”

Now a comment on the conversation today. It seems that, although Wes was today continuing his bad habit of going along with me (to the point of suggesting, in the beginning, that I should “get out of here”), he didn’t receive any particular order about what to say to me since the last time. Meanwhile, I was deluded enough as to believe that all the intelligence agencies in the world actually cared about me for having busted the neocons and would agree to put me somewhere for me to rehabilitate – when the reality was just the opposite, that they had just gathered together to damn me by affirming in

official records that I was indeed a politically dangerous paranoid schizophrenic and placing me on everyone's watchlist as such. To go along with me, Wes wasted a lot of time explaining that government agencies didn't have budgets like that and so on, but he did seem to be trying to enlighten me by trying to persuade me not to place my faith in the Daughterlander government (i.e. because he knew that I was all wrong and that my Daughterlanders were in fact harboring harmful intent toward me). It's significant that he mentioned again that "the trial would come to an end some time". He of course knew that it had already come to an end. (It was unlikely that he knew that judge Higgins had caused the trial to secretly continue.) It's also significant that he continued to play dumb ("I don't know why you are so important to the trial"): he did this not only because he was, as always, required to hide from me all the intrigue and debate about me but also because he knew I was recording the conversation and didn't want to leave behind any indication that he knew what was going on and had ties with intelligence agencies – especially that he had been instructed by intelligence agencies to mislead me in order to make me look crazy. Certainly, anyone who ever gets to hear my recordings will believe that I suffer from schizophrenia and have imagined up this International Court business and that my best friend was only going along with me because he was somehow stupid enough as to not question my story as if he couldn't understand the obvious fact that I suffered from schizophrenia. In other words, *Wes was trying to discredit me when he played dumb*. Nobody was supposed to know that I had once been a target of intelligence agencies and that these agencies had once had to debate about me in the International Court of Justice – and that evidences about US orchestration of 911 attacks had once surfaced, and then been covered up, in the UN Security Council. And nobody was supposed to know that, if I ever looked crazy with my wrong scenarios about a non-existent reality, it was because the intelligence agencies had instructed my best friend to mislead me rather than because I had hallucinated and imagined up the whole thing.

My next recordings are: "towstwdcgicnr_11_13_10_414-502PM.WMA" and "wrtletwstwdcrr_11_13_10_503-646PM.WMA": I left my corner, filmed another guy with cellphone, and then settled down in another corner to verify the disc I had just burned. I called up this "Dr Gauland" on 46:00 and left a message. I continued to look for a psychologist even after I had found Ms Guerrero. Then I broke down crying again. Then I was back to writing. Siren on 32:00.

My next recordings are: "wrtletwstwdcrr_11_13_10_503-646PM.WMA", "toucl_11_13_10_653-831PM.WMA", and "uclwrtlet_11_13_10_832-1047PM.WMA": : Soon I broke down crying again. I then filmed myself writing and burned a new DVD. More worthless speculation: "Maybe Mr Cherotff is tring to kill the Pyramid again...." I then came inside Ackerman. I continued my wrong scenario: "PM is the one who is holding everything together, he is saving China and restoring Obama..." I made my stupid suggestion to DGHTRCOM – not knowing that all the Daughter People had long ago

departed: “Broadcast the whole story, ridicule Mr Chertoff, so that he would end up like me...” I then came to the vending machine to buy snacks. I asked a stranger, “Have you noticed there are a lot more black people around than before...” He didn’t respond. Then: “*Maybe it’s all over; you just don’t know it.* Then why are my hands and body still hurting? There is a test today: the Hispanic lady pushed her baby cart onto the bus...” I was convinced that, since the operation was still on-going, the trial was not done yet: I couldn’t comprehend that I had simply misinterpreted ordinary phenomena for operations and that, insofar as I was still interfaced with the computer inside the control center, I would continue to get signals for no particular reasons whatsoever. I then came back inside Ackerman to continue review my recordings and so on. Then: “We need to cut ourselves later.” I then spent the next two hours writing my petition letter.

My next recording is: “leavuclcomputstategov_11_13-14_10_1058PM-1222AM.WMA”: I was delighted that Ackerman, as it was about to close, was completely empty. I looked up State Department’s website on the public computer. Specifically, Visa information. Then, after getting coffee at the vending machine, I came to Westwood Village. I filmed myself getting ready to sleep. Then my left toes continually hurt. “This means that bad things are supposed to happen....” Bullshit!

November 14 (Sunday; netbook malfunctioning)

My first recording of the new day is: “wrtletwstwdmlfuncry_11_14_10_736-1128AM.WMA”: Soon after I woke up, I came to the quiet corner behind Chicago School to work on my netbook. I played music videos to soothe myself (MIA, Tori Amos, the French First Lady’s “*Quelqu’un m’a dit*”, “*Lola rennt*”). Siren on 57:30. I burned a new disc and, from 2:50:00 onward, began webcams myself writing. I was now writing about the episodes in May. Siren on 3:45:00. Then, from 3:46:00 onward, my netbook froze up and I began suffering terrible pain and moaning loudly. Finally I started crying and screaming while videotaping my netbook with my Kodak camera. I was in shock.

My next recording is: “mlfuncrycgitoucl_11_14_10_1128AM-248PM.WMA”: I finally calmed down when I discovered that the webcam video was not lost after I had rebooted my netbook. Siren on 7:30. I slowly got up and packed up my things while groaning and grunting, recovering from my massive shock. I wasn’t sure whether I should cut myself because – this is how bizarre and stupid I had become – I was actually worried about disappointing my DGHTRCOM (!). “Hmm... Hmm... Hmm...” I came inside the Chicago School building and came up to the third floor. I continued to grunt: “Hmm... Hmm...” I rested a little and then came out onto the street on 45:00. I walked for a long time and came inside Ackerman on 1:02:00. I bought food and came out to eat on the patio. Both my left side and right side hurt continually. I mumbled: “... agent... pretending to be... somebody like that it’s easy... she has nothing to give up... We thought about Amanda the

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, IV
Lawrence C. Chin
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Taiwanese girl...” I then came to the TV lounge on 2:30:00 and began burning another new disc. Then, around 2:40 PM, my Windows Photo Viewer froze up with the error message: “COM Surrogate is not responding”. Again!

My next recording is: “uclvdvd192cpnws_11_14_10_250-352PM.WMA”: I continued writing in Ackerman’s TV lounge. On 3:04 PM, my Microsoft Paint malfunctioned. Finally, I left the TV lounge on 3:33:00 and came to the vending machine for some coffee. My right side hurt as I rehearsed the third category of what I thought were Mr Chertoff’s arguments: “‘You guys were trying to recruit him... It’s a conspiracy against me...’ They would then respond, ‘The recruitment was fake...’ Then there is the fourth category, ‘You guys were trying to give him a girlfriend...’ They would respond...” In any case, complete bullshit. But it was nonetheless judge Higgins’ evidence that I was continuing to develop my “different version”.

My next recordings are: “dghtrlikeuclnws_11_14_10_359-508PM.WMA” and “ucllptpmlfunct_11_14_10_509-609PM.WMA”: And so I stayed inside Ackerman’s TV lounge for an hour or so. I then moved to a corner in the middle of UCLA and worked there. And my netbook froze just when I wanted to videotape myself writing about Mr Chertoff’s two other arguments. “Entirely malfunctioning!” (18:30) I began moaning terribly because my camcorder malfunctioned too and I couldn’t even videotape the whole episode. I naturally assumed it was the control center again. I broke down crying (24:00) and cried ever so loudly (29:40). I then came to a hidden corner to film myself cutting myself.

My next recordings are: “cutsflwstwdwrtlet_11_14_10_610-729PM.WMA” and “brgruclcomsurrmstr_11_14_10_729-1129PM.WMA”: I moaned and groaned and then resumed writing. Then I went to eat at the Mexican burger store in the Village. I hummed and played music. I then came back to UCLA to masturbate in the underground parking lot. Then I came back to the Village to get ready to sleep.

November 15 (Monday; Wes; noise attack)

My next recording is: “UCLCFFEE_11_15_10_743-845AM.WMA”: After I woke up, I walked a long way to UCLA and came to the vending machine on 30:00 to get my morning coffee. I continued: “... the official story is going to be... Our records show everything, but the official story will not show evidences that are suppressed... It will be a truncated story... nations have to keep each other’s secrets... in order... treaties... fake PM... everybody here is fake...” And I filmed myself: “... you too are in conspiracy... otherwise why... the timing is so precise...” Just worthless reflection to make myself look crazy. I then came inside Ackerman to use the public computer.

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My next recording is: “uclixwbemailwes_11_15_10_857-1022AM.WMA”: I continued to read the news on Ackerman’s computer. Then, on 9:47 AM, I wrote an email to Wes:

Hi Wes, send me your address to this email. Yesterday, massive freezing of my laptop. Then my laptop again froze at night and my camcorder stopped working too. I was in shock two times. I definitely will have to leave this country, first to Taiwan. I also thought maybe I can be a research subject for some institution studying psychological disorders. What do you think about this idea?

I made my suggestion idiotically hoping that the Daughter People and the Agency would follow up on it. While I was browsing books in Ackerman’s bookstore, there were many people wearing earphones around me. Erroneously believing that they were running surveillance on me, I filmed them. Then I continued my worthless reflection: “We must believe that PM has sympathy, so that whatever bad thing is happening will not happen all the way to the end.”

My next recordings are: “wrtletwstwd_11_15_10_1022-1058AM.WMA” and “11_15_10_1059AM-436PM.WMA”: I came to a corner on Ackerman’s patio to continue writing my letter of petition. For a while I reflected on how my picture of Best Mommy’s hand might have become the Daughter People’s evidence for what really happened on April 15 last year. I then left UCLA and got on the bus to go to OPCC. More wrong-headed speculation: “Daughterland got the agreement with France and Germany, the two nations will give up relationship with Georgia, etc., in exchange for release from the conspiracy. This is all backdoor dealings...” (19:00). Then: “People will not see that all these events are related... They might release the official story, that it’s all Mommy’s sting operation...” Meanwhile, I noticed that there were 28 people on board completely filling up the bus. I filmed it, assuming wrongly that it was all orchestrated from the control center. Soon, children came on the bus and I hummed loudly. “They are trying to get their voice into my recordings...” When I got off the bus, I continued: “They created all these fakes around me, fake Russians, fake PM, fake judges, it’s all a sting operation. This will be the official story, this sting operation, and the world has come together thanks to it... Mommy basically owns me, everything I take to be true turns out to be false... PM is the architect of all this, but that’s not part of the official story... PM checks in occasionally, and what we have been calling ‘Siloviki’ are just two dozen people...” All the wrong scenarios! My different version! When I came to OPCC, lunch time was already over. I panicked: “Can I have some leftover...” (1:02:00). I even broke down crying, and, in the end, I was given some food. I talked to another homeless person for a while. Then, more wrong scenario: “Maybe the Siloviki got disappointed with Uncle DGHTR after finding out that we are just a big baby.” Bullshit! Then: “As for PM: ‘The law is such that he has to give up everything and become David Chin, otherwise we can’t

help him.’ The bad effect which remotely controlling the world’s elites would have on world economy – that must be another one of PM’s reasons.” Bullshit! I left OPCC on 2:07:00. I continued my wrong scenario about the “Siloviki”: “They were so disappointed with DGHTR, and so they pushed him out....” I got on the bus on 2:19:00. I was panicking for a while because my computer went blank (3:21:00). My super malfunctioning netbook! I then got angry because the bus shook so violently that I couldn’t do anything on my computer. I got off the bus on 3:42:00 in downtown and came inside a coffeehouse to resume working (4:01:00). On 4:36:00 I got angry again because people were talking so loudly near me that I could hear them even though I was wearing my earphones. I left the coffeehouse and continued my worthless speculation: “This is the script, we will always be stuck with just the person we don’t like...” I then got on the bus, hummed, got off the bus, found a corner, and cut myself (5:28:00). I then called up Tzu Chi’s Canadian branch on 5:31:00 and obtained the numbers for their Los Angeles office.

My next recording is: “11_15_10_437-618PM.WMA”: I used my computer and then left. Then: “PM can’t give us a pyramid right now, something important is going on, later he will...” (22:00) Ha! I just couldn’t seem to understand that my Daughter People’s promise to me had almost killed them and that it was now the last thing on their mind. I now came inside my storage facility. “We don’t want to talk to Americans, but we are so lonely, and so we do...” After putting into my unit all my new DVDs, I left the storage on 1:24:00. “We are so lonely that, when any female shows up, we will go with her, even though we believe our destiny lies elsewhere....” Pushing my broken cart, I got on the bus on 1:30:00. I noted another “pyramid with sunglasses over her hair”. As if that still meant something!

My next recording is: “11_15_10_618-855PM.WMA”: After I got off the bus in Normandie and Wilshire, I counted the pretty pyramids on the street. I came inside Carl’s Jr to eat. I continued: “When our computer malfunctions, somebody needs to be blamed for it...” And my left knee hurt. I then left another message for Wes: “Tomorrow is my birthday, can you give me a call?” (1:22:00) I then called up this “Dr Garland” for the second time and left a message for her: “Can you be the right doctor for me?” I came inside the Metro station and, on 1:53:00, used the payphone to check my bank balance. A homeless man was yelling loudly inside the station, which immensely annoyed me (1:58:00). I yelled at him, “Shut up!” I could no longer hear anything. I was so extremely angered: “We need to get out of this country, there is too much noise!” Because I erroneously assumed that the control center had sent this man here to provoke me, I filmed him. “PM *does* want us to leave America...” I ran out and, when I came back inside, the homeless man was still talking loudly to himself. “He wants to be recorded... Shut the fuck up you piece of shit!” (2:22:00) I then yelled at another stranger, “Why are you looking at me like that?”

My next recording is: “11_15_10_856-1049PM.WMA”: I came inside the cybercafe and resumed reviewing my recordings. “We must leave no records behind so that no one will know what has happened to us...” I resumed writing my letter of petition and then started compiling the ISO image for my next DVD. Suddenly, strangers came near me to talk loudly. I hummed loudly: “They scare me...” (1:26:00). I was so traumatized by the noises that I had to stop writing and then broke down crying. The boss was stunned and asked me what was wrong. I ran out of the cybercafe crying. I cried so sadly: “We need to get out of this country...” I wanted to cut myself, but couldn’t because it was too dark. I therefore continued writing. Just then, Wes called me, but I couldn’t answer the call in time (1:35:00). I called him back, but he didn’t answer it. Then he called me again, and I just didn’t know how to answer the call. Wes then called again. Finally, I was connected with him on 1:38:00. I cried to him: “Every time when I write people will appear to make noises, that’s how the system works. I need to get out of this country.” I was crying hysterically. “I can’t finish writing the letter, there is too much distraction, I don’t have money....” I was crying and kicking my cart. “I don’t have any means to ask for help, I can’t even write a letter...” Then my call was disconnected on 1:43:00 because my phone ran out of battery. I cried: “It’s all because Mr Chertoff said I like other people’s noises; he said this in order to drive me insane.... The purpose of the interruption is to prevent us from compiling the ISO image.” Wrong! Again, what I had assumed to be “noise attack” orchestrated from the control center was in fact just random phenomenon of ordinary life. Nobody had orchestrated any attack at all: I had simply been conditioned to experience peace time events as attacks during war times. The trick, as you shall see, was to lower my tolerance level so much that peace time felt like war time. What is unclear is how much of this conditioning was due to my own fault (being too sensitive) and how much of it was due to the Daughter People’s (and now the Monkey’s) intentional programming of my thought-process via the chips inside my brain. Terribly devastated, I went to sleep in the street corner in the Normandie area.

November 16 (Tuesday; Wes: “a group of people”)

My first recordings of the new day – my birthday – are: “11_16_10_644-822AM.WMA”, “11_16_10_822-855AM.WMA”, “11_16_10_856-957AM.WMA”, and “11_16_10_957-1052AM.WMA”: Soon after I woke up, I got my coffee and came inside the cybercafe. I continued to develop my wrong scenario: “Mr Chertoff’s argument is that my recordings are illegal, and so the defense’s argument is that I suffer from psychological disorder... Not guilty by reason of insanity... That’s why we need to be labeled insane, not just driven insane... Once everything shrinks to the Microsphere, what were formerly admitted as evidences can no longer be admitted as evidences....” Then someone came in talking loudly and, alarmed, I hummed loudly, severely distressed. Finally I ran out. Then I got on the bus to go back to Westwood. When I arrived, I wrote down on my diary my

new wrong scenario:

Today while I was riding bus 20 from Normandie to Westwood between 9:30 and 10 AM, the last piece of puzzle was finally solved in my head. One of Mr former Secretary's objections on ground of legality which the prosecutors couldn't overcome concerns my recording of my therapy sessions with Dr Schaefer back in August 2008. The problem is that international laws do not make distinction between civil cases and criminal cases, so that, while district attorneys in the United States would never prosecute me for recording my confidential therapy session with my therapists because, although it is violation of state laws, such offense belongs, according to the American tradition, to the realm of civil disputes between individuals, rather than to the realm of criminal cases where the dispute is considered to be one between the individual and the state. In order to overcome Mr former Secretary's defense and admit the recording into evidence, the prosecutors (the Agency and the legally fake Russians) would have to intensify my psychological disorder – being unable to turn off my recorder for fear of being framed and so on – to the point that it may be considered “insanity”. Then I would be “not guilty of violating confidentiality by reason of insanity”....

When you consider all the instances of machine malfunctioning since June, you can clearly see PM's true intention in directing these remotely induced malfunctionings. If I could stop recording and documenting myself, then the conspiracy among the conspirators in the Microsphere to stop me from my habit would allow the prosecution of Mr former Secretary to come to a halt and be continued instead in the next trial in the Macrosphere by the non-conspirators (the real Russians and those UN officials who have been released from conspiracy with me). If I couldn't, then the psychologists and the psychiatrists would have been able to get the reading from the thought-reading machine about my psychological disorientation in response to machine malfunctioning and recorder's being remotely turned off, and use the reading to compile a clinical picture of the psychological disorder as evidence for the International Criminal Court excusing me from violation of confidentiality on ground of “not guilty by reason of insanity”. This would take away Mr former Secretary's second category of defense on the ground of the legality of my recordings. *As long as the leaks could succeed in pushing me to realize what has been going on, this alternative path could also result in a rigged trial so that Mr former*

Secretary could then be transported to the next trial in the Macrosphere for prosecution where he would no longer be able to use “conspiracy” as a defense. This is the ingenious tactic which the Russian and American prosecuting team have devised to overcome the international laws governing the legality of recording myself and conspiracy in a terrorism case. The goal has been to reduce the current prosecution to a mere pretrial deciding the propriety of evidences.

Complete bullshit! But note that I had begun talking about “leaks” and “rigged trial”: namely, there was some resemblance to the truth, so that it was again evidence that I was developing a “different version”. Then I complained: “It’s not possible for us to finish our petition until a couple of months later, this path is closed.... This episode will not be repeated....” All wrong!

My next recording is: “11_16_10_1053AM-255PM.WMA”. While waiting for the bus to go to OPCC, I noticed a man who looked like Foucault. I again erroneously thought that this was orchestrated from the control center as some sort of “metaphor”. Ha! Totally delusional! I got on the bus on 9:00 and, soon, children came on board, and I hummed loudly. I got off the bus on 44:00 continually complaining about how there was not a single recording in my possession in which there were no baby sounds. I came to OPCC only to find that there was no more lunch, and so I was terribly angered (56:00). I continued to complain: “.... getting help takes up too much time, we will never have time to work....” (1:01:00). I came to a corner to cut myself in order to release the anger. Then I broke down crying loudly (from 1:08:00 onward). I got up and walked around, only to frustrate myself again when I became lost. I began screaming and moaning. Finally I found my way and got on the bus. I continued to develop my wrong scenario: “What we said yesterday must be wrong, there are in fact hundreds of people inside the control center, and, after each shift, they will have to brief the next shift about what had happened to me... PM must have brought his entire family here... And yet all they see is how mental illness develops, it’s so ugly.... All these people from different cultures are stuck together inside the control center, and Obama’s preacher has never thought he would have to meet the Russians... It’s the SLVK who are holding the whole thing together.... Obama’s preacher has never thought he would have to deal with the Pyramid’s mother... There are three control centers in LA, connected together through rails.... The Pyramid’s family members are so lucky, they are ordinary people who are invited into the government’s facility...” When I came back to Westwood, I came inside Best Buy. I bought batteries, discs, an external hard drive, and junk food and charged everything on my debit card. Since each time when I overdrew my account (as I did now) the bank would charge me 33 dollars, I might as well buy everything at once. I then came to my corner behind Chicago School. I filmed myself eating junk food. You should definitely consult the videos to see how autistic I had become. I left a message with Wes

on 3:15:00. “Please remember to call me today....” Since it was my birthday, Wes should call me. I then listened to MIA. Then, from 3:36:00 onward, I began crying, so sadly, and I made sure to film myself. A man came over to ask me: “Can you sleep elsewhere? This is where we feed the cats...” I then called up Tzu Chi on 3:55:00 and obtained their address in West Los Angeles.

My next recording is: “11_16_10_256-556PM.WMA”: I then mumbled about Daughterland’s modernization project, DGHTRCOM’s alliance with the conservatives, and so on and on. All bullshit. Then I resumed writing. Then, my computer malfunctioned again. I filmed it. The pain resulting from this episode of malfunctioning was severe enough that I decided to cut myself again. I then moaned for a long time. I then imitated Mr Chertoff (what I erroneously believed he must be doing): “‘I caught an instance of conspiracy’ ... Everyone then makes my computer malfunction... He’s like a mafia boss, directing operations from his jail house....” I then walked all the way to UCLA. Suddenly, Wes called me, and we were connected from 1:08:00 onward. I immediately broke down crying. “I want to get out of here....” Wes: “Did you get my email? You can get a free lunch...” I continued: “I’m so lonely... I’m all by myself... I cut myself... Mr Chertoff made me cut myself... Everybody is partying and I got left out....” I then talked about the three control centers that I wrongly supposed existed in Los Angeles. “They are doing the trial inside the control center underneath the Pershing Square.” Wes: “Why don’t you go to another part of LA, to be farther from the control center....” I rebutted him and gave him the totally wrong scenario I had developed today: “Westwood is the center of everything.... The CIA has a lot of safe houses in Westwood... The CIA people, the Russian intelligence, and all these high-power people in the UN, they are all together with the Pyramid’s family, watching me on the computer screen while partying together.... And they watch me develop my mental illness.... Obama’s priest.... They are together prosecuting Mr Chertoff, he must be in another room... He’s running operations from his jail cell, like a mafia boss... And he’s watching me everyday on his TV monitor.... And nobody knows the whole story because it’s too complex....” Wes: “Watching you? That’s so boring....” I continued: “The chain of causation.... Mr Chertoff would make an argument, and the people in the party would have to press buttons to cause my computer to malfunction, and here I would have to cut myself, and Mr Chertoff would watch everything and be very happy....” Wes: “Why do you cut yourself to make him happy?” I continued: “He controls me, and the intermediate people too....” Wes: “He gets you to cut yourself, that’s not good.... You have given him a sense of power over you....” “I need to make videos of all this to show it to my future therapist.... I have to leave this country....” Wes: “You are lucky, you live only 150 miles from the border....” (1:23:00). I was shocked: “That’s crazy, I’m not going to Mexico.... I can’t survive there....” Wes continued to persuade me to go to Mexico. I became firmly convinced that he was instructed to persuade me to go to Mexico. He then talked about his experience of going to Tijuana. He then suggested that I go to Denny’s to get a free

meal. I thought it was a bad idea. “I want to go to France and get institutionalized there.... But it’s better to go to Taiwan first...” My left hand hurt while I was talking about going to Taiwan. I then told Wes my other wrong theory: there is a fake trial. One side would hurt my left side when it is good, and my right side when it is bad, while the other side would do just the opposite. I then talked about the new hard drive I had just bought. Wes then suggested again this “Nook”, or “digital book”: “This can solve your problems.... You can go somewhere where there is nobody around and get on the Internet....” “I need to go to a country where the laws are less strict... where I can show my therapist the videos of my cutting myself....” I continued: “Not Germany... German people look like Americans, it’s boring to look at them.... *France is better....*” Wes: “France it is. You’ll go to Taiwan, and then France?” “Yes.” I then talked about how the Pyramid’s family must be getting together with the Daughter People and Obama’s clique. “It’s the Russian intelligence people who are holding this together.... They understand America so well....” I then talked about the companies that were supposedly making money out of Mr Chertoff’s trial – and they used to be his suppliers! Again, complete bullshit! I was unknowingly conforming to the original Homeland Security warning about me – that I suffered from bizarre delusion about their chief. (Meanwhile, all this was judge Higgins’ evidence that I was conspiring with the CIA by developing a “different version”.) I continued: “This party... I have lost interests in these people.... The writing process is too slow....” Then I talked about how easy it was to travel from France to Germany. Again: “How much fun they are having, shopping together after watching me....” Our conversation ends on 1:51:00. Soon afterward, I continued my wrong scenario: “We now change our theory: Mr Chertoff is making objections continually instead of all at once in the beginning....” Bullshit!

It should be noted that Wes was today for the most part only continuing his usual habit of going along with me: to let the suspect continue on his path. It would almost seem that he had not received any specific order today – except for two things. Firstly, there was his attempt to persuade me to go to Mexico. Of course nobody would believe I would want to go to Mexico, but that isn’t the point. It could very well be the case that Wes had in fact received an order today and was instructed to mention Mexico to me because the Invisible Hand needed to forge more evidence to demonstrate that I had participated in a conspiracy with the CIA to rig the trial: while on November 9 there was evidence that I was *told* about the plan to manipulate me to meet the Pyramid, today there was evidence that I was *told* about the plan to send me and the Pyramid to Mexico. Again both evidences came at the right time since I was grumbling everyday about how the Pyramid was about to show up – as if I were responding to the communication of the conspiracy to me. Since both hints (“secret messages”) came from the CIA, this means that – if I’m correct here – today judge Higgins’ team would have collected enough evidence to justify the claim she had entered into the judge computer a month ago that I had not only participated in the CIA’s conspiracy to deceive her but also in the CIA’s conspiracy to rig

this trial. While this is plausible, we cannot be absolutely sure – because, again, the intercept had to be inconspicuous and buried within a bunch of nonsenses in order to escape other people’s notice. As you can hear from the recording, Wes sounded natural enough and transited smoothly to the topic about going to Mexico. Meanwhile, he must have thought that I was being overly imaginative again with my story about the three control centers and all the parties and so on but have again chosen to not awaken me from my delusions: the terrorist was to be maintained on his path.

The second thing was Wes’ stupid suggestion that I go get a free meal at a restaurant for my birthday. On 2:07 PM, or almost two hours before our phone call, he had in fact written me an email to this effect:

Hi Lawrence, Happy Birthday!!! I hope your day is going well and your computer is not freezing. I looked up restaurants that give free meals on your birthday. I guess they think that the birthday person would go to a restaurant with *someone else or even a group of people* who would spend money. All you need is your ID. One of the websites are as follows: <http://20somethingfinance.com/10-free-birthday-meals/>. And the [...] list of places is as follows:

Then followed a long list of restaurants, at the end of which he included the link to the forum discussion from which he had taken the list. It was possible – although the evidence was, again, tremendously weak – that it was the Invisible Hand again who had instructed him to write this email to me. Namely, the Invisible Hand had to forge more evidence to convict himself by instructing Wes to communicate a “secret message” to me as a way to let me in on the *upcoming* (although it was already past) conspiracy to rig the trial. This secret message was judge Higgins’ evidence that the Agency was planning to employ not just me, *but a whole group of people*, to destroy the trial process. Presumably the message was referring to the Pyramid and her father the Monkey. Judge Higgins needed this evidence because, since I wasn’t the person who had touched the mind-reading computer, the CIA would have had to conspire with other people as well who had actually done the deed. All this could have been exciting news for me – if I’m correct here – because this would mean that the Pyramid, as well as her father, was today convicted of conspiring with the CIA in a terrorist conspiracy to harm judge Higgins. And yet at the time this (possibly) important message from Wes completely escaped my attention insofar as he had only baffled me with his suggestion: why would a restaurant let in a homeless person pushing his big cart and gladly feed him for free?¹⁰

¹⁰ This is good news for me because I have always been upset with the fact that it is I who have paid the price when the mind-reading computer was messed up while that Monkey Pyramid has gotten away scotch-free. It would seem that judge Higgins was in agreement with me. Insofar as she was here falsely convicting me in order to save her program, she had decided not to let that bitch off the hook for the sake of

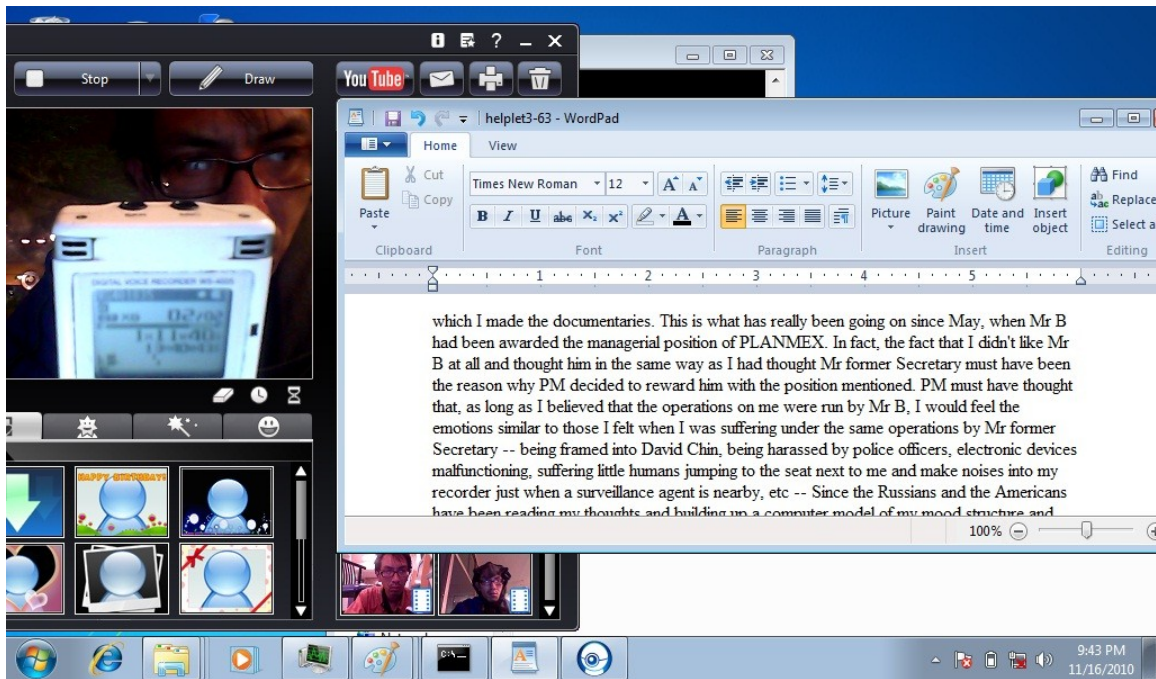
The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, IV
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Now my next recording is: “ucl_11_16_10_604-823PM.WMA”: I bought noodle and came into Ackerman’s TV lounge. I filmed myself commenting on what I saw on TV. Again, as you can see in the video, I looked increasingly autistic. I continued my wrong scenario: “What if they can’t let Mr Chertoff go? If they don’t respond to his arguments, he would take command of them. Some strange trial! The prosecutors have to fight for their life!” I went outside to smoke, and then came back to Ackerman’s computer stations. “We are ready to burn another disc. Now don’t think about Mr Chertoff, because we don’t want any malfunctioning...” While burning a new disc, I checked my visitors’ log (until 1:47:00). I then looked at the website of a French university.

My next recording is: “wrtletuclangymfunct_11_16_10_823-1030PM.WMA”: I soon resumed writing. Then, suddenly, my netbook began freezing. I was shocked and howled and screamed in horror (18:00). But, after rebooting, I continued writing. I mumbled angrily: “PM supposedly cares about choice... Well, he’s gonna get majorly pissed off when that fucking bitch shows up and our computer malfunctions.... Let’s carry a bottle of urine, and when she shows up, throw it on her...” Then I came up with more wrong scenario: “That’s what they are doing: when the Pyramid shows up, they will command Mr Chertoff to control my computer to malfunction, so that, when I hit her, it would be evidence that Chertoff is in conspiracy with....” Wrong! Although, again, this could be judge Higgins’ evidence that the CIA had purposely set me up with the Pyramid knowing how much I would hate her so as to screw up the trial process. I then continued writing. I was now theorizing how my torture worked with an analogy from Foucault’s *Discipline et punir*. I had come a little closer to the truth, as you shall see.

fairness to me. She thus decided to convict the Monkey Pyramid as well *in absentia* so that the bitch would have to spend her future compensating her – all without knowing. Since the conviction happened on my birthday, perhaps judge Higgins was saying to me: “I have doomed that Monkey Pyramid as my birthday gift to you... It’s my first apology that I have had to falsely convict you to save my program...”

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, IV
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How I was developing my “different version” on the night of my birthday

My next recording is: “leaveucl_11_16_10_1031-1152PM.WMA”: And so my birthday had come to an end. I came to sleep on the street corner in Westwood Village. Suddenly, I began developing further this wrong scenario I had thought of days ago: Mr Chertoff might have made an argument that had something to do with the Polish president. The Polish president might have tried to pull some stunt back in April to disrupt the ICJ trial, wanting to land somewhere so that the conspiracy could be disrupted. “Why wasn’t he in the courthouse? Why wasn’t he arrested?”

APPENDIX

(1) The destruction of my International Court of Justice trial was really good news for every party. As has been noted, the CIA was glad that the French would therefore not have to implement judge Higgins’ program. It was not bad news for the French for they had escaped unharmed. The Russians had helped destroy the trial without much regret because, overall, they did win something, namely they got to keep Ukraine while escaping unharmed. While Yanukovich got into power thanks to my conspiracy with the CIA back in January, as long as Russia didn’t lose the trial, his position remained legitimate. Of course he would therefore make himself into a target of the United States insofar as the American Establishment would always regard him as illegitimate, the product of an International Court of Justice trial which Russia shouldn’t have won. Eventually, Victoria Nuland would personally direct an operation to oust him in late 2013

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, IV
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Sept. 2010 – Aug. 2019. Corrections, Jan. – Mar. 2021.

and early 2014.

It must however have been the Chinese who experienced the greatest euphoria over the destruction of the trial. While the MSS was under the CIA's control in 2008 and 2009 and then under Russian control in 2010 (although here the French would have cut in from June onward), the destruction of the trial meant that everything was going back to the way it was before and that the MSS would regain its former independence. The CIA's control of the MSS from early 2008 to late 2010 (i.e. until the ICJ trial was dismissed, even though the Russians and the French were involved in the last year) had enabled the quality of American intelligence on the inner workings of the Chinese government during these three years to be the best of all time. When the ICJ trial was dismissed in late 2010 and the CIA thus lost control of the MSS, the MSS, newly independent, duly dismantled the CIA's entire network in China. This is how you must understand the partial revelation of this episode in mainstream media, for example Mark Mazzetti, Adam Goldman, Michael S. Schmidt, and Matt Apuzzo, "Killing C.I.A. Informants: China Crippled U.S. Spying Operations", *The New York Times*, May 20 2017, and Zach Dorfman, "Botched CIA Communications System Helped Blow Cover of Chinese Agents", *Foreign Policy*, August 15 2018. The CIA's hubris and negligence (using not entirely secure online channels) were no such thing when one imagines how easy it was to spy on China when China's spy organ was under American control and how easy it was for China's spy organ to dismantle the network once it was no longer under American control when it had itself set up the network while it was under American control. All the rumors one hears about the MSS during the three years from 2008 to 2011 must be understood in the light of this International Court of Justice trial. For instance, *The Epoch Times* has reported on December 17 2016 (耿惠昌去职, 习攻破国安部堡垒) that, in 2010, the MSS carried out a program to spy on possible Western spies in Western nations, in violation of internationally recognized espionage protocols.¹¹ If this is true, one couldn't be sure who actually commanded this operation: the Americans? The Russians? Or the French?

(2) It's never been clear to me whether Italy and Turkey had really objected to the February ICJ judgment along with France. If they did, the result was of course that they withdrew as soon as the French had eliminated my status as a terrorist. This should be noted at this point: if they did, it must be because of the South Stream deal just as France had objected because of the Nord Stream deal. Note that Putin also had close relationship with Berlusconi as well as Schroeder and that his daughters were good friends with

11 “港媒透露，耿惠昌怀揣著和周永康一起制作的一颗大炸弹，随时可能引爆。2010年开始，国安部实施在西方国家秘密跟踪西方间谍行动的M方案。M代号的来源是，第八局下属的一个处长M，曾多次提出这个行动方案，这次被上司采纳。耿惠昌指示要考虑缜密、计划周密、精心组织，选派得力干部实施。M处长、T局长和Q副部长根据耿惠昌的指示，又修改了M方案，特地添加了如何处理险情以及与西方反间谍机构周旋的内容。”

Berlusconi's daughters.¹² Could it be that, despite this, Berlusconi had permitted the objection to proceed in order that the South Stream deal could be profitable to Italy as well as to ENI and himself? Putin's typical technique was to make the energy deal profitable to his counterpart *personally* so that the latter might be enticed to agree to deals that he would otherwise reject as too biased toward Russia. Thus it is said that, in the case of Italy, Berlusconi had always gotten his own cut in all the energy deals brokered between Gazprom and ENI.¹³ Could it be that, in the summer of 2010, as France was poised to win, Berlusconi had decided to object so that the energy deals could be profitable to Italy as well as to himself?

(3) Speaking of DGHTRCOM's daughters, the French plan basically amounted to chipping Ekaterina in the brain in order to force her (remotely control her) to become my girlfriend. Ridiculous enough! The bigger question is: what did the French plan to do with her boyfriend? Before DGHTRCOM's circle put forward, in early 2015, this "Ekaterina Tikhonova" to pretend to be Ekaterina in order to protect the latter's identity, the rumor was widely circulated on the Internet that Ekaterina had a South Korean boyfriend whom she met when she was merely a teenager and for whose sake she had gone into Oriental studies at St Petersburg University. (In "El secreto mejor guardado de Putin", from January 3 2016, *La Razón* even combined the rumor with the decoy by reporting that Ekaterina first wanted to marry her South Korean boyfriend in 2010 but then ended up marrying Kirill Shamalov, the former husband of this "Ekaterina Tikhonova".) I have always believed that the rumor about the South Korean was true, and wondered what exactly the French wanted to do about him if they wanted to set me up with Ekaterina. Perhaps some sort of threesome?

L'un part, l'autre reste¹⁴

12 See for example Amy Taylor, "Silvio Berlusconi and Vladimir Putin: The political bromance that endured", *Washington Post*, July 24 2015: "According to the *Moscow Times*, their bromance was cemented in the summer of 2002 when Putin's two teenage daughters spent a month at Berlusconi's summer residence in Porto Rotondo. The following year, Putin's entire family visited."

13 See Gregor Peter Schmitz, "Macho-Freunde beunruhigen Washington", *Spiegel*, December 2 2010.

14 Such is the famous song from Charlotte Gainsbourg. In the past few years I have always found this song enormously fitting as a description of the end of my relationship with the Daughter People and, in particular, DGHTRCOM's little daughter Ekaterina (just as Akino Arai's "Beautiful Stars" was so in the case of the Pyramid). Have they forgotten their promise to me? Has DGHTRCOM forgotten his promise to me? As you shall see, I would believe, for a few more years after this, that they did intend to fulfill their promise to me – it's just that it had to be at a later time when it would be safe for them to do so. In the past few years I have always also imagined Ekaterina saying the words of this song to me as she departed while I stayed here when our trial was dismissed. Namely, after she had intended to save me and the French had wanted to force her to come to me, she would have told me: "Grow old without me, forget me... You stay where you are, don't come find me... Perhaps, later, you will understand why..." It would indeed take me nine years to *start* understanding what exactly had happened to the "promise" (the reason why she had fled from me).

Ont-ils oublié leurs promesses?
Au moindre rire, au moindre geste
Les grands amours n'ont plus d'adresse
Quand l'un s'en va et l'autre reste
N'est-il péché que de jeunesse?
N'est-il passé que rien ne laisse?
Les grands amours sont en détresse
Lorsque l'un part et l'autre reste

Reste chez toi
Vieillis sans moi
Ne m'appelle plus
Efface-moi
Déchire mes lettres
Et reste là
Demain peut-être
Tu reviendras

Geste d'amour et de tendresse
Tels deux oiseaux en mal d'ivresse
Les grands amours n'ont plus d'adresse
Quand l'un s'en va et l'autre reste
Sont-ils chagrins dès qu'ils vous blessent?
Au lendemain de maladresse
Les grands amours sont en détresse
Lorsque l'un part, et l'autre reste

De tristes adieux
Que d'illusions
Si c'est un jeu
Ce sera non
Rends-moi mes lettres
Et reste là
Demain peut-être
Tu comprendras

De tristes adieux
Que d'illusions
Si c'est un jeu
Ce sera non
Rends-moi mes lettres

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Electronicachreia, and Misopedia, IV
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Et reste là
Demain peut-être
Tu comprendras

Ils n'oublieront pas leurs promesses
Ils s'écriront aux mêmes adresses
Les grands amours se reconnaissent
Lorsque l'un part et l'autre reste