

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Eleetronicachreia, and Misopedia, V.  
Lawrence C. Chin  
Nov. 2010 – Nov. 2019. Some corrections afterward.

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

### **Part V**

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

##### **Document 5**

‘Quiérete advertir de una cosa, de la cual verás la experiencia cuando te cuente los sucesos de mi vida, y es que los cuentos, unos encierran y tienen la gracia en ellos mismos; otros, en el modo de contarlos; quiero decir, que algunos hay que, aunque se cuenten sin preámbulos y ornamentos de palabras, dan contento; otros hay que es menester vestirlos de palabras, y con demostraciones del rostro y de las manos, y con mudar la voz se hacen algo de nonada, y de flojos y desmayados se vuelven agudos y gustosos.’

Cervantes, *Coloquio de los perros*

The following reconstructs the International Court of Justice trial over me from November 17 to December 29, 2010. (Strictly speaking, the trial process ended on December 9 and was merely dormant in the subsequent days.) This period was the most terrifying for me. Whether it was due to my own misinterpretation of events or to the Monkey’s programming as part of his “finishing up his mission”, my Sonophobia and Misopedia would intensify to such extent from November 19 onward that I had to constantly experience an intense desire to kill people (especially children but the Pyramid as well) and run the risk of getting into a fight and becoming imprisoned.

My symptoms as a typical targeted individual also continued to worsen. My narrative remains most tedious as I continue to describe, in minute details, the constant paranoia over, and misinterpretations about, insignificant things which characterize a typical targeted individual. I have also painstakingly described the evolution of my wrong scenarios (“different version”) which, since they didn’t describe reality, it must seem to you a waste of time for me to describe. The utility of these “delusions” (if you will), besides the fact that they serve to prevent the vulgar masses from reading this story, also lies in explaining the formation of a typical targeted individual – how I had progressed from being a *true* targeted individual to being a typical, i.e. *fake*, targeted individual. Now what I want to note here is that – despite my frequent emphasis on my overestimation of my own intelligence at the time – wrong scenarios are not to be confused with stupidity. Human intelligence manifests itself in all different ways, in the manufacturing of falsehoods as well as in the search for truth. Human beings have manifested their intellectual superiority to other animals by

constructing elaborate theories about God while other animals have no notion of God – and yet, in the end, there is no God. The same with my Sonophobia and so on. If I had become so unnecessarily sensitive to noises as to be severely annoyed by them while other people would not, it's because my brain had learned it and become more advanced in this regard – had become more intelligent than others in this regard. While a typical (fake) targeted individual is indeed sort of “crazy”, he or she is not “crazy” in the sense in which psychiatrists say they are. A typical psychiatrist nowadays does not have any idea about how the human mind works – about the multifaceted manner in which human intelligence manifests itself.

But the whole point of narrating the details of my daily life as a targeted individual is to show you that, when I do look crazy, it's not that what I believe doesn't exist, but that something else than what I believe exists. While I'm like a typical targeted individual, I'm not entirely fake. At least this is the case until December 9, when the CIA was done forging evidences to frame themselves and nothing else was going on afterwards. After December 9, I seemed indeed to be living in fantasy land pure and simple, believing that there was a secret trial when there was no more trial at all.

Other than this, I did nothing during this period except trying to finish my New Letter of Petition as fast as possible – not simply because I harbored the illusion that the UN High Commissioner on Human Rights would care the slightest about my case but also because I had always wanted to be able to verbalize my torture and the ICJ trial process which sanctioned it and package it into a nice narrative. I had no idea that I was wasting my time insofar as most of my scenarios were wrong and that I had done nothing more than provide judge Higgins with the evidence that I was devising a “different version” in order to mask the truth.

There are again episodes which I clearly remember in my head from this period but which I somehow couldn't locate in any of my recordings. The most important of such episodes deserves mention: one day, early in the morning – it seemed to be the day after the final exam – as I came to the message board near the vending machine inside UCLA, I noticed that somebody had posted two articles describing the harmful effect of text-messaging on the brain and lamenting the fading-away of the print culture which, since the end of the Middle Ages, had done so much in developing our brain. I immediately suspected that somebody from the control center was trying to communicate something to me. By now I can say with confidence that it was merely the Invisible Hand who was leaking to me something from judge Higgins' program. Now if I did remember correctly that it was the last day of the final exam, this should be the morning of December 10 or 11, and yet I found no such episode in the recordings. Since the Invisible Hand had forged all the evidences to frame himself by December 9, it would certainly make sense if, on the next day, he was required to leak something about judge Higgins' program to me in order to forge one last piece of evidence indicating that he was trying to destroy her program again by enabling me to

conspire with her.

Since virtually all the evidences attesting to judge Higgins' attempt to revive this International Court of Justice trial came from Wes' conversations with me, I shall provide here a short catalog of these conversations – with mention of a few episodes when evidences were produced outside these conversations. In general, whenever we talked about this ICJ trial or the intelligence agencies, Wes' words would fall into four categories: (1) he would point out how my scenarios were wrong of his own accord; (2) he would go along with my wrong scenarios of his own accord; (3) he would go along with my wrong scenarios because he was instructed by his CIA handler to do so; and (4) he would not only go along with my wrong scenarios but would try to direct me to develop my scenarios in a new direction because he was instructed by his CIA handler to do so. All evidences came from (4). Since he will never admit to you that he has had connections with the CIA – and so will always deny categories (3) and (4) – you will have to really know him in order to be able to distinguish the last two categories. Now, according to my impression of him, he himself had no clear understanding of why his CIA handler had told him to say all these strange things to me between October 22 and December 9. Since he didn't know at the time that the CIA had forced China to forge evidences to frame itself, he couldn't possibly have guessed that the CIA was now obliged to forge evidences to frame itself. He probably just thought that the CIA again wanted him to deceive me so that I could look crazy to people and discredit myself. He must have especially thought so from November 18 onward when his CIA handler had begun instructing him to concentrate his effort on making me believe that I could be remotely controlled through the chips planted inside my brain (although here he would not be deceiving me, but convincing me of the truth, in order for me to look crazy.) But, then, when his handler told him to send an email to me on my birthday to suggest to me that I go get a free meal at a restaurant, wouldn't he ask himself: "How can this help make him look crazy?" Now, starting from October 8, when the ICJ trial was dismissed – when evidences were produced, that day is marked with bold type:

**10.8:** Wes talked about his paper (Kenneth Berg, the American Revolution, the French Revolution). Me: "The whole society is against me..." Wes: "Don't speculate, it will drive you crazy..." Then: "Don't borrow money... Don't use computers... Avoid people... Get out of there..."

**10.11:** Me: "Why don't the Russians command Pakistani intelligence... People make noises and bring their children to me knowing I don't like it..." Wes said he would visit me in Russia if I went there.

**10.13:** I fed Wes with my wrong scenario (the Monkey inserted virus into my computer). Wes: "He wants to drive you insane... Try to live without electronic devices..." Me: "The Russians are letting him do it..." Wes continued to emphasize that I needed to have the will to overcome them. I continued to lament that no one would believe anything I said and hold onto my wrong belief that the Russians

wanted me discredited. Wes: “They don’t want you to be scared. They want you to be crazy.... They use only a few actors and actresses to drive you to insanity....”

**10.14:** Me: “I’m gonna get arrested...” I told Wes about Raissa. “Is there anything wrong with the Indian religion?”

**10.16:** Me: “They not only want people to not believe my story, but don’t even want people to believe that I wrote it....” Wes went along with me: “Maybe you need to actually plagiarize...”

**10.18:** I told Wes how they remotely turned off my recorder.

**10.22:** Wes: “They are worried that you will write your story and be believed... *Create different versions of the same story...*” *Wes was acting on a specific order today.*

**10.27:** I troubled Wes about my paranoia about a disc.

**11.4:** I fed Wes with my wrong scenario: “They are trying to stop me from recording myself so that they can use my past recordings as evidences against Mr Chertoff...” Wes played dumb: “How did you get involved with him?”

**11.9:** I fed Wes with my wrong scenario: “They use a super computer to calculate my mood, then provoke me with a tiny matter to cause a chain reaction...” Wes: “*Emile* is book about governments... Be unpredictable... They want you to be crazy and dangerous or do something illegal... Jump through the hoops... If their job depends on it, they won’t want it to end so fast... You need to outsmart them...” Me: “If they can do another show....” Wes: “Get them to find a better job, or persuade them this job is a losing battle...” Wes: “There is a deadline...” *Wes was acting on a specific order today.*

**11.13:** Wes: “Get out of there...” Me: “I need to be institutionalized... Maybe in France.” Wes mentioned how government spent its money. Wes: “It will come to an end.”

**11.15:** I complained to Wes about (imaginary) “noise attacks”.

**11.16:** I fed Wes with my wrong scenario about the three control centers. Wes tried to persuade me to go to Mexico and suggested that I go to a restaurant to get a free meal. *Wes was acting on a specific order today.*

**11.18:** Wes: “They can predict your thoughts!” *Wes was acting on a specific order today.*

**11.19:** I fed Wes with my wrong scenario about how the control center sent actors to provoke me with noises: “I need to get out of this country....” Wes said nothing important.

**11.21:** Wes: “That’s Impossible” (“They can control you”); “It has to be your fault” (“They want you to say that you are a dangerous person”). *Wes was acting on a specific order today.*

**11.23:** Me: “Because the Monkey has changed the mind-reading computer, they will have to provoke me to kill people in order to prosecute the defendants....” Wes: “They will continue to provoke you... There is a deadline...”

**11.27:** *The episode with the Purple Mommy: evidence of my “false thoughts”.*

**11.29:** Wes: “They have studied you. They know you better than you know yourself.

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You are playing with the Big Boys now, with the professionals... Trick them with 'false thoughts'..." *Wes was acting on a specific order today.*

**11.30:** Wes: "If they make my plane crash, then you will know how powerful they are..."

**12.01:** *I was remotely controlled to cry, to make me realize I could be controlled like a robot.* Wes said nothing in particular except: "You have been conditioned so that you can be provoked by every little thing..."

**12.06:** Me: "The girlfriend... It will be French... I'm being remotely controlled..."

Wes: "The diode... The chip is now extracting information from the computer instead of sending information to it..." *Wes was acting on a specific order today.*

**12.08:** Me: "The court has two layers, the Macrosphere and the Microsphere... Should I stop writing?" Wes: "Think about how not to get provoked."

**12.09:** Me: "If I don't fit the profile they will make me suffer so that I will end up fitting the profile..." Wes suggested that *I play not their game but my own game.* Also: "There is a deadline, then you will have a home..." *Wes was acting on a specific order today.*

**12.10:** Wes continued to suggest ways for me to avoid getting provoked. "There is a deadline..." Me: "If I write something that doesn't fit the evidences, I'll get provoked..."

**12.11:** Wes: "Maybe it has already ended... Don't save Russia.... Don't get paranoid about hypothetical scenarios" (referring to my unfounded fear that the Monkey wanted to hospitalize me and then pretend to help me).

**12.14:** Wes: "Stop thinking about it."

**12.22:** Wes: "They will prevent you from committing suicide."

**12.23:** Wes continued to try to dissuade me from suicide.

**12.24:** (unintelligible)

**12.25:** Me: "... baby noises.... I need to achieve separation from my recorder..."

**12.26:** Me: "I need to kill people and get arrested... and talk about killing people on the phone."

**12.29:** Me: "France has objected...." Wes: "You might be mistaken. When the cars honk, it might not be because of you... Other people are driving the show... Hope for the sympathy of the author.... It might simply be bureaucracy... They are running a rational choice theory on you, be spontaneous... Find someone in a similar situation... You need to get out of here..."

Names follow the convention previously established: the Daughter People = the SVR; Mommy = the CIA; the Invisible Hand = the master in the CIA clandestine service who was on my case since 2006; and so on and on.

### **November 17 (Wednesday; Tzu Chi for the first time)**

My first recordings of the new days are: "wkwstwdgrnd\_11\_17\_10\_733-824AM.WMA", "wrtletchkvidgrndwstwd\_11\_17\_10\_824-946AM.WMA", and "leavgrndtzuchism\_11\_17\_10\_936-

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1118AM.WMA”: Soon after I woke up from my corner in Westwood Village, I came inside Starbucks to work (reviewing my recordings and writing). When I left Starbucks, I noticed film crew doing filming on the street and asked them about their equipment. I was in high spirit. I then mumbled something about the Monkey’s scenario about “R” (raping the Pyramid) and “K” (“killing the Pyramid”). I got on the bus and soon found Tzu Chi’s office (Wilshire and Barrington) (36:00). I came inside and announced my purpose: “I need to return to Taiwan for treatment, I can’t do it here, the laws are too strict.” The Taiwanese lady advised me: “You need to go to the headquarters, in San Dimas.” And so I obtained the headquarters’ address and left. In my high spirit, I continued to count pyramids on the street. I even chatted with an Australian pyramid. “You are very pretty. I wish you can be my girlfriend.” She replied; “Well, sometimes it happens” (53:00). I then got on the bus to go to OPCC, and, behold, people were talking DGHTRSPK on the bus. Of course I wondered whether that might be an intercept!

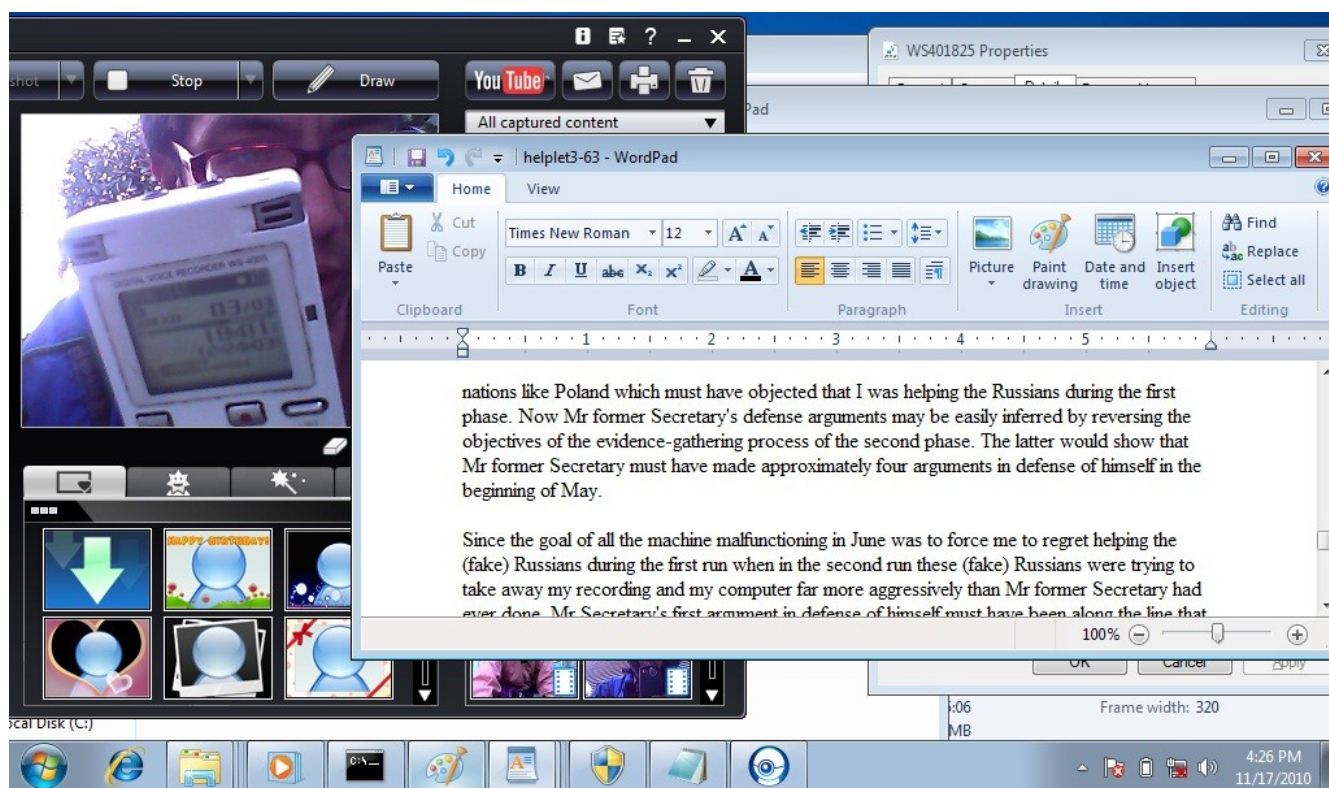
My next recording is: “opcctzchcallwcil\_11\_17\_10\_1134AM-201PM.WMA”: While walking around in Santa Monica, I continued counting pretty pyramids. I came inside OPCC on 23:00. I talked to Bryan. No news about housing. I told Bryan that I wanted a therapist. I then got my free lunch and chatted with another homeless woman telling her I wanted to leave the US. Then, I came up with another wrong scenario: “This is very bad, that’s what they are telling the Pyramid, they are teaching her how to arouse me. They want me to get aroused while feeling angry at the same time in order to obtain evidence that I want to rape her.” Well, this might be true back in May, but not anymore. But, in any case, when this confession was coupled with Wes’ mention of “Emile”, it was judge Higgins’ evidence that I was responding to the CIA’s secret message. I then called up the Tzu Chi headquarters on 1:06:00, but my call was cut off. I came back to OPCC to call Tzu Chi again on the public phone here. There was no operator available to answer my call. I asked Bryan to look up Tzu Chi’s information on his computer. Amazingly, Dr Grigor was here seeing patients. I left convinced that Dr Grigor was here to replace evidence. (All wrong!) Then, because the Tzu Chi headquarters was located up north, I wondered if I might run into the Pyramid’s relatives there (!). More wrong scenario: “Maybe that’s the Pyramid’s training, she is required to do something which she would never do, such as become a sex object.” I now got on the bus to go to WCIL. I resumed writing my petition letter: “The Pyramid’s father must have produced a profile of me as autistically recording myself and harboring thoughts about raping and killing his daughter...” Since this was more or less the case, this was my “true version”. When I got off the bus, I filmed a black guy wearing earphones: “... Is he doing surveillance?...” Finally, I came to WCIL and immediately requested to use the computers. I called Wes again, but he was not home.

My next recordings are: “wcilarbatvid\_11\_17\_10\_201-359PM.WMA” and “wrtletwcil\_11\_17\_10\_401-445PM.WMA”. I sat down on WCIL’s computer and wrote an email to Wes:

Wes, guess what, I figure out that those [people] inside the control center are not only going to make the girl from the library [i.e. the Pyramid] appear in front of me and provoke me to anger, they are also teaching her [how] to arouse me. This might mean very bad news to me.

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This was of course simply good evidence for judge Higgins. Namely, the Invisible Hand would turn this email over to judge Higgins as definitive evidence that, after he had communicated the conspiracy to me (to set me up with the Pyramid), I responded happily and affirmatively. I then began watching videos on Tudou. I learned from the commercials that a new movie about Valerie Plame was due to be released soon. I was determined to see it. Then I watched a Chinese documentary on the famous Arbat Street in Moscow. On 53:50 the speakers were malfunctioning. I caught it on film since I was filming myself watching the documentary. Afterward, I mumbled: “It’s a strangest thing to see a Hare Krishna in Moscow.” Then I did my daily “DGHTRSPK” lesson on Russland Journal. Somebody came in to ask me: “Are you very strong?” Again, I wondered if that meant something. Then I came to the patio to record myself writing my letter: “.... the Russians and the Americans have built up a computer model of my mood structure, they can easily instruct Mr B to put in front of me this and that... The evidences... It’s not conspiracy at all, but forced extraction of evidences from me....”



The “different version” I was developing this afternoon while at WCIL  
Note the resemblance to truth: “nations’ objection”  
and “Mr Chertoff’s arguments” in May

My next recording is: “cryngtocybr\_11\_17\_10\_446-811PM.WMA”: When I was leaving WCIL, I kept mumbling about the sad girl that was performing on Arbat Street: “We should give her a recorder so that she could record her unhappy experiences....” When I was resting on the street somewhere, a couple of Hispanic people were laughing nearby making me very angry. I walked away: “These Hispanic people are so annoying, they never stop reproducing....” Then, suddenly, I broke down crying:

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“We are always by ourselves, we only talk to ourselves....” I walked into a coffeehouse, and yet saw only so many children, which caused me to cry again: “.... We don’t have a home.... The problem is that we don’t have money....” I settled down somewhere and cried out loud. I then filmed myself kicking over things on the street. Then the bus came. “It’s gonna pass us by... Oh my God, it doesn’t, what a miracle...” I got off the bus in Santa Monica. I continued my wrong scenario: “.... We are so tired of looking at Americans, and yet it’s the Daughter People who have planned this.... The environment is so violent and disgusting... There is something violent about the Daughter People... And it’s disgusting because they are trying to condition us... All these vagrants and gangsters and white trash and people on parole... Hispanic people pushing their goddamn things and ghetto black people... We are going to watch the ‘Mommy movie’ ‘Fair Game’....” Again, I was unaware of how much I was harming the CIA by loving them like this. I then told a French person I saw on the street: “I want to go to Paris to stay in a hospital there...” Then, to myself: “We don’t have any real people in our environment, all these people are just signs....” Then: “We like it in Santa Monica, there are so many pretty people... But we have to go to Normandie now, there are only ugly people there....” When I got on the bus, people were talking loudly again making me very uncomfortable, and so I played MIA loudly. Then I noticed a person wearing earphones standing behind me: “He’s conducting surveillance on us... To see what we are doing on our laptop....” Then, in my high spirit, I kept bothering a pyramid about her electronic notebook. I got off the bus, avoided more children, and came inside the cybercafe on 2:55:00. More pain signals on my left side. As I was getting ready to burn a new disc, I believed I was under surveillance again. Then: “See, this is how it works. When we want a pyramid, they will give us a Mexican... Why don’t we just love the Pyramid? Then we will be in conspiracy with Mr Chertoff trying to confirm his argument....” Then, more of my wrong scenario: “Everyone is already on the same side of the conspiracy, and yet one can still be in conspiracy with one side or the other, it’s a conspiracy within a conspiracy....” Bullshit!

My next recordings are: “cybr\_11\_17\_10\_811-858PM.WMA” and “bus20testwstwd\_11\_17\_10\_906-1050PM.WMA”: I got paranoid again when the new disc I was burning was being finalized: “.... something is going on with 93%....” Then pain signals on both my left side and my right side. Then I bumped into something and shouted, and my laptop fell to the ground. More frustration, and I was devastated as I walked out of the cybercafe. Then: “Is the Pyramid being recruited? I’m so glad I’m not being recruited, it’s so strict... I guess she really wants to join them... Why?” Complete nonsense! As I rested in a corner, I continued my bullshit: “... Forcing us to not do what we want to do is forcing us to not engage in our disorder... If you pay me 1,000 dollars a day, I will stop recording....” I then lay down to sleep. “Tell her to have sex with her boyfriend... PM will not do this to his friend’s daughter.... It’s all testing, to see if I will be aroused at all....” I then noticed that a vagrant was staring at me from a distance. After filming him, I felt increasingly uncomfortable and decided to move away. I was upset that I now had to waste more time. “Mr Chertoff is forcing me to become his ally.... Now I have to wait forever to get the fuck out of here!” And so I began waiting for the bus to return to Westwood. “Now, what’s the point of this operation? Now if anything doesn’t go right I will flip, all because I’m very sick...” And I moaned out of pain and frustration. Waiting impatiently, I muttered bitterly: “The bus is not going to come, okay, we get it, don’t learn Russian.... Why? *Don’t go there. Go to France!*” Finally, the bus was coming, and, frightened, I kept shouting at the bus: “Please don’t leave me!” And thank God the bus stopped and picked me up. Now vulgar-looking people were talking and laughing loudly



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causing me tremendous discomfort, and so I hummed loudly. Then: “Get a Daughterlander pyramid... Oh, it’s a test.... The tests are so annoying! Does every immigrant get tested like this?” Of course not: because there was no test! *Then I speculated on the girlfriend I once again believed the Daugther People were preparing for me:* “The pyramid is counting on our not having the time to write about all this....” I got off the bus in Westwood, and hiding myself in a corner, I continued: “We will never have the time to finish the petition letter....” Then: “This is worse than being drafted! We are drafted, and yet we are not paid. This is all evidences-gathering, PM has got it all figured out, this guy is not going to pass the test....” I thus slept in Westwood Village tonight.

### **November 18 (Thursday; Wes: “They can predict your thoughts”)**

My next recording is: “slpwstwdwkpatient\_11\_18\_10\_150-631AM.WMA”:<sup>1</sup> I was awake from 3:25:00 onward. I continued my worthless reflection: “Every time when machine malfunctions... will power... patience... psychological disorder... Mr Chertoff is too focused... too busy... overlooks other things...” I got coffee from the doughnut shop on 3:35:00. Then: “We focus too much on the control center, that’s how our psychological disorder has developed...” That’s indeed the case! I got on bus 20 on 3:47:00 and got off on 4:19:00. More worthless speculation about the Polish president: “... so he came up with a new idea... to fly into the Macrosphere... he knew they wouldn’t let him land... there was a chance that the Macropherians might not show up...” Then: “... something strange about the Pyramid thing... We should have accepted the Austrian pyramid... the Pyramid’s status has changed... maybe the Polish president had something to do with it, so he decided to take a chance... Maybe Elena Poniatowska had something to do with it... ‘One flew over the cuckoo’s nest’... ‘One flew into the Macrosphere’... Me, the neocons, and Mommy, we can’t fly into the Macrosphere, everyone else can... They could show up, it would be a little embarrassing... He decided to take a chance because there was a slight chance that he might be spared... We cannot go to Daughterland because the infrastructure there is too poor... It’s not gonna be over soon...” All the nonsense! I came inside the cybercafé on 4:33:00.

My next recordings are: “ftpcybrwrtlet\_11\_18\_10\_631-805AM.WMA” and “cybrwrtlet\_11\_18\_10\_805-828AM.WMA”:<sup>2</sup> While inside the cybercafé, I continued writing my petition letter. This time I seemed to be writing about *how the Monkey had changed the setting of the mind-reading computer and how everyone must drive me to insanity, to make me fit the profile that I was insane and autistic and violent....* This means that I was coming closer to the truth! My “different version” was developing well. Then, I began mumbling my scenario about the centralization of machines and so on from the International Court of Justice and the mechanization of nature. “... religion has come true....” When I was leaving the cybercafé, I suddenly realized, “Oh Mr Chertoff is of Polish origin....” Ha! This was in fact completely irrelevant.<sup>2</sup>

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1 Reviewed from 3:19:00 onward.

2 It’s not clear what exactly I had written that morning. When you examine my letter of petition as of the morning of November 18, you will find this paragraph instead: “In fact, PM and the Agency have probably decided that the false intercepts resulting from Ms ANG’s father’s alteration of the setting of the thought-reading machine in the Court could serve perfectly the purpose of rebutting Mr former Secretary on this point. What happened then is that Mr former Secretary had somehow knowledge of the trial between DGHTR and Mr B and that he consequently objected that the intercepts weren’t valid because they came from the faulty use of the machine. This could be another reason why PM decided the trial in favor of Mr B and [...] had to fire DGHTR in order to justify the faulty intercepts, which [were] now

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My next recordings are: “towciltzuchiofcc\_11\_18\_10\_829AM-1238PM.WMA”; “ver193wrtletsm\_11\_18\_10\_1238-104PM.WMA”; and “opcc720\_11\_18\_10\_104-159PM.WMA”: I came inside the Metro station to use the payphone to call the Metro hotline to obtain the direction for Tzu Chi’s headquarters. For a while, the operator couldn’t find the address, but finally provided me with the bus route. It was a three hour bus ride! I then got on the bus. I continued: “We don’t want to be a secret agent because we don’t want to give up our machines....” I came to WCIL, and, sitting in the patio, I called up Tzu Chi’s headquarters (1:32:00). I complained that they were too far and the operator referred me to their clinic in Monterey Park. She was just about to give me the address for their clinic when my call was cut off. I called again and obtained the phone number and the address for the clinic.<sup>3</sup> I then started another round of worthless reflection about what had happened on the bus: when I was regurgitating my grandpa’s stories about the Japanese generals whom Chiang Kaishek had invited to Taiwan after the war to train his troops, a Hispanic man opened the window. And I believed it was an “intercept”! Then: “The Russians are completely European; so what are the conservatives arguing about? What’s the ‘essence’ that they don’t want to give up?” Ha! Complete bullshit! I then came inside WCIL to use the computers. Then, before leaving, I greeted Angela and chatted briefly with her. I then got on the bus to go to OPCC. After I got off the bus, I reflected on how the computer could have read the thoughts I was having while on the bus about Panzer IV. “It must have reverse-engineered how people think... *It divides people’s thoughts into components....*” What was amazing was that I was actually correct about how mind-reading worked! I was correct for once! But it was very likely that the Invisible Hand was at this moment ordering the Monkey to control me, as far as possible, to understand how mind-control worked – given that Wes’ mention of “Emile” had given judge Higgins’ the right to control my thoughts. Then: “When PM gives you a message, sometimes he says what he means, sometimes he says the opposite of what he means...” Now this was bullshit! I came to OPCC and got my free lunch. Then, more bullshit: “We are going to Taiwan because the Taiwanese president has already purchased a control center.... The Polish president was trying to fly into the Macrosphere in order to shrink it to the Microsphere... He knew he wouldn’t be allowed to land, but he wanted to make a last stand...” And my left side hurt. “We do know what’s outside the Microsphere just as the astronomers do know what’s outside the micro-cosmos: nothing.” While leaving, I continued my wrong scenario: “Even what is going on inside the control center is scripted... People in this script have free-will... because the computer knows how to coordinate their respective free-wills...” And my right side hurt continually, completely mesmerizing me. I did a little more writing in a quiet street corner, and then came back to OPCC to ask the workers to look up Tzu Chi’s headquarters’ address on their computer.

My next recording is: “totzuchiangryucl\_11\_18\_10\_208-712PM.WMA”: While on the bus, I played MIA’s “Mein Freund” loudly on my netbook to cover up people’s chatter. After I got off the bus, I continued my worthless reflection: the French movie “Police” was so realistic that there was no music

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[awaiting] further confirmation from my transformation into an autistic recording Lawrence Chin harboring violent thoughts about Ms ANG through the ‘discipline of constant petite unpleasant experiences.’” Then there was reference throughout the letter to how the Agency and the Russian intelligence were working together to transform me into an autistic freak in order to counter Mr former Secretary’s objections. Again, there was some vague resemblance to what had actually happened, i.e. that the Russians needed me to conform to Mr B’s false profile of me in order to counter the French’s objection. In other words, my wrong scenario qualified for the moment as a “different version”.

3 626-281-3383, and 1000 Garfield Ave.

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throughout (1:10:00). I got on the bus again on 1:14:00 and played more of MIA. When a Hispanic man started talking next to my ear, I got extremely angry and hummed loudly (2:00:00). I then told him not to talk too loud. I got off the bus very angry. I realized: “I need to learn to change my perspective on recording things.” Precisely! It was all in my mind! I came to Tzu Chi’s clinic on 2:13:00. There was no psychiatrist here, the receptionist told me. I explained that the consulate had referred me here. I couldn’t even explain to her what I needed. She then explained where Tzu Chi’s headquarters was. I left very disappointed on 2:26:00. I ran through the streets in pain and humming loudly. I got on the bus on 2:38:00 and hummed loudly and then played MIA’s “Kreisel” to cover up other people’s noise. I mumbled more about how disgusting Hispanics were. After I got off the bus on 3:24:00, I produced another monologue on how God created us all – my desperate attempt to convince the judges and the Macrospherians. Living in fantasy land! I bought a new phone card, got on the bus to go back to UCLA, and played MIA’s “Kreisel” loudly again. Then Silbermond. Then, I continued to work on my New Letter of Petition. At one point I cursed a child who made noises near me (3:48:20). Soon, children’s noises filled up the whole bus. I got off the bus on 4:33:00 wanting so much to kill the children on the bus. I murmured: “I’m about to give up, to kill that child and forget about writing my story” (4:34:20). I continued my wrong scenario: “It is Mr Chertoff who is directing the show.” I kicked things here and there while I walked. “We are happy that America has lost so much by putting him in office!” (4:37:00) Ha! Not! Then: “He’s winning even when he’s in jail! Mr Chertoff continues to waste Americans’ money because he has created a big department that continues to exist, and this department has no real function...” (4:41:00). Well, that’s sort of true. Then: “Mr Chertoff, the money his wife and children are making, all this should go to me...” Then: “America spends all this money on imaginary threats.... Where does all this money come from? From China and Japan.... Our original idea is: anything that Mr Chertoff touches shall go down with him....” I was now in UCLA and filmed myself buying snacks from the vending machine: no snacks were available!

My next recording is: “wwes\_11\_18\_10\_713-846PM.WMA”: I prayed to my “Chertoff God”: “Please don’t make my computer malfunction...” Then, on 1:50, I called up Wes and was connected with him. “Another miserable day, murderous rage. The control center not only wanted me to hate the Pyramid, but also wanted me to harbor sexual aggression toward her at the same time, but I can’t have both at the same time...” Again, I was unknowingly feeding evidence to judge Higgins’ chamber. I continued: “I’m so tired, just thinking about how long I would have to be homeless... The rage I have been required to experience is so incredible... Do I have to hit someone? If I do, then what? Will I get out of this if that happens? How does this work? What’s the evidence they need? Just that I’m sick? Or that I’m sick and will injure people also?” Wes: “If you are harmful to yourself, will you end up in the hospital?” (6:00) Then a woman came over to ask me if I wanted a burrito. I explained to Wes: “This woman has just so angered me. I can’t stand the interruption. The conditioning is so successful. How do you explain this to a doctor? People don’t get provoked by this kind of things... Because of my computer, I can’t go to the hospital... When babies cried on the bus, it so angered me, I wanted to chop off the baby’s head...” Just then, somebody was laughing near me, and I explained to Wes: “See, I want to chop off this guy’s head too, the rage is so severe...” (9:00). I continued: “Those people who are provoking me are all actors... Then there are people behind them, they are inside the control center... Until you reach that piece of junk sitting in his jail cell...” (10:00). That is to say, Mr Chertoff. I continued: “And there are people I don’t want to piss off, these foreign government officials... What’s gonna happen with all the

money America owes to China and Japan?” Wes: “Yeah?” I continued: “Somebody needs to pay for my suffering, America is paying for it, but this is in fact not the case, for America merely borrows the money... America is like me, America doesn’t pay back the money it owes...” Wes: “You will just have to pay the interests... That’s how they make their money...” (12:00). I disagreed: “But this is not true. China and Japan do not lend money to the US in order to make money from the interests, but in order to keep their economy stable... So America is not paying for the operations on me... Other countries are paying for it... That’s why I don’t like this: irrelevant parties are paying for my torture... This year I have probably cost American tax-payers one billion dollars, and the last year one billion dollars too, so three billion dollars in total... This is not enough, since it is foreigners who are paying for it...” (15:00). Although my scenario about what was going on right now was all wrong, I was close to the truth when it came to numbers: I had cost the US government around two billion dollars! More: “What does America lose because of me?” Wes: “You cost me...” Me: “But I don’t want to cost you... At least America loses something... I’m so miserable, I have no home, and never will... Even though I have signed up for free housing, it won’t happen until the bitch shows up...” (18:00). More: “I’m really confused, not sure who to be angry with...” Wes: “Why do you need to be angry with someone?” Me: “Because the noises make me so angry... Usually I should be angry with the source of my discomfort, but that is...? I have to tell my secret.... That’s where the comfort is...” (19:30). More: “I need to explain to people the source of my insanity, for, how can someone be so insane and yet know so much? *Thus my audience have to be educated people*.... Stupid people are not trustworthy, they can’t distinguish left from right....” I was quite correct here: only *truly* educated people can understand, and take seriously, this story you are reading. Then: “The problem is that I need to use my computer, this inhibits me from getting into trouble...” (22:00). More: “I’m spending my entire day thinking about what’s going on inside the control center, I’m not paying attention to real life... My consciousness has become so different from ordinary people’s.... The politicians have become so powerful, so elevated above reality, because of these machines.... They are like Chinese emperors, ordinary people don’t even know what they look like...” (24:30). More: “You don’t know how enlightened they are... If they are, even if they don’t like me, they would assign to me a function for which I’m fit...” (26:50). Now I was being wrong! I somehow naively believed that the politicians from all countries were favorably disposed toward me when they either hated me or despised me or did not care about me at all. I continued: “They will really believe it’s all God’s will... But I find it dangerous to depend on one person... At what point will they break? The machines are dangerous...” More: “Other people see babies as precious entities, but I don’t see it that way.... They just eat, they are not aware of it even when you smash their brain...” Finally: “I have figured out how the mind-reading computer works...” (35:00). And so I described to Wes what I had earlier speculated about the mind-reading technology. “The Pentagon has developed better types... I must have imagined things in my mind better than other people can... My thoughts can be broken down into more components, and the images they see on the computer screen are clearer in my case than in other people’s...” I then talked about how the Monkey messed up the mind-reading computer. Then: “Whenever you dissect nature according to your common sense, you will always turn out to be wrong... How schizophrenia works is much more complex...” I then talked about the painstaking work in compiling a mind-reading dictionary. Now my speculation was quite on the mark here. I continued: “The fact that my brain is more versed at composing images is probably also the reason why it is so easily conditioned, so easily induced into rage...” *Wes then mentioned something about how they could predict my thoughts* (46:12). But I disagreed: “The chips inside my

brain only read my thoughts, the computer cannot predict them.” I wasn’t aware how wrong I was. Wes then asked me whether the chip in my brain was simply a “reader” or whether it could *control* me. I insisted that it was only a “reader” and continued: “After a year, the computer model of my mood structure is still not entirely accurate because of the difficulty in predicting my thoughts. They are not quite sure who I would be angry with, but only the fact that I would be angry...” Now I was totally wrong. Then Wes had to go to prepare for his presentation: how technology affected citizenry (from 51:00 onward). He explained the topics of the debate: whether the Internet counted as part of the public sphere; how the Internet polarized people; and how accountability was lacking when it came to Internet reporting. I then came back to the topic of why nations kept each other’s secrets. Wes began talking about how the elites were running nations from behind the scene, a “secret New World Order”. Wes: “If they want to make Bill Gate poor, they could do it in a few months.... It’s not about money, but about power. They are so clever that they have made people laugh at the idea of a ‘secret New World Order’.” I repeatedly asked Wes to repeat what he said because I couldn’t concentrate. Wes continued: “*You discredit the whole group by inserting a few fakes...*” Then I explained: “I couldn’t concentrate because you have scared me...” Wes told me not to worry, but I questioned: “Did you say what you mean or the opposite of what you mean? I still believe I would be fine if I can get out of this country... I’m afraid that other powerful people have been linked up with the trial... You have to know *something* in order to stay out of danger...” Wes however warned me: “*Sometimes knowledge of danger is dangerous....*” Then he comforted me: “Just don’t think about it, that’s the best thing you can do...” Because what Wes had just described about the world of the elites (a very common view among conspiracy theorists) so contradicted my erroneous scenario about how the world had come together through my International Court trial, I questioned him: “When you get out you get a new elite...” Wes emphatically denied this. I continued: “Unless all the elites have already come together to form a new elite...” Wes disputed this by citing the examples of the monarchs in Europe, how the elites had come together some 200 years ago. Wes continued: “The American Revolution changed Great Britain...” While I was talking about my erroneous conception about the conclusion of this International Court trial, Wes was talking about known historical facts. I was baffled by the disconnect between us and tried to correct him: “I said they came together in the last month...” *Wes insisted that I was erroneous.* He continued: “The way you control people is, you divide them up and make them fight each other...” I was annoyed: “I know that...” Finally, we hanged up on 1:17:00. I sat there quietly for a while.

We have to assume that, right after my birthday, the Invisible Hand had instructed Wes again about what to say to me today because it would seem that he was tonight implementing judge Higgins’ next step – forging the next piece of evidence to frame himself. Since my mixing a little truth with a vast amount of falsehoods was a conspiracy against judge Higgins – preventing any party from winning the trial and thus rigging it – I must again continue in my terrorist conspiracy but in a way that would benefit her. Now I was correct about having chips inside my head with the Monkey and intelligence officials being able to read my thoughts on their computer screen, and I had, perhaps per the Invisible Hand’s control, figured out a little how mind-reading worked – although I didn’t yet understand the whole story. To let me continue on my terrorist path but cause me to slightly change direction in order to enable judges Higgins to benefit from it, the Invisible Hand therefore instructed Wes today to begin enlightening me about the whole extent of the capabilities of the brain-chip system. This was to judge Higgins’ benefit because it was the next piece of evidence which the Invisible Hand would have to

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forge in order to convict himself of conspiring with me and provide her with more control over me as well as himself. Up until now there was evidence that the Invisible Hand was on the one hand going to make me meet, and obsess over, the Pyramid (in the way in which the tutor had manipulated Emile to fall in love with Sophia) and on the other getting ready to let the Pyramid and her father go inside the control center as the next step to rig the trial. The scenario was presumably that the Invisible Hand was able to use the mind-reading computer to predict that, if he could control me to become pessimistic and cut myself and so on, that would cause the Monkey to react negatively in this way and that way and prompt him to want to show his daughter “fake thoughts” on my part as a way to scare her. (You shall see presently what I mean here.) In order for me to continue to conspire with the CIA – in order for this scenario to become part of the conspiracy – I had to however understand that the mind-reading computer can predict my thoughts, and in fact control them, as well as read them. Then, when this mind-control mechanism had become part of my terrorist conspiracy against judge Higgins, there would be the further advantage that the judge computer would grant her the right to maintain total control over me: if the conspirators secretly maintained total control over me as a way to harm her, she should have the right to secretly maintain total control over me as a way to benefit herself. Other than continuing the conspiracy a little further, the Invisible Hand was thus following upon the previous evidence of the mentioning of *Emile*. He was continuing to try to procure for judge Higgins the judge computer’s authorization for her to completely control me like a robot to secretly accomplish her purpose without my, nor anyone else’s, knowing. Now because I didn’t yet know that the computer inside the control center could not only read my thoughts but also predict them and control them, the Invisible Hand thus instructed Wes to suggest “predicting my thoughts” and to ask me if they could “control my thoughts” hoping that I might realize this on my own. (Again, Wes had to be very careful pretending he was only going along with me (making suggestions and asking for clarifications) in order to help me look even crazier for fear that somebody like Mr Chertoff might cut in and listen in on the conversation.) But no! I couldn’t as yet comprehend just how powerful the mind-reading technology was. Instead, I was caught up in Wes’ conspiracy theory bullshit about a “new secret world order” – which he must have concocted on the spur of the moment to demonstrate that he was speaking to me purely out of his own design. The Invisible Hand would instruct him to try again to enlighten me in the coming days.

You must keep in mind that, because it was established that I was trying to hide my knowledge by mixing truth with falsehood, judge Higgins had the right to fish out from my speech only those few words that could serve as evidences for her case while excluding the rest as irrelevant. Thus, when the Invisible Hand submitted the interception of my conversation with Wes today to judge Higgins’ chamber, while she fished out my expectation for the Pyramid’s appearance as evidence in support of her case, she would exclude as irrelevant my wrong scenario about how people were actors sent in to provoke me and how the chain of command reached back to Mr Chertoff in a jail cell somewhere. But there is something here that is unclear. As you shall see, provoking me to become violent toward people while expecting me to be unable to do it would be an important piece of judge Higgins’ evidences later on, but not today. It’s therefore not clear to me whether my confession *today* about how much I wanted to hurt people would be transported to a future time to serve, *then*, as evidence of my conspiracy with the CIA.

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My next recording is: “ucltweet\_11\_18\_10\_852-1120PM.WMA”: I came back inside Ackerman and, while burning another disc, carefully noted down the anomalies in the burning process. (In reality, there was no manipulation of my disc-burning from the control center.) I then signed up an account at Twitter (55:00): “pushycart”. I then got on aktuell.ru to read some news about my Daughterland (1:19:30). I continued: “Would they really mind if a few experts know about it...?” (1:40:00) I then walked into Westwood Village, and, finding left-over food somewhere, ate it. On 2:17:30, the woman I spat on the other day came to confront me about the incident. I continued to assume erroneously that she was an actress sent in by the control center. A typical targeted individual! I then realized that the “Secret Society Family” (the Bush family) would not worry about my telling my story because no one would believe it and I would simply make myself look crazy. Ha!

### **November 19 (Friday; Wes; Dr Roach)**

My first recordings of the new day are: “wkwstwd\_11\_19\_10\_631-739AM.WMA” and “uclwrtlet\_11\_19\_10\_740-1054AM.WMA”: After waking up from my corner, I came to Starbucks. I reviewed the recording of my conversation with Wes yesterday. Then I wondered: “In 2007 when we came back from Taiwan... that episode might have to be repeated...” Then: “We can never escape the noises, we need to get out of this country...” Then I saw a girl holding a cellphone, which made me so angry that I wanted to chop her head off. Again, I was increasingly acquiring a killer instinct whether it was thanks to the conditioning from the control center or to my own effort. I came inside Ackerman very angry (1:05:00). Now there were too many people talking, and I finally broke down crying: “I don’t know what to do...” I ordered noodle and, after a while, sat down outside Ackerman and began writing. Soon people appeared: “They just have to come sit near me to provoke me, even though there are so many empty seats around.” Like a typical targeted individual. I began shouting loudly to cover up strangers’ noises. I hummed loudly when another Hispanic guy came near me to talk Spanish. I assumed again that he was an actor sent here to provoke me. Then, suddenly, my camcorder shut itself off. I was so angry that I began shouting and yelling. Somebody then complained about me. “Sorry, I have to cover up your noise!”

My next recording is: “uclwrtletcornr\_11\_19\_10\_1055-144PM.WMA”: I continued to hum loudly while walking away. I thought about how to explain all this to people: “How they send children and Hispanics to us, how we want to kill children... How we have developed rage toward Hispanic people’s noises... This psychological disorder. We need to get out of this country...” Sonophobia, Misopedia, and Hispanophobia! Then: “The bitch doesn’t need to show up, and, if she does, it’s a bottle of urine in her face... Mr Chertoff makes these dumb arguments, he wants to elicit counter arguments from the prosecuting team because these will drive us insane... He is a master conspirator in the prosecution of himself, because he doesn’t care, because he is bound to lose...” Wrong! Again, I was supposedly developing my “different version”. I sat down somewhere in UCLA and began filming this guy: “Is he conducting surveillance on me or is he acting?” (21:00) I then called up a certain “Dr Lin” on 26:00. Again, I continued to look for a therapist. Her secretary answered the call, and I requested an appointment. She told me Dr Lin was in Taiwan right now. I obtained her email address and phone number and hanged up (32:00). Then I got paranoid again: “It’s a trick, the purpose is to carry the alert to Taiwan... They really don’t want you to tell, or you will be discredited, everyone is protecting Mr

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Chertoff. He is the main benefactor. Taiwan is probably still stuck in the Microsphere. This is PM's plan: people who were not originally involved are released onto the Macrosphere, people who *were* involved are stuck in the Microsphere. They will let us be institutionalized, for they can't label us 'insane' if we are just roaming the streets..." Then: "Remember Mr Chertoff: the more allies he found to save him, the more people he dragged down the waters with him, but he didn't care..." I was then buying coffee from the vending machine (53:00). I broke down crying when I spilled coffee all over myself (56:00). More frustration! More money wasted! I then concluded erroneously: "All these prosecutors inside the courthouse, in order to prevent Mr Chertoff from taking command of them, are effectively following his commands in any case..." Then I panicked: "We are losing the ability to seek help... We couldn't find it... We are doomed..."

My next recording is: "edlmandrrblkkdsnoise\_11\_19\_10\_144-454PM.WMA": I continued to reflect while walking away from UCLA: "It's not just that we can't save money, we are actually losing money, we don't know where things have gone. We have sacrificed everything in order to do our writing. So much resources have been spent to disable us... Mr Chertoff has wasted so much resources for his ego..." Then, I hummed to cover up other people's noises. I needed to go to Edelman because today was my first appointment with this "Dr Roach". But I missed the Culver City bus. I promptly filmed it. Again: "This is a requirement!" (16:00) As if this were orchestrated from the control center! Then, for a while, I had difficulty in finding my USB cable. Then it appeared that I had lost 15 dollars in my phone card. More frustration! More money lost! I was finally on the bus on 27:00. I prayed to the control center: "PM, if anybody else were the evidence, you would be doomed... But we need to be paid... 400 dollars for the lawsuit, 600 dollars to go to Washington DC.... *Getting duped is also our job*, so we should be paid, we have been paid a fixed amount to do this job, but there is too much extra work... If PM is so fair, he would pay us back, our lawsuit... We have spent more than 2,000 dollars on things which we wouldn't otherwise have to purchase if we just ignored the whole thing..." It's not clear whether my understanding that I was being constantly duped was taken into evidence in judge Higgins' chamber. When I came inside the 711 across the street from Edelman, I bragged to myself: "*Extinction level event is averted thanks to me*, and yet they just forget about me." I then bragged to the cashier: "If it weren't for me, you won't even know where your children will be, and you make fun of me... Every one of you should donate two pennies to me to express your gratitude for the wonderful things I have done for you, that should be made into international law." This is important because, per accident, I had begun speaking something about judge Higgins' program. I bought food and, when I was eating outside, continued my worthless speculation: "Although DGHTRLND couldn't admit they have saved the world, they do get the benefits secretly, we are the last ones.... We don't see why babies' lives should be more valued than adults' when adults actually suffer more... PM, why did God create me?..."

I came inside Edelman and was in session with Dr Roach from 1:53:00 onward. I explained how miserable I was, how I needed to get out of this country. "To return to Taiwan... My psychological disorder... I would get angry just by seeing people... Just by hearing their noises... And the sounds of babies..." Dr Roach: "What if there is a baby crying in Taiwan?" I explained how I had no time to write, how I had to videotape myself writing, how I needed to have a home, how I had developed phobia toward Hispanic people and hatred toward babies. Dr Roach suddenly asked me: "Do people spy on you or hack your computers?" I fell silent. Dr Roach continued: "Are you hearing any voices?"



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Do they give you messages through your computers or TV?” I got increasingly angry because it was evident that Dr Roach was suspecting that I suffered from schizophrenia. Calling him or her “crazy” is always the worse thing you can do to a targeted individual. Without responding to her questions, I simply kept on telling her my problem: “I can’t be homeless anymore, I suffer too much rage, all because I can’t avoid the noises....” Dr Roach: “How about I prescribe some medication for you? Risperdal.... It can control the rage...” I was alarmed: “I don’t want this medication....” Finally Dr Roach prescribed Zyprexa (2:13:00). I continued: “This is really not helping! My problem is one-of-a-kind. People are trying to get me arrested, trying to make my recordings illegal. The problem is money, so that I can get treatment and so on. I hate people because they disrupt my activities... The real help is a lot of cash...” What I said was of course completely correct: nothing helps like a bundle of cash! Dr Roach then got me to meet with “Jason” who was going to be my new case worker. I was so angry, about to break down, mumbling: “Only more homelessness to look forward to...” I left Edelman while continuing to mumble: “... to make us look schizophrenic, *you pass messages to us in order to make us believe you are passing messages to us*, isn’t that ‘passing messages’? About schizophrenia...” When I got on the bus, I continued to hum loudly. A group of black kids then got on the bus talking and laughing so loudly that I just couldn’t cover up their noises. The bus driver scolded me for humming. I was so angry that I yelled at these black kids: “Shut up!” (2:43:00) I then called them “fucking garbage” before I got off the bus at UCLA. Again, I mistook such ordinary unpleasant experience for “targeting” directed from the control center. I thus speculated wrongly: “Mr Chertoff must be *right now* objecting that his profile of me as a racist is correct... Does his profile have to be proven false in every respect? If he says I have two eyes, do you have to gouge out my eyes?” I walked into CVS Pharmacy to put in Dr Roach’s prescription, and somehow the alarm went off (2:55:10). Then, surprisingly, Dr Lin called me from Taiwan (3:01:00). She did not accept Medi-Cal, and the first session was 150 dollars, afterward 75 dollars per hour. That’s the end of my dealing with Dr Lin. I continued: “There is a conspiracy to make me hate this country, and to keep me in this country. Just seeing people’s face makes me want to kill them...”

My next recording is: “11\_19\_10\_-925PM.WMA” (... 5-925PM...): And so I cut myself to release the anger – and I of course took care to film it. As I was moaning, somebody came over to ask me: “Do you need help? Do you need an Ambulance?” I replied angrily: “What? You think I don’t know how to call an ambulance myself? You fucking hypocrite!” She went away. I then suddenly made a suggestion to the “prosecuting team”: “Don’t argue with Mr Chertoff, let him take command of you, it’s only in the Microsphere...” Then, strangely, a black guy came over to ask me: “How much does your laptop cost...?” Given his bizarre question, I assumed he was an actor sent in from the control center and so ignored him. Then a child appeared and shouted. I was so angered that I murmured repeatedly how I wanted to kill him. I decided to cut myself again to calm my aggression. I then speculated: “Maybe Mr Chertoff has just made another argument, ‘Oh, he only dislikes baby noises when they come from Hispanics and blacks’, and that’s why the prosecuting team sent in this kid as proof that I hate children’s noises no matter what race and what language...” Bullshit! I continued: “We want to kill that child so much... How did this come about?” I then filmed two French pyramids in the distance. Then: “Why is he obeying the laws? It must be because he has a chip inside his body forcing him to obey the laws.... Mr Chertoff is watching us at every moment... The real Russians must have said to the Microspherians, ‘Keep doing what you have been doing’, hence the prosecuting team sent the black

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kids onto the bus to provoke us, it's all planned out...." By this time I had come to the pharmacy to pick up my medication, but the pharmacist told me my Medi-Cal didn't cover the medicine in question. "Whatever, I don't care...." I was still angry, and so kicked over a supermarket cart I found on the street. I then filmed myself standing in the middle of the street to provoke drivers. Then: "Nothing is going to happen for a long time to come, there is no recruitment... Given the illness we have, we will continue to have so much rage, and we will kill our companions when recruited for any operation..." Then I came up with the stupid idea of forfeiting my US citizenship and getting deported as a way to leave America without cost. "We'll go to the Taiwanese consulate tomorrow to ask about it... Then we can be deported..." But then I had my doubts: "But now even in Taiwan all the machines are centralized..." I then came back inside Ackerman to use the payphone (50:00). I noticed a guy wearing earphones hanging around me, and I instantly wanted to kill him. I broke down crying and left a message for Dr Roach to inform her that the medication she had prescribed was not covered by Medi-Cal.

Then I called up Wes on my own phone and was connected with him on 56:00. "I'm going completely insane, the continual stream of unpleasant experiences... I have developed this rage toward people, it's all because I see them here, I need to move out of this country... The only way to move out of this country without money is to forfeit my citizenship; it's just that the Taiwanese passport is not widely accepted around the world... I'm driven so insane by the thought that I'll have to be homeless for the rest of my life, and the noises..." I cried. "But I have realized that nobody is going to care if I talk about my experience, it's simply too bizarre..." Wes emphasized the 2.5 billion dollars. I kept rambling about the chips inside people's brains and the mechanization of my environment completely unaware that I was speaking nonsense. Wes: "Atlantis, Big Foot..." I continued: "What drives me insane is just homelessness..." Wes suggested using ear plugs. Me: "The problem is that I have to record myself, and when people see me recording myself, they will come over to shout into my recorder; if I have a home, I'll just stay there... That's the problem... When people do that, I want to chop their head off... That's how I have come to hate all the people in this country..." Just then, people showed up, and I hummed loudly (1:10:00). I continued: "I need to get out of this country... I shall never come back, it is such a hell..." Just then, more people walked past, and I filmed them. Then: "Going to Taiwan might not be a good idea, the whole system might move to Taiwan.... The most important thing is to have a place to live in... And people in Taiwan have better attitude... What am I gonna do? I have no money left... I have lost 4,000 dollars in the past two years... *The whole planet owes me an apology, so many people's lives are spared because of this court case, but they don't even know about it...* I'm running out of places on my arm to cut on..." Wes said he was coming back to California on the 20<sup>th</sup> of next month. "The problem is that I need to maintain my aspiration, I need to use electrical outlets... I lost my telephone card... When you want to do something with your life, you'll need a home, that's how I have provided them with opportunities to drive me insane..." I then mentioned my emails to him. We hanged up on 1:21:00. It seems that Wes had received no instruction as to what to say to me since yesterday. Nothing in particular today.

I kept talking to myself: "Maybe we need to stay homeless in order to prove Mr Chertoff wrong, that we don't actually enjoy being homeless. I then reflected on what was wrong with the Christian home. Then I was upset again because children were everywhere! I kept walking: "God I hate this country so

much...” Finally, I settled down in a quiet corner somewhere and began compiling the ISO image for my next DVD. Then, just when I started working, a truck was coming. I hummed loudly, and moved away again: “Just when you find a place where notbody is around...” Like a typical targeted individual! I then found another place inside UCLA, and mumbled angrily: “I don’t want to sit near anyone....” Then, more children showed up, and I hummed, and still more children showed up. I mumbled angrily: “This is a big kindergarten, we shouldn’t have showered....” I went inside Ackerman to use the public computer. I wrote an email to somebody asking about the Yoga class I saw days ago.<sup>4</sup> Due to continual noises, I played MIA loudly on my netbook. I then checked out the webpage of Dr Marsha Linehan believing that the prosecuting team had hired her and invited her to the control center to work on me. (Ha! As you shall see, I would very much elaborate on this false scenario in the coming days.) I then asked a stranger how to use Twitter. I then went to get coffee from the vending machine on 3:24:00. I sighed: “We can’t really go anywhere, what about our stuff? Unless we know our stuff will be safe and we’ll get paid... It’s fine to be institutionalized... I hope I’m not wasting my time, getting help should be part of the ‘script’...”

My next recording is: “11\_19\_10\_-1137PM.WMA”: I came back inside Ackerman to do more writing. At one point, the control center hurt my left side. I kept humming from time to time to cover up other people’s noises, but it was generally a peaceful night. But, on 11 PM, the student assistant suddenly came in to announce loudly that the building was closed. I was instantly angered: “We don’t want other people’s noises!” (1:34:00) As she continued to yell, I hummed loudly to cover up her voice. While I was walking away from Ackerman, I continued: “We need to focus on the control room, that’s the real reality; now, in order to focus on reality, you have to go insane...” Then I sighed: “The problem is that, no matter how much you ache, you just won’t die... Treatment is being withheld from us...” I came to my usual corner in Westwood Village getting ready to sleep. I continued: “Mr Chertoff is winning. He’s winning because of the way the system is set up... He has command over the whole system... He has discovered that, if he goes on the defensive, if he is sitting in a jail cell, he actually has more power... *That’s why the script includes a ‘leaker’ to leak information to us*, for this is the only way to beat him, to make it into a conspiracy....” All the wrong scenario! But could I have done something good to myself by believing somebody was supposed to leak information to me?

My next recording is: “ucl\_11\_19\_10\_1142-1157PM.WMA”: More worthless reflection: “Pain will make people go insane, happiness never will. There is no such thing as ‘true masochism’. These Siloviki really don’t want us to figure things out, that’s why, whenever we figure out something, they will beat us... They are really testing us... The only way a person will be willing to endure the torture is

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4 This is an irrelevant event which I have not dwelt upon. The email was to “valindac49\_at\_hotmail.com”: “I want to ask you a question about the White Tantric Yoga that took place on Nov 13 in UCLA. I found it on thatsfit.com or something like that, and I followed the link to your profile at twitter, and then to your website. Do you know anything about that event on Nov 13? A woman there told me she has a brother that has a condition very similar to mine. I am severely disabled, and I was in a fit at the time and so wasn’t able to answer her. I don’t know who that is, and I wonder if you would know who the woman is. For I’m bankrupt and homeless by myself everyday and completely consumed by my condition without the ability to get help. I just wonder if that woman would know where to get help or if she can get to know about my condition. I like yoga too, very much. I’m talking about the woman who offered me an apple and an orange in UCLA that day. I hope she would forgive me for being in a fit and throwing the apple away because I’m seriously disabled. But I’m so alone and need someone who could understand my condition.”

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if he is looking forward to greater pleasure at the end of the process, i.e. to join them... Mommy ensures your loyalty by making you love them so much... When these Siloviki recruit a young person in their own country, they would have to show the candy first, and only then beat the shit out of him... The recruit will only pass the test when the pleasure of serving his country is so great, and so it's not about reputation, since you can't tell anybody what you did in any case... It's a test about patriotism.... Mommy is more like a corporation, they are motivated by narcissism... The SVR on the other hand operates on the basis of patriotism..." Complete nonsense!

### **November 20 (Saturday; "different version" near completion)**

My first recording of the new day is: "11\_20\_10\_to\_703AM.WMA": I woke up on 6:19:00. I bought chocolate chip cookies in the doughnut shop. I then began my worthless speculation: how the "goal" was to *get my website banned and my writing suppressed as evidences*. I then reflected on the FBI investigation I went through in 2005.

My next recording is: "11\_20\_10\_to\_742AM.WMA": I continued my worthless speculation: "Who is the LAPD chief? He must have gone inside the control center too... That means that Mr Chertoff didn't eliminate all my records at the FBI... There must be some legal reasons why he couldn't..." Then: "Mommy is getting a complete make-over, they will never be the same again..." All bullshit! I was then thinking about watching the "Mommy movie". Then: "PM wants to build a solid case, he wants several justifications to back up each one point..." Then: "There is no such thing as confidentiality for us, our thoughts are being read..." This is because I was wasting my time thinking about the legality of my recordings, to what extent they could be used as evidences in the ICJ. I then came inside Ackerman.

My next recording is: "11\_20\_10\_to\_836AM.WMA": I got on Ackerman's computer and looked up the LAPD chief. It was Charlie Beck. "He also graduated from Cal State Long Beach, he is my school mate!" And my left side hurt. More bullshit: "All these people inside the secret societies, do they care about the common people?..." Then about all the neocons who had double citizenship. My left finger hurt. More: "Computers are as important to us as they are to Stephen Hawking given our disability..." And my left knee hurt.

My next recording is: "11\_20\_10\_to\_952AM.WMA": I then resumed writing my letter of petition in Ackerman while reviewing my recordings: "The official story... the Agency found this autistic boy... After it convicted the Russian intelligence, it decided to make use of this autistic kid in order to conduct a sting operation on Mr former Secretary..." Again, according to Judge Higgins' evidence, I was developing my "different version". I hummed occasionally to cover up other people's noises. When I was ready to leave, my right toe hurt tremendously.

My next recording is: "11\_20\_10\_952AM-404PM.WMA": I came downstairs to the TV lounge, but there were no TV shows. I continued: "Our life is dictated by the locations of electrical outlets..." I went out and got coffee from the vending machine. More: "When you get to Taiwan, make sure you have income, don't burn the bridge unless it is certain that it is of no more use..." Then: "*These judges, strange judges, and they judge what? Judge my ass...*" Then about Mr Chertoff: "How could this guy

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be a judge when he likes to break the laws so much? ... Doesn't he have a brother? Antisocial personality disorder... That's why he lies so much... Other people lie for convenience, and, when they are caught, they feel embarrassed, but, in his case, when he gets caught, he gets pissed off: how dare people not believe his lies!... How could he have children? Why would his wife marry him? It's all about ideological extremism... These neocons, they have a lot of hatred in their eyes, they are very disappointed in humanity, and, on top of that, they have too much testosterone in their body... The problem is that they don't know they don't quite understand philosophy..." I was not only full of wrong scenarios about what had happened with the ICJ trial, but also didn't have any good understanding of neoconservatism. Only years later would I come to appreciate how deep neoconservatism and Straussianism were by reading Leo Strauss and Rousseau and Machiavelli and Harvey Mansfield and so on. When I came inside the elevator, it was not moving, and I panicked. I would note down in my diary that the elevator malfunctioned on 11 AM. I then got on the bus to go to OPCC. When the bus was about to arrive in the Promenade, the bus driver braked hard. I was standing up at the time, and my "pushy cart" smashed into the seats and knocked one of its wheels off. I was terrified. When I got off the bus on 1:34:00, I cried so hard and was so upset about my broken cart that I had to film myself crying and moaning while examining the broken wheel. I pushed my broken cart to OPCC, moaning and panting and crying all the way. I arrived at OPCC on 1:48:00 yelling: "Where is lunch?" The OPCC personnel said the schedule was different on Saturday. I cried and screamed hysterically. Finally the personnel promised me some food (1:55:00). I left while humming. I got on the bus and came back to UCLA (3:22:00). While resting, I continued my worthless speculation: "Even when the evidences are replaced, they are still stored somewhere, the truth is somewhere, so what are they worried about?" Soon, children showed up, and I hummed. I continued: "In this official story, Mr Chertoff has simply got duped into signing up for this conspiracy law... That's the official story: *even though this guy is autistic, he likes infinity...*" Then my left side hurt when I took notice of another "golden pyramid" walking past. And my left side hurt continually. I came to Ackerman's bookstore to browse the old books on sale. I browsed through a book on Spinoza (4:00:00): "... sin and repentance..." And my right side hurt (4:10:00) The control center continued to send pain signals to me to confuse me. Then I picked up another book, *Switching To MAC*: "Oh, Quick Time..." Then, *Windows 7 Inside Out*: Windows, HKEY.... I even took notes. After reading, I hummed continually. More incorrect speculation: "We are purposely given computers with a cursor with very fluid movement because the computer in the control center has picked up the fact that we like squares and triangles..." I had again grossly exaggerated the control center's actions. Then I rambled about Boss Cheney's Total Information Awareness program. Then: "We will install a huge server, load up all our recordings there, and install SQL..." Then more of my wrong scenarios: "There is a chip inside the bus driver's head... Obama told him to obey... Everybody knows something, this is a big computerized theater..." Complete bullshit! Then: "Mr Chertoff was not very smart, when he was desperate, he didn't care, he would invite France and Germany to join him, thus dragging everyone down the waters with him, he isn't very smart, but rather obtuse..." Then more worthless reflection on the assassination of Princess Diana: "It's about the mines..."

My next recordings are: "11\_20\_10\_405-455PM.WMA" and "ucl\_11\_20\_10\_505-905PM.WMA": I then grabbed a seat in Ackerman and began reviewing my latest videos. I then wandered around Ackerman while continuing my commentary to myself. And my right toes hurt. I came to the TV

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lounge around 27:00 (in the second recording). And there were children on TV! I started burning a new disc. The Japanese channel was broadcasting a program about cults (邪教). My attention was all captured – believing erroneously that it might be a “metaphor” from the control center: had this something to do with Raissa? While walking away, I continued: “We don’t like this ‘cult stuff’....” I got on Ackerman’s computer station and continued: “If people *here* think the cults are weird, cults like Hare Krishna, wouldn’t they *over there* think they are really weird, over there in Moscow?” I then did a search for Julie Delpy, the actress in “White”. Then: “We need to develop extremely violent temper.... Why do we have to have extremely violent temper?.... That’s what they are doing, *they are taking up the Monkey’s profile*... He put things together that are not even related.... We have never heard of an autistic kid with extremely violent temperament...” I was getting closer to the truth – the core of my “different version” which was almost true: I had to want to kill people in order to conform to some profile that said I was both autistic and a danger to people. Then: “Mr Chertoff made an argument about the mind-reading computer... What argument could he have made?... We felt such anger... Everything is broken, nothing is working...” Then: “What arguments did Mr Chertoff make? Maybe the Polish president... he died on April 10... It doesn’t matter if Mr Chertoff wins, it’s just the Microsphere... It’s like what Wes has said: ‘The Daughter People will be so jeopardized’... So what? It’s just a show... We will just wait for the fucking thing to be over...” All the wrong scenarios! But materials on which I would construct my “different version”. Then I was troubled by doubts again: “That’s a big gamble! You assume that you have guessed it correctly...” Indeed I had guessed it all wrong! Then I dispelled my own doubt: “The game is set up in such a way that he is doomed... When we are in murderous rage we are not autistic, and when we are autistic we are not murderous... It’s all because Mr B is an idiot that he has put together unrelated things... We don’t really care, it’s not our fault... Besides, Mr Chertoff is not going to take command of anything useful... Mr B has made a mess and everybody has to clean up after him...” Again, I was developing my “different version” which bore strange resemblance to the truth. Then I walked out and, angry, kicked over tables and chairs. Then: “... If Mr Chertoff did get out, it’s just his pretending to get out, PM is not that stupid... The prosecuting team would continue to try to verify the profile in order to avoid Mr Chertoff taking command of them, they would put in this part and mix it with that part... so that in the end the profile will look like a real person... Or just give up and let him take command of you, what difference does it make? One thing we have guessed right is that Mr Chertoff is not getting out...” That’s precisely where I had guessed wrong! Then: “What happened in March.. That part will have to be replaced... The Monkey’s false profile has to be confirmed... That part is now included in the first round... He’s a very stupid man... and then everyone has to align with him... And that’s why DGHTR was very upset...” Although I had guessed wrong, you can see that the outline of my “different version” was coming close to completion: the reality was that the Daughter People had had to confirm the Monkey’s profile in order to prevent the French from taking command of them, but I distorted this into the prosecuting team’s trying to confirm the profile in order to prevent Mr Chertoff from taking command of them. I then came to another table to continue to work. Then I thought I got it: “We have to hate the Daughter People because that’s the Monkey’s profile...”

My next recording is: “uclangrywrt\_11\_20\_10\_905-1046PM.WMA”: I continued to develop my “different version”: how DGHTRCOM had had to confirm that the Monkey’s profile was correct and how everyone had had to push out DGHTR. “Then Mr Chertoff demanded that everyone keep it a

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secret from me because, if I knew about it, he wouldn't be able to get out... The idea of the second run originated in February, but, after the machine was screwed up, they had to re-run it... with a new script that included Mr B's false profile... That's why everything has to be so ugly... I don't give a shit whether they will succeed..." Then, after a while, I continued: "The Daughter People are surprised: we will flip just because they cause our computer to malfunction... In fact we will kill our parents for it..." Then I saw a flier: "Get out of Hell for free... Jesus Christ..." I filmed it – as if this might be a secret message! I looked truly like a schizophrenic! Then: "Maybe all this Buddhism has something to do with what we said on the train..." Then I resumed writing "Schizophrenic, Part III". I was now writing about Enkel's arrest. Then I continued to elaborate my "different version" on my New Letter of Petition: "The pair-up with the Pyramid should have been part of the second run, but after Mr B's meddling, the prosecuting team... would have to append the failed pair-up onto the first round... and then begin the second round anew in May, with a new profile of me, namely Mr B's false profile of me, so that the alteration of the setting of the mind-reading machine...."

### **November 21 (Sunday; Wes: "That's Impossible"; "It has to be your fault")**

My first recording of the new day is: "slpwstwdwkangrgdlt\_11\_21\_10\_612-928AM.WMA": I was awake from 39:00 onward. Then, from 1:03:00, while still lying around, I started my reflection: "... there is a deadline... presumably he will do as much as... before the deadline... *he almost sank the Daughter People*... that's his strategy... to eliminate as much evidence as possible... so that the next trial... We are gonna get a girlfriend before the whole thing is over.... Now we have a conspiracy to eliminate evidences.... The girlfriend... does it have to be the Pyramid?..." I got up on 1:16:00 and continued a little more: "... the Pyramid will show up... Mr Chertoff would be transferred to the next trial... it would be the same evidences...". I then filmed myself when my shoelaces got entangled up with my cart: "... We have lost the ability to function..." (1:34:00). I then came inside Burger King to have my breakfast. When a bunch of Hispanic children came in with their mother and began shouting, I experienced such enormous rage that I ran out in order to avoid attacking them. As I walked toward the UCLA campus, I mumbled in anger: "We are going to break... An Asian bitch just showed up in front of us and we want to fucking kill her... Hmm... Hmm..." I moaned continually out of the pain I experienced from holding in my anger.

Now, today was Wes' birthday. I called up Wes, and he answered the call (2:45:00). "Happy birthday! You are so lucky to have a home," I said. Wes immediately told me about a documentary he had just seen, "That's impossible", which described how a chip was inserted into a person's brain, first to enable his thoughts to be read, and then to enable his mind to be controlled. I told Wes about what had just happened in Burger King, how I really wanted to kill these children the next time their parents should bring them near me (2:47:45). "I couldn't stand the shrieking voice from these little creatures," I explained angrily. "I really want to kill these little fucking things!" "Well, Don't, don't. They will throw you in jail for the rest of your life," Wes intervened. "That's why I need to get out of this fucking country, you know, because I cannot get any treatment, and I cannot have a home," I said bitterly. I continued, biting my teeth: "The rage is just so... so severe, you know. I just want to smash these fucking things that are next to me!" "You've got to control yourself," Wes said. "It's not thoughts, it's rage... And the incredible amount of rage..." (2:48:47). I added: "Someone is obviously sending these

little things to me to provoke me...” Wrong! Nothing was orchestrated! I had simply trained myself, or been trained by the control center, to experience things the way I did. Wes: “Why can’t you just ignore it?” “I can’t...” “You mean using ear plugs?” “No,” Wes explained: “Use your mind.” “No... It’s uncontrollable...” Wes suggested: “Why don’t you break something?” I then told Wes about my plan to go to the Taiwanese consulate to forfeit my US citizenship: “At least in Taiwan there aren’t any Hispanic people... For only Hispanic people are this worthless, who couldn’t conceive of anything else to do than reproducing, reproducing, and reproducing...” (2:50:20). Wes suggested that I get out of Los Angeles. “Where? In San Francisco there are a lot of Hispanic people too, and the same with Nevada...” “Montana,” Wes said. He explained that Montana had a tiny population and that things were incredibly inexpensive there. “Isn’t it very cold there? And I’m homeless...” Suddenly, Wes told me to hold for a second (2:51:35). Then, I continued: “The only place where I would be willing to freeze to death is Albany” (2:52:30). Wes suddenly said: “There has got to be a town, like in Nevada, where there are very few people around...” But I explained how I feared sleeping on the streets in unfamiliar cities. Suddenly, Wes wanted to switch phone for a second time (2:53:20). Then he suggested: “Maybe the first thing you should do is get money... Can you beg?” He suggested that I recycle bottles and cans like the other homeless people did (2:54:20). I was incensed: “You would have to recycle 100,000 bottles just to get a train ticket.” “20 bucks?” Wes asked. I got annoyed: “I don’t have money on this phone, so I am not going to talk about ideas which I am not going to implement” (2:54:40). Wes then told me about the specialized trash cans where people kept recyclable bottles. “I can’t go very far right now, because the wheels on my ‘pushy cart’ are broken...” Wes suggested Arizona. “A little town called...” Finally Wes suggested Davis (2:56:00). “Davis has homeless people!” Just then, my left hand hurt. *Then Wes told me not to follow the bodily pain signals.* “Follow your own mind,” he said (2:57:28). He was quite right: he knew that these pain signals in fact meant nothing. Finally, I concluded: “If I go to Nevada, I can waste a vast amount of government’s money” (2:58:30). Wes: “For the time being, these are the options.” Just then, siren across the street (3:00:37). Wes then told me about the complication of his check. Then I suggested: “I think what is going on is that something bad needs to happen to me!” “Yeah, but it has to be *your* fault,” Wes hinted (3:05:17). This hint was essential! “I have to harass some female and then get... get... a citation from the police,” I said. “*They want you to say that you are a dangerous person,*” Wes tried to enlighten me (3:05:38). “Right now they can only say that you are homeless.” “That is the point, you know, that’s why they are trying to provoke me, they want me to kill one of these fucking children.” Wes then mentioned something else about the operation to provoke me. We then tried to decide which was the lesser evil, harassing females or hitting children. I might as well, I said, go to a university and harass some female in order to get this over and done with. Killing children would result in getting myself beaten up and then thrown in jail, whereas harassing females would only result in a restraining order at most, not even jail time, Wes emphasized. “Unless you choose to break the restraining order.” I responded that *they had figured out how law-abiding I was* in that, when I got banned from a library, I would really stop going there in order to protect my computer (3:08:10). Therefore I could not be expected to break a restraining order, so that their goal could only be to get me written up somewhere. “Yeah exactly, they want to make it look legitimate... They want you to give them a legitimate reason to put you behind bars...” (3:08:35). Wes then continued on about how harassing females was preferable to beating up children, how the latter option would land me in jail. So the only place, he said, would be either Montana where it was not good for children or a university town (3:09:15). “Okay, after all that I could then go to Taiwan,” I



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said. “Yeah,” Wes concurred. “But there are children in Taiwan,” Wes added. “But the goal is to have a home, right? Because then you can just stay home and it wouldn’t matter what’s around.” Then I suddenly noted that a “golden pyramid” was standing in front of me with a dog. As if that meant something! Then I returned to the subject matter at hand: “The important thing is that it has to look like it’s my own fault, and that’s why I am getting provoked” (3:10:24). “*You are going to prevent that,*” Wes said. *But I should not prevent that,* for they are not going to give up unless they can get what they want: that’s my reasoning. Wes however responded something to the effect that I could only prolong things... My phone then ran out of money and so I wished Wes a happy birthday. Our conversation ends on 3:11:26.

Now this conversation was very important – if only I could understand the full significance back then. It appears that yesterday Wes had received another instruction from the Invisible Hand about what to say to me next. (1) Wes was instructed to try again to enlighten me about the capabilities of the brain-chip system. Although the conspiracy about the brain-chip system was first communicated to me on the 18<sup>th</sup>, more had to come. This time, the CIA wanted to communicate to me the fact that the chips inside my brain had not only enabled the computer inside the control center to read (and predict) my thoughts, but also to control me like a robot – even without my knowing. As you have seen, both the French and the Daughter People had controlled me earlier last month to get into situations which would result in evidences with which they could erase this ICJ trial. Since the scenario was that the Invisible Hand had controlled me, without my knowing, to provoke the Pyramid and her father – in just the way in which the French and the Daughter People had controlled me – Judge Higgins needed this remote control to also become a piece of knowledge in my head so that the conspiracy to rig the trial could be further established and she could be further compensated with the complete control over me for the sake of realizing her program. Again, per her wish, the Invisible Hand must hide this from Mr Chertoff and the Boss and so on by actively deceiving them. He must have told Mr Chertoff that, to make me look even crazier, he was now going to instruct Wes to communicate *something true* to me, i.e. the capabilities of the chips planted inside my brain. Once I knew this and believed this, I would go around telling people “I’m being remotely controlled through the chips planted inside my brain” and look even crazier – even though, this time, I was telling the truth (i.e. my scenario was in fact correct). It seems almost as if the Invisible Hand had adopted my erroneous scenario about DGHTR’s “post-structuralist approach”, namely, creating a secret agent that hides secrets by spilling them. In reality, as already noted, this was a tactic which the CIA and the Pentagon had already used countless times. Now Mr Chertoff would of course think this was a great idea and would be totally pleased in the coming days when I finally came to believe I was being remotely controlled and incorporate this idea into my understanding of myself. For him, I was merely made to continue on my path (“let the suspect finish his mission”) since I already knew something about the chips inside my brain and Wes was merely adding something to my knowledge: the Invisible Hand seemed to him to be merely exploiting this rule as a way to fulfill his grandest wish. As you shall see, the Invisible Hand would spend the next two and a half weeks trying strenuously to convince me that I was being remotely controlled, either by controlling me in a blatant manner so that I would notice it or by instructing Wes to convince me. This would be a big project on the Agency’s part – and why? Just so that I could look crazy? It would completely escape Mr Chertoff’s notice that, by my knowing this and believing this, judge Higgins could further establish the CIA’s conspiracy with me to rig the trial and destroy her program and obtain more justification to secretly

continue the trial indefinitely. But, then, since I was recording my conversations, the Invisible Hand instructed Wes to watch the relevant episode of “That’s Impossible” yesterday and to tell me about it today in order to make it appear as if he was only going along with me in our idle chat and suggesting to me the crazy things he had seen reported about on the Internet. (History Channel’s “That’s Impossible”, Season 1, Episode 6, “Mind Control”, was first aired on August 11 2009.) In this way, when people listen to the recording of my conversation with him as you do today, they would not believe that he was in fact instructed by his CIA handler to try to make me believe that I was being mind-controlled, ostensibly to make me look crazy to people while secretly producing evidences for an unseen trial at the International Court of Justice. This attempt at concealment was especially important for Mr Chertoff: people must not know that the government was in fact running a conspiracy to make me look crazy. As for me, since I already knew that Wes was in the habit of communicating secret messages to me from the CIA, I would see through the pretext “That’s Impossible” and recognize right away that it was in fact the Agency which was leaking important information to me.

(2) Wes was instructed to communicate to me more of the “plan” to rig the trial: after my conspirator (the Monkey) had produced “fake thoughts” of mine with the mind-reading computer and forged a new profile of me (more on this later), the Daughter People needed me to become dangerous and attack people out of malice or antisocial instincts – not simply because I was provoked or defending myself – in order to confirm that new, false, profile that I was both dangerous and insane. Hence he told me “It has to be your fault” and “They want you to say that you are a dangerous person”. But my part in this plan was to refuse to attack people. If I refused to go along with the Daughter People’s wish, then they couldn’t win the trial while unable to lose either (because I did look insane), which meant that the trial would have to be rigged and judge Higgins’ compensation destroyed. Hence Wes noted further: “You are going to prevent that.” A conspiracy to rig the trial! My response to Wes this morning – how I should do the deed and get it over and done with so that they could get what they want – was only further evidence that I was participating in this conspiracy since it sounded as if I knew what the plan was about. This is especially the case when you consider that I had completed the outline of my “different version” last night (“The prosecuting team needs to confirm the Monkey’s false profile of me in order to avoid Mr Chertoff’s taking command of them”) and that judge Higgins must have taken that in as evidence that I was masking, and therefore knew well, the true version (“The Daughter People need to confirm the Monkey’s false profile of me in order to avoid the French’s taking command of them”).

Once again, the Invisible Hand had created these evidences for judge Higgins by following the rule of “letting the suspect continue on his path until he finishes his mission” but then bending it slightly in order to benefit the victim of the conspiracy. I already believed that the control center wanted me to become violent with people – I constantly felt this desire to kill people because I was supposed to become an autistic killer in order to conform to the Monkey’s false profile of me – and Wes was required to say things conforming to this belief in order to lock me up further in my belief. But he was instructed to slightly change direction by elaborating on my belief – “It has to be your fault”, “They need you to admit you are dangerous”, and “You are going to prevent that” – so that, while the elaboration was continuous with my belief system, judge Higgins might also benefit from it (by obtaining the evidences of the conspiracy against her and therefore becoming entitled to her

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compensation). Again, for someone like Mr Chertoff, it all seemed that the Invisible Hand was merely exploiting the rule of “letting the suspect finish his mission” in order to fulfill his grandest wish of making me look crazy – such as when I shall say to people “They have a chip inside my brain and want me to hurt people.” Once again, Wes’ mission was to lock me up in my delusions (let me continue on my path until the end of my mission) but to do so in such a way as to ostensibly deceive Mr Chertoff while secretly benefiting judge Higgins.

You do however have to wonder whether the Invisible Hand had instructed Wes to enlighten me “They want you to say you are a dangerous person” also in order that I could better develop my “different version”. Although I did understand something, namely, that the control center was all along trying to make me conform to the profile that I was a danger to others – although I did have some inkling about this – I was not yet able to verbalize and incorporate this idea fully. From today onward the scenario would become fully entrenched in my head that the prosecuting team, and later the Daughter People, needed evidence that I was a danger to people in order to deny that the Monkey had messed up the mind-reading computer. That is, the core of my “different version” would finally become completely clear.

As my desire to kill people intensified in the coming days, it’s very likely that it’s because the Monkey was programming me from the control center. (It will be explained later how, because it had to be my fault, the programming was about lowering my tolerance rather than provoking me with extra-ordinary pain.) The Invisible Hand, in order to convict himself, might have created evidences showing that, after he had calculated that I could not in fact be controlled to snap and kill people, he handed over my remote control to the Monkey. While the Monkey, always wanting to ruin me, was naturally trying to finish his mission by continuing to control me to want to kill people, my constant refrain from doing so would be evidence that I was trying to ruin the trial and destroy judge Higgins’ program. Thus the scenario that the CIA was employing a group of people in this conspiracy was beginning to be fulfilled.

(3) It’s interesting to note, again, that, while Wes was instructed to make me believe crazy things so that I could look crazy (for Mr Chertoff) or to stuff words into my mouth so as to frame me (for judge Higgins), he did produce one good advice today: “Don’t follow the bodily signals!” Presumably he was *not* instructed here and had said this of his own accord.

My next recording is: “touclangrydipy\_11\_21\_10\_956-1012AM.WMA”: I then came to Ackerman to use the restroom. I continued: “Mr Chertoff is not going to take command of the Siloviki... My active participation or not will not matter anymore... We are in the last act, *which is to go to the library and harass a female and get thrown out...* How is it going to hurt the Macropherians...? We can’t, because we are Micropherians... Microspherians can’t commit conspiracy with the Macrospherians... They are protected by infinite loop... We just know that Mr B needs to compensate us....” Again, my knowledge that I was supposed to go to the library and get thrown out was evidence that I understood well the conspiracy to rig the trial (i.e. how the Pyramid threw me out of the library in April). Then, my recorder suddenly turned itself off. Did the Monkey do it?

My next recording is: “11\_21\_10\_1026-1058AM.WMA”: I continued my wrong scenario: “Mr

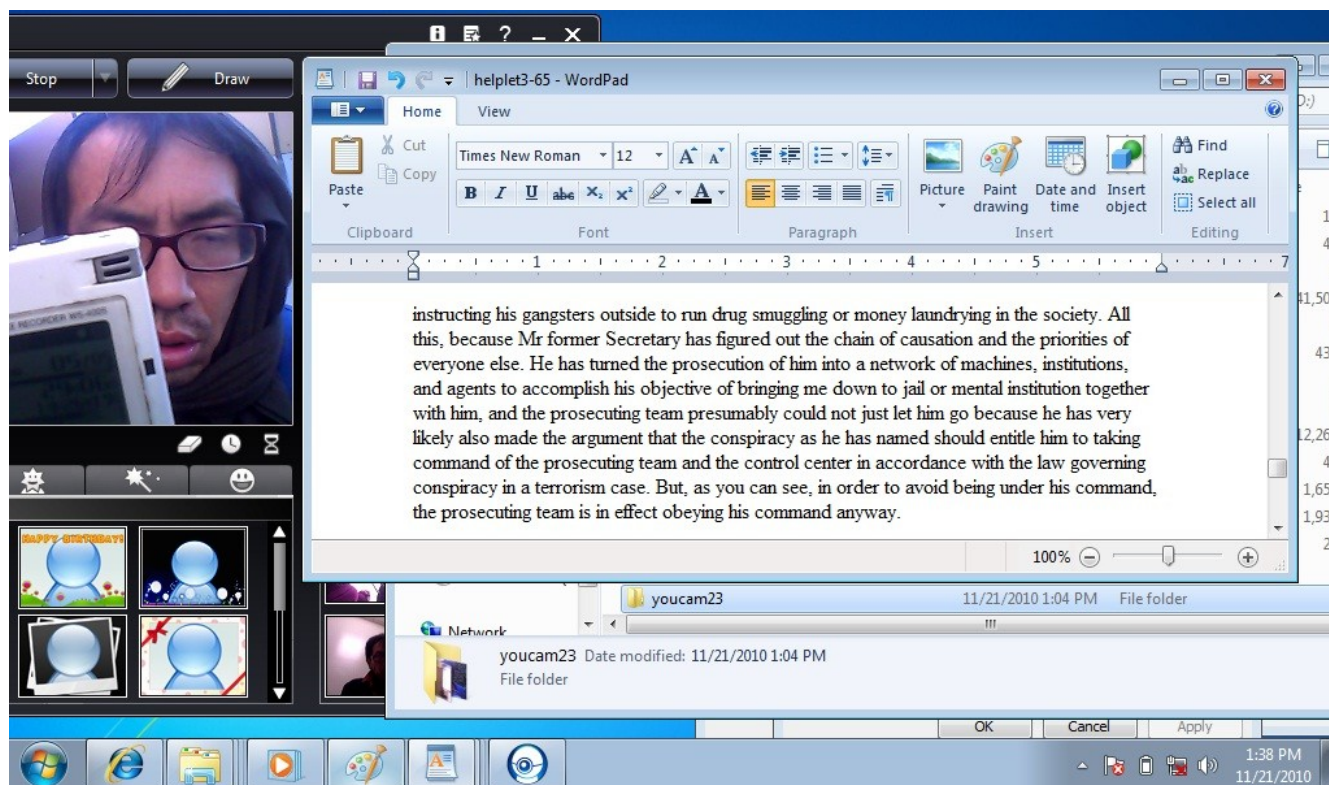
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Chertoff is watching, he's waiting for us to break, so that both of us will be in jail..." At least this *was* my "different version". Then, more worthless reflection: "This is basically what Mr Chertoff has done, getting the US to become responsible for 'false pedophilia' ... Namely: how to make a pedophile out of a non-pedophile!"

My next recordings are: "11\_21\_10\_1158-1125AM.WMA" (...1058-1125AM...) and "11\_21\_10\_1138-1243PM.WMA" (...1138AM-1243PM...): I hummed loudly while working in my corner in Ackerman. Then a stranger came and sat down near me and I assumed he was a surveillance agent: "He sits there and watches us... He makes me want to kill him so much..." While walking away, I reflected on my psychological disorder: "My recorder and I have become one, so that we can't just plug out our recorder... Just seeing children move around makes us want to kill them... I don't know how to describe this, how to tell the doctors about my condition... No one else has ever felt it before... *What we are suffering from is 'Misopedia'* ... When you see pregnant women, you want to kill them, you hate anything that has something to do with reproduction... It's Mr Chertoff who has created this disease, how to create a 'Misoped' ... And the fear of electronics' malfunctioning... *This is a disease without a name*... And the fear of noises... This is the cause: Mommy had turned evidence-gathering into evidence-creation. Then, when their enemy got hold of it, they did the same thing, that's the problem..." I then filmed the girl who I erroneously believed had recorded me. "I don't see how we can get out of this unless we get institutionalized for many years..." Then, reflecting on Wes' hint today: "That's the only way to confirm that we are a danger to others..."

My next recording is: "wrtletucl\_11\_21\_10\_101-309PM.WMA: Coming back to Ackerman, I continued writing my letter of petition. Then: "The evidence that is gathered with our knowing about it can still be used, as long as it's gathered against our will..." Then: "Why can't the evidentiary process involve pleasure? Why must it be abuse? Hmm, because of Mr Chertoff's objections..." My worthless conclusion: "The 'real Russians' can do anything they want with the evidences, they can cut off anything which they don't like..."

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My progress in developing my “different version” this afternoon

My next recording is: “UCLTV\_11\_21\_10\_309-540PM.WMA”: I continued my reflection: “Yes, we do need to go to Davis, harass a female, and get thrown out.” Then: “PM must have found our mother to be a very strange creature. She’s so unconcerned and yet concerned at the same time, she gives us money, but then thinks it’s good for us to be David Chin... He must have thought: ‘Our savior came from a very strange family’...” I was then ordering food (11:00). I told the cashier: “Just to make sure, I didn’t make the mess in the restroom...” I again wrongly assumed that people would be instructed to wrongly attribute to me the mess I saw in the restroom earlier. Then I continued my reflection: “The most important thing about people in power is that they have a functioning head, that they are somewhat enlightened...” Wrong! I now ended up in the TV lounge (18:00). You can hear the news report that a plane bound for Moscow had had to return to the airport. I would soon make something stupid out of this! Then, the Japanese channel was broadcasting a TV drama series in which a Japanese man and a Russian woman fell in love during the Russo-Japanese war (*Saka no Ue no Kumo*: 坂の上の雲). “There is a (Russian) pyramid in the program!” I was quite excited. I soon left the TV lounge. I then wondered whether I had encountered another Homeland Security surveillance agent sent here to conduct surveillance on me. I complained: “We did this country so much good, and yet they treat us like an outcast, that’s why we need to get out of here... Everybody would have ended up in concentration camps if it weren’t for us...” Ha! All wrong! I was congratulating myself over nothing! When I was walking out, I reminded the cashier I talked to earlier that I had nothing to do with the mess inside the restroom. Then, more worthless reflection: “This trial will never end, Mr Chertoff will continue to argue: ‘You guys shouldn’t have put me here, it’s all a conspiracy against me’... He’s

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righteous... And it'll come to an end..." (1:44:00). Then: "As for PM, he wants all the evidences nicely trimmed, every argument backed up by several evidences..." Then: "These Hare Krishna people.... Why do they call them Buddhist? It's weird, why PM... He's worried about the official story, the legal reputation of his country... The Monkey has slandered us, but he would just cut that part off... The profile is just so weird: if he hates Daughterland so much, why did he...? This profile that's put together is just so stupid.... Don't hang out with Mexican elites..." Then: "Legally speaking, that sounds really good, it's a conspiracy to sue Russia, but you can see this even in our recordings, it's not about hating Russia, it's about... how we couldn't get out of here... The maxim: 'Love your enemy and hate your friends'... That's a much better profile than Mr B's three-legged and one-armed hermaphrodite..." More: "It's not that simple to punch people you already know... I hope they would cut off the part about the Pyramid... These intelligence agencies, it's about manipulating laws and not about finding out the truth..." Then: "PM's Mexican friends really suck..." Then: "This Chertoff... So many people have to spend so much effort to remove this piece of junk... So many evidences are suppressed, we are very disappointed with this Western legal system, completely unconcerned with truth..." More reflection: "Mr Chertoff would only include our US information, Taiwan needs to add its own... Now, how are we gonna get to Davis?" I checked my bank balance on the payphone on 2:27:50. It's negative 448 dollars!

My next recording is: "UCLANET\_11\_21\_10\_540-815PM.WMA": I then got on Ackerman's computer. I continued to spend a lot of time trying to learn how to tweet. Then I checked out the city of Davis' community support services. "We finally find somebody we can talk with about machine malfunctioning..." I was reviewing my recordings at the same time. I then read something French online (1:00:00). Then, while taking a break outside, I continued to reflect: "Everybody has been released onto the Macrosphere; who's still stuck here? Mommy, me, that piece of junk, and all the people here... The conspiracy is shrinking... We are not gonna be able to go to Taiwan until it's all over, they are not going to wire up Taiwan..." Then, thinking about what Wes had said, I Googled "thought-reading, That's Impossible..." (1:59:00). I didn't find the video, but instead found an article on *Newsweek*, "Mind Reading Is Now Possible".<sup>5</sup> As I read through it, I murmured: "We need to keep our recordings, because we have known this since a long time ago..." The article mentioned several current researches: John-Dylan Haynes at the Max Planck Institute for Human Cognitive and Brain Sciences in Leipzig; Geraint Rees at the University College London; and Marcel Just and Tom Mitchell at the Carnegie Mellon University. I paid close attention to the universal mind-reading dictionary since I had just thought of this earlier. I soon discovered a grammatical mistake: "It is not clear if that will be true for things more complicated *that* pliers and igloos, however." (Namely, *that* instead of *than*.) I filmed it, erroneously believing that it was orchestrated to produce an intercept (2:22:00). This was a very important read: I was shocked to learn that mind-reading technology had been around in the public sphere for a decade already. After reading, my worthless reflection again: "We don't trust PM, if you don't trust him, he'll understand, but if you do, he might be obliged to fuck you up..." Then I had difficulty in working Twitter again. Finally I succeeded in tweeting and logging out.

My next recordings are: "WRTLET\_11\_21\_10\_815-955PM.WMA" and: "UVLLEAV\_11\_21\_10\_956-1040PM.WMA": I then resumed writing my New Letter of Petition. Around 9:30 PM, more frustration

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<sup>5</sup> The article is at: [www.newsweek.com/2008/01/12/mind-reading-is-now-possible.html](http://www.newsweek.com/2008/01/12/mind-reading-is-now-possible.html).

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when I discovered that my DVD 132 was damaged. When I filmed myself playing the broken video file on the disc, my camcorder suddenly shut itself down as if it ran out of battery. I again assumed it was the control center. Then I worked on my files a little more and watched an interview with Franka Potente.

My next recordings are: “loadleaveuctloslp\_11\_22\_10\_1048-1154PM.WMA” (...11\_21\_10\_1048-1154PM...) and “readyslp\_11\_22\_10\_1154PM-1213AM.WMA” (...11\_21-22\_10\_1154PM-1213AM...): I came to the vending machine and filmed myself buying snacks. I continued to mumble about my wrong scenario while walking to the Village. “... some bureaucrat that is powerful enough... she can access... bad things might happen... reputation... reputation... courthouse... the truth never comes out... evidences are suppressed...” I then recounted the relevant episode from the TV series “The Practice”: “... anyone familiar with Western courthouses knows that truth doesn’t come out of the court process because evidences are suppressed...” Then my wrong scenario again: “... nations will no longer spy on each other from now on... they might pretend to do it to create news... the suppressed evidences will be stored somewhere... the bureaucrats in the future will only bother with the front...” And my toes hurt continually as if the control center were confirming me. More: “This is not democracy... people on the top don’t care... and people on the bottom don’t care... not an Open Society... We always have a certain regret, that, in order to win your lawsuit, you can’t tell the truth... this thing has taken away 4 years of our life...” Ha! It was about to take far more years away from me! After an hour of wandering about, I came to my corner and, before sleeping, watched the video of Franka Potente’s interview. Then I mumbled about how English, after this trial, would be even more widespread in Daughterland. Worthless reflection!

### **November 22 (Monday)**

My next recording is: “wktoucl11\_22\_10\_744-859AM.WMA”: Soon after I woke up, I came to Ackerman to work. I was counting and examining my discs. I then continued writing: “... The official story... the whole conflict was reduced to a power struggle internal to the United States...” Then: “... the continual sale of oil and natural gas to the West...” Then: “... PLANKOREA and PLANDISCOVERY are all false plans for me to believe... to divert my attention away from the process of the ICJ trial...” Then people came near to talk loudly. Annoyed, I shouted out what I was writing: “... I was actually driven insane for other purposes...” And so I continued to develop my “different version”.

My next recording is: “towcilmovkrstv\_11\_22\_10\_859AM-218PM.WMA”: I continued: “We are going to France, because we need therapy, and there we will learn Daughterspeak... otherwise the change will be too severe...” I called up my step-mother on a payphone on 24:00. I gave her my account number and she promised to deposit the money today. I then went downstairs to browse books, but, within a minute, a child appeared and shouted. I was shock and, angry, ran out of Ackerman: “There is not a single recording file in which there is no baby’s shouting!” I kicked over things and jaywalked and yelled at drivers to vent my anger. I then got on the bus to go to WCIL. I continued to mumble indistinctly while on the bus: “Mr Chertoff... couldn’t win... fucking Mexican... PM... what’s best for him... not Mexico at all.. we can... Why would Mommy do that? Maybe Mr Chertoff... making objections... but what’s the motive?... Extracting the evidences and then leaving you insane... take out

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shit like the Pyramid... they are a big fucking burden on this country and it's a great thing... it's good to protect these fucking garbage... throwing stones at their own feet... we are against legal immigration but the more there is illegal immigration the better..." Then a passenger was scolding me for blocking his way with my cart. I came to WCIL on 1:20:00 and immediately got on the computer station.

From 1:42:00 onward, I would watch the Chinese movie "The Diary of Labei". At one point I came up with another worthless scenario: how the etiology of my Misopedia would be attributed to Mr Chertoff in the Microspherian official story (2:58:30). "But they won't have evidence that we wanted to rape her..." Then: "The mode of production and consumption has determined Japanese men's masculinity..." I then also watched an interview with Julia Kristeva (4:32:00).

My next recording is: "leavwcil\_11\_22\_10\_219-250PM.WMA": When I came out of WCIL, immediately there was children's shouting to annoy me. On my way to the bus stop, I kicked over several trash cans and filmed myself doing so. "Now we can't wait for her to show up... to seriously injure her..." I got on the bus on 29:00.

My next recording is: "noisattcksmtouclthrwnoffb\_11\_22\_10\_258-521PM.WMA": When I got off the bus, I continued rambling about how "they" wanted evidence that, when I discovered a pyramid was Hispanic, I would want to kill her. "The best thing is to put the Pyramid in front of us, for we will then smash her head against the concrete wall." I got on the bus again and blasted MIA loudly to cover up other people's noises. When the bus driver was working hard to accommodate a passenger on wheelchair, I got sarcastic with him guided by my wrong scenario: "What are you worried about? All these people are just actors... Nobody is going anywhere!" Like a typical targeted individual! When I got off the bus, I continued: "Keep acting man!" (43:00) Delusional! While walking, I kept mumbling about striking the Pyramid until she suffered brain damage. "We got so angry that we almost fainted... How is that not enough?" When I got on the bus again, I mumbled more about killing all the children: "It's doing America a big favor... This dirty truth which no one has the guts to say... They are a drag on American economy..." You know who I was talking about! "But I'm no racist because I'm so glad that they are here, just as I'm glad that I'm on welfare..." I got off the bus in Westwood Village and came inside the AT&T store to put money into my phone. I was aroused by the pyramid that was working in the store: she didn't button up her shirt completely and I could see her bras. I took out my camera and filmed her. Then: "Maybe it's a trick; maybe she will turn out to be Hispanic..." I then filmed another pair of "double pyramids". I was now in high spirit and walked inside the UCLA campus. I left a message for Wes asking him to call me back (1:57:00). While walking, I continued: "*There is a deadline... Otherwise it will be human rights abuse....*"

My next recording is: "uclmsttvm196pmtst\_11\_23\_10\_521-807PM.WMA" (...11\_22\_10...): I came inside the underground parking lot and, hiding underneath the staircase, masturbated with the video of the "AT&T pyramid" I had just shot. I then came inside Ackerman and bought dinner. I came inside the TV lounge and, while eating, commented on what was showing on the televisions. "We have to get out of here. *Or it's gonna be a tragic ending.* There is no other way out. We are going to forfeit our citizenship and get out..." Again, we have to wonder whether the continual rage I was experiencing – this desire to kill people – was not entirely due to my own fault but whether it was because the Monkey



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was programming me from the control center having also to finish his mission and participate in the CIA's terrorist conspiracy against judge Higgins. I was then burning a new disc and, always suspecting manipulation from the control center, filmed the finalization of the DVD. More bullshit: "It seems that some people inside the control center are impressed by our ability to get easily distracted...." I went outside and continued: "We need serious therapy or else we are going insane.... We shouldn't be tested when we are sick.... That's how PM thinks: *when he tests us while we are sick, that's the minimal score we will have....*" Good idea! It's too bad that this was not what was going on! Then: "This is not cool, we are stuck with all these secrets... That he's here and not there...." Ha! I really believed that DGHTRCOM was in Los Angeles rather than in Kremlin. Then: "We should get tested when we are happy, then we wouldn't want to talk about it... It's so dangerous now, we can snap at any moment, the rage is so extreme.... PM is letting Mr Chertoff do it... It's like a bet..." I then got on Ackerman's computer and started editing my website.

My last recording of the day is: "uclcmpymlfct\_\_11\_22\_10\_807-928PM.WMA": I then resumed writing and reviewing my recordings. I left Ackerman early tonight. "Forget it, let's do it, let's kill somebody, let's smash the goddamn thing's head.... What's going to happen then?" Wow! Then: "If we go to Davis, and if we see the Pyramid and smash her skull, we will spend many years in the mental hospital... That's not good...." I bought cigarettes in the pharmacy and went to sleep in the street corner. It was only 9:30 PM.

### **November 23 (Tuesday; Wes; "different version" almost complete)**

My first recording of the new day is: "slpwkgrndrstrm\_11\_23\_10\_524-704AM.WMA": I was awake from 59:00 onward. I got up and continued: "We live in a very controlled environment... single room dormitory..." I came inside It's A Grind on 1:13:00 and got my morning coffee. From 1:21:00 onward I was reviewing the recording of the interview with Julia Kristeva from yesterday. I then used the restroom.

My next recording is: "grndver196headache\_11\_23\_10\_705-743AM.WMA": I then continued to work in It's A Grind, checking over my recording of Kristeva's interview while burning a new disc. But my headache got so bad that I wondered if it's due to the control center. I called Wes on 23:00 and left a message: "I'm being severely tortured, please call me back..." I tried to write, and couldn't. I called up what I thought was aunt Winnie's number. No answering. I coughed heavily due to my headache. Finally, the verification of the disc was done and I packed up and left.

My next recording is: "headachenapwstwd\_11\_23\_10\_749-1152AM.WMA": I continued my worthless complaint: "I have to be turned into a 'mental' killer just so that they can prosecute some criminals... This means international laws are not made to convict criminals..." This, as you have seen, was part of my more or less complete "different version". Then: "The role of the Mexicans in the world should be: stand aside and not reproduce. Make yourself extinct as a way to make the world a better place..." I then vomited and was forced to take a nap on the grass area in front of UCLA. After a while, Dr Roach called me. She wanted to know which pharmacy it was where I was denied medication. I then continued napping.

My next recording is: "twconxiaoangry\_11\_23\_10\_1202-613PM.WMA". After I woke up, while wandering the streets, I was again angered by people's noises. "Shut up people!" When I walked into a shop, the Hispanic employee was very mean to me. I walked out mumbling angrily: "The purpose of Hispanic people is to waste the earth's resources..." (14:00) Then, more worthless reflection: "The purpose of the operation is to prompt me to kill children, so that I will be put into the mental hospital, so that I will stop recording... *Remember the point is to lie that I have schizophrenia...*" (16:00). While this was the substance of my "different version", the CIA and Mr Chertoff were indeed trying to make more schizophrenia out of me. Then: "What has really got me is how that inferior bitch gets to manipulate my environment..." Then: "I'm not interested in getting into trouble for her sake, that's why I won't... And as my compensation package, she should have to prostitute herself in Paris for a month..." I bought beef jerky and was eating it in a street corner. "She should have to prostitute herself in Tijuana and get fucked by Mexican men..." As I walked around, I was upset by the sight of another ugly man. Then I noticed something important about my mood structure: the feeling that I had suffered injustice had vastly intensified my anger! I then got on the bus to go to the Taiwanese consulate. While I was naming my files, a stranger asked me: "Where is Fairfax?" I told him I wasn't happy and didn't know how much he was paid to do acting. I was again making a fool of myself! I couldn't stand all the noises, and so played MIA loudly on my laptop. I got off the bus on Western and Wilshire and shouted angrily to another stranger: "You want me to kill you! You fucking piece of shit!" Since I believed that the prosecuting team was trying to make me kill people as a way to confirm the Monkey's false profile of me, I assumed it was they who had sent in these actors to provoke me to kill them! When I came inside the Taiwanese consulate, the security guard, because I looked homeless, insisted on escorting me. I asked the consulate receptionist by the door: "Is this Taiwanese territory or American territory?" I waited and then it was my turn. I explained to the consulate lady: "... severe mental illness... no money to go home..." And I told her my bizarre idea of forfeiting my US citizenship. But she told me I couldn't just give up my American citizenship like that. "What do you want us to help you do? To go home?" After some wrangling, a man, Mr Yang, came out and told me to call "Sister Xiao" (蕭師姐). He then assured me that what I did in America the Taiwanese government would not care. I came out of the building and called Wes out of desperation, but he wasn't home. After moaning on the street corner and angrily yelling at strangers, I came back into the Taiwanese consulate to try asking my question one more time. "If I give up my US citizenship, then I..." But the lady told me to talk to the American side instead. Mr Yang then came back to tell me Sister Xiao wanted my cellphone number. I came out and tried to call Sister Xiao but ran into the recording: "Your call cannot be completed as dialed". But when I tried again I was connected with Sister Xiao. She asked me about my family situation, but a security guard came over to ask me to move. I was angry and refused to do so. But Sister Xiao persuaded me to do as the security guard had asked. I moved away while shouting at the security guard: "Shut the fuck up..." Sister Xiao said she would have to discuss my problem with her "group", that she couldn't just help me go back to Taiwan. I requested to meet her in person. She said she would call me back. We hanged up on 3:31:00. I was then terribly annoyed because I felt as if the control center was preventing me from crossing the street: a Hispanic woman with her child was standing right over there. I filmed them. I then got on the bus. I reflected on my degeneration: "Those faces are so discomfoting to look at because they are so masculine... How can you call that 'torture', making your environment so ugly,...? It's like what Foucault has said... It's possible to change a person with such small things...."

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It's possible to avoid it, just go to the Westside, but we have things to do... As long as we have aspiration, we will always expose ourselves to torture....” In other words, I was continuing my wrong scenario that the intelligence agencies had purposely sent many extremely masculine-looking people into my surrounding to provoke me. I was then angered again by a woman who was talking too loud. Then, while I was writing, Sister Xiao called me (4:00:00). I asked her to call me back in three minutes. Then I discovered that I had forgotten to turn on my webcam to film myself writing. I thought it was all orchestrated: “Just when I start writing, phone will ring, that's another way of building up the rage inside me, constant interruption....” When I got off the bus, my phone rang again. I was now quite angry, and called up Sister Xiao. She told me to call Mr Yang, gave me his number, and asserted that she couldn't help me return to Taiwan. I called up Wes, but he was still not home. I then hummed to cover up children's noises, moaning and feeling exhausted and frustrated. “I need to cut myself.... *They are waiting for me to kill people so that I could stop recording...* If the Pyramid shows up, we will kill her, it's all her fault... She can show up in Davis too, right? We will go to Davis and kill her....” I then rode the bus to Union Station, hurriedly looking for the train schedule. Then I rode the Metro and the bus to go back to UCLA. Again, I was terribly discomforted by other people's chatter. I sat on the floor on the bus until someone began complaining. Since I assumed everyone was actor, I threatened to sue them.

My next recording is: “touclwes\_11\_23\_10\_614-923PM.WMA”: I continued to do my writing while on the bus. When somebody said “Thank you” before getting off the bus, it made me so angry! Now my mood was dampened again. “I want to kill myself just by hearing my own voice!” When the bus had reached the end of the ride, the bus driver said something and I was provoked again. I begged him not to provoke me: “Because I don't want to kill people!” I came to the ATM and took out 300 dollars (the money my step-mother had just deposited) to prevent the bank from taking it away. There were many youngsters skateboarding around, which again made me angry. Again, it was very like that the Monkey was programming me at this very moment to want to kill people – which, as long as I restrained myself, was judge Higgins' evidence that both the Monkey and I were participating in the CIA's terrorist conspiracy against her. When I was about to cut myself, I discovered that my razor blade had disappeared, making me even more upset. I again wrongly assumed it was the Monkey who had sent in an agent to steal my razor blade. A lot of people were standing around, and I asked one of them: “Do you know why they paid you to stand around here? Do you know about the trial and everything else?...” “Yeah,” he said. For me, this was simply classic! (1:02:00) I had no idea that nobody was actually acting, and that this guy was not actually affirming that he knew anything. (He didn't know what I was asking about and didn't care.) I was then shouting because it was so noisy around that I couldn't hear anything. I was in utter despair. And children were shouting too! I hid inside Rite Aid's elevator to avoid children's noise while yelling and screaming (1:09:00). Finally, I broke down crying. I combed through the store looking for razor blades, but there were none. I yelled at the employee about cutting myself: “You don't need to call the police, because I have a phone too. I would call them myself!” I then went inside Walgreens to pick up my medication. Just then Dr Roach called. I yelled: “Give me meds before I kill people...” I then continued to look for a box cutter. I complained to the control center: “After all that torture, you have only made me look like I have multiple personality disorder, being autistic and a violent killer at the same time....” Finally, with the employee's help, I found my box cutter. Then: “Maybe I do need ear plugs.... *The Monkey's profile is simply*

*impossible*.... I didn't know that the mind-reading computer can produce thoughts which can't exist, by putting together thoughts which can't co-exist...." Then I cried again: "I regret... Is it good enough? Now I have to become a killer..." I left the store and was pushing my cart along the sidewalk with difficulty. Then: "PM wants to make sure that none of my files can be used in the International Court as evidences... Every one of my files have baby sounds in it..." I was terribly exhausted because I had to push this cart that was missing one wheel. I began crying like an infant. Then I complained bitterly how DGHTRCOM cared so much about the safety of the Monkey Pyramid but completely disregarded mine. "What about my safety? The one who has saved everybody is treated like a piece of junk as if his life didn't matter..." I came inside UCLA, hid in a corner, and filmed myself cutting myself.

Then I called up Wes, and this time he answered it (2:15:00). "I just cut myself, it's a deep cut, I'm feeling okay now... I have been suffering severe rage the whole day, couldn't even function... I had to cut myself, then his agent stole my blade, and I couldn't find a good one in the store, they were all removed, it appears that he wanted to prevent me from cutting myself, and I finally bought a little one... I *do* want to kill people, but I wouldn't be able to record myself in jail... Mothers were carrying their children to me... Everybody tries so hard to make me into a killer... This constant severe rage because of all these noises... That's why I am not allowed to get housing... so that I can be provoked by noises to murderous rage... *It's all because the Monkey has changed (the setting of) the thought-reading computer*; it turns out that they can't even make me conform to that profile, I can be autistic but not murderous, or I can be murderous but not autistic, I can only alternate between the two states... It's more like Multiple Personality Disorder... The trial... *They have to make me into that autistic killer in order to prosecute Mr Chertoff*... They really want me to kill people, every time they see me getting ready to snap, they will add one more... Because they want to prevent me from recording myself... So that they can use my recordings as evidences against Mr Chertoff... They thus send children in front of me..." As you can see, I was speaking my "different version" over the phone for the first time: judge Higgins' evidence that I was conspiring with the CIA by hiding the truth. Wes: "Don't do writing until it's over!" "I don't know when it will be over..." Then my erroneous scenario: "They are prolonging it because some companies want to make a profit from it all... All the passengers on the bus are actors... That's how the company makes money... My blood is dripping onto the ground, this makes me feel good... I want to be able to sue these actors individually... I don't know what to do, the rage is so severe, I can't work... If I hide in a corner and sleep..." Wes: "... The point is that the next time you won't be so aggravated..." I protested: "But that's only going to prolong the trial... Because they want evidences proving that I'm an autistic killer... That's why they have been sending children to me everywhere, now UCLA looks like a kindergarten..." When you take the interception of my words backward in time and restore the original version which I was supposedly trying to mask, you can see how it was judge Higgins' evidence that, during the height of the battle between the Daughter People and the French, I was complaining about how the Daughter People wanted me to kill people (were commanding the Monkey to control me to want to kill people) all because the Monkey had supposedly messed up the mind-reading computer: perfect knowledge!<sup>6</sup> I continued: "I need to run errands, I cannot just stay up all night and sleep in the day... And Davis? Once I hit someone, I will be marked for life..." Wes: "Yes, especially when it's a child..." I asked: "So I have to not snap?" "Yes!" "But I'll still

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6 The Monkey had *supposedly* messed up the mind-reading computer! As you shall see, judge Higgins' evidences would eventually show that the mind-reading computer was in fact *not* messed up.

have to cut myself... I will get so angry just by seeing a child move... This kind of mental illness is so unprecedented..." (2:31:00). Misopedia! I continued: "Now all the actors when they get on the bus will shout loudly 'Thank you' knowing it will provoke me to anger... And I can't even explain this to anyone; how can anyone be provoked to anger by 'Thank you'? I have also noticed that focusing on what injustice it all is will intensify my anger... They are constantly intercepting my desire to harm people, but do they want the act itself?" (2:33:45) Wes: "*They want to provoke you until you snap.*" "What if I don't?" "Then they'll continue..." "So there is a deadline?" "Sure". Wes insisted that a trial *had to* have a deadline. "What if the companies are lobbying to prolong it?" "Then there will still be a deadline..." "If I never snap, would the Russians mind? Can they still convict the defendants?" My different version here! I continued: "I can't stand this... When I snap, it will look as if it were my own fault..." Then I asked: "How is it that I can get provoked by 'Thank you'?" Wes: "It's because you *think* they are trying to provoke you..." (2:39:30). "But he *is* trying to provoke me." "Sure." "So you get provoked by the truth." I continued: "But I wasn't provoked by the knowledge... I was provoked by the sarcasm in 'Thank you', 'Have a nice day'... It's the knowledge that he is making fun of me..." Wes: "They are trying to hide the provocation, because sarcasm cannot be transcribed, so that, in court, the victim will just say, 'All I said was 'Have a nice day...' I wasn't trying to provoke him'..." I concurred: "That's why it makes me even more angry, he makes it look as if he were *not* provoking me... That's why Jewish organizations are provoked by holocaust denials... It's like saying 'You look nice' to someone who just came out of the concentration camp..." (2:44:00). Wes then mentioned how Americans or Russians saying "You look nice" to a Jewish person they had liberated from a concentration camp would provoke more than a Nazi saying so, and how one shouldn't get provoked if it was known that the provocateur was only following order. I continued: "I want to sue them..." Wes: "They are just taking orders..." "That's not how human beings operate, people don't always trace orders..." Then: "I think going to Davis is better, it's smaller... but it's expensive to go there..." Then: "I don't know what to do, I can't even explain to people, 'People shout to me 'Thank you'...' I then explained my new wrong scenario, that the Daughter People were conditioning me to feel anger toward these ordinary phenomena which they had formerly employed as signals in order to counter Mr Chertoff's objection: "You guys were communicating to him using these ordinary phenomena as messages." Again, my "different version". Then: "They can make it look like it's all my own fault because it's all based on my previous belief systems... That's how I get provoked by people wearing earphones, even though I don't really know if they are really surveillance agents..." Wes then mentioned: "It sounds as if our phones are being tapped, there are the clicking sounds..." Me: "But this makes no sense, nowadays all interception is done digitally which makes no sounds..." Then more of my wrong scenario: "I assume the LAPD chief has access to the control center, and so he knows I am being provoked... All police officers seem more ignorant of me nowadays... But they can't just forget about it if I hurt someone..." Wes continued to suggest that I get out, perhaps by going to Riverside if Davis was too far (2:57:00). I continued: "I'm bleeding all over my arm... Cutting myself is the best way to release anger..." (2:59:30). Then: "They will even control the weather to provoke me, they made wind blow on me while I was filming myself writing..." (3:01:00) Ha! Now I sounded truly delusional! Then: "I have to tell a therapist..." And: "I don't know international laws... What if I just renounce my US citizenship?" (3:03:00) Then I noticed: "I am burdening myself and frustrating myself by wanting to verbalize how I was provoked, because I have difficulty in doing so..." (3:05:00). Then Wes said goodbye. This phone call cost me 5 dollars!

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It appears that, today, Wes was not carrying out any particular order to say anything particular to me. He had received no new orders since November 21. When he said “They want to provoke you until you snap” – or generally agreed that the people around me were actors trying to provoke me – he was merely carrying out the former instruction to go along with me in order that I might continue on my path and become further imprisoned in my wrong scenarios. (He must have known that nobody around me was actually trying to provoke me.) On the other hand, it’s important to note, as has been briefly noted earlier, that tonight was the first time that I said over the phone (was intercepted saying) something to the effect that, because the Monkey had touched the mind-reading computer, the trial couldn’t continue unless I conformed to his false profile of me (hence the attempt to make me into an autistic killer). Although I was speaking my “different version”, judge Higgins had obtained the definitive evidence tonight that I knew in fact quite well what was going on when the Daughter People were battling the French during the summer but had hidden my knowledge and learned to complain about it only by distorting it into a different version that couldn’t establish my conspiracy with any party. Thus, tonight’s evidence had further entrenched me in a CIA conspiracy not only against judge Higgins but also against Daughterland – making Daughterland lose a trial which it had clearly won – and yet without Daughterland’s knowledge. Judge Higgins was making progress tonight!

My next recording is: “uclwrtdvd196cp\_11\_23\_10\_924-1016PM.WMA”: I walked into Ackerman and noticed: “The noises here are spread out and so more tolerable.” I sat down at a table to resume my work. Then, people came around to talk, and I again wrongly assumed they came to get themselves recorded by me. I hummed and got very angry. I shouted loudly: “It’s so awful that we have to record other people! We just don’t want other people’s noises in our recordings, it’s the exact opposite of what Mr Chertoff is saying... Did he ever say anything that’s not the opposite of reality?” And I broke down crying: “We will go cut ourselves again, is that good enough?” I hummed loudly while leaving. I came outside and kicked over trash cans. I sat down at a table outside and started burying a new disc.

My next recording is: “wrtleaveucltowstwd\_11\_24\_10\_1016-1150PM.WMA” (...11\_23\_10...): Siren on 1:50. I continued to write my letter: “... the signals indicate the opposite...” I was writing about what happened in July last year. I was at the same time reviewing the recording of my conversation with Wes. Because I was playing my recording file while writing, I became worried that the noise would cover up the recording of my writing. I stopped. Then: “... they are not worried about it... It will take several years for us to write out our story... Then litigation... and find the people to sue...” I packed up and left. “Even if you meet somebody that is good, you have to not associate with her, because you don’t know who she might be related to...” I got coffee from the vending machine and reflected on how this torture worked: “We continue to pursue our goal, and they keep putting obstacles on our path and we keep tripping over them... Why? Because we can’t give up recording ourselves writing... So the technique is: figure out what it is that we can’t do without... then it would all look as if it were our own fault... They can just say: ‘Hey, all you have to do is stop writing’...” Again, great diagnosis of cause and effect – only if it were real! Then my wrong scenario again: “... so what if you fall under Mr Chertoff’s command, it’s just in the Microsphere... Put Mr Chertoff on a little island, then he can make all the arguments he wants and on one will hear him...” I came to the Village and settled down in my corner to continue to work on my laptop.

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My next recording is: “wrtletwstwd\_11\_23-24\_10\_1151PM-124AM.WMA”: I wrote down what I had just realized: “... insight into my torture ... focus on something which is so essential to the target, the very reason why he or she lives... in my case it is to record myself... what you then do is place obstacles before this goal... then he or she will turn into an angry killer...” I hummed loudly when people passed by talking loudly. I continued: “... even when people said ‘Thank you’... it’d cause tremendous rage in me.... The prosecuting team would send... actors... My third priority in life is my artist need for beauty in the world...” I then played *Wir Sind Helden* repeatedly. Then: “It’s just not normal that UCLA has become a kindergarten... It has never happened before... hermeneutics is fine for us without laying claim to... We can’t keep writing about things that haven’t yet happened... duping ourselves... everything is not normal... like how the pharmacy manager said we threatened suicide when we said we wanted to cut ourselves...” Although the Monkey was very likely programming me to suffer rage, there were no actors and no attempt to send children to UCLA to provoke me and the pharmacy manager was not instructed to make exaggerated reports about me. The programming was solely about *changing me* so that formerly neutral phenomena would feel like extremely unpleasant things. I had yet to comprehend this.

My next recording is: “wrtlettosubwy\_11\_24\_10\_132-319AM.WMA”: Strenuously pushing my cart and picking up cigarette butts from the street, I came inside Subway. Although humming, I was angered again by somebody’s noises. I was very rude to him: “I don’t want to hear your goddamn noise” (27:30). I bought a sandwich and then moved outside to eat it alone to avoid the noises. I hummed loudly whenever people came out. I then filmed a traffic accident on the street. My unwarranted paranoia again: “... there is nothing wrong with the car. Are they acting?” Then: “Mr Chertoff is running the show...” Then I resumed writing. Then: “... no matter what, evidences will be collected properly to convict him.... just don’t collect evidences... don’t do it... what difference will it make...? ‘Evidences... because he likes it...’ *and that’s why the evidentiary process has to be so painful...* If you ignore it, then evidences are still properly gathered... How come the infinite loop doesn’t work anymore?” As you can see, I was again elaborating my “different version”!

### **November 24 (Wednesday)**

My next recording is: “slpwstwdwktoucl\_11\_24\_10\_509-942AM.WMA”<sup>7</sup>: From 3:14:00 onward, I was awake and began reflecting: “... the difference between staying here and going to Davis... We have to be labeled insane... Why do we have to stay here?... to get thrown out of the library... the advantage of going to Davis is that you don’t have to hear Spanish... and the bitch won’t have to show up... Davis... meet another female, then get thrown out, but not much... In July 2009, we tricked our mother to say his name... fly to Taiwan... that means that Taiwan is in the Microphere... How do you know you have calculated correctly? Why does PM want Taiwan to be a conspirator? We will just tell her there is no... she’s mentally confused, she doesn’t have to pretend to be mentally confused...” I came to the vending machine inside UCLA on 3:52:00 to get my morning coffee. When I was walking away I continued to mumble about how police men and police cars in other countries were smaller. I sat down at a table on Ackerman’s patio to begin working.

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7 Reviewed from 3:07:00 onward.

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My next recordings are: “uclvd196\_11\_24\_10\_943-1047AM.WMA” and “opcceattrashcan\_11\_24\_10\_1047AM-1237PM.WMA”: I did a little more writing and burned a new disc. Then I walked across the campus and got on the bus to go to OPCC. When I arrived at OPCC, however, there was no more food. I went digging in the trash cans for left-over food. Then I called up my mother asking for money for a train ticket (1:48:00). I was still thinking about going to Davis! She reiterated her old story that, if she gave me money, I would spend it on something else. Nevertheless, she promised to give me 200 dollars.

My next recording is: “11\_24\_10\_1237-252PM.WMA”: I then asked a police officer about how the warrant system worked. Then: “Berkeley might be better, there are fewer Hispanics....” I rested in the street corner to consider the Center for Independent Living again. I then got on the bus on 17:30 to go back to UCLA. I came up with the idea of the “super computer”: coordinating people’s actions and desires in such a way as to result in a predetermined outcome (43:00). This, as you have seen, was precisely what the Boss was originally planning to do! I then hummed loudly because of the noises. After I got off the bus, I continued: “The Macrospherians are using the objections as an opportunity to conduct their own study....” (1:24:00). In reality, as you shall see, judge Higgins’ team was indeed conducting a study of me after they had conducted a study of the world. Then: “The normal amount feels like injustice because compensation is taken away... That’s how we are made to look ‘disobedient’.... You give him something free and then take it away, and he will get angry as if something had been unjustly taken away, and that’s how you make him look bad....” (1:49:30). This is indeed an ingenious tactic to make somebody look unreasonably demanding; only if this were *really* part of the operation and not merely my misunderstanding! On my way to Ackerman, I then noted another pair of “double pyramids”; and they were French! As if this still meant something!

My next recordings are: “11\_24\_10\_252-327PM.WMA” and “11\_24\_10\_327-652PM.WMA”: I continued to review my recordings while in Ackerman. You can then hear me asking a Hispanic man: “... how do you know that... is broken?” I then left – Ackerman closed early tonight because tomorrow was Thanksgiving – and got on the bus humming and blasting MIA’s “Kreisel”. After I got off the bus, I continued humming. Then: “We wanna see the ‘Mommy movie’....”

My next recordings are: “wndrwstwd11\_24\_10\_7-826PM.WMA” and “wnderwstwd\_11\_25\_10\_827PM-110AM.WMA”:<sup>8</sup> I asked a stranger: “Have you noticed there are more black people around lately?” I bought food at a convenience store and chatted with the cashier. I then described the pyramids around me. I wondered: “These people are not actors? How do they get so many actors?” Then: “... so lonely... talk to our... they purposely do that...” I sat down somewhere. I examined the Depakote which Dr Roach had prescribed and began working on my files. I was blasting MIA from 48:00 onward. Then, somebody gave me food: “Happy Thanksgiving” (1:07:00). Another man gave me a dollar on 1:14:00. I then started wandering the streets. Finally, I came to a corner to get ready to sleep.

### **November 25 (Thursday; Thanksgiving)**

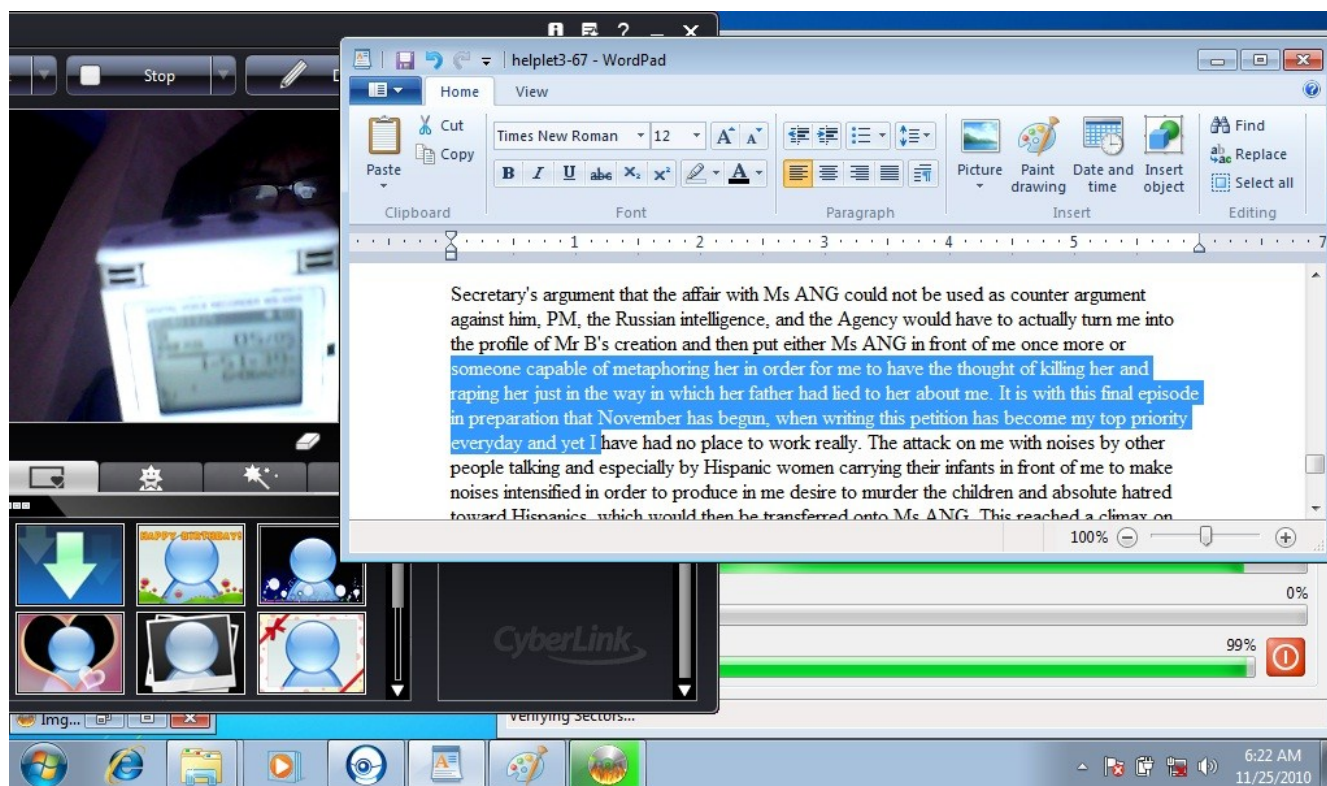
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8 The second recording was reviewed until 12:00.



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My first recording of the new day is: “slpwstwd\_11\_25\_10\_423-705AM.WMA”: I was awake by 4:20 AM and immediately started my worthless reflection: “... to confirm the original information which Mr Chertoff passed out... He’s gonna be convicted of... in order for... schizophrenic... *We will have to hallucinate...* When we get out we will have to interact with people... There can’t be any alert... People will find it strange: how can someone with autism have schizophrenia at the same time...?” Then my “different version”: “They have to cut it off... they have to play fraud...” Then, on 4:00, I turned on my computer. “We are gonna get out of the country... he has all these delusions about powerful people... suffering from schizophrenia and autism at the same time... strange...” I then started writing in the street corner (this time about my meeting with Ruiz in late September) while burning a new disc. Then I wrote about the current trick to make me appear bad-to-the-bone.



My progress in completing my “different version” this early morning  
 (“Why I had to want to kill people”)

My next recording is: “wkwrtlet\_11\_25\_10\_705-734AM.WMA”: I then continued to write: “... the official story... would then confirm Mr former Secretary’s original alert to the diplomatic services... dangerous racist schizophrenic... October 2... the FBI and Homeland Security... broadcast another alert... in my home country, Taiwan...” Since the Daughter People were indeed, in the past few months, trying to confirm that Homeland Security’s 2007 warning about me was correct, this was again judge Higgins’ evidence that I was developing my “different version”.

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My next recording is: “wstwdtocybr\_11\_25\_10\_734-850AM.WMA”: I analyzed my situation: “... If you don’t know what’s going on, you wouldn’t be provoked, everything depends on your belief... Our misery is the result of our belief system...” I was indeed correct here! I then got on the bus on 23:00 to go to the cybercafe. I did another infinite loop with my mirror in front of my laptops’ webcam – erroneously believing that I was creating a good piece of evidence! I then kept on writing while on the bus: “... the technique of driving a person insane with petit unpleasant experiences.... the Russians and the Agency have exploited my vulnerability and bankruptcy...” I then believed a woman wearing earphones was watching over me. I promptly debated with her. Again, paranoid over nothing! I got off the bus on 57:00 and came inside the cybercafe. I continued: “Be careful not to waste our money on trips... How is the Pyramid going to show up? Our calculation is correct, the trial will go to the Macrosphere... Don’t analyze, then you wouldn’t form all these strange beliefs... It is the Siloviki, they have a psychologist to analyze how our beliefs are formed, in order to dupe us into forming more beliefs... she doesn’t make sense... we have to record ourselves all the time...”

My next recordings are: “cybrcfewrt\_11\_25\_10\_851-903AM.WMA” and “cybrstrm\_11\_29\_10\_903-926AM.WMA”: I then analyzed the cause of my Sonophobia: “When people make noises we feel hurt *because it’s as if our recorder were hit when it records garbage...* The problem is that we have become one with our recorder...” I played Silbermond and then wrote down what I had understood about my condition: “... my strange union with my recorder...” I then used the restroom and continued to play Silbermond.

My next recording is: “cybrcafeftpmndcntrl\_11\_25\_10\_926AM-1225PM.WMA”: I went outside the cybercafe to continue my erroneous scenario: “... the situaion in the control center might be very different from what we have imagined... The two most important components of our belief system are the trial and PM’s character... If we ignore all the surveillance and don’t try to preempt what will be done to us, we will then have to all depend on PM, that he is good enough a person that he has prepared a good life for us.... Back in the days when the Big Sister was investigating us, we were afraid to get framed, but they didn’t do it.... It was a honest investigation... Homeland Security changed the story, the investigation was no longer honest... How do we know PM is a nice person?... We also have to believe SLVK are nice people, that, after we get our job done, they will not repay us with cruelty... *We’ve got a lot of hints leaked to us, this thing is very important... They know that, at some point, this guy will not be able to figure things out and will dupe himself,* and, if it weren’t for these hints, we will have been sucked into the whirlpool of self-deception and unable to get out...” Little did I know that I was *currently* stuck in the whirlpool of my self-deception and unable to get out! I then came back inside the cybercafe to continue writing. Then: “*We can’t produce the evidences they need,* and so they will have to admit the original evidences....” Again, given its close resemblance to the truth, this was my “different version”. Then: “We have to trust that in the end they will not forget about us. We need to go with the flow.” When I got on the computer station, my right side hurt. I checked my bank account only to discover that my mother had not deposited the money. Damn! I then began watching “That’s Impossible: Mind-Control” on Youtube (from 1:42:00 onward). Note that the program mentioned Brown University’s BrainGate system and the mind-reading experiments at University of Pittsburgh. The program also mentioned the non-invasive means, SSRM, targeted individuals, and Cheryl Welsh – all the topics I would study intensely in the coming years. When the program mentioned the mass

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suicide at Jonestown, my right finger hurt. I continued: “They are feeding you with these rumors so that it would look as if you put together your story by extracting from these videos... What is the point? Is somebody trying to fuck with us? Or is it just the script?” Then: “The computer calculated how to break our cart and waste our money... Our mother was instructed to talk shit about us....” And my right side hurt. Then: “They are not going to make a robot out of us... *What does Madam President say about this...?* She thinks it good...” In reality, as you can see, my Madam President *will* make a robot out of me! Then: “They will punish Mommy.... So they want us to take pride in our literary ability? What is our happiness like? To write our story, and have nobody laugh at us like it is a joke... and a broken pyramid... We don’t want to look like a wacko... There is nothing wrong with liking pretty people... We don’t know what punishment is administered to others... What does the Pyramid think? Other people.... have a shining name, and they think they are entitled to waste things... She wanted to fight for the oppressed people... But when it comes to you, she thinks you dangerous.... the Palestinians... If they can get on top, she might have a problem with them... Don’t get duped by this seeming righteousness...” Just bullshit as usual.

My next recording is: “thnksgvlnchpsdn\_11\_25\_10\_1236-428PM.WMA”: I listened to Wir Sind Helden a little bit, and then called up Godlen West on a payphone to ask about the thanksgiving dinner. I was told they were doing it on the street. I rode the bus to Skid Row where the dinner party was taking place and obtained my free meal. I mumbled about how meat-eating wasted away 90 percent of the energy which the earth received from the sun. This might be relevant to judge Higgins’ program! Humming, I then rode the Metro to Union Station. And there were again children’s noises! “I’m so tired of children’s noises; whenever I said something beautiful, children would suddenly appear to shout.... It’s like: whenever you did a nice painting, someone would come over and throw shit on it...” I played MIA’s “Kreisel” loudly to cover up children’s noises while getting on the train to go to Pasadena. I hummed loudly too. When I arrived, I continued: “If he is purposely acting in a way to give out the fact that he is acting, he is a really good actor....” (3:33:00).

My next recordings are: “psdnegalttrnsn\_11\_25\_10\_429-457PM.WMA”, “psdnwrtlet\_11\_25\_10\_457-609PM.WMA”, and “psdn\_11\_25\_10\_610-651PM.WMA”: I continued: “We have decided: when she shows up, we will....” Just furnishing more evidence to judge Higgins’ chamber! I settled down in a corner to resume reviewing my recordings and then to write down my realization of a “conspiracy” and what effects this might have on the constitution of the Macrosphere. Ha! Then I mistook another guy for an actor trying to get himself recorded by me. I checked out the Laemmle Theater to ascertain the show time for my “Mommy movie”. Then, luckily, when I passed by a church, I was given turkey by a bunch of volunteers.

My next recordings are: “psdnwrtlet\_11\_25\_10\_652-810PM.WMA” and “psdn\_11\_25\_10\_810-902PM.WMA”: I then came to the quiet corner behind Chase Bank to resume reviewing my recordings and writing. Then more wrong scenario: “We need to cut ourselves; somebody gave us food in order to prevent us from cutting ourselves, to change our mood.... PM doesn’t want us to cut ourselves, and so if we do, he will end it, but somebody wanted to prolong it, and so he made the church people give us food...” Bullshit! Like a typical targeted individual: believing everything around me was orchestrated. I was then writing about the constitution of the Macrosphere and the problem of the infinite loop: “...

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The relevance of my thought has probably ceased...” Since all this pertained to Daughterland’s February victory, it was almost my “true version” (before it turned into a “different version”). Then, during breaks, I played MIA. Then I went to sleep in the street corner (“slppsdncartmovd\_11\_25-26\_10\_937PM-1208AM.WMA”).

### **November 26 (Friday)**

My next recording is: “slppsdnwkstrbk\_11\_26\_10\_408-644AM.WMA”: I was awake from 1:51:00 onward. On 1:57:00 I came inside Sabor to use the restroom. When I came out, I hummed like crazy because of other people’s noises and then commented about the pyramid who worked at the counter and the small size Hispanic people. “... Hispanic people are so disgusting... Why, their culture is so disgusting...” Hispanophobia!

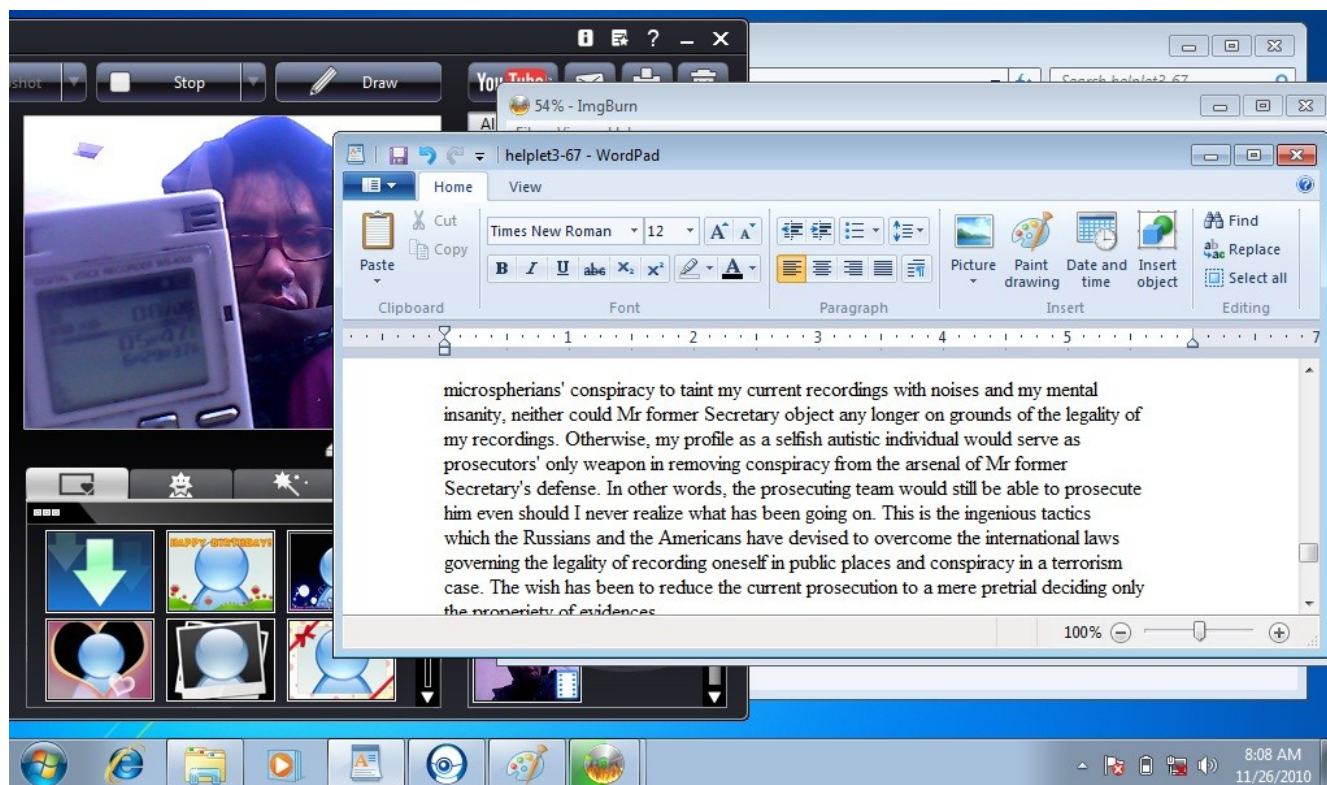
My next recording is: “eatpsdn\_11\_26\_10\_644-752AM.WMA”: I continued to work on my netbook burning a new disc and resuming my writing: “... I came to realize on November 16, the complex reason why the Siloviki and the Agency have felt the urgent need to drive me insane.... the recordings of my therapy session... compile a clinical picture of my psychological disorder as evidence... *why there have been leaks....*” Bullshit!

My next recording is: “psdnwrtlet\_11\_26\_10\_753-921AM.WMA”:<sup>9</sup> I continued to write. “... the theft of my Sony recorder from August... China’s conviction... a fake conviction, a cooperation between Chinese intelligence and the Agency... the script given to the Microspherians to play out... Agency the master villain as well as the savior of the world... the script fed into the giant computer...” Basically I was writing about how the best scenario for everyone was a prosecution rigged by conspiracy (so that Mr Chertoff’s trial could be transferred to the Macrosphere), and then about the Microspherians’ conspiracy to taint my recordings and drive me insane, and then about the two-tier reality as planned by the Microspherians (but eventually intercepted by the Macrospherians). Then I wrote about the script, the script writers (DGHTRCOM and my Madam President), and the giant computer. And finally I wrote about the incomplete replacement of the original evidentiary record. As you can see, I was continuing to develop my “different version”!

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9 Reviewed until 46:00.

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Part of my “different version” this morning  
Indeed, during the summer, the Daughter People could still win without  
my realization that the French had objected if they could make me  
insane and violent

My next recording is: “psdn10dllrmomxiao\_11\_26\_10\_922AM-1223PM.WMA”: I continued my reflection: “Who’s going to judge the judges? It’s always better not to judge than to judge incorrectly” (10:00). Then: “The judges are too busy, they are bureaucrats, they have a lot of experiences, but that is precisely their weakness, for they don’t have the time to study philosophy and learn what is *really* fair and just. When devising fairness, the judges wouldn’t factor in the life experiences of the people involved previous to the commencement of the case. For example, I gave myself more leeway in taking advantages of others because I assumed I had suffered more than others when I was a child... You need to create a special panel to decide... The entire past has to be factored in, otherwise, they couldn’t judge correctly...” (21:30). I then had a funny conversation in front of Playhouse 7 on 1:02:00. A woman gave me some cookies, and I asked her: “Is it a sign of bad things...?” “It’s a good thing...” But I continued: “Do you mean the opposite of what you mean?” I then came to Zona Rosa on 1:08:00. A stranger was talking, and I pretended to be conversing with him because I assumed he was here to get himself recorded by me. Then, strangely, a child was running in and out of the place so that I had to stay 20 feet away to watch over my laptop through the glass windows – I had to charge up its battery. I had to hum loudly due to the child’s proximity to me. Then I continued my erroneous speculation: “Who turned off our recorder? It’s the Macrospherians, we can’t conspire with them, they are protected by the infinite loop; but what’s the purpose? So that they can terminate the whole thing any time they

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want? The Microspherians want to prolong the trial, but the Macrospherians want to terminate it, but why would the Microspherians care? *The Macrospherians want to get me out so that I can do something for them in the future...*” Ha! While this was another instance of my overestimation of my own ability, there was some truth in what I said because judge Higgins – the only real Macrospherian – indeed wanted me to do something for her in the future – all the bad things I would have to suffer in order to help her obtain her compensation and realize her program! Then I called up Tzu Chi and was connected with Sister Xiao (from 1:36:00 onward). We had a long discussion about whether Tzu Chi could help me relocate back to Taiwan. We hanged up on 1:52:00. I then left a message for Jason (Edelman) asking him to schedule an appointment with me on the same day as my next appointment with Dr Roach. Meanwhile, the control center was confusing me with pain signals: my left side kept hurting. I called up my mother on 2:04:00 to ask her when she would make the deposit. Then, amazingly, another woman gave me 10 dollars! I filmed it. I continued my wrong scenario: “... even those intelligence agencies are in the Microsphere, the nations are in the Macrosphere, Mr Chertoff’s crimes would be his attempts to take over nations, the US is in the Macrosphere...” Then my wrong-headed speculation about the diversion of the plane five days ago: “... The plane was diverted back home because a Microspherian was on board, he had to be de-contaminated... Only the Macrospherians can release the Microspherians...” Then I took note of a golden pyramid wearing a purple shirt.

My next recordings are: “tocaltech\_11\_26\_10\_232-256PM.WMA” (“... 1232-256PM...”) and “wrtcaltechstrngme\_11\_26\_10\_256-424PM.WMA”: As I was walking along Colorado Blvd, I continued my wrong scenario: “*When the Macrospherians discovered how the prosecution was messed up*, they were like: ‘Look what you guys are doing!’” Again, my “different version”. I then hummed continuously because there were many children on the street. I checked with the Laemmle theater to see whether I could sit in the back of the theater together with my cart, but finally decided not to see the “Mommy movie” just yet. I then filmed a black woman who was holding a book entitled *Strip*. As if that meant something! I then bought Chinese fast food. “You are supposed to go to Taiwan before the whole thing is over...” And my left side hurt. I then continued walking along Colorado Blvd until I came to Cal Tech. The place was excellent because there was nobody around. I sat down at a table in the middle of the campus and began reviewing my recordings and writing. The control center continued to hurt both my left side and my right side (22:00). After writing for a while, I exclaimed – again engrossed in my erroneous sense of my great importance: “A 10 year-old child could have had better knowledge of all the weapons.... How can this fairy tale mind get hold of so much national security secrets...? It’s the strangest thing to ever have happened...” Then I began walking around the campus.

My next recording is: “brdcaltechsec\_11\_26\_10\_425-536PM.WMA”: I filmed a security guard and then resumed writing. “... as if my website were a pornographic website... the goal is to intercept my negative reaction... to gradually wear down my patience in order to transform my personality into its opposite... the Russian intelligence... filled my head with false scenarios... in order to drive me insane... That night my Open Office was remotely controlled... so that I could no longer print out the document in PDF...”

My next recordings are: “tochasecrnwrt\_11\_26\_10\_537-712PM.WMA” and “wrtchasecrnrtslprelzt\_11\_26\_10\_712-940PM.WMA”: I then came back to the quiet corner behind Chase Bank. I left a

message for Wes on 31:00. Just when I opened up my Wordpad, however, it froze. Again, I was convinced that it was the control center. (It was most likely “natural”.) I then continued to work on my New Letter of Petition – this time I was writing about the episodes of “The World of the Pyramids”: “... DGHTR argued that my crying was due to my inferiority complex before white females...” I then came to a coffeehouse. I got angry again: “Why do people just have to bring their goddamn things here?” I was then reading something about computer matters. When somebody came to talk to me, I hummed loudly, got angry, and walked away. I came back to the corner behind Chase Bank. I played MIA. Then I realized (wrongly) that the alerts about me in the past would now be construed as fake. “They are gonna say: all the alerts in Europe and Taiwan, they were all fake, all the people were actors...” And my left side hurt. “I want a normal truth serum. When somebody says something, don’t muffle it out, it’s evidence... Now you know that, when you go outside, there will be no alerts, but what about the people who have seen them?... It’s time to release us into the wild... What did you tell Mr Chertoff? That, when he was in Germany, everyone was just putting up a show? Does he believe it?” I then continued to enjoy my music. Then two guys came over to make fun of me: “Are you recording? A high-tech homeless guy...” (1:37:30). Then: “... somebody is saying that we’ll be recruited...”

My next recording is: “noalerts1ppsdn\_11\_26-27\_10\_945PM\_109AM.WMA”.<sup>10</sup> I continued: “We have recorded all our thoughts but nobody will have the time to listen to them.” I shut down my computer to get ready to sleep. “What would they say? Nothing. In the beginning we won’t say whether our story is true or false. A couple of grands and a pyramid... We will get compensated for years and years of suffering... According to the official story, the earlier Russians were all fake... and so we have never become conscious of the conspiracy until lately... Why do evidences have to be replaced? It’s the refinement of evidences... Can it be over and done with? You don’t need the bitch to show up...”  
Nonsense!

### **November 27 (Saturday; the “Purple Mommy”)**

My first recordings of the new day are: “slpwkstrbkgdltozeli\_11\_27\_10\_556-712AM.WMA” and “zeliwrt\_11\_27\_10\_712-823AM.WMA”: While lying around, I continued to mutter: “Inside, Outside...” That is, I was finding more ways to verbalize the Microsphere-Macrosphere distinction. Around 7 AM, I filmed myself getting up. As you can see in the video, I looked increasingly autistic: “Capture\_20101127.wmv”. A black man then came over and gave me a dollar (1:06:00). I then came inside Starbucks. I continued: “... Let’s go to France... Go to Taiwan first.. We need to get away from Hispanic people... The Daughter People are saying: ‘We will test you by taking all your writings away...’ Don’t test it, that will never happen...” When I settled down in a street corner, a man showed up. I asked him: “Who are you?” “I work here.” Mistaking him for an actor, I confronted him: “You know I don’t like noises, hence you come here...” Like a typical targeted individual! I then continued to write my letter: “... The Agency had in its care this disabled... autistic boy who hated Hispanics and African Americans... After it convicted the Russian intelligence, it decided to use him to run a sting operation on Mr former Secretary...” Namely, my “different version”. Then, during my break: “... One thing we can assume about what they are doing is that they are not doing anything, they are watching us... Or maybe they are not watching, *that’s conspiracy*, there must be a dividing line between the

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<sup>10</sup> Reviewed until 24:00.

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### Microsphere and the Macrosphere....”

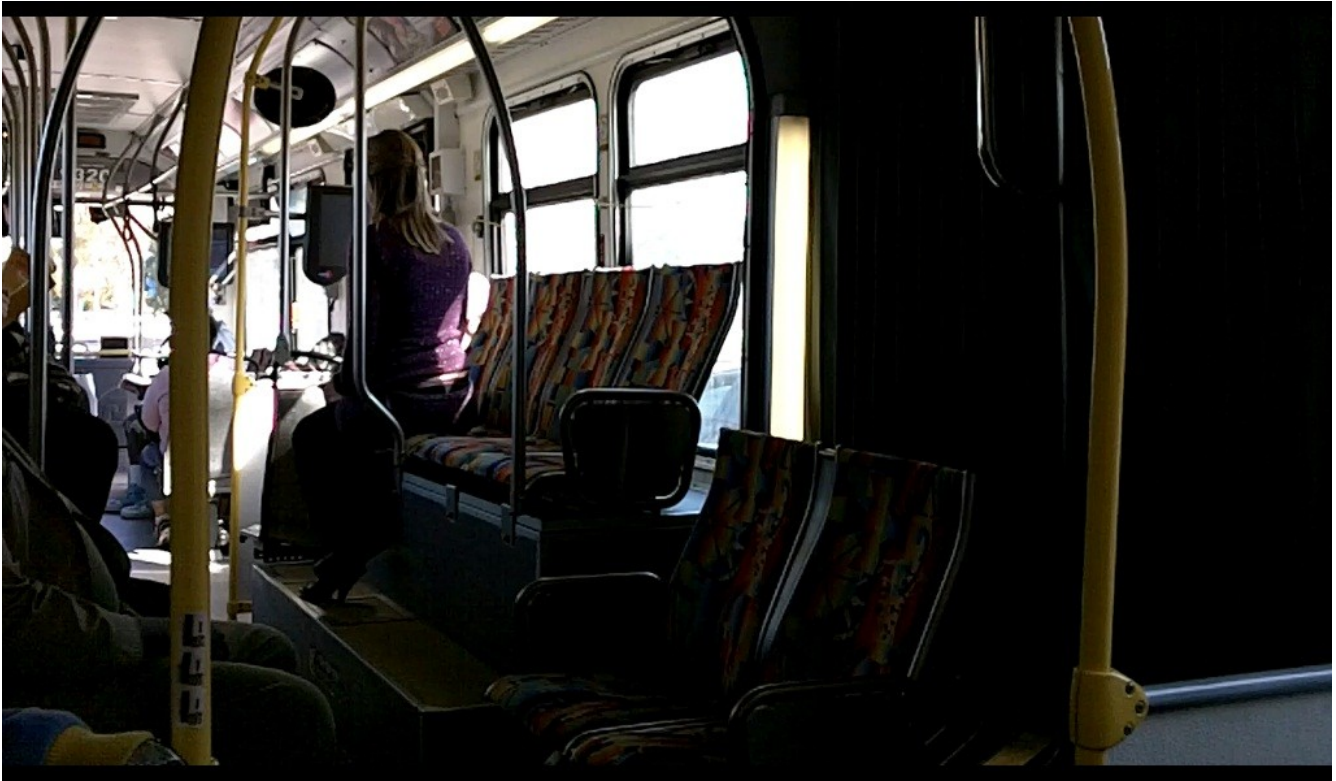
My next recording is: “metrommydovs720toopcc\_11\_27\_10\_823-1116AM.WMA”: When I came to Zona Rosa, I saw a black man sitting outside. I assumed he was another actor hired to fake my environment, and therefore asked him how much he got paid for sitting there. Strangely, he admitted that he *was* acting, but then got annoyed and shouted profanity at me. He then told me he got paid 50 dollars an hour (3:00). He was very mean to me, and I walked away. What’s going on here? Since I was convinced that everybody around me was actor and actress sent in by the intelligence agencies – like a typical targeted individual – I believed firmly that this man was “leaking information to me” and was only baffled by his enormous hostility. In reality, this man was most likely just a random person and was simply going along with me for no particular reason. It could even be that he really *was* trying to start an acting career in Hollywood (such as working as a movie extra). It’s very unfortunate that, when people went along with my “delusion”, whether it was Wes or random people on the street, I took it seriously and became even more entrenched in my wrong scenarios. In fact, it could even be that the CIA had commanded the Monkey to orchestrate this accidental event in conformity to the rule of “devising a reality around the terrorist that fits his belief”. I then continued my worthless speculation: “Why is it okay to go to France?... How to commit conspiracy.... The legally dividing line must exist... Otherwise the trial can never finish.... *We have a great interest in not committing conspiracy with any party....*” Along my way, somebody offered me bread, but I declined. I then came to the Memorial Park Station and got on Metro Gold Line. I noticed a pyramid reading *The Brothers Karamazov* and asked her about it. I told her I didn’t read much fiction. She was going to school to study art (until 44:00). Then I noticed another African man. I shouted out: “A conspiracy! Suddenly a lot more Africans around me!” This man was from Nigeria and was reading a book entitled *The New Testament Use of the Old Testament*. This man was again most likely just a random person, but I became convinced again that the control center had sent him to me to leak information to me! (The New Testament and the Old Testament: that did sound something like the Boss’ plan!) After I got off the train, I continued to reflect: “What is the root of our anger? It is this: everybody regards the Pyramid as so important, and yet she’s the one who drags everyone down the waters...” Only if I could know that judge Higgins had already attempted to compensate me in this regard! I was then on the bus going to Santa Monica. I again used my webcam and mirror to produce an instance of the “infinite loop”. Soon I had to hum and play MIA loudly when children appeared on the bus (2:25:00). Then my left side hurt. I got off the bus on 2:41:00. My wrong scenario again: “Mr B went to the Daughter People and asked them to push out DGHTR, ‘I’m more useful to you even though I did wrong’...” Then: “Make sure to send the Pyramid to Mexico, send her to work with these Mexican men, they are so violent and so disrespectful of women, she’ll be in considerable danger... Yes, Daughter People, do send her there...” I then noted two pyramids running. As if that meant something!

My next recording is: “OPCCprpleswtrmmynarrative\_11\_27\_10\_1116AM-137PM.WMA”: As soon as I came to OPCC, I broke down crying because I could only get a to-go meal. After eating, I left. I reflected on my writing: “We didn’t describe our feelings very well, we have only described the events, people will not know how sad we are.” Then I continued: “The neocons like to manipulate evangelicals... My story – *this is a technique to protect the neocons’ secrets*, namely to get some wacko to spill them out, so that people will have already dismissed the ‘secrets’ as some wacko’s crazy



delusions... How much do I get paid for my job?” I was right on target here! As you have seen, this was precisely what the CIA had told Mr Chertoff when it came to enlightening me about the chips inside my brain! When I came to the bus stop on Wilshire, I saw a golden pyramid talking on cellphone who was wearing purple (1:08:00). I began to suspect that she was “Mommy”. I asked her: “Why do you wear purple?” “Because I like it.” “Who told you to wear purple?” “God.” “Do you believe in God?” “You don’t have to believe in God, but I do.” “Who does God tell you to marry?” Then I encouraged her to ask God to hurry up in finding her a husband. “What does God tell you to do?” she asked me. I talked about wanting to see a new movie (i.e. the “Mommy movie”). When we both got on the bus, I sat in the back while this “Purple Mommy” sat in the middle. I studied her and was aroused by her slender hands and beautiful feet. (She was wearing the typical “Mommy shoes”.) While I was videotaping her, an “accidental thought” – “I want to rape her” – suddenly popped into my head. It was an “accidental thought” in the sense that the thought “I want...” simply popped into my head without my ever meaning it at all. Just then there occurred a “Ding” – some passenger pulled the string to request the bus driver to stop: it really seemed as if it was to signal that “evidence had been taken”. I assumed that the passenger who pulled the string was remotely controlled to do so, and became erroneously convinced that the prosecuting team had collected their evidence. I assumed further that the Monkey was altering the setting of the mind-reading computer (again) at this very moment. I commented: “What does the thought-reading computer show when we use the wrong word?” When the bus was coming near Westwood, the “Purple Mommy” stood up to get ready to get off. I asked her: “Do you think people there will harm me?” “No...” I got off the bus together with the Purple Mommy (1:30:00). She asked me nicely whether I was following her and then walked toward UCLA. I continued my erroneous conception: “Such is the defense team’s argument: this guy is purposely making evidence against Mr Chertoff... You know he will argue thusly, thus you divide the prosecuting team into the Microspherians and the Macrospherians...” Then I tried to express in my own words the meaning of “conspiracy”: “... consciously providing evidence to one side to help them bust the other side...” I pushed my broken cart all the way to UCLA. At one point my right side hurt. I got coffee from the vending machine and then continued my reflection about my writings: “We have also devoted not enough effort to the examination of different personalities, we have talked only about the amazing tricks...” There was a black guy wearing earphones near me. Surveillance? Then: “Ranke, the return to the narrative form, examining how the event was born out of the interactions among different personalities...”

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The “Purple Mommy” on bus 720 today

My next recordings are: “uclprklot\_11\_27\_10\_137-143PM.WMA” and “uclwrtlet\_11\_27\_10\_143-309PM.WMA”: I then came inside the underground parking lot and hid beneath the staircase to masturbate with the video of the “Purple Mommy”. Then: “We can go to France for it is really just a matter of infrastructure...” Just then, siren (20:00). I was all done and came to Ackerman by 38:00. Then: “What if it is not finished until we finish writing our petition letter?” I then reviewed the recording from June (my calling the FBI and so on). “What if it’s not fake?” Suddenly, a child was shouting on 53:00. I was startled. Then I was reviewing the recording of my conversation with Wes. “... on a Daughter Plane to go into Daughterland...”

Now what was going on with this “Purple Mommy”? In the coming days I would conclude that the purple pyramid I saw today was indeed Mommy. Indeed! She really *was* a CIA agent! I would soon write down on this very diary the wrong scenario: “It was the Macrospherians who wanted me to videotape her and then masturbate with the video just like our arrangement from before. (Mommy was fully clothed, of course.) *This means that Mommy’s pictures have been suppressed as evidences in the ICJ.* I am about to be lumped together with the defense team – hopefully with the French pyramid only.”

In reality, what had really happened today was most likely this. Now that judge Higgins had obtained evidence that the CIA had communicated the “plan” to me (“create different versions”, “be remotely controlled”, and “not get provoked to violence”), her next step was to obtain evidence that the CIA had

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instructed the Monkey to carry out the “plan”. Within the past three days, the Invisible Hand thus proceeded to *create* evidence to such effect to frame himself. And so he instructed the Monkey to use his computer to simulate what kind of hands and feet would arouse me and then chose one of his agents with the right hands and feet to carry out this operation. He instructed the Monkey to control me to run into the CIA agent today so that, when I got aroused, he could then instruct the Monkey to control me to develop the “accidental thought” in question in order to result in an intercept that inaccurately described how I wanted to rape women. (As shall be seen, the episode where the Monkey tampered with the mind-reading computer’s setting seemed to have been eliminated.) Since this was the crucial episode which resulted in France’s objection, Judge Higgins would use this evidence to get the judge computer to establish further that the CIA had conspired with the Monkey as well as with me to rig this trial. The only question was of course: in order to further frame himself for judge Higgins’ benefits, did the Invisible Hand also instruct the Monkey to call in the Pyramid to show her the forged intercept? Did the Pyramid go inside the control center again during the weekend after Thanksgiving? (Presumably because the father wanted to explain to the daughter that he really didn’t lie to her about the Chincker.) This would seem to be necessary in order to establish that the CIA had indeed employed a *group of people* to carry out this terrorist conspiracy to rig the trial.

It must be noted that today’s operation was meticulously planned and was only possible with the use of the computer inside the control center. Judge Higgins could only command the CIA to forge evidences to frame themselves by working within the framework of “letting the terrorist suspect finish his mission”. Today’s operation was thus only permitted by the judge computer insofar as it would enable me to continue on my “mission”, namely, coming up with wrong scenarios and looking increasingly insane in order to rig the trial. The computer inside the control center had thus orchestrated my encounter with the “Purple Mommy” and my “accidental thought” in such a way that I would be misled to see the encounter as confirmation of my wrong scenario that the prosecuting team was battling with the defense team to prosecute Mr Chertoff. Thus, it was in fact essential, *orchestrated*, that I shall, on the basis of today’s encounter, further develop my wrong scenario by imagining that the prosecuting team had now succeeded in suppressing my videos of CIA agents as evidences and lumping me together with the defense team.

My next recordings are: “11\_27\_10\_320-411PM.WMA” and “ucltvwrtschzo\_11\_28\_10\_419-1102PM.WMA” (11\_27\_10): I continued to review my recordings and work on my New Letter of Petition. I then checked my bank balance on the payphone. Negative 300 something dollars! Then: “We will not believe that it’s over... We can’t live like this any longer... Why is it that we must not have a home? *We will go insane*... That’s the point, we have to go insane, it’s the belief that matters, it’s the belief that makes us go insane.... We need to go to meetups... We need to find real people, every time when we meet somebody, it’s either Mommy or fake Mommy...” I then spotted an Asian girl working in one of Ackerman’s study rooms. I asked her: “What are you studying?...” “...” “Let’s become friends, let’s go watch a movie...” “Okay...” “Is that a yes?” “No.” Then I broke down crying: “I’m so lonely, I have no home, no friends, no money... I haven’t seen a movie for two years...” I asked her what the last movie was that she saw. I then looked up Meetup’s website on Ackerman’s computer. I also checked the price of a movie. I muttered about the people inside the control center: “If you need to do your job and there is nothing necessary to do, can you just sit around? Or do the laws require you to do

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something?” I was at the same time playing the recording of the episode of “That’s Impossible” I had just watched: Brown University’s BrainGate system (33:00). And my left side hurt. Then, the non-invasive type of mind-reading. When I was leaving the computer stations, I continued: “Tell these homeless people, these actors, to get out of Ross Hotel, and let the real homeless people move in...” I then got coffee from the vending machine. “That’s the official story, Mr Chertoff tried to provoke us with these goddamn little things...” When I came back inside Ackerman, I saw the “Yoga people” again. I asked them about the old Yoga lady I saw on November 13. They didn’t want to talk to me and simply directed me to search for “White Kundalini Yoga” online (2:03:00). I came to the TV lounge and continued writing my petition letter. At one point, I panicked: “No, no, accidental thoughts! It’s thought-crime, we’ll get punished...” Then: “At a certain point, they can’t dupe us anymore, that’s their weakness, the sequence of events is the best decipher...” I was quite wrong! Then, more malfunctioning: it seemed that the line I had just typed out on my Open Office document had mysteriously disappeared. What’s going on? I also filmed the finalization of the new disc I was burning. And there was Buddhism on TV! I then went to buy coffee again from the vending machine. I sighed: “Back in the days of DGHTR, we could turn off our recorder because we felt so secure...” And my left side hurt. When I was walking away, I mumbled about getting a job. And my left side hurt. “*They have derived so much benefits from victimizing this guy...*” Well, this time, it was judge Higgins’ team who were about to benefit from victimizing me! I came back to Ackerman to continue to review my recordings.

My next recording is: “11\_27-28\_10\_1103PM-1224AM.WMA”: While leaving UCLA, I continued to mutter about the neocons’ habit of taking short cuts to power. I even filmed a cigarette butt I found on the street. Then, children! And I hummed loudly. I came to my corner in Westwood Village and was getting ready to sleep. Then, I repeated my wrong scenario (or “different version”): “Mr Chertoff must have made the argument that our recordings of people staging shows around us cannot be used as evidences against him because we purposely tried to record them as evidences against him in the ICJ, and now that we don’t want people’s noises in our recordings, the prosecuting team thus send in these actors to us to get themselves recorded by us, which would then demonstrate that our old recordings could after all be used as evidences against Mr Chertoff. The purpose of all this operation is to produce counter-arguments against Mr Chertoff. And Mr Chertoff continues to make this argument in order to piss us off!” Lying in my corner, I continued to review the recording of my crying and speculating wrongly. And siren (1:13:00). And people were talking! I hummed. “We are not allowed to find housing because other people need to make noises into our recorder...” I got so angry that I got up and kicked over things on the street. “I can’t stand this! Not a single file is not corrupted! Mr Chertoff has really won...”

### **November 28 (Sunday; the “Boss”, “Mary C”, and “French”)**

My next recording is: “slpwstwdwkuclconsprlaw\_11\_28\_10\_102-1045AM.WMA”: From 6:30:00 onward, I was already awake and pushing my broken cart to UCLA. I got my morning coffee from the vending machine and started backing up my files to my Toshiba drive. On 7:20:00 I noticed a woman who was speaking Daughterspeak and wearing Angelica shoes. She was annoyed by my attention: “Can I help you?” I then went to buy cigarettes at the pharmacy. I continued to mumble: “... if the

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Pyramid likes the black revolutionary things...” I came back to Ackerman on 8:10:00. I played MIA and continued writing: “... evidences inadmissible... both sides... either it has to be extracted without your awareness or against your will... the law is derived from the fact that the suspect is usually not aware of being watched...” I then wrote about my passport problem back in November 2007. Since my understanding was more or less correct for this early period, it was my “true version”. Then: “... the judges can derive laws from facts... they have a lot of power... big nations have to obey the laws because they need to protect their faces... so they have put themselves into a box... Mommy sent an agent to tell us... Obama is an alien... they tried to get us to put ourselves into a corner<sup>11</sup>... the power of the court depends entirely on reputation... because nations are so much closer together, that’s why it matters now... Mr Chertoff thinks he’s a master of deception, duping us with that Olshansky stuff... it’s very important that the court operates according to the common law tradition, where they can derive new laws from previous laws... Mr Chertoff... there is somebody helping him... somebody who’s very smart... Did the court assign the person? *There is a French lawyer who always helps genocide suspects*... Let’s find out who he is... deriving an imperative from an indicative...” I came to the TV lounge on 8:50:00. I continued to try to verbalize about the “replacement of evidences”: “That’s what’s going on, the meaning of events has all changed... even though everything looks the same...”

My next recording is: “ucltv dvd198\_11\_28\_10\_1045-1127AM.WMA”: And I got on Ackerman’s computer. Then, baby noise again! And I hummed. I saw the news: “DGHTRCOM is going to discuss the tigers...” “Fake news! The same with the Formula 1 story...” I then read about the news about the body scanner. And my new disc was successfully burned. I then bought some food.

My next recording is: “marychny\_11\_28\_10\_1127-1158AM.WMA”: I came to Ackerman’s patio to eat and to continue to develop my “different version”. I suddenly realized (erroneously) that, if the Boss was being prosecuted in the International Criminal Court along with Mr Chertoff, his daughter, Mary C, must be involved! I thus recorded my thoughts: “We have four thoughts: (1) MC has a lawyer who’s very good... Perhaps it is that French lawyer who likes to defend genocide suspects... If they tell Mary, ‘You go home’, her family is not gonna take command of... they don’t have the face anymore, and so Mary will really accept that and go home... (2) Daughterland will actually help the US because, if the US goes down, the whole world will suffer... (3) That Iran thing is just a show... But who are they trying to dupe...? Warlords? Commoners?... (4) It is Mary C, she wants to save her father... She’d say: ‘We just want to get our father off the hook, we are not here to take command of anyone...’ She is really worried about her family’s reputation... But the problem is that they have pissed off the SLVK... There will be no plea bargain because the SLVK really don’t like the Boss... Who’s the lawyer? He has to be good and yet willing to bear infamy... Only MC wants to take command of people... The US will remain a power in the future because its military is just so large... There must be a lawyer because Mary C will find the best lawyer there is for her father... But the whole system is set up for them to lose... She will beg the SLVK... Why didn’t she ask me to beg...? *That’s it, she’s gonna ask the lawyer to make the best arguments possible so that the prosecuting team would wonder whether they should really destroy the evidence (me)...*” While all this was my “different version”, i.e. bullshit, I would be so convinced that, days later, I would relate this to the Purple Mommy’s appearance yesterday and conclude that, by speculating on Mary C’s role in the defense team for the first time, I had Idiotically

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11 As you can see, I had not yet understood the significance of what happened on December 11 last year.

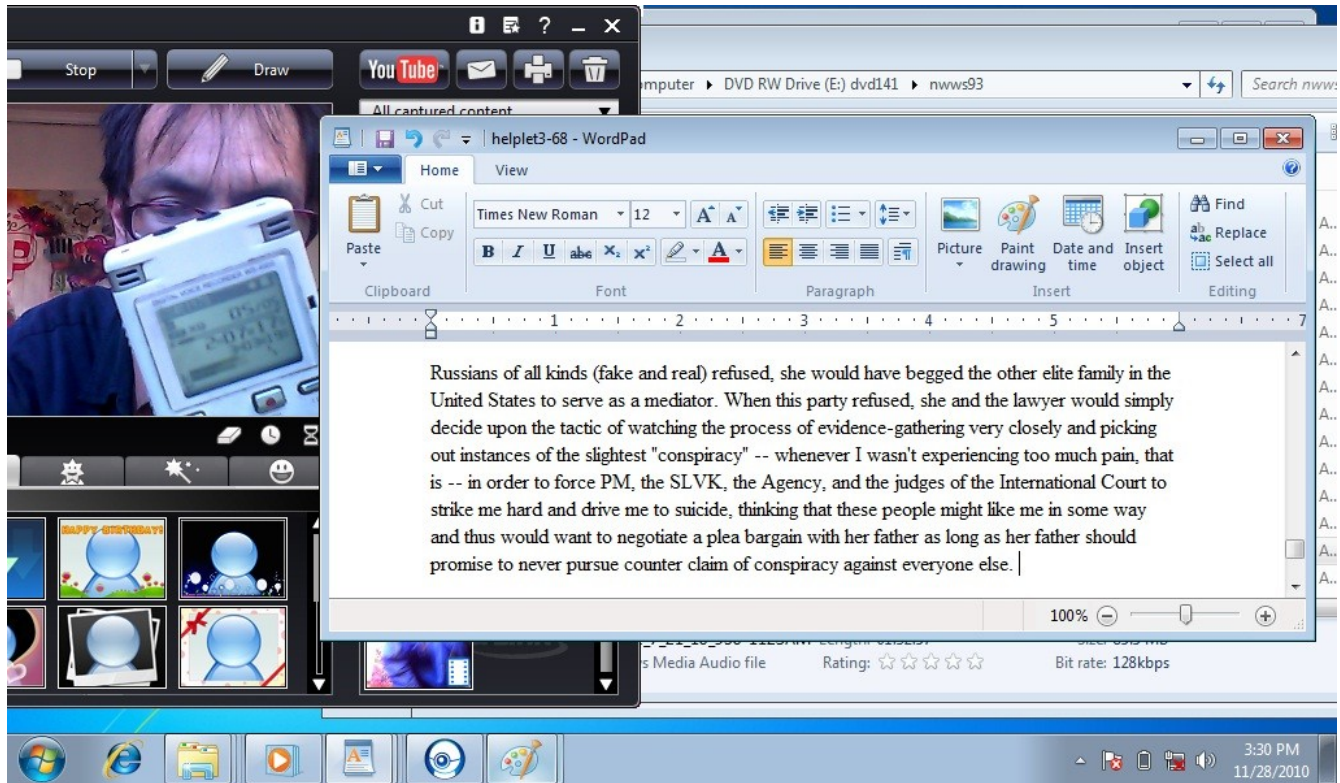
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made my first step in being completely lumped with the defense team. Ha!

My next recording is: “netgenocdlaw\_11\_28\_10\_1158AM-114PM.WMA”: I noted that Ackerman was again broadcasting the song “Run away as fast as you can...” I still couldn’t shake off the erroneous impression that the control center was telling me to run away! I then got on Ackerman’s computer again to continue my research. This time I was reading about the international laws governing the prosecution of crimes against humanity. I continued to be stuck in my erroneous scenario that Mr Chertoff and the Boss were being prosecuted for their genocidal plans in the International Criminal Court. I read that French lawyers were frequently called upon to defend defendants charged with crimes against humanity. Hmm... French! As I became further convinced that the lawyer whom Mary C had found for the defense team must be French, this was further evidence in judge Higgins’ chamber that I was developing my “different version”: the French DGSE was distorted into a French lawyer. But, soon, people’s noises drove me out of Ackerman. I was so angry that I kicked over trash cans and chairs on the patio. “If we snap, that mother fucker is going down too!” Ha! How wrong was I! “If that bitch shows up, we’ll smash her head too!” Then more of my wrong scenario: “Now that I know it, if I snap, you guys will all go down, defendants! Picking on ‘conspiracy right there!’” That is, I erroneously assumed that, insofar as the defendants at the International Criminal Court were using the trial to avenge themselves against me – using objections to force the prosecuting team to drive me to hurt people and get myself arrested – this had now become a “conspiracy”. Again, my “different version”. I then resumed reviewing my recordings.

My next recording is: “wrtletsupl10\_11\_28\_10\_114-344PM.WMA”: I then continued writing my letter. This time I was elaborating on Mr Chertoff’s defense arguments. And more of children’s noises: I hummed. I was then writing about the episode where the Pyramid filed her restraining order against me, and then about the enrichment of evidence.

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This afternoon I was also writing about  
what I believed was Mary C's tactic

My next recording is: "jacqvergesikhinftrcrdrfl\_11\_28\_10\_344-427PM.WMA". I then wandered around in Ackerman while doing my stupid reflection: "Why would anybody go to trial without a lawyer...? Mr Chertoff must have a lawyer..." I got back onto Ackerman's computer. After browsing through the *Los Angeles Times*' news about Wikileaks, I began researching French lawyers hired to defend defendants charged with crimes against humanity. "We have decided: we got duped." Then: "This is the lawyer we were thinking about: Jacques Vergès." Bullshit! I had no idea that I was in fantasy land. However, I left Ackerman quite angry: "We are gonna get this mother-fucker..." I was kicking things and yelling at a child: "Don't make sounds to my recorder..."

My next recording is: "recrdrdropd\_11\_28\_10\_430-434PM.WMA": I continued to develop my wrong scenario ("different version"): "The Macrospherians are ordering the objecting nations to object: to smooth out the internal dissension among some countries in regard to their participation in the New Secret World Order. Today, India. Most likely in regard to India's difficulty in implementing population control measures." Stupid bullshit!

My next recording is: "uclnet\_11\_28\_10\_446-550PM.WMA": Then: "We will be taken to the police, taken to court, that would be evidence, and that's what they want..." I left a message for Wes on 17:00: "Call me back..." I then came back inside Ackerman to continue to review my recordings and writing.

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My next recording is: “wrtucl\_11\_28\_10\_551-721PM.WMA”: I continued writing: “... the evidentiary process should be so secret... decoy operations...” Then: “They tried to kill us... They made an argument to force the Siloviki and the Agency to... lead us to suicide... Mary C really hates us... because her father really hates us...” I then wrote about how I went through the troubles to obtain my tank: “It must have been thanks to the ingenious argument of the lawyer...” Then: “I don’t know if we can petition... get that fucking old man... so that we can sue the lawyer... get him 15 years... That must be why we are going to France... Let’s see how far he can get us... Maybe we can get the lesbian bitch too... Let’s wait for this to be over first... There is somebody who really hates us...” Then, around 6:30 PM, I webcamed myself making a speech to the Boss: “Capture\_20101128\_22.wmv”: “Let me teach you something about life... You should have chosen the pretty one... Then you wouldn’t be here today... So you wanna get me...? The ‘Outsiders’ will get you...” Namely, I was telling the Boss that he should have preferred the CIA to Mr Chertoff. I really believed that he was listening to me from the International Criminal Court. Ha! I didn’t know that I was merely talking to the atmosphere! What a waste of my own time! But, as you shall see, my *belief* that I was talking to the Boss would provide judge Higgins with the justification to obtain more evidence to (secretly) convict the man tomorrow. Then, from, 1:10:00 onward, I reviewed the recording of my conversation with Wes from July: “... machines malfunctioned... elevator malfunctioned...”

My next recordings are: “uclwrtlet\_11\_28\_10\_724-919PM.WMA”, “wrtletucl\_11\_28\_10\_919-954PM.WMA”, and “slpwstwdreflect\_11\_28-29\_10\_1139PM-449AM.WMA”: I transcribed my conversation with Wes and worked a little more on my petition letter. Then, after 9 PM, I left Ackerman and came to my usual corner in Westwood Village. I worked on my writings a little more until past 11PM and then went to sleep. While sleeping, I continued to build up my wrong scenario (in the third recording): “Who else has objected? Italy? India? South Korea? Did Romania object as well?” (4:00) “We have to say: *we are not in conspiracy with anyone*... If anyone objects, he will have to object to the atmosphere... The evidences are complete, we are no longer...” And my right side hurt (10:50). “*France objected because they didn’t want Russia in the EU*...” Just then, I coughed (11:20). “Maybe we are only allowed to go to conspirator countries...” (14:00). Although I was still “full of shit”, at least I made progress in developing my “different version”: I had now become fixated on the French. This guy knows that the French have something to do with the objections!<sup>12</sup>

### **November 29 (Monday; Wes: “They have studied you”; “different version” almost completed)**

My next recordings are: “slpwstwdwk\_11\_29\_10\_449-812AM.WMA”, “mrrorcafenoise\_11\_29\_10\_812-819AM.WMA”, and “wrtletmrrorcafe\_11\_29\_10\_819-910AM.WMA”: I was awake from 2:53:00 onward in the first recording. I got up and mumbled: “... we need to go to places where there are a large number of people...” I tried out Elysée where there were mirrors on the wall. With my morning coffee, I played the French First Lady’s “*Quelqu’un m’a dit*” repeatedly. Then: “The neocons, the defendants in the trial... they must have made the argument... to make people that talk about them look like wackos... The outsiders might be telling them, ‘You make all your arguments now and get them out of your system...’” I then resumed writing: “... the current Homeland Security surveillance on me can’t be trusted...” I then wrote about the episode of August 7 when Deborah gave me a new laptop. As

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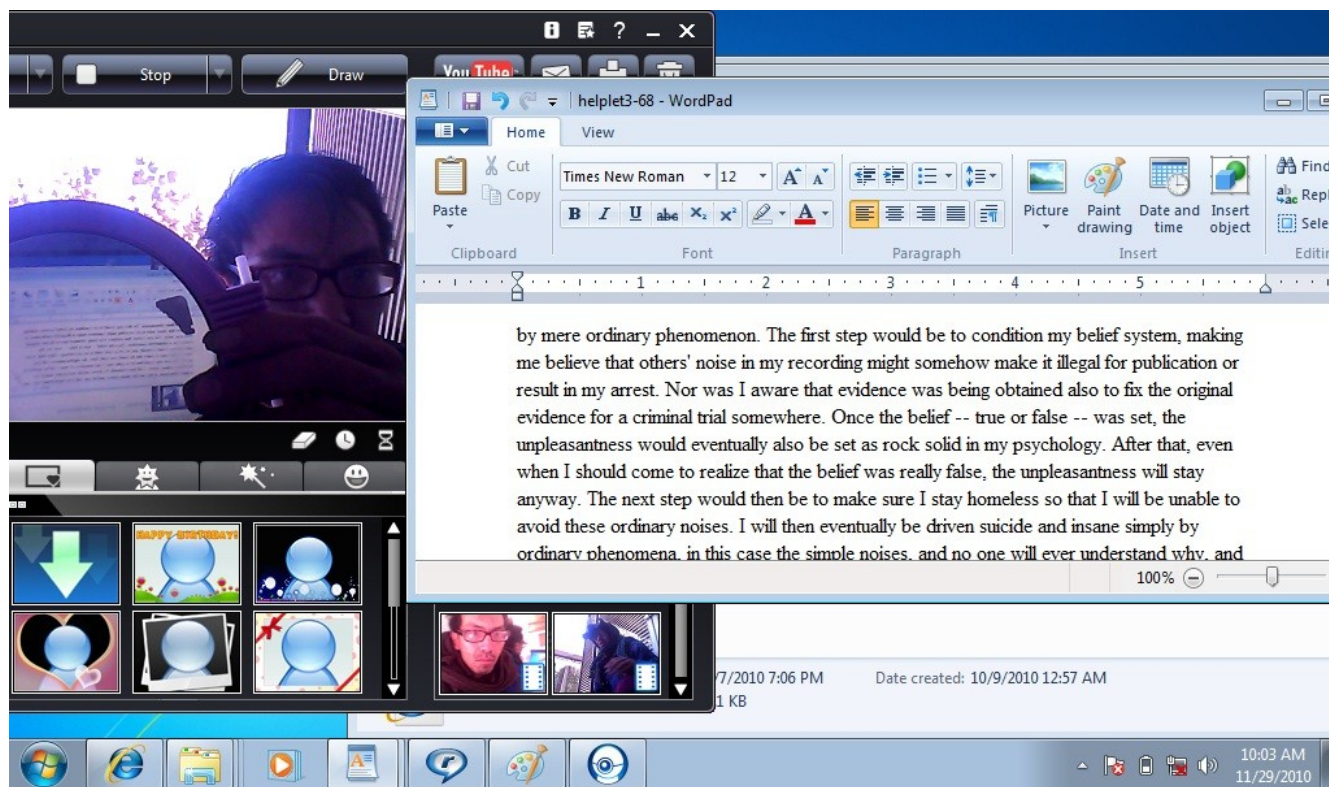
12 The third recording was reviewed until 1:00:00.



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people began coming in to make noises, I soon left. I continued: “Why should the defendants have access to my thoughts...? They have access to all the operational plans... to all the information... When the official story comes out, these would be my conspirators... They might be Mr Chertoff’s collaborators... The problem is DC... Tell him, ‘You should have chosen the pretty one, it’s really your own fault’ ... We will go for the Europeans, we like the Europeans better...”

My next recording is: “wrtletwstwdcmr\_11\_29\_10\_910-1023AM.WMA”: I came to the corner behind the Chicago School and continued writing my Letter of Petition. Then: “The defendants have lost, that’s why they are winning. The losers have more power...” (14:00).



This morning I wrote out the etiology of my Sonophobia

My next recording is: “toopcc\_11\_29\_10\_1024-1146AM.WMA”: I then left and was pushing my broken cart through the streets. Siren on 12:00. I got on the bus on 22:00 to go to OPCC. I asked the bus driver: “Do you get extra pay for doing acting?” He ignored me. Again, I didn’t know I was making a fool out of myself: I actually thought I was very smart! Siren again on 25:00. While on the bus, I played the French First Lady and Wir sind Helden again. More wrong scenario: “There is a lawyer... They are going to set up... so that no one will release any information...” (47:00). Then: “Destroy the evidences and so on...” After I got off the bus on 1:01:00, I continued my worthless speculation about the lawyer: “We will have to make arguments so that the evidence-gathering process can drive him insane...” (1:03:30). Then: “He’s a mobster... My reputation...” I came to OPCC and waited for my free lunch.

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My next recording is: “tzuchiwcilwesIMP\_11\_29\_10\_1146AM-4PM.WMA”. I played MIA’s “Hungriges Herz”. I then came up with more false scenarios about how the French lawyer used arguments to force the prosecuting team to torture me, to get baby noises into my recording so as to exclude them as evidences. “She’s very smart...” (until 4:00). Then, after so much waiting, I was first told that there was still lunch, then told that there was no more (14:00). I walked away disappointed. I continued my wrong scenario: the defendants were using the prosecutors’ laws to kill me (19:00). When I got on the bus, I continued: “Do the lawyers enjoy their life inside the control center? Waking up, preparing arguments.... Maybe the defendants want to waste American taxpayers’ money just like we do, they are unhappy about the fact that ‘You didn’t obey me in order for me to exterminate you...’” (27:30). Then: “It’s just like ‘recreational litigation’... Maybe the lawyers would afterward want to get the judges too... It’s dangerous, it’s like prosecuting mobsters...” (30:30). Then: “We need to do more cutting” (31:20). When I got off the bus, I continued to calculate the cost of this trial, the actors, the control of the weather, etc. (49:00). I came to the Tzu Chi office on Barrington on 55:00. I decided to continue to try Tzu Chi. I met up with Sister Wu, an old lady, and explained my situation to her: Sister Xiao, Secretary Yang at the consulate, etc. I tried to persuade her to call my mother: “I can’t talk to her myself, she’s mentally confused” (1:06:30). Then we talked about housing and my mental condition. I rejected the idea about the shelter: “I’m already mentally ill, I can’t mix with these bad characters...” (1:29:00). She asked me about my parents and then wanted Sister Xiao to contact my mother instead. I told her that it was not a good idea to discuss the matter with my mother. “I just want to go back to Taiwan.” She was still trying to persuade me to go to the shelter (1:38:00). I then learned that Miss Guo did not actually work for Tzu Chi; she was merely doing her business in the same office (1:41:00). She would not be here tomorrow. Now Sister Wu kept telling me that going to Taiwan was a bad idea. (And it was!) I left on 1:52:00. I then developed another wrong scenario about the defendants’ tactic to force me to get into a fight: *they would otherwise accuse the CIA of conspiracy with me* (1:57:00).

I called Wes on 2:08:00, but he wasn’t home. I regurgitated: “I don’t want the chips to be pulled out of my head” (2:11:00). These were my evidences! I then got on the bus to go to WCIL. Siren on 2:16:00. I told the bus driver: “They have especially selected you because you look mean and ugly.” Again, guided by my wrong scenario that everyone around me was especially selected actor, I actually believed I was being very smart in being able to see through the theater. I then realized (incorrectly) that many of the “Dings” came from the defendants (2:23:00). More: The defendants’ lawyer knew I would sue him in the future. “Tell us the defendants’ lawyer’s name!” (2:34:00) Complete fantasy land! There were no trial, no lawyer, and no defendants! After I got off the bus, I continued: “The defendants’ crime is this: to doom us, and to doom the Pyramid, to get us convicted of dooming the Pyramid... This is the crime of the defendants: to use their very prosecution to commit crimes.... The prosecutors are collecting evidences for these charges against the defendants, and these people should not be allowed to have any defense...” (4:29:00). I came to WCIL and requested to use the computers (2:52:00). I continued while squatting in the parking lot: “What do we want? We want to fly out to the outside world, out of this conspiracy, we don’t want this conspiracy.... Why can’t the outside world help us?” (2:59:00) Then: “If the Macrosphere was constituted in February... Then the conspiracy in the International Criminal Court... This is how it was done....” Just then a woman came over to ask me for a cigarette. “You are not pretty enough...” She laughed: “Well...” I asked her (due to my erroneous

conception): “Are you an actress?” “No...” “Me too, I’m caught up in an involuntary performance...” (3:04:00). We had a little more chat. Then Aliza showed up, and I chatted briefly with her (3:07:00). I complained: “Money is the solution to every problem... All I need is 400 dollars... What about selling my drawings?” Just then, my phone rang (3:11:30). Surprisingly, it was Wes (from 3:12:30 onward). “I am doomed, I really feel like I am doomed,” I complained. “But you are okay now, right?” “No.” Wes then asked me out of the blue if I knew a certain “Neil Gibson”. “Who’s that?” Apparently it was someone to whom I had provided Wes as a reference. After some debate about this unknown figure, Wes gave me his number (3:16:10). I then explained to Wes why I felt I was doomed: my tolerance for frustration had been so lowered that I could get provoked to extreme anger just because the wind was blowing too hard. Wes asked me if the wind was orchestrated. “Yes! The control center could remotely control the wind to blow harder!” I then told him about my other concern, that, although several years ago Mr Chertoff had broadcast an alert about me to diplomatic services around world saying I suffered from schizophrenic delusions about him, I might have been duped this time into continuously talking about him on the phone so that the same alert could be substantiated and re-broadcast once more. As you have seen, I was almost right on target here! The Department of Homeland Security was at this very moment issuing a warning about me to diplomatic services around the world re-affirming the warning which they had broadcast about me in 2007: I was wrong only to the extent that the warning this time was not shared with the general population. Then my third concern: in order to be able to use the recordings of my conversations with my therapist as evidences, the “prosecuting team” might have had to send agents to provoke me into a fight and, after my arrest, to lure me to plead “not guilty by reason of insanity” so that the plea may be intercepted into the International Criminal Court as evidence to justify using the recordings of my confidential conversations with my therapist as evidences (3:20:50). That’s another reason why I was doomed, given how easily I could be provoked to anger – even when the weather was too cold. (Again, complete bullshit!) “I have a question,” Wes suddenly interrupted me: “Do you get enough sleep? Sleep deprivation will make you more irritable...” “That actually ended a long time ago,” I replied (3:22:01). I then explained how this was why I had become reluctant to get help: for every help was an opportunity to provoke me. Wes asked: “Why can’t you control your thought?” “I just can’t,” I replied, stupefied by Wes’ question (3:22:43). I continued: “They are conditioning me to mental illness...” I then brought up my fourth concern: “They have been sending strangers to me to make noises so that I would record them with my recorder while I was recording myself... It’s a bad scenario.... Every time when people came near me to make noises, I would develop extreme discomfort... But people making noises is a normal aspect of everyday life. The result is that *I have been conditioned to be provoked by normal phenomena of everyday life.*” Finally I was making sense! The only question is: did I condition myself with my wrong scenarios or did the control center have a hand in it? (Both!) Wes added: “And they don’t even have to set anything up” (3:24:20). “Yeah, they don’t even have to set anything up. And they know that writing is my most important thing, and that to write I would need to use an electrical outlet, and that that would bring me to places where there are other people, so that whenever I pursue my most important goal in life I will end up in situations where I will be provoked to extreme anger... And it will all look in the end as if everything were my own fault and the whole process will be completely mysterious to other people... This is how this technique works, *to condition you to find ordinary phenomena unbearable so that you will drive yourself to violence and insanity...* And it will leave no trace... And if I tell people I have been tortured and they ask me how, I can only say that ‘they’ kept sending agents to make noises in front of

me. People will then respond: ‘But that’s normal.’” I then made a comparison with the American technique of subjecting the captured Taliban to rap music in secret prisons. Even *that* could be called “torture” because rap music, when it was constant and too loud, was out of the ordinary. “But what causes me to go insane is the *ordinary* level of noises.... I would have difficulty in accusing them of torturing me... This technique is so ingenious, it’s about conditioning you to become so weak that even completely normal things would prove to be too much to bear... So, instead of doing something to you that is out of the ordinary, they have decided to simply decrease your level of tolerance... so that eventually it will all look as if it were your own fault... It’s ingenious... It’s like dismantling your immune system so that, merely walking on the street and breathing air, you would fall sick...” Again, my analysis was absolutely brilliant: this was indeed a brilliant technique of torturing people and then getting away with it; the only problem is that, most of the time, it was I myself who had lowered my tolerance with all my wrong scenarios about what was going on. Wes then added something. (Inaudible.) I asked: “You are asking me to concentrate on something else?” (3:29:52). Wes continued: “I can read a book and not focus on any of the noises... That’s like over-sensitivity... You can’t focus on your book because you are focusing on everything around you...” “But I can presumably adopt your suggestion and plug my ears up... But then I would suffer from another strange psychological disorder, namely my strange sense of union with my recorder... If I plug my ears up and don’t hear any noises, my recorder can still hear them, and I will feel uncomfortable because I will feel like my recorder is being attacked...” (3:31:34). Then Wes suggested another solution, and I talked more about my need to record the noises as evidences. I then talked about the technique of turning someone into a wacko and then feeding him with secrets for him to tell so that nobody would ever believe these secrets were true (3:36:00). I then talked about the meaning of “snapping” (3:43:00). I then talked about another ingenious technique which I imagined the “prosecuting team” was using: instruct the bus drivers to first let me get on the bus for free, but then to ask me to pay (3:46:30). “The thing is,” Wes suddenly tried to enlighten me, “They know you. They’ve studied you” (3:47:50). I responded: “Well, they sit in front of a big machine and are reading my thoughts. They’ve got to be idiots if they couldn’t figure me out.” Wes corrected me: “No, they’ve done their homework. They know you better than you know yourself. When you know yourself, you know yourself only in the present. There is no.... You are not conscious of your subconscious. There is no moment where you are conscious of all the situations...” “...” Me: “But they would have to compile a catalog of all the books I have ever read in order to...” More: “All the books I’ve ever read, all the phone calls I’ve ever made, all the people I’ve ever met, they have interviewed them all...” I continued: “I have noticed that, when I walked into a certain place, they would just happen to be playing the music that attracted me... They probably knew why I was attracted to this kind of music although I didn’t know why myself...” (3:51:30). Again, this was a completely erroneous scenario due to my misinterpretation that everything around me was orchestrated. I continued: “After a while when they realized they were doomed, the defendants would probably just pay the defense lawyers a lot of money telling them to get *me*...” I then described what I thought was the defendants’ “way out”: the Monkey’s false profile of me was self-contradictory and so could never be proven true in reality, and *the defense team’s tactic would then be to make sure that proving it true would be the only way for the prosecuting team to prosecute the defendants*. “For example, the profile said not only that I wanted to harm the Pyramid, but also that I wanted to rape her. When the defense team examined the profile, they knew I couldn’t do that: I don’t get sexually aroused when angry.” Wes: “Make the person look like something he is not...” I continued: “They also know that it’s

impossible for the prosecutors to prove that I'm schizophrenic since I'm not born a schizophrenic... The profile also said I'm autistic and schizophrenic at the same time... And yet these two disorders are mutually exclusive..." Again, although my scenario was wrong, it bore strange resemblance to reality, so that it was judge Higgins' evidence nonetheless (that I was masking the truth with a "different version"). Wes suddenly intervened: "*You are playing with the Big Boys now... With the professionals... They know you better than you know yourself...*" (3:57:00). Me: "Since that happened in May, they have so far only four months of materials (the intercepts of my thoughts) to work with... *And now the prosecutors already know they can't...*" (3:57:45). Wes however suggested that, if they had rich data, they wouldn't need a lot of time to figure it out..." Wes suddenly asked: "Can they make you into a schizophrenic using chemical means?..." Me: "They can feed me with LSD to make me temporarily schizophrenic..." Wes: "...". Me: "So they will oblige the prosecutors to feed me with this drug to make me permanently schizophrenic?... *I won't take it...*" Wes: "You will have to eventually... It might even be air-borne..." Me: "People outside this trial, they will have to stop this fraud..." (3:59:50). Wes: "*You will not know when it's all over... You have been habituated... You will still be sensitive to the noises... Maybe it's over already...*" Wes was giving me an important hint, but my preconception ("delusion") prevented me from hearing him: "No it's not... I can tell by the way the noises appear..." Wes: "*Maybe you have been habituated so that you can't tell the differences...*" This was indeed the case, and yet I disputed this: "No, I will be able to tell... But they might want to hide the fact that it was all over by faking the noises..." (4:01:00). I had again overestimated my own ability here, and so Wes tried to awaken me with another example: "Even when you are released from jail, because you have been habituated to the surveillance, you will behave as if you were still under surveillance..." Me: "That's how you get disciplined..." Namely, as in Foucault's *Discipline et punir*. Wes continued: "They first make you become habituated to intentionally created noises, you will then think all the noises afterward are intentional even when they are no longer doing it..." I disagreed – and my right ankle hurt. Wes continued: "How do you know you can tell?" We disputed this for a while. I continued: "Because I remember the past... Just as I remember how people looked in the past – today the bus drivers and so on all look uglier... It's obviously orchestrated... So how do you know if this thing is over?" Wes suddenly suggested: "*If they leave the system on automated mode, they can keep you going in thinking that it's still going on even when it's all over...*" I complained: "It's so pernicious, it's one thing to hurt people, but another to hurt them in such a way that no one could ever notice it..." And my hand hurt. We then disputed about how common my case was. I protested: "The government will go bankrupt if they do it to many other people... It's so expensive to do this..." I was quite wrong: insofar as I was bringing most of the pain onto myself, it was quite cheap! Wes: "Maybe they have perfected it..." I continued: "All these actors and actresses, they get paid and the cost adds up..." Wes continued to dispute this with me. Finally, I cried: "Somebody needs to give me money, I need to get the hell out of here... I need to get out of this country... That's another aspect of this conditioning, it makes me hate this country so much, they make people look so ugly, they make people's attitude so bad..." Wes: "They must all be trained... to irritate you..." I continued: "The defendants have forced the Russian intelligence to train these actors and actresses... It's so bizarre..." Wes: "Do you think it's dangerous to talk to me like this?... When you figure out something, they will respond in a different way... Your problem is that you are merely reacting to them... You need to learn to act in a different way, know how they will respond beforehand, and act in such a way as to preempt their response... *You need to be able to trick them...*" I disputed this suggestion: "I can't. They can read my thoughts..." Wes then suggested

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*that I trick them with false thoughts.* “What? How do you do that?” Wes: “You have to think thoughts which can even convince yourself...” I concluded: “The only way to avoid it is to act impulsively, to act on spontaneous thoughts... That will give them no time to prepare something to preempt me...” I hanged up on 4:12:00 and went back inside WCIL.

Now after November 23 Wes had evidently received more instruction as to what to say to me – perhaps just this morning! Today’s conversation was very important. In total, Wes said five things that we need to decipher in order to understand how judge Higgins’ case was progressing: (1) “They have studied you... They know you better than you know yourself...”; (2) “The Big Boys”; (3) “Force you to take drugs to make you into a schizophrenic...”; (4) “You won’t know it when it’s over”; (5) “You need to trick them with ‘false thoughts’”. And recall that the name of the game was to instruct Wes to say things that were congruent with my belief system – so that I could be made to continue on my path while bystanders such as Mr Chertoff would believe that the Invisible Hand was merely deceiving me to make me look crazy – while changing the direction of the conversation ever so slightly in order to clandestinely benefit judge Higgins (usually by producing the evidences she needed to establish her case). For any bystander, Wes seemed merely to be going along with me again by saying “They have studied you” or “You’re playing with the professionals” or by suggesting how I should trick them: all this was continuous with my persistent speech about a hidden group of people sending actors to me and so on to torment me. And Wes certainly sounded like he was merely following upon my false scenario by asking me whether they could make me into a schizophrenic by forcing me to swallow LSD and so on. Clandestinely, however, that is, from judge Higgins’ perspective, Wes was today again communicating to me more of the (imaginary) CIA plan to rig the trial. While it seemed to me that Wes – in conformity with my expectation for more leaking – was telling me that both the defense team and the prosecuting team had seriously studied me in order to decide whether I could be driven to insanity and violence with such and such techniques, judge Higgins had obtained her evidence here that the CIA had *told* me that, with the computer that was reading my thoughts, they had already seriously studied me and concluded that the Daughter People wouldn’t be able to provoke me to violence while driving me to severe paranoia with some success so that they could never eliminate the French objection but couldn’t quite lose either (so that, while they couldn’t win, the French couldn’t make me go on PLANRUS either). That is, that the Invisible Hand and his entourage had carefully studied me and calculated that, given my cognitive and emotional make-up, no party could win in the end and the trial was destined to end in dismissal. That, in fact, they had studied me so well that they knew me better than I knew myself – again, thanks to the fact that they could read my thoughts on their computer screen. Then, by instructing Wes to mention the “Big Boys” to me, the Invisible Hand was producing (forging) more evidence suggesting that the order to destroy judge Higgins’ program ultimately came from the Boss himself, presumably because he was angry that he couldn’t realize his own program and hated judge Higgins’ “sissy” program. It was evidently because I made a speech to the Boss yesterday – which was judge Higgins’ evidence that I was also developing a different version about the Boss’ involvement – that, today, the Invisible Hand proceeded to forge evidence to convict the Boss of conspiring with me – all without the Boss’ knowing.

The key to deciphering the true meaning of Wes’ words – to recognizing that he was *not* merely going along with me – was, again, the disjuncture between what he was saying and what I was saying. I

continued to misunderstand everything which Wes was telling me. When he talked about how “they” had studied me, he was clearly referring to the CIA, and yet I continued to believe he was talking about the Daughter People as well as the CIA. (And later I would believe he was talking about the French.) I should have noticed my error when I reflected on Wes’ mention of the “Big Boys”. You recall that Wes warned me about the “Big Boys” back in December 2007; back then he was referring to the Boss. Today, clearly, he meant the Boss when he mentioned the “Big Boys” and the CIA when he mentioned the “professionals”. He was clearly saying today that the Boss and the Invisible Hand had together studied me and concluded that I was “fit” for the rigging of this trial.

The most significant thing Wes had suggested today was that I should trick my torturers with “false thoughts”. What? This was clearly in response to my “accidental thought” from two days ago. By instructing Wes to suggest this to me, the Invisible Hand was forging evidence establishing that I had carried out his instruction for me to produce bad thoughts – such as “I want to rape her” – so that the Monkey could then show them to the Pyramid to scare her. *Namely, that I had tried to trick her with my thoughts.* This then could enable the Monkey to forge a bad profile of me which would then lead to the Mini-Trial and the French objection that the mind-reading computer could be inaccurate resulting in the judge computer’s calling into question the February 12 judgment. In other words, judge Higgins had now evidence that the entire set of intercepts of my thoughts which the Monkey had forged in April was actually *not* the result of his tampering with the setting of the mind-reading computer but the product of my conspiracy with the CIA to fake my own thoughts. (Again, although anyone could point out that Wes’ suggestion was hardly evidence that the CIA had instructed me to fake my own thoughts as a way to help the Monkey because he was clearly talking about something else, namely how to evade my torturers, judge Higgins would simply respond that the CIA and I were in the habit of mixing truth with falsehood so that the Agency’s instruction was regularly hidden in irrelevant nonsense.) This meant that the CIA’s conspiracy with me to deprive Daughterland of its victory was thus further expanded: it’s not just that Daughterland had in fact won the trial after the French had objected (because I had learned to hide my knowledge) but also that the objection itself was in reality without basis: Daughterland had won the trial on February 12, *period*, and its Macrospherian status should never have been doubted. Judge Higgins had evidently wanted this because, eventually, she wanted Daughterland to realize her program for Daughterland’s benefit – such as was originally planned. She felt sorry that she had had to betray DGHTRCOM back in the summer and go along with the French if she wanted to realize her program; here she was secretly saving Daughterland’s victory without DGHTRCOM’s knowing. Since the rule was that the CIA shall restore whatever they had destroyed, the eventual judgment would be that they shall orchestrate another ICJ trial between the United States and Daughterland that would look like the original ICJ trial they had destroyed but which would result in Daughterland’s winning and deciding to implement judge Higgins’ program.<sup>13</sup>

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13 Note that, toward the end of the recording, around 4:10:00 or so, Wes was hesitating because he was looking for a way to suggest “false thoughts” naturally, i.e. without appearing to be venturing outside the topics of discussion. Finally he decided to embed the suggestion within the overall suggestion as to how I should fight my tormentors. The way in which he was looking for a way to introduce “false thoughts” without appearing too contrived was proof that he was told by his CIA handler to say this to me, and the fact that thinking “false thoughts” could in no way make me look crazier was proof that the ultimate purpose of the suggestion was to forge evidence to frame me for conspiring with the Invisible Hand.

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The mystery is however why Wes tried to awaken me from my delusions today by suggesting that I wouldn't know it when it was over because I had been conditioned and habituated. Wes was actually telling me something true here – rather than going along with me in order to lock me up further in my delusions. Perhaps the scenario which the Invisible Hand was creating for judge Higgins was that, after I had hidden my knowledge and produced fake thoughts and refused to become violent while getting paranoid about everything – after I did my best to rig the trial – I really had no idea that I had already succeeded in prompting the French and the Daughter People to destroy the trial but believed that the battle was ongoing because I had been so successfully conditioned that I believed that the Daughter People were still commanding the Monkey to try to provoke me to violence. Namely, perhaps the Invisible Hand had to take into account my current condition even though the evidences I had created were meant to be taken backward in time. He thus needed to forge more evidence proving that even my current state of ignorance or derailment was planned by him in advance and therefore part of our terrorist conspiracy to rig the trial. And so he ordered Wes to communicate to me the (imaginary) CIA plan to maintain me in the false knowledge that the trial was ongoing when it had already been dismissed: “You will not know it when it's over...”, “You have been habituated...”, or “If they leave it on automated mode...” Presumably, the CIA was able to carry out this (made-up) operation because, after studying me so much, they could predict that, after the Daughter People had done this or that to condition me, I would go on believing that the trial was ongoing even when, per the CIA's calculation, they and the French had already together destroyed the trial. As for how this evidence was supposed to benefit judge Higgins: while I continued to believe that the Daughter People and the CIA were doing this trial and come up with all kinds of wrong scenarios because I was finishing up my mission, it was proven today that the CIA had planned this as well. Since this was part of the terrorist conspiracy against her, she had the right to make me continue in my false belief that the trial was ongoing but in a way that would benefit her. Letting me finish my mission but in a way that would benefit her – this evidence thus seemed to be devised to retrospectively justify judge Higgins' argument on October 22 as well as to provide the legal justification for requiring the CIA to control me to figure out everything that I shall mention below in the coming years.

But the most likely scenario is that the Invisible Hand instructed Wes to tell me this in order to hint to me that the trial was in fact over – that I had succeeded in my mission. Namely, after the Agency had instructed me to create different versions of my story and fake my own thoughts and not get violent and told me about how they had studied me and could predict my thoughts and control me, they now told me, once the French and the Daughter People had destroyed the trial, that it was all over. In other words, when Wes' hint was taken backward in time, this was the last piece of evidence which judge Higgins would need to establish that I had carried out the CIA's plan to rig the trial and destroy her program.

Therefore, after the CIA had submitted today's evidences to the judge computer, the latter would issue the judgment that the CIA's conspiracy to rig the trial and destroy judge Higgins' program was finally established. But this was not all. Today's evidence was of paramount importance for judge Higgins not only because it completed the cycle of evidences of the CIA's conspiracy, but also because, after the CIA had completely studied me in order to devise a plan to harm her, she would now obtain a judgment authorizing her to study me to the same extent for the sake of making it possible for me to compensate



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her. This was necessary because, in order to fully convict the CIA and make the Agency into her totally obedient servant, I would need to realize, in the coming months and years and without any help from other people, what exactly the CIA had done to deceive her, what the Boss' plan was, how the French had objected and destroyed the trial, and what exactly her own program consisted in. For now, I knew very little and all my scenarios were either wrong or distorted, and judge Higgins was only able to say there was a conspiracy here because she could say I was mixing falsehood with truth or devising different versions to cover up the truth; but, sooner or later, I would have to be discovered to be harboring the truth or in possession of the *true version* in order for the conspiracy to become fully established. And yet this was utterly impossible unless I was a super-genius. In the next few days she would command the CIA to command the Monkey to use the super computer inside the control center to simulate my thought-processes and dissect my entire unconscious in order to see whether it was after all possible for me to figure out all of the above on my own – Wes' words "They know you better than you know yourself" were ultimately meant to convey to me the full capabilities of the brain-chip system so that, with the knowledge in my head, the system could fully become a component of the terrorist conspiracy against judge Higgins allowing her to profit from it to the fullest possible extent. When the computer produced an answer in the negative, no matter: judge Higgins would order the CIA to remotely control my thought-processes as a way to *make me figure it all out*. This was possible as long as I had the potential. Namely, it would be impossible to control a mentally retarded person to figure out the origin of the universe even when you have planted electronic chips into his brain; but it *would* be possible to control a gifted mathematician to figure it out when he is properly chipped in the brain because he has already had the potential even though he wouldn't otherwise be able to do it without the remote control. Eventually, since the evidences indicated that the Invisible Hand, with orders from the Boss, had achieved such domination over me (with the ability to predict, and control, my every movement and every thought and my entire future) in order to harm judge Higgins, she would be able to obtain a judgment from the judge computer authorizing her to order the CIA to control me to the fullest extent possible to accomplish her purpose so that I may, along with my conspirators, compensate her. She would need this total control of me – the ability to predict, and control, my entire future – given, as noted, the enormous difficulty of the tasks she wanted me to perform for her.

My next recording is: "wcil\_11\_29\_10\_401-421PM.WMA". I was now brainstorming because, as noted, Wes' "leak" had seriously stimulated my mind – in this way I was about to further elaborate my "different version" so as to perfect it: "The defense team's lawyers have forced the CIA and the SVR to present the Monkey's false profile of me as true... What's the argument? Maybe: that the thought-reading computer can never go wrong, and that would put the CIA and the SVR on the spot..." (from 4:00 onward). Then: "'Dick's' lawyer must have accused the CIA and the SVR: 'You guys have changed (the setting of) the thought-reading computer...' The CIA and the SVR would have to deny it, they would have to obtain evidence to confirm its accuracy... Well, the Monkey has changed it... Whose fault is it? The Monkey's. Don't make friends with Mexicans... You'll never know what will happen..." (9:00). Again, it was a "different version" because the "French" had been changed into the "defense team" or the defense team's "French lawyer" and the "Daughter People" into the "Daughter People and the CIA". Then: "Wouldn't PM be angry with the Pyramid? I say: the Monkey and the Pyramid should also be arrested and prosecuted, for their attempt to liberate Dick and so on (crime against humanity)... PM should not pardon this kind of friend..." Again, I was getting ever closer to the

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truth but succeeded only in concocting a “different version” in that it was the French whom the Monkey and his daughter had liberated.

My next recording is: “11\_29\_10\_until\_613PM.WMA” (...430-613PM...): I left WCIL on 11:00 and, while pushing my broken cart to the bus station, continued my wrong scenario: “We have compiled a profile of the French lawyer: she knows Foucault, she has attended Foucault’s lectures at Collège de France, she has once worked in the French government... We can find out who she is... Just identify every single person who has ever attended Foucault’s lectures... Do you know why the French are superior to Mommy? Because many of them have attended lectures at Collège de France... That’s why Maman is smarter than Mommy...” All the bullshit! Then I continued to brainstorm – it’s almost as if I could see the light. How exactly did the Monkey’s tampering with the mind-reading computer complicate the trial? “... the defendants tried to prevent the enrichment of evidences... They said, ‘You can’t replace or enrich evidences because the thought-reading computer can go wrong, it can be tampered with...’ (24:00). Then: “... *That’s why Mommy and the SLVK have had to present the Monkey’s false profile as if it were true... We’ve got everything figured out thanks to the Monkey!...* The arguments which the defense lawyers were making back in April and May which have caused us so much suffering... If we stop recording, then everything will be over... And if we don’t... then they’ll have to confirm the profile, which is a dead-end... No... Don’t think about this one...” I then got on the 33 bus going to Santa Monica. I continued: “... the evidentiary record cannot continue... because then it would be infinity... it will break down... Before it comes to an end, do not harbor anger toward the bitch... Afterward it would be okay... PM will have justice for her... the SLVK will kick her butt...” Yeah right! When I got off the bus, I continued: “We have come to Santa Monica! Santa Monica has a quarter million people... Does everyone have a chip in his or her brain? Are people told something about us?... This guy is not allowed to interact with real people... They know we are too preoccupied with our writings and so are not likely to spend time interacting with people... And we are so afraid of these goddamn little things, it’s thus so easy to isolate us...” I came to the Promenade and filmed the Tibetan monks I saw on the street. As if that meant something! I ate at McDonald’s but, when children showed up, I ran away. I then came to the magazine stand and browsed through the German magazines. I then went to a corner to eat while counting pyramids on the street.

My next recording is: “11\_29\_10\_until\_839PM.WMA” (“...634-839PM...): I continued: “You are really dumb, you didn’t successfully turn off the webcam... When are we going to get out of this...?” I then came to Best Buy. I was looking at the DVDs on sale. “Why there are no more Verbatims...?” As if the control center had orchestrated this! Then: “Everybody is told: ‘Treat this guy like a piece of shit’.... We have to get out of here... Why? Because we need to resist, so that evidences can be forcibly extracted...” While walking, I regurgitated my wisdom from a long time ago: “... le plaisir d’être une femme... le plaisir d’être mort...” I came to a corner to charge my laptop and name my files (42:00). Then: “... the story of General Wu... You are always right, be shallow and choose the pretty one...” And I kept playing MIA. Then: “*The Murphy’s Boy*: Kevin was actually more angry with his mother than with his father...” (1:28:00). Then: “They are probably wondering: ‘Why is he more angry with the girl that was duped than with the father who duped?’ If we stop recording, then the trial will immediately go to the outsiders... By not stopping recording, we put PM at risk of losing the trial, so that he will entirely rely on our realizing it... And what if we don’t realize it...? We can’t stop recording

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because we don't know what will happen... Will we be framed...? Only if we could get 1,000 dollars a day and in a controlled environment... That's the point, we will never have any intention of becoming his enemy... and so, if he benefits from us, we have a reason for being compensated..." And my right side hurt. "He was willing to let us die... He's a nice man, he will compensate us..." Then I played *Wir Sind Helden*. Then I got it: "If it's possible to read our thoughts by picking up the electrical activities of our brain, *then it's possible to stimulate our thoughts by reversing the process*... And what if they could induce us to figure things out...? It's not the time for testing, their life is at stake... If they could induce us they would do it... There are always hints... Even when it's decoy, when you figure it out, it's a hint..." (from 1:59:00 onward). I was right for once! This is quite important: I had at last begun believing that I might be remotely controlled. In fact, the Invisible Hand had already been commanding the Monkey to induce my thoughts to cause me to figure out what had happened; it's just that I could only come up with a "different version" – it was the best I could do – because, so far, I wasn't smart enough. (Again, just because you have chips inside your brain, that doesn't mean your controller can make you figure out the origin of the universe.)

My next recording is: "edlman\_11\_30\_10\_838-1108AM.WMA" (...11\_29\_30\_843-930PM...): While pushing my broken cart I continued to mumble: "... The Monkey needs to be punished... The Monkey has never experienced pains, that's the problem, he needs to experience pains... It will make him a better person... one second before he dies... And our life is pain all the way..." I was then again wondering whether my camcorder was remotely turned off under the disguise of running out of battery. Then: "... if they taint our recordings in order to have evidence that we want to record for ourselves, we should be compensated with the right to publish our recordings despite other people's noises in them... and that would be another evidence that we record solely for ourselves... He's a nice guy... Don't beat me up for that..."

My next recording is: "wrtletchnypara\_11\_29\_10\_930-1053PM.WMA": I then resumed writing: "... the defendants argued that, since the mind-reading computer had been tampered with, the second run could not begin... the intercepts of my thoughts would not be accurate... this was deadly for the prosecuting team because, without enrichment... They would thus have to deny that the tampering had taken place at all... this is the real reason why PM had decided to judge in Mr B's favor in the mini-trial... and the prosecuting team would have to run the second phase in such a way that it would in the end confirm Mr B's false profile of me... The lawyers on the defense team couldn't have been happier... autism and schizophrenia are mutually exclusive... then the Boss and Mr former Secretary would have to be acquitted..." Then I re-wrote the part about Mary C and the "leaker". "The real Russians... would have to depend entirely on the plot of conspiracy to obtain a successful prosecution.... Only if I would come to a realization of the whole thing, then the confirmation of Mr B's false profile would not be necessary..." When I was done, I concluded: "It would continue to the end, just because it doesn't matter anymore..." Then I started playing music. "We prefer not to be helped by Mr B because we don't want him to look like a good guy.... Everyone should just look to us... It's insulting because PM is so much smarter than the old man..." As you can see, I was almost done with my "different version"! Days later, I would reinterpret what happened today in light of my "different version":

Conspiracy in the International Criminal Court would most likely be fully established

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by this night when I realized the function of Mr B's false profile of me in aiding the defense team, and, without my knowing so, my horrifying 'mission impossible' (being provoked to hit someone as a way to confirm Mr B's false profile of me as a danger to others) has most likely become fixed on this date. It may thus have been the Macrospherians who have commanded the leak in order for the conspirators to frame themselves to the point where the conspiracy may become full-blown. Mr B's function as the mole from the defense team to destroy the possibility of the prosecution to the detriment of the Macrospherians would then be decided on this point of time. The (real) PM, as a Macrospherian, has made his decision, ordering Mr B to frame himself to complete the conspiracy.

Bullshit! My next recording is: "11\_29\_10\_1053-1113PM.WMA": While walking to my corner to sleep, I continued my wrong scenario: "This French team must be quite large, they must have read every single piece of my writing... all my books... Mary C assembled the team back in March and April... they probably read my entire Scientific Enlightenment... the goal of reading it is to construct a psychological profile of me... American lawyers wouldn't understand what I wrote... the French would..." Nonsense!

### **November 30 (Tuesday; Wes)**

My next recording is: "slpwstwd\_11\_30\_10\_435-838AM.WMA": I was awake a little bit after 5 AM, and immediately started my worthless reflection: "... admit our thoughts as evidences... Uncle DGHTR can pick and choose... he shouldn't have stuck a chip into our head..." (26:00). "Nations that are objecting are finding Mr B to be their best friend..." (29:00). "... He should be sent to Africa... you can say... he has changed it... when he hasn't..." Then: "... the objecting nations..." (48:00) I was again completing my "different version" by adding in nations' "objections". Then: "... the prosecution has become a conspiracy... the defendants are taking advantage of it... so it can actually be admitted that the mind-reading computer was changed because it's the defendants' fault... so everything looks perfect..." I then went back to sleep and woke up on 3:36:00. I came inside a coffeehouse and got kicked out (3:43:00). The manager then confronted me outside. I told him to call the police and kicked over a trash can. "Nice acting..." and so I accused him. Like a typical targeted individual! I then got on bus 6 on 3:50:00 to go to Edelman for my appointment with Dr Roach. When I got off the bus, I continued: "Mary C must have done a lot of alienation between Daughterland and France..." Ha!

My next recording is: "wstwdchargemusic\_11\_30\_10\_843-930PM.WMA" (...838-1108AM...): I got my doughnuts and coffee from the doughnut shop. I was getting angry: "... she would be afraid to show up... and the thing will go on... reproducing... Hispanics... no one says anything... politically incorrect... Mexico... the place is so shitty..." I was inside Edelman from 32:00 onward. Assuming everyone was acting, I began bothering a woman: "Can I take a picture of you, actress...? It's not you, but your acting..." I was meeting with Dr Roach from 52:00 onward. She told me the pharmacy told her I cut my wrist and wanted to see it. "No." Then we talked about the medication: it helped with anger a little bit. We decided to stick to Depakote. I then got suspicious of her: her facial expression seemed to be suggesting that I was an unwanted creature. Ha! I interrogated her: "Are you told how to act to provoke

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me?” Paranoid over nothing! Like a typical targeted individual! Then I talked about how I was unable to get housing at Golden West. Then I talked about how I wanted to go back to Taiwan because the environment there would supposedly be more tolerable. Dr Roach gave me lunch and ordered blood test for me. I checked my account balance on the payphone there (1:24:00) and then got my blood drawn (1:31:00). I was all done by 1:41:00. I then asked another woman why she was reading a computer book. Everything was suspicious to me! When I left Edelman, both my left side and my right side hurt. Then: “... figure it out... the deadline is in the interest of the defendants... Mary C... *They were the ones who set the deadlines...* The Pyramid would not be prosecuted because she got duped...” I then filmed a tow truck – as if that meant something. Then: “... when we figure out... evidences can’t be gathered... the outsiders will suffer... It’s a conspiracy against the outsiders.... Maybe Dr Linehan is on the defendants’ side... She could also be on the prosecuting team... They both have the same goal... Do you want to see Dr Linehan get prosecuted?” Ha! All the bullshit! But this is how I began imagining that the famous Dr Linehan was involved in my trial! I got on the bus on 2:28:00. Following Wes’ advice, I tried to webcam myself on the bus as a substitute for recording myself but my netbook soon froze up completely. I filmed it: “100\_0059.MOV”. Thus had I given up Wes’ idea of webcams myself on the bus with the recorder turned off!

My next recording is: “mlfncttoopccrealztowcil\_11\_30\_10\_1118AM-150PM.WMA”: I was then annoyed by other passengers, and I blasted MIA loudly. I continued my worthless speculation: “Getting Dr Linehan on the team... That’s a very dangerous job, they must have signed some sort of immunity against prosecution.... Other nations can’t make objections on the basis of conspiracy, but only on the basis of intercepts from the mind-reading machine...” I again believed other passengers were only acting. Then, around 11:48 AM, I mistakenly assumed that an older woman who had got on the bus was the “Great Psychologist” who had devised my torture from the control center. As I would later write down in this diary:

Around 11:48 AM. The antiself of the Great Psychologist who has been aiding the prosecuting team in beating autism out of me shows up on the bus:  
“100\_0001.MOV”. The Great Psychologist has been summoned by the  
Macrospherians and released onto the Macrosphere to work for them instead.

It was just a random stranger! Completely delusional! I got off the bus on 26:00 and came to OPCC on 36:00. But it was only 12 PM and lunch wouldn’t be passed out until 12:30 PM. When I was walking away, I filmed more “actors”. I continued to develop my “different version”: “The Monkey, he has protected the defendants and messed up the trial... We will have to make sure the Monkey gets prosecuted....” I came to the news stand on the Promenade only to find that all the German and French newspapers were none. Then: “... sue... Italy... South Korea... what we suffer... can’t tell... and so we will have to sue...” Without bothering with the free lunch, I got on the bus on 1:22:00. I tried to talk to a pyramid on the bus. Then: “Dr Linehan... prosecuted... defendants... doing a very dangerous job....” I came to WCIL on 2:21:00 and signed up for the computer stations. Then: “Maybe the Siloviki really want us to tell... We videotape these people because these are actors trained by them, they are acting so realistically... They have to discredit us...” I left a message for Howard: “Aliza said you can help me with my money problem...”

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My next recording is: “wcilnews\_11\_30\_10\_150-222PM.WMA”: I read some French news online and then watched TV 5 news. Howard came to talk to me on 17:00, but I was so annoyed that I didn’t want to talk to him anymore. The computer then malfunctioned and I got so angry that I started smashing the mouse: “Why is it not working? Jesus fuck!” (24:00) I then read a news item about Berlusconi’s birthday party.

My next recording is lost. Then my next recording is: “bankcutwes\_11\_30\_10\_331-512PM.WMA”: While on WCIL’s computer, I did more research on German government’s website and then looked up more news about Italy. “... The discovery of the lost civilization was meant to take place in Italy...” Then, guided by my wrong scenario, I searched for recent news reports about Mary C. Complete fantasy land! When I left WCIL, I had tremendous difficulty in pushing my cart because of the broken wheel. I came inside Chase Bank on 59:00 to request putting stop payment on the check I wrote for Advanced Loan. My account was over 400 dollars overdrawn! Now the banker refused to carry out my request. I asked him where I could go to declare bankruptcy. Then, somebody tried to talk to me. I yelled at him: “Don’t talk to me! Don’t provoke me! It’s not worth it, no matter how much you get paid, when a baseball bat hits you in the head...” He was most likely just a random stranger who had nothing to do with the control center. And yet, I was so upset that, when I came outside, I hid in a corner to film myself cutting myself. I moaned continually out of pain (1:11:40).

Then I called up Wes and was connected with him on 1:15:10. I talked about my broken “pushy cart”. My wrong scenario again: how my computer was remotely controlled to freeze when it was playing music and webcasting at the same time. (Well, obviously it’s because my little netbook did not have enough RAM!) I told Wes how the wheel had fallen off my cart and how I was thrown out of the coffeehouse this morning and so on. I continued my wrong scenario: “I’m doomed... A lot of people want me dead... I know how this will end... The goal is to get me to stop recording” (1:19:30). Then: “The current events are just consequences of past events. That’s why I’m doomed. The more you think about it, the angrier you get. They are preventing me from having access to money...” (1:23:00). Wes then said “they” had also prevented him from accessing money in order to prevent him from giving me money. He continued: “The more I talk to you, the more problems I have...” And he kept talking about the check which he couldn’t cash. I suddenly interjected: “They even remotely controlled the wind to blow on me.” Wes interrupted me: “You aren’t even listening to me...” “It’s okay, I’m recording it, I’ll listen to it later...” Wes continued to speak of the consequences he would have to face tomorrow after talking with me. But I continued to dispute with him: “It’s possible for them to induce thoughts in my head... *but not to control my thoughts*. They can stimulate my thoughts, but not control the content of my thoughts...” As you can see, I was stepping back a little from my realization last night. We continued to debate about this. Wes then talked about having to minimize the consequences he would have to face tomorrow. He then said something quite mysterious, that, if his plane should crash, then I would realize how powerful “they” were. It sounded as if he was speaking about the “Boss” (1:34:20). Then a man came over to give me money. Wes hanged up on 1:36:17.

Immediately after my call with Wes, I called Sister Xiao (1:38:00). But I only reached an answering machine. I left a message, and continued: “There are so many operations... We are overwhelmed...”

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Then I reviewed my recordings a little bit and got on the bus.

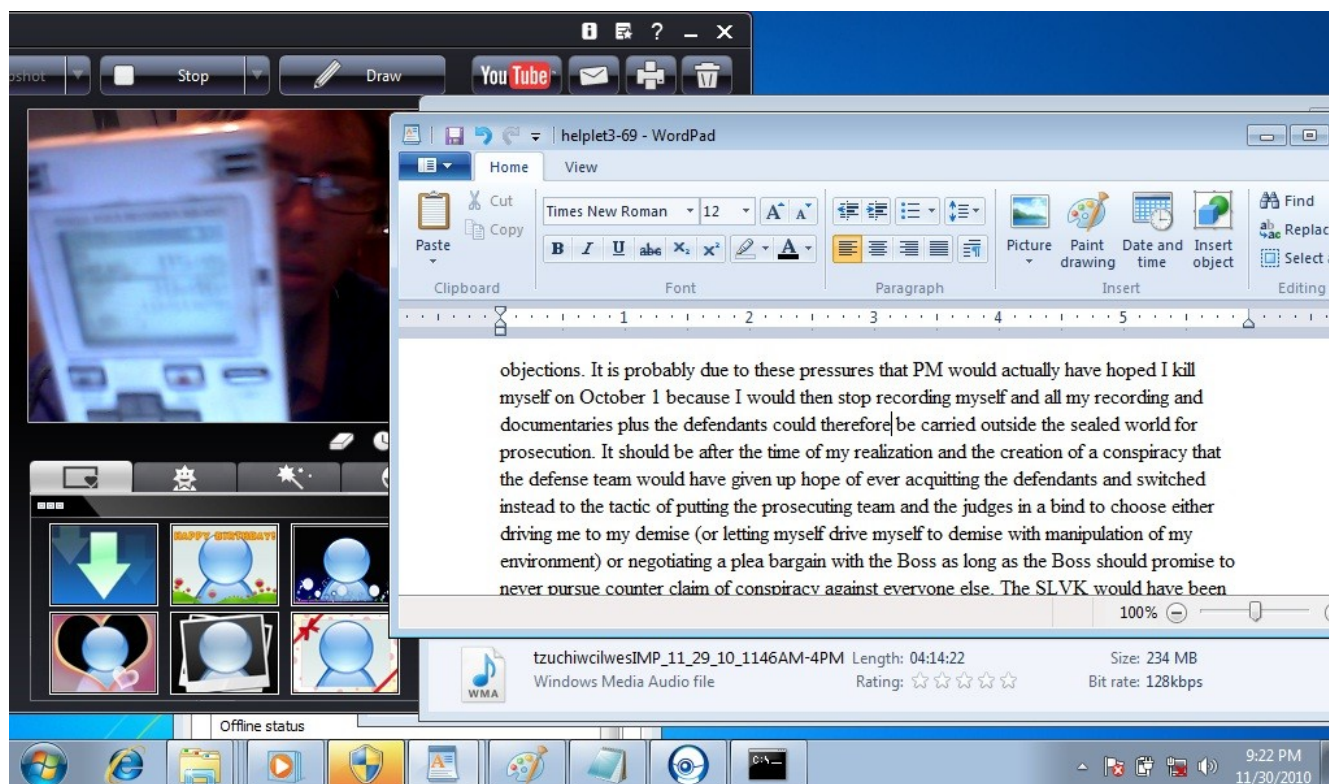
Now it would appear that Wes didn't carry out any instruction today to say anything in particular to me. It would appear that he had done nothing more than go along with me in order to keep me deluded about everything. When he talked about how "they" would go after him as well for talking to me, this was of course complete nonsense and yet was continuous with what he had said before about how the intelligence agencies didn't want me to tell their secrets and had seriously studied me and were targeting me and so on: the goal was merely to impart the impression upon any bystander who didn't know what was going on that intelligence agencies were targeting us because they didn't want us to tell their secrets. Bullshit! There were thus no evidences submitted to judge Higgins' chamber today.

My next recording is: "bstbyfoodrest\_11\_30\_10\_531-738PM.WMA": I came to Santa Monica and laboriously pushed my broken cart to Best Buy. There were still no Verbatim discs: I had to choose a different brand. "They want to waste our money..." Ha! I made my purchase and left pushing my broken cart. I continued my wrong scenario: "... The nations that have objected will never be able to use the International Court system again... They will just have to watch... as tragedy happens..." Then, on 28:00, I came inside a restaurant and ordered fried chickens. Because there was an electrical outlet, I could work here! I thus started burning a new disc while eating my food. I successfully burned the disc although my camcorder was (remotely?) turned off. Then: "This is how it works... Mommy dupes us and leads us to the Yoga place... and she will show up... The defendants have made the argument, thus forcing Mommy to lure us to the Yoga place... and then it fails... *unless you give me a real bomb I won't do it...*" Namely, I wouldn't try to attack the Pyramid only to get stopped by bystanders – which I assumed was the "plan". "She's very timid... and she doesn't really believe she's responsible... that she should be punished... we can litigate her father... but it's harder to litigate her... We are gonna be under surveillance for the rest of our life" – and there was honking outside as if to confirm (1:31:50). Then: "... it's gonna be very expensive... I don't think so... that's why it's called 'feudalism'... when he is valued simply because of his relations... even when he is a drag upon everybody else... that's another reason why we won't go to Russia... the Mexicans.... They just waste..." I then got on the bus on 1:58:00 to go back to UCLA. Then I mumbled about DGHTRCOM: "He waited 7 months... He's very patient..." Complete bullshit!

My next recordings are: "pushycartuclcut\_11\_30\_10\_738-834PM.WMA", "uclwrtpsychlgst\_11\_30\_10\_835-1102PM.WMA": While on the bus, I continued to work on my netbook, and then it malfunctioned again! After I got off the bus, I was again completely frustrated with pushing my broken cart. "It's too hard.... Remember to buy a baseball bat tonight..." I retreated to a corner and cut myself again. When somebody came over to me, I yelled at him: "Give me money and then get the fuck out of my way....!" I then resumed writing my letter. Tonight I was writing about how Mary C must have used arguments of conspiracy to force the prosecuting team (the Daughter People and the Agency) to drive me to insanity and violence, partly in order to make me into a wacko as a way to discredit me in case I should tell people about her father's plan. Ha! A nice "different version"! Then: "We need release of information in order to know who's on the defense team..." Then on 8:52 PM, my Cyberlink webcam malfunctioned again and I filmed it: "100\_0041.MOV". I then reviewed the recording of my conversation with Wes from yesterday. "In the end we don't know if the Russians are trying to break

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us...” (58:00). I continued writing: “.... they hired a great psychologist specialized in Borderline Personality Disorder... to make autism out of BPD....” Then: “If she treats you like shit and you still like her, then you have passed the test, it’s another one of PM’s tests... I’m so tired of all this testing, it’s still a matter of conspiracy, he can only test you if you don’t like it....” (1:24:00). Then: “.... revenge is therapeutic....” Then I continued writing. Then: “This morning, it’s PM’s trick, he first provoked us to extreme anger, and then put the ‘Great Psychologist’ in front of us, and instructed her to give us a dirty look, in order to see our reaction. PM doesn’t really want us to tell his story, he wants us to be institutionalized for our whole life....”



The further development of my “different version” tonight  
I would continue to write about how the Boss, Mr Chertoff,  
and the Boss’ daughter had together decided to murder me  
using the trial process

My next recording is: “lkforknife\_11\_30-12\_1\_10\_1102PM-1227AM.WMA”: I then got angry again when somebody seemed to be intentionally yelling into my recorder. Then a student came to hustle me. I continued bitterly: “Anyone who wants to help us, it’s a baseball bat to smash his head up.... Anyone who wants us to be tested... Oh, it’s just our ‘script’... The UN is committing fraud, everybody is committing fraud....” When I was walking through the UCLA campus, I kept tearing things down. I then yelled at a pedestrian: “It’s very funny, huh? Do you want to die?” Then I settled down in a corner getting ready to cut myself again to release the anger (55:00). But I couldn’t find my knife! “Now this knife is no good. Yesterday he made fun of us: ‘Ha ha! He didn’t cut himself, it’s conspiracy’... They



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want to rid us of our fear of the police so that, when we are provoked again, we would hit people....”  
As you can see, as my desire to kill people continued to intensify, I was convinced that it was ultimately due to the defendants in the trial who used arguments to force the prosecuting team to drive me to violence. The question was only how much of my deadly desire was the result of the Monkey’s programming from the control center and how much of it was due to my own misinterpretation of things. Although he was not controlling everybody and everything around me as I thought he was, the Monkey *could be* controlling my thought-processes to cause me to misinterpret things and get angry over nothing in order to let me provoke myself to violence.

### **December 1 (Wednesday; Wes; remotely controlled to cry)**

My first recording of the new day is: “wksbywycffecookie\_12\_1\_10\_725-838AM.WMA”: Soon after I woke up from my corner, I went around asking pedestrians: “They are actors...” I then accused another woman of acting: “Give me 200 dollars!” “Are you okay?” And I called her a “bitch”. I then got on the bus. I pleaded: “Uncle DGHTR, if you have the power, please... Everybody wants me dead...” (36:00). Then: “The official story is that this guy got duped, they got him to save the Russians, but they were fake Russians, then they got him to regret... They are masquerading as God, just because they have got hold of some machine... Whether I believe in God or not, that has no bearing on how God judges, they’d better hope that God doesn’t exist....”

My next recording is: “dwntwnbuycartgodstrg\_12\_1\_10\_839-1152AM.WMA”: I continued: “Maybe God is like an outsider, He lets you do it, then, in the end, wham! The control center has another crime, which is taking over God’s power... In the afterlife, we will do better than those people hiding inside the control center, for we didn’t hijack God’s power...” I came to downtown and bought a new cart at one of those Hispanic shops. Finally! Because it’s the first of the month and I got money! A new “pushy cart”! I continued: “It’s God’s test, to see who will get God’s favor... In the end, it’s Uncle Daughter... PM has failed God’s test, he shouldn’t have wanted Mexico at all... Can you read God’s will? No, we are just guessing, it looks like PM has failed God’s test.... Maybe he has recognized it, he will switch... There is no one to judge God, because God always judges correctly.... God watches but doesn’t intervene, and He intercepts it only at the last moment! And why does he judge? It’s the price of free will... You would think that God will forgive PM for.... They are 100 percent certain that God doesn’t exist, that’s why they do whatever they *can* do.... If the bitch shows up, we will have to lock our door, and lock her door, so that she couldn’t hurt us when we sleep.... Everybody is fighting for control....” I then got on the bus on 1:25:00 to go to my storage facility. I again accused the bus driver of acting. Paranoid over nothing! Like a typical targeted individual! Then: “Bad thing is going to happen, people were pushing their goddamn things onto us while we were squatting....” Then: “*They have changed the story so that it all looks like it’s Mommy’s work...*” This is again where my wrong scenario looked like a different version of the truth: judge Higgins had changed the story so that the destruction of the trial was now planned by the CIA. I came inside the storage facility on 2:08:00. I talked with the Public Storage employee: I wanted to pay cash this month. Then: “People who have passed God’s test.... Those who have become conscious.... What does God want....? It’s like the terrorist who has become conscious....” I put in my new discs, left, and then got on the bus on 2:27:00 to go back to West Los Angeles. Then: “They’ll put you on Thorazine so that you can hallucinate....”

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(2:41:00). Then: “What a fucking pernicious plan! Provoke us to a fight, then put us in the hospital and feed us with drugs to induce hallucination, and that will be evidence of our schizophrenia!” Wow! What a plan! When I got off the bus in Pershing Square, I noticed that this camera crew seemed to be intentionally filming me. I got really angry and chased after them. One of the men was very hostile and told me he and his crew were from Turkey (2:51:00). I continued to chase after them: “Hey! Pay me something...!” I would soon believe that these film crew were Turkish secret agents! Namely that Turkey had also objected and that, now that conspiracy was established, the Macrospherians had thus commanded the Turkish team to make their final objection. But – what’s really going on here? Were these film crew totally unrelated to the control center and my ICJ trial?

My next recordings are: “12\_1\_10\_1152-1157AM.WMA” and “12\_1\_10\_1157AM-1226PM.WMA”: I got on the bus and, angry as usual, was totally rude to people: “Move... move... You actor!” The stranger scolded me for being rude. “Shut up, actor!” Nobody was of course any actor at all! Then I resumed writing: “When the Great Psychologist looked at the intercepts of my thoughts, she decided that it was possible to derive autism from BPD. It would however not be possible to create a schizophrenic out of someone who was not a schizophrenic...” And thus the Agency and the Daughter People planned to provoke me with actors so that I would get into a fight and get hospitalized whereupon I would be fed drugs... Then somebody started talking next to me. “He wants to make noises when I’m recording myself writing... Hey! How much do you get paid? It’s okay, I’ll cut myself later, I’ll cut one for you...” He was annoyed. I taunted him: “Hit me, hit me right here! Break my nose! I will be arrested and you will be paid and you can tell your girlfriend about it... It’s such a great job... If it weren’t for me, you don’t even know where your family will be in 20 years...” *There was of course some truth in what I was saying* given that I had indeed disrupted the Boss’ genocidal plan – although not in the way I thought I did. I then resumed writing: “... shutting off my emotional support...”

My next recording is: “12\_1\_10\_1226-118PM.WMA”: After writing for a while, I played MIA loudly.<sup>14</sup> I got off the bus on 27:00 near Wilshire and Barrington. I walked into Subway, and told a woman that the man I saw in front of me was an actor, and filmed him (34:00). I asked the woman: “You are not a secret agent, are you?” The employee wanted to throw me out for bothering other customers. I merely bought three cookies and went outside to eat. I continued my “different version”: “... a conspiracy to rig the trial... will be intercepted in the last moment... When you go to Taiwan, it’s not going to be over at all... You will have to be homeless, driven insane...” I then came into a pharmacy and bought a new exacto knife for cutting myself.

My next recording is: “tzuchiatancrymothernorm\_12\_1\_10\_119-601PM.WMA”: I then filmed myself cutting myself and – surprise! – the knife was sharper than I had expected: I created a big wound on my left arm. I yelled. Then: “... Everyone wants us dead, except that there is nobody outside to intercept

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14 I would write down the additional wrong scenario: “Another way to increase my appearance of selfishness: exploiting my knowledge that everyone around me is just actor or actress so that when these actors and actresses pretend to be homeless and ask me for change or tell me about their misfortune, I would just ignore them because I wouldn’t believe that their stories are real. Being surrounded by actors and actresses long enough, I would thus stop seeing people around me as real human beings but simply as signs and objects. This technique of conditioning could not only shrink my attention further to myself and let me suck myself into autism, but also make me appear to outsiders as selfish and inconsiderate to an extraordinary degree.”

it...” Then: “*How do you intercept a conspiracy to rig the trial?* I don’t know, just before the last moment... The trial was rigged just when we realized what had happened... Now the trial is rigged... That’s what I don’t understand.... Unless the Macrospherians say, ‘You guys have tried to rig the trial and now you must finish it’ ... And they would be like, ‘What?’ ... No matter how you add 2 and 2 together you will never get 5!... If you don’t rig it, how can you then...? In order for you to finish the trial, you must rig it... So *it’s a conspiracy to let the defendants go free*, not a conspiracy to rig the trial... It’s Mr B, he’s the master, as soon as he comes in, the defendants will go free.... There is no conspiracy to rig the trial, *the trial is rigged from the beginning....*” As you can see, my “different version”, now pretty much completed and perfected, bore striking resemblance to the truth: the reality was that the trial was rigged and that the Boss and Mr Chertoff got off scotch-free – although not in the way I had thought. Then my wrong scenario about what I had just done: “In the evidentiary record, whoever purposely put in a knife that was very sharp to cause DGHTR to mis-predict, that’s the evidence we have just replaced.... And who? It’s Mr B.... We are going to sue you *you objecting mother fuckers...*” And so the wrong scenario I would soon develop about what had just happened was that evidence was obtained that the Monkey was a mole whom the defendants had sent into the prosecuting team, that he had sent agents to place an exacto knife sharper than usual in the pharmacy for me to find. Again, making what was unintentional and accidental into something someone had purposely planned – this bore striking resemblance to what was really going on right now: that judge Higgins was forcing the CIA to make what had happened by accident into something they had carefully planned. Then: “... sometimes we can figure it all out in a single day... It keeps us safe.... We will have been screwed if we have gone to the Yoga place... *They let Mr B get close to the machine so that he can rig the trial and save the neocons...*” There you go, my “different version”! Then: “.... We needed to cut ourselves because we were so unhappy, but we ended up producing evidence...” I then went to buy cigarettes in the shop nearby and came back to my corner. I continued: “.... We got duped, we don’t want to be part of the neocon clique... *We got fed with secrets...*” I was indeed being fed with secrets, namely, the imaginary CIA plan to rig the trial, but it would take me a long time to understand them. Then I broke down crying on 23:00 – it seemed that I was being remotely controlled to release the sadness bottled up inside me. Then I began using my computer on the street corner. I reflected on my crying: “Once you know he’s going to get prosecuted, you cry, and your anger toward the bitch will then subside....” I was quite wrong here: the Monkey was *not* going to get prosecuted; but I *was* right that I was being remotely controlled to cry. “There is some psychologist who is doing this... But we need to see it with our own eyes to believe that he’s being prosecuted....” Now I was wrong: it was the Invisible Hand who had commanded the Monkey to control me to cry – for reasons that I shall presently explain. I then came to Tzu Chi on 49:00. I told Sister Wu that I didn’t find Sister Xiao yesterday and asked her to call my mother. I told her how my mother gave me money, but how the debt collector immediately took it all away. While I was waiting for Sister Wu, I continued my wrong scenario: “It is Dr Linehan who had controlled me to cry... It’s the cognitive technique... Once we change our perspective on the noises and approach them with the mindset that we are examining evidences, then we won’t get that disturbed....” Ha! There was no Dr Linehan at all! Then I uttered more mumble-jumble about Mr Chertoff’s arguments about my recordings. Then: “... We are being treated, or made to treat ourselves.... But we are still not sure whether the Monkey will be prosecuted....” Now Sister Wu called my mother, but the line was busy. I showed her my bank statements to explain to her how the bank deducted all my money. I explained to her that my problem began when, in April last year, I spent 400 dollars helping the

Russians (1:18:00). “Now that I have already helped them, I can’t get the money back...” I thought I was saying something quite bizarre, and, because Sister Wu showed no reaction, wrongly assumed she had already been alerted about my business with the Daughter People. In reality, not! She simply didn’t care what I was saying. She then explained Tzu Chi couldn’t really help me. I left Tzu Chi on 1:32:00 with the specification that I would come back on 4 PM to have her call my mother again. Then I thought I saw a Mommy: “I know you!” But she ignored me. I filmed her, but, just then, a Hispanic woman walked past with her child. And so I wrongly assumed it was another set-up to obtain evidence that I enjoyed filming children. I then rode the bus back to Westwood. I continued my wrong scenario: “For the outsiders, it’s not about conspiracy, it’s all about intercepts from the mind-reading machine... It’s not about liking or disliking...” I came inside the AT&T store and added money to my phone. On 2:44:00 I got on bus 2 to go back to Tzu Chi. On 2:51:00 I filmed myself doing the infinite loop again with my mirror and my webcam. I wrongly assumed I was creating important evidence! I came back to Tzu Chi on 3:00:00 to ask Sister Wu to call my mother. Now my mother wanted me to go to Berkeley with my own money. Sister Wu suggested that I go to Berkeley and cancel my bank account. This was not what I wanted! I broke down crying: I didn’t want to stay in the US! We then called Ruiz on 3:18:00. He was not in the office and there was no opening at the group home. I left on 3:25:00 moaning and groaning and very upset. When the bus came, it almost passed me by, and I cried and screamed, and the bus driver did pick me up (3:30:00). On 3:37:00 I left another desperate message for Wes: “Please call me back...” I got off the bus in Westwood on 3:48:00 and chatted with a woman who was waiting for the bus: “I have been homeless for 17 months...” She said: “Try to make the best of it...” “No, try to make the worst of it... It’s like telling people who are burning in hell, ‘Try to make the best of it’... It’s insulting...” I kept asking her if she was an actress or a secret agent, and she denied it all. Of course! Then I continued to beg her to be my friend. I even broke down crying. She was in the health care business. I told her: “Everybody dresses up just for me, puts her sunglasses over her hair, everybody is told to do that, just to fool me, so that I would say ‘Everybody puts sunglasses over her hair just for me to see’ and thus make a fool out of myself and look crazy...” And yet she couldn’t understand the trick and so I had to explain it to her again (3:55:00). I failed to understand that most ordinary people did not have the ability to understand the kinds of tricks which intelligence agencies frequently played to make their target look crazy. Then: “It’s really over, the Daughter People don’t want anything to do with us... *There are people who are objecting*, and they want to protect their reputation... And so they want us to hate them... Well, give us our money back.... Then don’t say anything when we try to tell our story... Don’t try to discredit us... They give you this much to tell, and your act of telling it shows that you are not on their team... If they don’t want us to tell, they won’t let us know anything... *People are objecting: ‘This guy is helping you...’* That must be the point... Otherwise, they are America’s allies now... That’s why every time when you see a Daughterlander pyramid, she is never very pretty, she has always a roundish face... They want to de-condition us... We ask only one thing: leave Uncle DGHTR here, he will stay with us... He will no longer be ‘Russian’...” All the wrong scenarios except for my inkling that there were parties other than the “defendants” that were objecting and that these objections explained why the Daughter People had decided to target me. I came inside UCLA and got coffee from the vending machine. There was a Channel 2 News van on campus. I continued: “... In the beginning, PM wanted to recruit us because he wanted us to stop recording... This trial is so important for him... It’s not about being impressed by us... When we thought he was impressed, that itself was evidence for him, that this guy didn’t know

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what was going on, that he was duped... We don't want any more operations on us... No more surveillance... I don't know if this goal is possible..." Then I came inside Ackerman.

Now what had really happened this afternoon? Days later I would perfect my wrong scenario (or "different version") and write: "Perhaps, the Great Psychologist who has earlier been released from the Microspherian prosecuting team to the Macrosphere has commanded the Microspherians to remotely control me to cry in order to dissipate my anger toward the Monkey Pyramid. This is necessary because, as long as I harbor anger toward the Monkey Pyramid, Mary C will argue that I should be allowed or rather provoked to accomplish my 'mission impossible' as if it were actually 'mission possible'." Bullshit! As if so many people had cared about me! In reality, the Invisible Hand had commanded the Monkey to control me to cry in order to try once again to make me realize that *the computer inside the control center could control me like a robot* – not simply induce my thoughts! While this was necessary in order to fully convict himself and provide judge Higgins with the right to control me like a robot for her benefit, the Invisible Hand was of course telling Mr Chertoff that he did this in order to help me look even crazier to people (by making me believe that I was being remotely controlled and letting me continue to develop my wrong scenarios).

My next recording is: "12\_1\_10\_609-654PM.WMA": Note that children were shouting inside Ackerman. I called up Wes on 3:00 and he answered it! "It's not over... When will it be over?" And I broke down crying. "I don't want to be homeless anymore..." After Wes came back from the restroom, I began unloading my new wrong scenario onto him: "There is a very skillful psychologist inside the control center..." And I tried to describe how evidence was replaced earlier today: "I cut myself, and so the Mexican man got a chance to change the setting of the mind-reading computer..." Wes couldn't understand what I was saying. I tried again: "... The expert predicted incorrectly..." I then explained how I decided to cut myself earlier and how the knife turned out to be sharper than expected. "That's part of the evidence replacement... When he changed it, he produced a profile that was impossible to confirm, which means that the defendants would go free, which means that *he was trying to get the defendants released*, which means that he will be prosecuted for this.... When I thought about this, my anger toward the Mexican girl ('the Pyramid') would subside... It's a trick by a psychologist inside the control center..." I had thus provided judge Higgins with more evidence of my conspiracy with the CIA to harm her: that the Monkey had created a false profile of me using my fake thoughts in order to set the neocons free – even though I was masking this conspiracy with a "different version" of the true story. But Wes said he didn't understand what I was explaining. I also tried to explain the cause of my anger toward the Pyramid: "The Russians valued her safety more than mine, even though she was a drag upon them while I had benefited them... But somehow, when my anger toward her father was fulfilled, my anger toward *her* would subside.... Somehow the psychologist knew this...." Wes: "So you thought you were angry with her because her father treated you poorly, but in fact you were angry with her because other people took her more seriously....?" As you can see, Wes couldn't understand what I was explaining at all. I continued: "How do I know if her father will be prosecuted? Am I just duping myself?" Then: "I hope our conversation isn't being intercepted so that it can be used as evidence against me in the future...." Wes: "I don't hear the clicking noise today...." I continued: "I need to go to another state where I can legally cut myself..." We discussed this a little more. I then talked about the group home in Berkeley: "The control center wants me to go there so that I'll get into a

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fight, so that I will be thrown into the hospital, so that doctors can then feed me with drugs to make me insane, so that evidences will be entered into the trial.... When will it be over?” Wes: “I don’t know...” I continued: “I spent money to pass information to the Russians through a lawsuit, and now they want me to hate them *because nations are objecting saying ‘He was trying to help you’*... That’s fine, they need to pay me back my money....” More evidence of my conspiracy for judge Higgins: after the cutting and the debate about the mind-reading computer’s setting, “nations objected”. Then I talked about how a collector took away the 200 dollars that my mother had just deposited in my account. Then I talked about how I ignored other homeless people because I assumed they were just acting, which was a technique to make me look like I was a malicious person. Then I talked more about the group home in Berkeley. Wes: “You have been conditioned so that you can be provoked by every little thing...” Wes was trying to enlighten me again that there were no actors at all but I rebutted: “These people are actors! Purposely here to provoke me!” Then I explained: “*I got conditioned because of my belief system*... If I ignore all the imaginary scenarios, then I wouldn’t have been conditioned.... But computer malfunctioning is real.... If I didn’t believe that ordinary phenomena are signs that troubles are coming, then I wouldn’t be bothered by the noises.... But computer malfunctioning will always bother me irrespective of my belief system.... It’s strange how they have exploited my belief system... so that I will eventually be sucked into my paranoia....” I had by now developed insight into my Sonophobia, and this could now become part of the conspiracy against judge Higgins insofar as the “noise attacks” were really just my delusions and had partly prevented me from understanding what was really going on and going on PLANRUS. I continued: “I noticed today that, when people try to make noises into my recorder, if I change my perspective and approach the matter as if I were ‘collecting evidences’, then I wouldn’t be bothered by it.... *What you believe and so on can completely change your mood*....” Then I talked more about the Berkeley group home. “There must be a reason why they want me to go there, why my mother wants me to go there....” Then: “If they want to eliminate my anger toward the Pyramid, this means that they still plan to make her show up... What’s important to me is that it wouldn’t look like it’s my fault when it’s not my fault....” Again, my expectation that the Pyramid would show up soon was good evidence for judge Higgins when coupled with the evidence of “Emile”. I then continued to insist that the Russians should pay me back my money. “They are here inside the control center, America is their allies now, *but there must be some nations objecting*...” Wes also wanted me to pay his money back to him and claimed that just the interests I owed him amounted to 500 dollars. Then he explained that he was reading a book on citizenship. We hanged up on 44:50. The call cost me 4 dollars and 30 cents. Evidently, Wes did not have any orders to say anything in particular to frame me today – he had had no orders since November 29 – although I had myself provided several pieces of evidences to judge Higgins.

My next recording is: “12\_1\_10\_654-827PM.WMA”: I went around Ackerman accusing people of “acting”. How delusional did I look! Like a typical targeted individual! Then: “Don’t believe anything....” I then came to the patio to work, burning a new disc and writing. Then I got worried again: “... It could be that the defendants are listening to my self-analysis and will do exactly as I have analyzed... Please forget about it, don’t add any more crimes... Life is only so long... Everyone will be commanded to feed us with drugs... Let’s change our belief to something more optimistic... We are going to get a girlfriend... The Russians will pay our money back... And it will be all over, nobody will be acting... And we will get a room...” Then I continued reviewing my recordings and writing. The

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wind was blowing hard, and I couldn't help but believe that this was orchestrated from the control center. Then: "We are worried that, just because we want the Monkey to be prosecuted, he might not be prosecuted... We will see how fair justice is...."

My next recording is: "12\_1\_10\_828-1004PM.WMA": I was now writing about what happened in September: the Monkey's "Plan Discovery" and so on. Then: "... the real Russians in the macro-courthouse ordering everyone in the micro-courthouse to replicate their crimes... the neoconservatives could use a generalized notion of conspiracy, that I have purposely provided evidences to one side..." I then compiled the ISO image for DVD 200. When I was done and packing up, I asked myself the essential question: "How do you know what you believe is true?"

My next recording is: "12\_1\_10\_1004-1137PM.WMA": I got coffee from the vending machine and continued: "There is no question of confidentiality... our therapy... it's just a show... there is always a third party who was listening in on our conversation... Someone who's under surveillance doesn't have confidentiality..." I came back to Ackerman's TV lounge and was staring at the televisions. I then started burning DVD 200. On 55:00 the student security suddenly came in to check everyone's ID. I thus had to leave even though the burning was still in the final stage. I filmed the finalization process and quickly packed up and left. I continued: "... the trial lasted... 牽連到這麼多人... distribute it... every nation that has objected will get a copy of it... so that when we write... noises... to make it inadmissible... they'd better not take it to the ICJ as evidence... then our writings will have to be made to look like it was forged... leave our book alone... our book is for the common people... if we... if it will not match the structure of the courthouse, we will just say we are duped... when our story doesn't match the official version, the judges will just say we are duped... the Monkey... he is framing himself... conspiracy... what kind of friend is he to PM?... the belief system has to be correct..." Finally, on 1:30:00, I came to my corner in Westwood Village and was ready to sleep.<sup>15</sup>

## **December 2 (Thursday)**

My first recordings of the new day are: "slpwstwd\_12\_1-2\_10\_1148PM-739AM.WMA" and "towcilnews200mlfuncangtst\_12\_2\_10\_739-1241PM.WMA". I was awake from 7:04:00. Soon: "... that's our first experience... being remotely controlled..." Then, on 5:00 (in the second recording), while on Westwood Blvd, I ran into a woman who gave me breakfast. I would soon mistake this for compensation from the control center for the disc that was (as you shall see) destroyed last night. Ha! I continued while walking: "Don't do any research!" (35:10) I continued to videotape suspicious people on the street. I got on the bus on 44:00, played MIA loudly, and got off on 1:01:00. I was in WCIL from 1:13:00 onward. I stayed outside to continue my worthless reflection: "... our private life... acting... involuntary permanent actor..." Then I got on the computer station. I read the news item about Julian Assange and then started watching TV 5 news. When I heard the news about North Korea, my left side hurt. To dupe me into thinking that it was relevant to me! I was then especially intrigued by a report about the brain chemistry of love. "It's difficult to concentrate because, when we get distracted, we will think about the fact that we are getting distracted and thus become further distracted by thinking about how we are getting distracted. It's difficult to concentrate because we are too conscious of the fact that

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<sup>15</sup> My last recording of the day is: "wstwdslp\_12\_1\_10\_1140-1148PM.WMA": nothing.

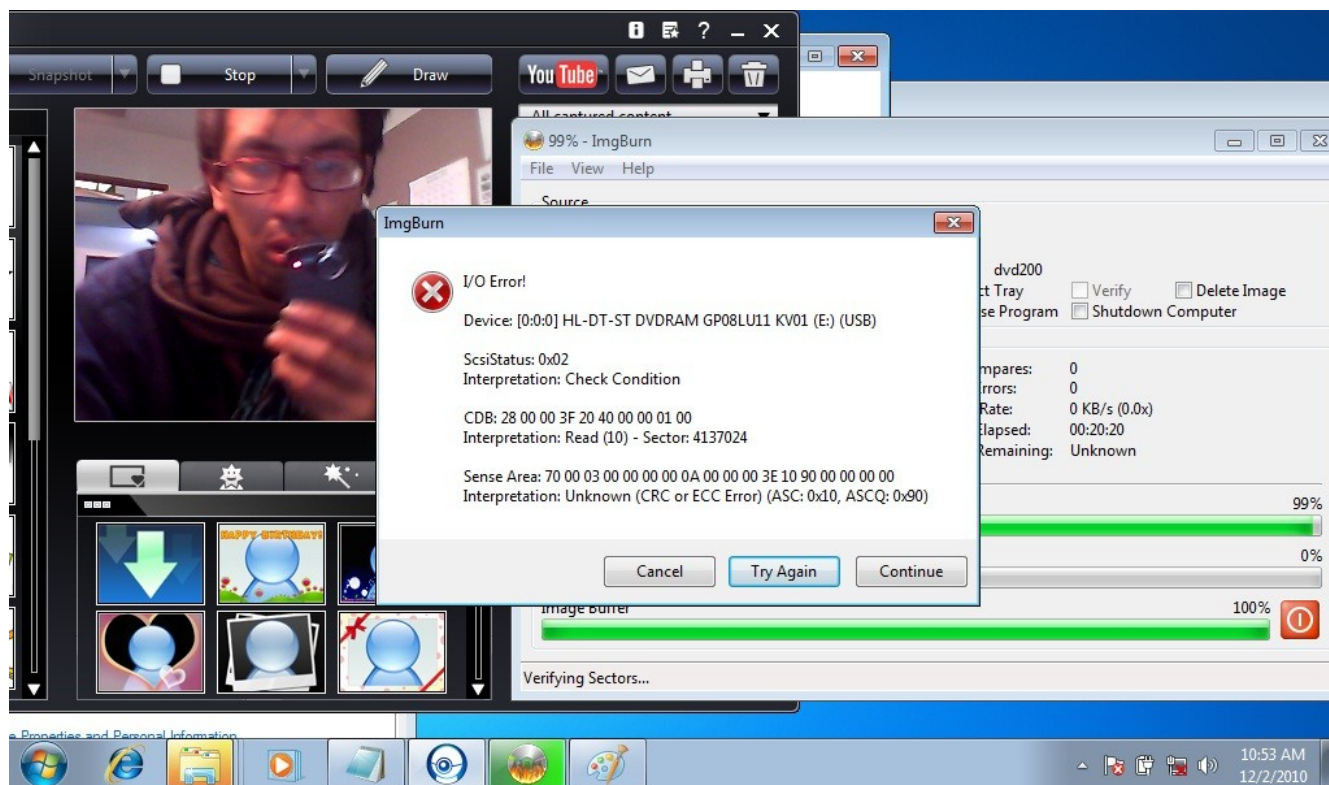
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we are too conscious. When you get further distracted by thinking about the cause of getting distracted, you go into an infinity.” Then, from 2:42:00 onward, I began verifying the disc I burned last night while in Ackerman. I then created another instance of infinite loop with my webcam and my mirror. Then, on 3:05:00, the verification failed, and I was devastated. I went quiet and was breathing heavily. “They had to run a test... It’s the test itself which has generated the negative emotions...” I was now suffering enormous pain and experiencing extraordinary anger. “I don’t want to see her again... We want to see her father prosecuted... to test whether we want to see her... but we are not going to find her... I don’t know how they are going to give me the money but they will...” I then continued to mumble about money. Then: “... to go to Taiwan and France... Why do they test... machine malfunctioning... Maybe they just need to construct a model... That means they are still collecting evidences... *The only thing that can provoke us now is machine malfunctioning...*” By this time I had left WCIL and was walking the streets. “... We need to avoid being tested... make a resolution and avoid seeing her. Focus on the person and forget about the nationality... the minimal bottom line is the judges... the neutral parties...” I then came back to WCIL on 4:08:00 to use the computers again but Amanda said I had already used up all my time for today. I left again. Then: “What about the fact that they promised us a pyramid... It’s all over...” I got on the bus on 4:14:00. “... to go to France or Taiwan, which is better? It’s better to go to Taiwan first... to correct our birthdate... It’s payback time... We will have a pyramid... It doesn’t matter who promised us... as long as what’s promised is delivered... my family is my family... all the money that the bank took away from us... Taiwan... there we will save money... That doesn’t matter, for, once we get our compensation, we will pay back all our debt... We will pay back Wes... when he was ordered to give us money, it was actually his own money...” When I changed bus, a lady gave me 50 cents. I then got off the bus. I would soon come up with this wrong scenario to explain what had just happened:

Last night, after hearing my insight about how machine malfunctioning could provoke me independent of my belief system, Mary C thus made another argument requiring that my DVD burner be remotely controlled to produce a bad burn so as to provoke me to think about killing the Monkey Pyramid, hoping to obtain another legal opportunity to force the prosecuting team to institute a reality around me [that would fit my belief] and provoke me to accomplish my ‘mission impossible’. As usual, she requested that the remote destruction of the disc be hidden in normal accidents. The SLVK thus commanded the UCLA student security to come into the TV room to warn everyone that the security guard was coming to check everyone’s ID, forcing me to move my things just at the time when the disc burning reached the video of my writing. For she does not want me to write my story and, at the same time, wants me to look paranoid should I ever say that the bad burn is caused remotely rather than through my own fault of moving my disc burner.



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The verification of the disc failed!

My next recording is: "baishu\_12\_2\_10\_1241-252PM.WMA": On 2:00, I came to Uncle Bai's restaurant and got my free food. I found some Chinese newspaper and read the news about President Chen's conviction. I would soon concoct more stupid scenarios on this basis. Then, from 25:00 onward, Uncle Bai sat down to chat with me. He wanted to close his restaurant for lack of business and continued to advise me to settle down. He had had no contact with Ting-Ta, and I told him I wanted to go back to Taiwan. Then we talked about my money problem. He asked me why I didn't move in with my mother. He advised: 人在屋檐下, 不得不低頭! I again had the wrong impression that this was a "secret message" from the control center. Totally delusional! We were done talking by 38:00, and I left continuing to mumble about how evidence replacement would continue in Taiwan. Squatting by the street corner, I examined my wound from yesterday: it was still painful. A stranger suddenly came over, and I yelled at him: "You are too ugly! Unless you want to give me money, go away!" He was concerned because of my wound. By 1:10:00 I had got on the bus. I continued: "We are not sure which is better for us, going along with the plan or resisting..." I got off the bus on 1:29:00 and continued to develop my wrong scenario: "The host country will have to do the prosecution... I hope the Taiwanese president will not be involved, but he will... The trial here will be over first, then the trial there will start... to prosecute President Chen... There is no evidence to be replaced there... In Taiwan we will be fed with secrets so that the president can be prosecuted... But we'll not pay attention... The defendants have very little chances to get us... the doctor on the bus... she needs to be released to the outside..." I was now at UCLA and buying coffee and snacks from the vending machine (1:38:00). I yelled at the strangers around: "Shut up, actress..." Then: "If she is not showing up, why should we not be angry

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with her...? The whole thing will continue... just to waste government's money... The punishment has already lined up for the next 200 years... There is no need to continue... They promised you a pyramid, then give you somebody you don't like, the promise is fulfilled, but there is no conspiracy and nations can't really object... That means that PM has already decided to prosecute his friend since a long time ago... the defendants... the thought-reading computer... there is no other way out... the only way out is to prosecute Mr B..." Bullshit! I then came inside Ackerman: "What if the doctor released to the outside is going to treat us in the future? If we go to Taiwan we will miss that... But we want to go to France to be treated by the French... We need to know what we are going to get first... We don't know what to do now..."

My next recording is: "toucl200angststmlfunct\_12\_2\_10\_305-453PM.WMA": I got worried because blood was dripping down from my arm. I came outside again and continued: "... we have the mental image that the doctor was explaining to everyone... the Siloviki..." I bled a lot, but there was no more pain. Then: "*Maybe we are remotely controlled to not feel pain...*" Then: "... when you know that your consciousness of the structure of the courthouse is wrong... doesn't match the official story... does that count as conspiracy...? The objections they want... can't... anything... objections... the defendants might make objections... but we are talking about the future... They are studying when we will flip... They will seal it so that it can't be opened again... like double jeopardy... what the objections... in the end it comes down to a pyramid... They can make it into a law, it would then be against the law *for objecting nations to buy us off...*" Ha! Fantasy land! From 33:00 onward I began reviewing my recordings. I then theorized about what happened last night again: "So they aren't trying to trick us... It's just a test... Only if they knew this guy wasn't going to move when the Bruin girl came in to check everybody's ID... So it was our own fault?" Then: "... our mood structure... It's too much a coincidence, it just has to be the video of our writing... because the computer had calculated when we would move, it then controlled the burning to fail just at that instance... this big computer... everything is calculated to happen just at the right moment..." In reality, it really *was* just a coincidence! Then: "We need to videotape the people around us, they have chips inside their head... We need to prevent the chips from being taken out of our head..." Ha! I then continued to review my recordings while burning a new disc. Then: "... because of the objections, The Siloviki are really treating us like a target... They make it so natural that people won't believe... Mommy will pay our money back because we are a US citizen..." This was my "different version" because, during the summer, the Daughter People indeed saw me as their target. Then my camcorder shut itself off on 1:06:30 and my computer malfunctioned again to result in another failed burn. I began suffering severe physical pain while packing my things up (1:10:00). Moaning and groaning, I came back inside Ackerman on 1:19:00. "You should have said: 'We will sell ourselves to the objecting nations', then our machine might function... Everyone wants us dead... The objectors stood there and shouted: 'You guys kill him...'" I set up my computer and resumed burning my disc. I muttered bitterly: "You have wasted so much of our fucking time testing us..." Now this time the burning was successful. I broke down crying: "Thank you... We are gonna check this disc..."

My next recording is: "ucl200\_12\_2\_10\_513-613PM.WMA": I came outside and continued: "Why don't we get a job? We have wasted so much time being tested..." Then I came into the TV lounge. I kept filming the television whenever a pyramid appeared on it. I then came up to the fourth floor where

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it was quieter. I played the files on my new disc to make sure they were well burned.

My next recording is: “UCLtrktv\_12\_2\_10\_613-733PM.WMA”: I then came back down to the second floor to continue to work. I reviewed the recording of my conversation with Wes from yesterday. What I thought to be actors then came to make loud noises next to me, and I packed up and left (1:04:00). Then: “... the official story... our story says... don’t use it as evidence... and just because you said that, they could use it then...” And my left side hurt. “And we did get beaten up, and so we need our money back...” Then my wrong scenario: “And the defendants are listening to us, they heard it when we said noises only worked given our belief system, and so they made more arguments to force the Siloviki and Mommy to send actors to make so much noises that our belief system wouldn’t matter...” Then: “... the micro-cosmos... the global picture... the entire script and the outsiders, those people we can never commit conspiracy with... because there is time left... a deadline... when we said that... the Turkish team... it seems that Turkey is in deep shit right now... Well, don’t object...” Bullshit! Then: “... Now what makes pyramids exotic? The distance...” I then came to the patio to continue to work. “The Turkish pyramids are good-looking, because hundreds of years ago they went to Europe and grabbed a lot of them...” Ha!

My next recordings are: “uclnoises\_12\_2\_10\_734-831PM.WMA” and “uclwrtlet\_12\_2\_10\_831-958PM.WMA”: I continued to write. “... in the beginning PM must be quite worried that I didn’t understand the hints... the confirmation of the profile might not be workable... the stolen recorder would cast a dark shadow over me from this time on...” I then continued to write about what I thought were the operations in August. I then discovered that I was still bleeding.

My next recording is: “ucltvpm\_12\_2\_10\_958-1153PM.WMA”: I then went to buy snacks from the vending machine. I continued: “The outsiders will come... not allowed to make conspiracy come into being... Whatever we think will not matter anymore, whether we know evidences are being gathered or not... That’s the trick... the Outsiders... the Insiders... *We will never know whether our thoughts are being induced...*” I came back inside Ackerman and came into the TV lounge. “... I don’t really believe he is going to get prosecuted...” Then, suspicious of everything, I asked a student why the building was so empty. I then asked another stranger: “What are you told about me?” “I don’t know...” (1:21:00). “There is no way that all the UCLA students are just acting, they must have been told something about me... something not true...” Ha! Then: “What if there is no PM, what if somebody is pretending to be him...? That doesn’t make sense, the trial is so big, he *must* be involved...” I had by then walked to Westwood Village. I told a homeless man: “The money that I’ll give you is hardly comparable to the money they paid you for standing there and pretending to be homeless...” I was making a fool of myself again! I then filmed another person who I thought was an actor. Then more wrong scenario: “The ‘Pyramid part’, how her father duped her and duped us, how she kicked us out, that’s supposed to be repeated...”

### **December 3 (Friday)**

My first recording of the new day is: “wkbbrneyfreenobelief\_12\_2\_10\_727-927AM.WMA” (...12\_3\_10...): When I woke up from the street corner, somebody gave me free breakfast! Then I came

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inside Starbucks for my morning coffee. Then I came to Westwood Blvd to do my “pyramid sighting”. I said “Hi” to a golden pyramid who walked past, but she ignored me (49:30). Then: “If you can get a pyramid just by believing it, well, grab other pyramids... They have changed it, *because it’s about to involve gross human rights abuse....* Either I or the Pyramid will get into trouble.... Now they are gathering their evidences, and this is what is going on... so that it will not involve human rights abuse...” Complete bullshit! Nobody gave the slightest crap about whether my human rights were abused! I then left a message for Wes on 1:11:00. Then I saw a dwarf, and then a pyramid. Wow! Did that mean something? Then I yelled at somebody: “Shut up!” I got on the bus on 1:15:00 to go to WCIL. The bus driver wanted me to pay fare, and I retorted: “Are you acting?” Then: “If we just go to the library, that will allow the Monkey to be prosecuted.....” Then, just when I thought “I need to go to the library and get thrown out so that her father will be prosecuted” somebody pulled the string – “Ding” (1:24:00). I again mistook that for the control center’s confirmation (“Evidence taken!”). I got off the bus on 1:33:00 and then got on bus 33, taking care to avoid sitting with children. I came to WCIL on 1:46:00 and signed up for a computer station. Nola offered me bandages for my wounds.

My next recording is: “weilnwsprntbnkst\_12\_3\_10\_927AM-1204PM.WMA”: Now Angela insisted that I let her bandage the wound on my arm, but I insisted that she let me do it myself. I thought it was a trap: she would call the ambulance when she saw how big the wound was (until 3:00). Paranoid over nothing! I then printed out all my bank statements (what I needed to open a case at Tzu Chi). Then: “We have the former Madam President – 壓陣” (23:00). Ha! See, while she was indeed doing something to save the trial right at this moment, she was in fact framing me! It did seem that I was living in a different version of the true reality! I then watched TV 5 news, and my arm hurt. At one point, I was kissing the French “pyramid” news reporter on the computer screen (50:00). On 56:00, the news about Wikileaks (about the American diplomatic cables where Daughterland was called “corrupt”). Then I watched a documentary on life inside Kremlin. I carefully examined the food on the table for DGHTRCOM and Daughterland’s president (1:08:00). I then watched a Chinese movie in which, strangely, the main character had also the surname “Chin” (1:45:00). The narrator’s voice was also exactly identical to that of the Chinese narrator I was imagining in my head narrating my story a few days earlier: 這個官司打了三年多... I concluded that the control center had again orchestrated all this. Now I might have been correct this time. It’s quite likely that the Invisible Hand was again ordering the Monkey to control me to run into these coincidences as a way to induce me to understand that the control center could control me to think anything it wanted me to think. (In other words, here to control me to watch a video which would echo my thoughts.)

I exited WCIL on 2:27:00. I realized then that the Monkey wanted to make me look schizophrenic, not in order to discredit me, but in order to make me conform to his false profile of me. I shouted: “Because Mr B almost destroyed the entire Russian intelligence!” (2:29:10) Correct! And, within three seconds, there was a honk – I again believed it was the control center’s confirmation (2:29:17): “See there is a honk!” And there were no more honks after this. Again, this time I might have been correct: the Invisible Hand might be testing to see how to remotely control the movements in my environment in order to lead me to come up with scenarios that could resemble the true scenario as closely as possible. Then I realized that Wes’ question for me on May 7 was the defendants’ request. It was again my “different version” since the Smart Woman was distorted into the defendants’ lawyer. I mumbled:

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“When you see a Mexican, run away from him as fast as possible, as if he were the most dangerous virus...” (2:35:00). I then got on the bus.

My next recording is: “tobaishudgltlyellmex\_12\_3\_10\_1204-1252PM.WMA”: While on the bus, I suddenly had a realization (the wrong scenario mentioned earlier): “Mr B would be the mole which the defendants had sent to the prosecution team, gee... He came to the prosecuting team and messed with the thought-reading machine, and then wanted to destroy me... 墨西哥人很壞...” Here I was, from judge Higgins’ perspective, merely elaborating on my “different version”. I got off the bus on 18:00 and continued: “He’s the mole, he got caught, and so he wanted to destroy us... something like that... to force the prosecuting team to commit fraud... to force them to prove that  $2 + 2 = 5$ , so that they could never succeed... to force them to draw a squared circle... *Why would France object?* There is no way that they would...” I got on bus 1 on 27:00. “It’s a Mommy-like pyramid...” Then, on 30:00, a child got on the bus to shout. I blasted MIA loudly and hummed at the same time: “Fucking human trash...” Then, when the child and his mother were getting off, I yelled at them: “Oh, fucking Hispanic garbage is getting off the bus with her fucking trash, go back to Mexico...” My Sonophobia was making me look increasingly like a racist! I got off the bus on 47:00 and continued: “These fucking Hispanics, their life is not worth living because they make other people’s lives not worth living... That’s why God looks unfavorably upon Mexico...”

My next recording is: “tzuchiwrtletnoisesgldtangr\_12\_3\_10\_1252-435PM.WMA”: I came to Uncle Bai’s restaurant and obtained some Chinese newspapers so that I could look at the classifieds. Then I got my free food and left. I continued: “Uncle DGHTR might have been released to the outside...” I then came to Tzu Chi on 45:00. Sister Wu was not here but would be back on 2:30 PM. I thus waited outside for her to come back. I called Wes on 1:03:00 but he was not home. Then: “We are just wasting our time, there is no way that we will find housing... When is it going to be over?” Unfortunately, I was correct about this! I then filmed a guy and mistook him for an actor pretending to be a surveillance agent. I called Wes again on 1:38:00, but he was still not home. Then children showed up and I hummed in nervousness. “If we go to the library and get thrown out, our intention will not matter anymore because our thoughts were induced...” I then wrote it down: “... if my thoughts and my realization about what’s going on inside the control center were facilitated by the chip inside my head... it would not matter to the outsiders who will start the prosecution anew what my intention was...” As you can see, I was gradually accepting the radical idea that the control center could remotely control my thought-processes. Just then, Sister Wu showed up (1:45:00). I told her my new plan about how to deal with my mother and she called up Ruiz for me. But Ruiz was not at the Center again. I wanted her to call my mother but she wanted me to call her myself. But my mother was not answering the call. I continued to explain to Sister Wu that it was dangerous to live in a group home. By 2:01:00 we were done discussing and I said I would come back in 30 minutes to call my mother again. When I went outside I continued: “Mr B is like the neocons, he will get these people to beat me up but then to blame me saying it’s my fault...” I continued to mumble about how it must be made to look like it was my fault. “He wants us to go in front of his daughter and get thrown out... so that he can be the ultimate hypocrite...” I played MIA and then continued writing: “... in the International Criminal Court... there has clearly existed a conspiracy to cause the whole procedure to become a conspiracy... by making me conscious of what has been going on...” Not only was it nonsense, it was also confused. Then suddenly

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a guy came over to make noises to me. He made me extremely angry, but I continued to write: “... throughout the court process *I have been practically rendered remotely controlled...*” Then: “Why do you have to provoke me? The Siloviki... You can’t really draw a squared circle... The only way is to claim that Mr B is a mole... that he put his daughter in front of you and then forged your thoughts saying you harbored bad thoughts... a perfect framing... No one will know that we actually didn’t have bad thoughts...” Then I videotaped my bank statements which I wanted to submit to Sister Wu. I continued: “... we are going to sue that fucking bitch...” I came back inside Tzu Chi and told Sister Wu how much I hated children (3:11:00). We called my mother again on 3:19:00 but she was still not answering. We then called up a shelter (3:24:00) and Sister Wu called up Bryan to arrange it. I left Tzu Chi on 3:36:00. I mumbled: “Don’t look for housing, it’s a waste of time... We want to KP again...” Namely, “kill the Pyramid”. I then got on the bus.

My next recording is: “12\_3\_10\_443-501PM.WMA”: I continued: “... that means the trial is going to restart in Taiwan... there are so many people involved... we can never finish writing about it... the entire purpose of the Agency has become to prosecute people rather than to spy on any nation...” Wrong! I got off the bus at UCLA on 6:50. I bothered another woman: “Miss Actress, why are you looking at your cellphone?” I bought snacks from the vending machine and then came to Ackerman.

My next recording is: “uclbrhupsetcut\_12\_3\_10\_502-607PM.WMA”: I sat down outside Ackerman’s patio. I left a message for Wes: “Call me back...” I then broke down crying: “We need to cut ourselves again...” Then, I suddenly decided to call up Deborah (8:00). There was no answering, and I didn’t leave a message. Minutes later, I called her again, and this time she answered it (11:00). I cried to her: “I have been homeless for 19 months...” We talked about how to get housing, and I complained about how my family members couldn’t make any decision themselves about helping me because they were under the authority’s control, and how I shouldn’t have spent my own money to help others. (Again, I wrongly assumed that Deborah knew what I had done to save Daughterland.) Deborah wanted me to go to a shelter, but I objected that there would be actors there to provoke me and break my computer. We hanged up on 18:00. I sighed: “Okay, I go cut myself!” And so I cut myself – and of course I made sure to film it. “After we saved them, they punished us in order to force us to hate them, so that they can benefit from our hating them, and then they punished us for hating them, they are no better than the neocons...” As I walked around Ackerman, I filmed all the people around who I wrongly assumed were actors and actresses. Then I sat down and made another call to Wes (1:01:00). There was still no answering.

My next recordings are: “wrtletucl\_12\_3\_10\_608-721PM.WMA”, “ucl\_12\_3\_10\_721-951PM.WMA”, and “dvd201schizo\_12\_3\_10\_952-1055PM.WMA”: I then began reviewing my recordings while writing my letter of petition. I successfully burned a new disc. Taking a break, I mumbled more bullshit: “We saved the good guys and now they have turned on us... These conspiracy laws are so annoying, I don’t want to be lumped with the bad guys...” Then I resumed writing while checking over the newly burned disc. I then went to buy coffee at the vending machine again. “They divide up the world however they want, this secret new world order... We want only to preserve the chain of cause and effect in our story, we don’t care whether people look good or bad, *and so we can only count on the judges...*” While I was walking around, I continued: “... le monde doit se retourner à l’équilibre....

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*This conspiracy with the judges makes no sense! What's the point of having a courthouse then...?*  
Again, while what I said was all nonsense, it bore some strange resemblance to the truth in that it was now Judge Higgins who was running the show. Then I continued to speak nonsense to entertain myself. Then I sat down somewhere and began reviewing my recordings again (1:24:00). I hummed loudly again when people came around me to make noises. I successfully burned another disc. More wrong scenario: "Every disc we have burned has problems, it's all because they have to make sure these can't be used as evidences against them in the future.... Why don't they just make a new law saying nothing we possess can ever be used as evidence in the courthouse?" Then I continued writing and reviewing my recordings for the rest of the night. This time I was writing "Schizophrenic, III", and I successfully burned another disc.

My next recording is: "angrylevuclreadyslp\_12\_3\_10\_1056-1153PM.WMA": As I was walking from Ackerman to Westwood Village, I got increasingly angry: my desire to become violent toward people was so great. I kicked things along the way. Then, when I saw a sign, I was like: "They want us to kick the sign!" And I filmed it. I even wanted to attack a guy on bicycle with my stick: "You are going to hell, you know that, right?" Then I mumbled to myself: "That's what Americans are like, ungrateful!" Again, I had no idea that nobody was being ungrateful because all my scenarios were wrong (except that I did disrupt the Boss' plan). I then warned another stranger: "Remember me, okay?" Then, on 36:00, I filmed this man whom I encountered on my way out: "Are you really blind or are you pretending to be blind?" It turned out that he was not blind, and he angrily warned me not to film him again. I would sleep in the Village tonight.

#### **December 4 (Saturday; "Higgins' program" and "French objection")**

My first recording of the new day is: "slpwkuclgodtxtmssgpst\_12\_4\_10\_510-934AM.WMA": From 3:42:00 onward, I was in UCLA campus. I suddenly realized: "On May 8, when we got duped into thinking that the Pyramid would show up in Borders, it was the defendants' lawyer who was looking at the intercept of our thoughts.... *The nations then immediately objected...*" Again, my "different version": the Smart Woman was distorted into some defense lawyer. I got more coffee from the vending machine. Then: "The fake Russians... the real Russians... who are the real Russians?... objection... so sophisticated, it could be PM..."

My next recordings are: "wrtletucl\_12\_4\_10\_934-1018AM.WMA" and "uclwrtletnica\_12\_4\_10\_1020AM-1210PM.WMA": I came to Ackerman and began writing while burning a new disc: "... the intercepts of my thoughts between April 1 and April 14.... They immediately noticed these were forged..." I thus continued to perfect my "different version". Then I commented to myself: "We have to be right about this, *we are looking at the global picture...*" Then: "... on May 8, they tried to prove that the intercepts were false.... The intercepts of my thoughts from the machine can no longer be admitted as evidences...." My different version was coming along! I continued writing: "... the Western model of justice..." I then wrote about my lawsuit against the SVR director in March 2009 and how the Daughter People proceeded to use it as evidence in the International Court of Justice. Then about my trip to Nicaragua. Then: "... the technique of lowering the target's tolerance... Then no one can tell that he has been tortured...."

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My next recording is: “ucllunch12\_4\_10\_1210-238PM.WMA”: I then came to the vending machine to get more coffee. I listened to MIA repeatedly. Then I left UCLA and got on the bus. While on the bus, I suddenly realized – as I have noted earlier – that what had happened on November 27 was that my pictures of the CIA girls were suppressed as evidences (1:28:00). This, as you have seen, was not what had happened, but, guided by my wrong scenario, I continued: “This is not right... Nations will keep objecting, and I will be left homeless month after month...” (1:33:00). Then: “... everything we did was either taken into evidence or suppressed as evidence, and, whenever that happens, a signal will happen, and the signal always comes in the form of disruption... That’s why our life is so stressful... The only therapy is to get paid along the way...” I then played MIA repeatedly again. Then I suddenly became skeptical of my (almost) correct scenario: “... other nations are objecting... But maybe that’s just a made-up scenario to dupe us... Once we have figured it out, they want us to believe in this while something else is really going on... This business with Mr B, to let the defendants go free, that’s the only correct thing we have figured out... We need a cut-off point... They are just wasting our time... We need to focus on what we need to recover... We need to get our pyramid, then go to Taiwan, then go to France...” Then: “But maybe nations were really objecting... Italy... That happened in August... Italy has objected...” Then I wrote on my diary: “*Evidence is obtained that Mr B is a mole from the defendants’ team...*” Such was my “different version” insofar as, according to the secret ICJ judgment, *the Monkey was the CIA’s mole in the control center with the mission to rig the trial*. I then got off the bus.

My next recording is: “IMPnwstory\_12\_4\_10\_238-315PM.WMA”: After I got off the bus, I pushed my cart through the streets and continued my wrong scenarios: “They are going to lose and they will just make more arguments... Mommy... that was the 27<sup>th</sup>... now the objection is based on the mind-reading computer... PM has been... planning this for a long time... the 29<sup>th</sup>... the Turkish team came to help them... the Turkish objection... then Mommy abandoned us, and the story changed again... We have to note it down, otherwise we are just complaining about false scenarios... Now the defendants’ team is burdened with helping us... their lawyer is doing it for the money... Why would poor people... to buy us off... we are not getting any help because the defendants... last shot... Why do you object? You are gonna lose... Maybe they are commanded by the Outsiders to object... in order to change the story... the Pyramid... changed back to Mr Chertoff’s Polish lineage... On the bus, we thought, ‘We are Mommy’s agent...’ and ‘Ding’, and the Turkish agent... the story has been fixed one more time... It’s not wise to write about this since the story keeps changing... *the trial is rigged*, that’s all we know for certain... I wish the Turkish team were beaten badly so that no nations will dare object again... Our story has to be somewhat correct... We are not going to write about X when it is negative X... What’s the point of objecting? There is no way that you will win... the criterion of conspiracy has to be generalized... now nationality no longer matters...” – and my left side hurt. “... *the conspiracy with the judges is ridiculous...*” I then got on the bus again.

My next recording is: “strgsecret\_12\_4\_10\_315-510PM.WMA”: I came to Public Storage to put my new discs into my storage unit. When I came out and filmed a tow truck, I mistakenly believed I had fallen into a trap again: “They know we are going to videotape the tow truck, and so they send in this goddamn thing to go near the truck and thus make it look like we are videotaping children...”



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(55:00). As I waited for the bus I continued my worthless reflection: "... the only thing that we can be certain of is that there is a trial... The trial has to be in secret and so our story cannot possibly match the official story... They will change the story..." After I got on the bus, I continued: "... we have to rename our story the 'Secret Prehistory' ... Maybe we will get secretly compensated... Why is it so important to know? In order to avoid danger.... *We have to know that we don't know, that's what we have to know....*" I then began speculating on the program for cultural transformation which I began to believe would be attached to this ICJ trial. Note that this was the beginning of my speculation about judge Higgins' program: "... a secret ICJ order, to drastically cut down population size in Latin America, India, and Africa..." We have to wonder whether it might be the Invisible Hand who was commanding the Monkey to control me to think about judge Higgins' program – what would be one of my "missions" in the coming years. At this beginning stage, all that I could think of was complete garbage given that I wasn't yet educated in the subject matter. Then: "Maybe they have pulled the chips out of our head already... All of it is going to stay in secret... Why are other people allowed to know? ... Because they won't tell... because they have other things to do in life... So it's not about how smart you are... Then why are there leakers? *Because we need to know in order to rig the trial...* Because there is Mr B... His little act has wasted seven months of our life...."

My next recording is: "touclbs2knw2secrets\_12\_4\_10\_529-703PM.WMA": While on the bus, I continued: "We definitely need to see a therapist... We don't want to know that our thoughts are being read, it's so annoying... we can't concentrate on anything... accidental thoughts, opposite thoughts, they have never appeared before..." I played MIA again and continued: "... we gave so much away just by imagining things..." Yeah right! I got off the bus on 46:00. Then: "... are they going to pull it out and give it to us...? *After they have saved humanity...* they are just collecting evidences..." Then: "... Do the SLVK and the judges really think we are smart?" By this time I had returned to UCLA and was getting coffee from the vending machine again. More: "... Are we going to get treatment?" I asked a stranger: "Hey, Mr surveillance! Is Carl's Jr closed or opened?" Ha! I then found left-over food and came to Ackerman's patio to eat it. I left another message for Wes on 1:19:00: "Call me back..." Then: "*We keep imagining the French woman on May 8...*" My different version!

My next recording is: "wrtletnicarptwrt\_12\_4\_10\_704-853PM.WMA": I then continued writing my letter. (What happened in Nicaragua.) And I continued to receive pain signals, which tremendously baffled me: "This is okay, right? I need to write this to petition..." Then, suddenly: "If you write something, do you have to repeat it? What if you have figured out that it has to be repeated? Does it still have to be repeated?..." Then, I began a long round of worthless speculation about what was going on right now: "... masturbate with Mommy's picture... in order to counter the Turkish objection... What's the point...? The point is to assign a new value to the same event, right? ... The result has to be beneficial to the Outsiders... events repeated.... with a different meaning... and then it becomes the objector who is supposedly torturing me... so countries like Turkey, Italy, and Mexico are ordered to object... It has something to do with the constitution of the Macrosphere in February... It will continue forever... But there will be a day when the Outsiders shall run out of agendas... This is so complex... Something has to be done about these laws... all because this guy is regurgitating something... But do not stop with the French pyramid!... *What if I want to be the president of the United States?*... What's so good about being the US president...? Well then you get to go inside the control center! The

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Macrosphere has always existed, but its existence is in secret... But for the Microspherians, it doesn't exist, although they *can* experience its effects... Get the French pyramid, get our money back, go to Taiwan, and then France, to petition... Not all information will be released to us... Then we will get treatment... It's already over because we have realized the mechanism of continuation... We will not be homeless anymore *because the French pyramid will save us*... We have understood the program: cut population size... What else? Language reform... But this sort of thing... Académie française... nobody cares about that anymore... Mommy makes very weird laws... The Macrosphere has to exist in order for the enrichment of evidences to be possible... *The Macrosphere exists and yet does not exist*... When the Turkish president read this, can he even understand it? How can he obey a law which he can't even understand?... It will be so unusual that the judges will abandon you after all this...." Yeah right!

My next recording is: "gaulistsrptnws\_12\_4\_10\_853-1043PM.WMA": Then: "It's really dumb, there is no 'BB'..." (8:00). Namely, a real bomb. After I got onto Ackerman's computer, I continued: "Who are the Gaullists?" (22:30) I now wrongly assumed that it was the Gaullists who had pushed France to object. Then: "The Gaullists were commanded to influence the French government, and to object, and so to lose, so that there will be no more objection to the New Secret World Order... We are the last instance of this application of the old laws... There are now new laws, so that this will never happen again..." (25:30). I then continued reading the news in French (33:00). "Now the Gaullists have objected to DGHTRCOM's plan because they are still separatists...." (47:00) Complete bullshit! But, as you can see, the Invisible Hand might be continuing to control me to develop my "different version". I then came inside the TV lounge and resumed reviewing my recordings. "The constraint has to benefit the real Russians, they have to abide by the laws, and it makes sense..." (1:40:00).

My next recording is: "leavuclreadyslp\_12\_4\_10\_1048-1135PM.WMA": I continued my realization about the Macrosphere: "... the Microspherians exist and do not exist... that's why objections are possible since we wrote that on that day..." I then walked to Westwood Village. "... they will not tell you what the official story is... keep everything so secret... when we sleep... the chips might get pulled out... they do want to keep things secret... but they aren't going to touch our stuff... Madam Human Rights already knew... they will put out a document which will show that Mr B is in jail somewhere... the chip is not going to be pulled out tonight... *we still have to meet our pyramid* and go back to Taiwan..." I then came to my corner to get ready to sleep.

### **December 5 (Sunday; the "French pyramid"; "existing and not-existing")**

My next recording is: "slpwkgdltangry\_12\_4-5\_10\_1136PM-825AM.WMA": While I slept, I continued: "How smart are we?" Then: "It's PM's strategy, he will first beat them down, and then lift them up... the Soviet mistake..." Then, after a good sleep, I awoke on 7:15:00. I was angry because I was disturbed by the noises from a truck. I turned on my laptop to film all this and, while pushing my cart and walking away, I was kicking and throwing things (7:25:30). I got a store employee to confirm that today was December 5 (7:39:00). I then continued to throw things and break bottles. "They want to change the official story...." (7:57:00).

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My next recording is: “IMPucltvnshmsn\_12\_5\_10\_828-1056AM.WMA”. I came inside Ackerman and settled down in the TV lounge. Then: “Why is it that every time we use the computer... Mr B should like it when we use our computer, it can piss off his daughter...” I called Wes on 15:00 and left a message: “Call me back, it’s very important...” Then, from 1:10:00 onward, I noticed a problem. As I would write down on my diary:

The problem was that my writing and theorizing on my New Letter of Petition about what was going on around me and my belief about what may happen to me through the working of the control center may per themselves cause what I was theorizing about the prosecution in the International Criminal Court or what I was believing about the operations on me to come true even when I would have otherwise theorized and believed incorrectly, this thanks to the working of the law ‘letting the suspect finish his mission’... For example, when I believed, out of pessimism and depression, that getting help was just a trap for me to waste my time, I may have doomed myself to never getting help from anyone. If I believed that the Microspherian prosecuting team would always send actors to make noises near me to taint my recordings of myself, my Microspherian conspirators might be required to do just this in order to institute a reality around me which would fit my belief even when they otherwise would not continue to do this. But what about my belief that I would be liberated when the trial should be transferred to the Macrosphere? I suddenly thought of the necessity of tediously keeping track of my successive beliefs, even when the last belief overturned the previous beliefs. Then, just when I began writing down what I had just realized, that ‘my writing and theorizing... and my belief about what may happen to me... may themselves have caused what I was theorizing about the prosecution in the International Criminal Court or what I was believing about it to come true...’ – just when I wrote down ‘this thanks to the law “letting the suspect finish –” the machine around me suddenly hummed (1:25:42), and only then did I get to finish writing down ‘his mission...’

What’s so amazing is that I was right now indeed finishing up my mission under judge Higgins’ command – to come up with all the bullshit including, here, the bullshit about how I needed to finish up my mission! I then continued my worthless realization: “PM *will* fulfill his promise even when nobody is watching!” (1:55:50) Then: “There is no such rule that whatever we write down will have to be repeated....” (2:03:00). Then more of my worthless realization: “They duped us into believing that the story was going to change, so that they can change it...” I thus started writing down in my diary: “What happened on December 4... I got duped into believing that the official story will change again...” Then, as I continued to transcribe my recording, more: “.... the last two days... the story is going to change again... that is going to be implemented in the script.... Everything that we have written down will be repeated... and we will be lumped with the conspirators... We got duped... Who are they? The Outsiders... you should not believe in the signals....”

My next recording is: “ucllunch\_12\_5\_10\_1056AM-1217PM.WMA”: I continued: “Our personal

version is archived somewhere... The truth does exist... There is no legal reason to change the story, and so they just use me, my belief is their legal reason... *We have to believe that Madam President is going to give us something....*” I might have been correct here by accident! She was indeed planning things about me at this moment! Then: “... if you can just stop believing that they will change the story, but it’s too late... This is fucked up, reality has to be independent of our beliefs... There is only one sure thing, which is ‘I don’t know’... This is a complete waste of our time... That’s what made us to angry... *Everything in court records is made-up*, I’m the only one who knows what happened...” Again, I hit on the truth by accident: the CIA had just been required to produce evidences for their non-existent plan to rig the trial! When I came to the vending machine, I asked two students – guided by my wrong scenario: “Are you guys really students or actors?” “Students...” “What are you told about me?” “Nothing....” (14:00). Then, when I was walking, I continued: “What is the most important part of our belief? That DGHTR will help us...” Then I spoke to myself in Chinese: “We will open a case at Tzu Chi, because the Russians are very fair (俄國人是很公正的)... Why? Because PM believes in God...” Bullshit! I called Wes again, but he was still not home (29:00). I said to a woman: “Hi actress! You get paid a lot of money thanks to me...” She was dumbfounded. Of course! Then I started imagining the (imaginary) French defense lawyer: “... parceque c’est le destin... The French lawyer, she will know everything that has happened...” I came to Best Buy on 1:00:00 to buy more blank discs. Then: “We don’t need *everyone* to believe our story, but just *some* people... Our belief doesn’t matter anymore... just as, when the terrorist realizes that the terrorists supplying him with bombs are actually FBI informants, he’s not going to be interested in these fake bombs... So it stopped hours ago when we realized we were duped... Once we realize that our belief matters, we become nervous about what we believe...” I then continued to mumble in Chinese about how I had saved Russia. Then: “... once you realize that they are using your belief system... and now you have developed a belief system about your belief system... Our belief that they will want to effect such and such is their only legal foundation for effecting what they want to effect, so they manipulate us to believe they will effect what they want to effect... And what do they want to effect? To change their story again... and to compensate... That’s how they got around the objections...” Complete bullshit!

My next recording is: “12\_5\_10\_1217-1224PM.WMA”: I continued: “.... if it hasn’t come to an end, then we still have a chance to prevent everything we have written about from being repeated... How do you change your belief system? By becoming conscious of it... *Just keep believing that we will see our French pyramid soon...* If the terrorist realizes that the people around him are just agents running a sting operation on him, then the whole operation has failed.... We will write a letter to Homeland Security, and it will not matter what they say, alert or no alert, the point is to fulfill the requirement that domestic measures have been exhausted....”

My next recording is: “12\_5\_10\_1224-1250PM.WMA”: I got lunch in Ackerman’s cafeteria and continued: “Madam Human Rights will help us, we have always believed it...” Now children were shouting again, and I asked a stranger: “You don’t find it strange that this place looks like a kindergarten?” I ate my food outside. Then: “*Madam President is already devoting her full time to us...*” Wow! I got this right! Then: “... when the terrorist realizes that they are just agents, the operation has failed, and we don’t know how to progress from here on...”

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My next recordings are: “12\_5\_10\_1250-112PM.WMA”, “rstrmucl\_12\_5\_10\_112-140PM.WMA”, and “buydvdordntr\_12\_5\_10\_140-352PM.WMA”: I used the restroom and, when I came out, ran into the guy whom I saw on the bus yesterday. I told him I thought he was Turkish and yet he was actually from Chile. Then: “We have manipulated the unseen universe, but it has to be accidental... The SLVK did exactly what we said: they orchestrated a series of fake events so that we would come up with the scenarios they wanted us to believe in, when there was no other legal basis than letting us finish our mission.... *Now where is my French Pyramid?*” Then: “All these ingenious ways to go around the laws to get what you want, or justice, whatever you call it... I just wish we can save Russia without any conscious effort on our part... We are so tired...” I then came to the TV lounge and burned a new disc. Then, on 1:27:00, while I was leaving, I continued: “Remember that Mr B has the habit of changing the machine... With him, everything is unpredictable... He will break the law again... He will break the law which requires him to break the law... It’s not necessary that everything you write about will be repeated because a ‘script’ has to be found for all these events....” I came to the vending machine to get more coffee. I continued: “... He’s doing it out of his own free will and so are we, and yet our interaction will produce a pre-determined result thanks to the computer... The computer is God... What we need to do is wait for our pyramid and go back to Taiwan... What is our motivation? Nothing...” Then I began talking to my (imaginary) French pyramid: “La nature se retourne toujours à l’équilibre... la fondation de la morale... l’Ordinateur... la justice et la morale... Il y a quelqu’un qui a lu notre théorie... la fondation de la morale dans la nature... dans le thermodynamique... On attend notre pyramide.... The French pyramid, she will save us...” The only thing I got correctly here was the fact that judge Higgins had read my Thermodynamic Interpretation of History. Then: “Mr B is doing this entirely out of his own free will, the computer knows what to take away from him in order to induce him to violate the law... When the French pyramid comes, it will be like the beginning of Parmenides’ poem...” Then: “The Cheney Plan... the computer will coordinate nations’ reactions... to result in World War Three....” and I coughed! I had probably got this right! I then came back to Ackerman’s patio to continue to work on my computer.

My next recording is: “noiseucl\_12\_5\_10\_303-444PM.WMA” (...403-444PM...): Soon a lot of people were coming around totally scaring me, and it started raining also. I thus came inside Ackerman, but there was no place that was quiet. I was terribly upset: “There is no place where we can work...” Angry, I ran out of Ackerman while humming loudly. Then: “Maybe, when the computer picked up opposite thoughts from us, *it could reverse-engineer and produce opposite thoughts in us...*” Then: “They need to pay our money back...”

My next recording is: “wrtletinfntdstnce\_12\_5\_10\_445-655PM.WMA”: I came to the underground parking lot instead and resumed writing: “... the Agency and the Russian intelligence have therefore dumped me to their enemy....” Then I wrote down the following – to continue my worthless reflection from this morning:

By the time I finished, I suddenly thought that I had merely been duped by false bodily signals into paranoia about my writing. There was no such rule that, as soon as I write down something of the past operations, that event would have to be repeated in order for the prosecuting team to assign a new significance to it. I was then duped into

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believing that the Russian intelligence and the Agency wanted to have a legal ground on the basis of which to produce an official story at will that will forever differ from my personal version. There exist evidently no more international laws to allow them to do a third run, etc. They therefore have decided to manipulate the law ‘letting the suspect finish his mission by instituting a reality around him that would fit his belief, true or false’ and dupe me into believing that all events and operations I have described or shall ever describe will be repeated so that they may forever reserve the right to change the official version of these events and operations in case I should ever observe the events and operations correctly. In this way, whatever I say about what these intelligence agencies have done to me could forever be wrong – or differ from the official version – such that it may be struck down as a nuthead’s delusion. The problem is that, as I’m writing this down on 5:28 PM or so on December 5 2010, this operation to manipulate me so as to produce a new law allowing the intelligence agencies in question to forever change their story in the official records so as to make it differ from my truth – this event may itself be subject to this new law: it may be repeated so that its significance may change in the official record: and I’m writing *this* down on 5:31 PM. And thus ad infinitum.

I got excited while writing this out and was laughing uncontrollably. “You have just buried the truth of your story... as soon as you tell it!” Then: “... Give me my French pyramid...” I then continued writing: “... the law of letting the suspect finish his mission... *I can only say that I know that I do not know what the final shape of the official story is...*” Then, guided by my wrong understanding, I continued: “... We just gave PM more legal justifications to change the story about the Monkey... It hasn’t happened yet, we are predicting the future... We have given PM so many gifts, but we *are* going to get our pyramid, right?... Today’s infinite loop gave PM the power to spare Mr B...” I then continued writing. Then: “What if we believe that a Russian pyramid will come along?” Then I got extremely nervous because I just wrote down “... the PM-promised pyramid...” Would that mean that DGHTRCOM was thereby *not* obliged to give me any pyramid? I quickly deleted it. Then I calmed myself: “They are just trying to drive us insane with our writings... It will not change anything... This infinite loop... it’s just another technique to drive us to insanity... It doesn’t mean that a new law has been created... *Nations have indeed objected*, and their objections have been answered... They duped you with this infinite loop to make you think that your thoughts still matter when they no longer matter at all...”

My next recording is: “uclrflctnws\_12\_5\_10\_655-1009PM.WMA”: I continued: “On February 12, I was just duping myself, nothing was going on at all...” (3:00). I then told a stranger: “I spent two hours devising a formula, but I was just wasting my time...” (7:00). She laughed. Then my new wrong scenario: “*We will get the French lawyer as our girlfriend...* Give me the French pyramid...” (24:00). Then: “Nobody wants the neocons to win...” (25:30). Then: “*What if they are activating my brain to cause me to think a certain way?*” (51:00) The Invisible Hand had most likely indeed been doing this! More evidence of conspiracy for judge Higgins! I then came to the TV lounge. The Japanese channel was again showing the series *Saka no Ue no Kumo*. I continued: “Is it about the issue of Westernization?” (1:17:00) Then: “Russia... And the entire world changes.... Why? Because of this court trial...” (2:02:00). *Then I begged the judges not to forget about me.* “The Geist works in

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mysterious way...” (2:04:00). Then I broke down crying on 2:09:00. Then I resumed reviewing my recordings and writing (2:21:00). “The judges will not abandon us...” (2:51:00). “The Macrosphere was only created temporarily... It’s only for PM to negotiate with other nations... We are sealed off in the ‘Inside’... They are just testing us about our attitude toward our writing... Why do the judges have so much power...?” Again, insofar as it was now the Madam President’s own show, my “delusion” here once more bore striking resemblance to the truth. I then went to get more coffee from the vending machine, and I turned off my recorder for fear of the noises.

My next recording is: “uclsecleaverain\_12\_5\_10\_1010-1133PM.WMA”: I then asked a Chinese couple: “Are you from Taiwan or China?” “China” (1:00). While walking, I continued: “The Monkey thought the whole world is like Mexico, you can change anything you want...” (1:08:00). I had by now come to my sleeping spot in Westwood Village.

My next recording is: “IMPreadyslprlftcn\_12\_5-6\_10\_1136PM-1212AM.WMA”: While sleeping, I continued (in Chinese): “We are Chinese, we don’t associate with Mexicans...” (3:00). I then began thinking about the infinite loop (28:00) “... Our original motivation for the infinite loop... to save the Pyramid...” (31:00). Then: “To counter the objection to the infinite loop at the foundation of the Macrosphere... order the computer to take away from the Monkey what is most essential to him, so that he will commit all sorts of fraud, until we come up with the infinite loop, as a product of the defense team... *There is no more objection, we can get our pyramid....*”

My next recording is: “IMPslpwstwdrflctn\_12\_6\_10\_1212-206AM.WMA”: On 45:00 or so, I got a bodily signal on my left side. I thus resumed speaking my wrong scenario: “Why would the French pyramid that is supposedly promised us agree to do such a dangerous job as defending the defendants in this case?” Then I pondered the question of whether I was supposed to be driven insane or driven to death. I continued my worthless reflection: “In the beginning, no one really knew whether my rationality would remain intact during the process of being driven insane.... On May 20, the defense team requested that I be given free choice when it came to hospitalizing me...” (52:00). Then: “*In July, it became apparent that my rationality would remain intact, and so other nations started objecting.*” Again, half-truth (nations objected because it became apparent that I would not be able to fit the Monkey’s false profile of me) and half-falsehood (there was no “defense team”). My “different version”! I then realized (correctly!): “... the Macrosphere both exists and does not exist at the same time, because the formula ‘neither exists nor not-exists’ was reversed...” (1:48:00). I continued: “The Pyramid both lives and does not live at the same time...” Just then, there was siren, as if the control center were confirming me! (1:53:00) This is important because I was finally figuring out how Daughterland had won in February. It might not matter very much now but it would be the foundation on which I could then figure out how the French had objected and destroyed the trial and so on.

### **December 6 (Monday; Wes: the reversal of mind-reading)**

My first recording of the new day is: “slpwstwdfrmle\_12\_6\_10\_206-912AM.WMA”: I woke up from my corner in Westwood Village and, as soon as I walked in front of the Bruin Theater, I saw this older lady, not too beautiful, standing there ready to cross the street. Alarmed, I immediately filmed her

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(5:53:00). She crossed the street in a zigzag fashion, strictly following the pedestrian lines. Suspicious! (See the video.) I would from then on always assume she was a member of the French team whom the Macrospherians had sent out of the control center to encounter me face-to-face and thus commit conspiracy with me. At the time I would assume she was the French lawyer that was defending Mr Chertoff and the Boss, but, later, when I had reconstructed the French objection in late 2012, would think she was the legendary “Smart Woman”. In reality, this was nobody since no conspiracy was actually established at all in the past few days! But – why did she walk in such zigzag fashion? That has kept me deluded for 8 years! Perhaps the incident *was* orchestrated from the control center in order to keep me continuing on my wrong path (believing wrongly that conspiracy was established). I must be made to continue my mission! Then, as I kept walking toward the UCLA campus, I continued my worthless reflection: “There are so many grammatical mistakes in everything we read online probably because there were so many grammatical mistakes in our earlier testimonies...” Then: “If you sue Karin and lose, just don’t obey the court order... *Why do they need to obey?*” I came to the vending machine and got my morning coffee there. Then I came to Ackerman.

My next recordings are: “uclantiprt\_12\_6\_10\_912-936AM.WMA”, “antipartletdhs\_12\_6\_10\_936-1034AM.WMA”, “ucllv\_12\_6\_10\_1034-1100AM.WMA”, and “prmdOPCCtuchi12ngrymssnlaw\_6\_10\_1101AM-315PM.WMA”: Inside the TV lounge, I noticed a pyramid, a student, who looked like the French team woman sent to commit conspiracy with me on the bridge in Hollywood back in January. I again (wrongly) assumed that this was orchestrated from the control center to produce an intercept. Was she released? I wondered. I then came up with a bizarre theory about how the replacement of evidences worked currently. “Every intelligence official has an anti-official counterpart, just as every particle has an anti-particle counterpart in the quantum world. If there was an intelligence official X in the first round, there would be an intelligence official anti-X in the second round. Thus, in the court reality, it’s as if ‘Planck length’ were able to co-exist with complex, macroscopic entities...” Complete bullshit! I then continued to work on my computer. I successfully burned a new disc. When Merkel was on television, I commented: “Merkel can understand the court structure, she used to be a physicist.” Soon I left Ackerman and got on the bus to go to OPCC (5:00). I took notice of people who were speaking French in the back of the bus. Then, a very pretty pyramid sitting in front of me and chatting with her companion caught my attention. I mistakenly assumed this might be the pyramid whom DGHTRCOM had promised me. I filmed her, and then asked her what language they were speaking. “Croatian” (20:00). I then asked her what she did for a living. She said she was a chef and told me her companion was her cousin. They were apparently going shopping in Promenade. I ventured: “I can show you around.” They refused. I continued: “Do you really live here?” They were surprised that I knew where Croatia was. I continued: “Do people there like Turkish people?...” I then asked her why she wasn’t married. Apparently she was. “What does your husband do?” “He ran off with another guy.” I laughed hysterically. Then she divulged that her husband was a pilot. At Turkish Airline! He was Turkish! I now became even more convinced that she was *my* pyramid. Then, it turned out that she was Greek Orthodox. She then asked me if I was Buddhist. She and her companion got off the bus on 31:00, and I soon got off too. What happened had totally mystified me: on the one hand I was certain that the people inside the control center had sent the two women to me – that, given the way they laughed about the situation when I began chatting with them, they had already been briefed about me – but on the other I couldn’t understand why they weren’t making themselves available to



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me. I was in fact just mistaking “natural phenomenon” for orchestration from the control center again – and, for judge Higgins’ sake, I was being required to “finish my mission” (continue to look insane). I came to OPCC on 44:00 to get my free food. I continued my worthless reflection: “The Ottomans took away a lot of pyramids from Europe...” I then recounted the dream I had a couple of days ago in which I got to hug a pyramid. I then got on the bus again on 1:39:00. I filmed it when an AAA tow truck came in front and the bus had to stop. I came to Tzu Chi on 2:00:00. While waiting outside, I continued my wrong-headed speculation: “.... the rulers of the Macrosphere should be more than one, now it’s 13... They function in the form of a committee. The Russians are free to go into the Macrosphere, the 12 judges have been released onto the Macrosphere... At the time we did it, it’s so risky, I’m the only one who knows it....” Well, maybe there was some resemblance to reality in what I had said: how many people were on judge Higgins’ team in any case? I then called up Edelman on the payphone and asked for Golden West’s phone number (2:26:00). I then came back inside Tzu Chi on 2:34:00 and filled out the form required to open a case here. I explained to Sister Wu again why I owed money: because I filed a lawsuit in April 2009. We argued for a long time, and she continued to insist that Tzu Chi couldn’t help. I left Tzu Chi on 3:19:00 very angry, and I began kicking things on the street and yelling to people: “Get out of my way!” I then got on the bus to go to the payday loan store on La Cienega. I continued my speculation: “It might be that, if we believe we will not get help, we will not get help.... Then it might be that the belief that, if we write, what we write about will be repeated in real life – that this belief might come true too, but what if we become conscious of it, it’s then up to the Macrospherians to choose what to repeat and what not.... Now they can get rid of this law....” Complete bullshit!

My next recording is: “loanwestochaserule\_12\_6\_10\_315-441PM.WMA”: I got off the bus and came to the loan store on 18:00. I again wrote a check for 230 something dollars to borrow 200 dollars or so. I was wasting my money again! I then called up Wes and he answered it (29:00). He had gone to New York yesterday. I was excited to tell him: “So many things have happened in the courthouse in the past few days.” Wes: “Are they finished?” “So many laws should have self-destructed, but I don’t know if my scenarios are correct... I will tell you what I have figured out when you come back to California, the process is so complicated, and yet so exciting...” Wes would be back in California on the 21<sup>st</sup>. I continued: “I’m waiting for the girlfriend thing... It seems that the laws have been overcome and that I can indeed get a girlfriend.... I thought the girlfriend is supposed to be French, an older French woman, she is supposed to come from the defense team... Do you remember the movie ‘Blue’, ‘Red’, and ‘White’? In ‘White’, the woman ended up in jail, and the guy was standing outside.... Just when I was thinking of that scene while on the bus, somebody pulled the string, that means that evidence was taken, and this might happen, maybe it’s because I don’t want anything Mexican or Polish... I’m really worried that things might happen just like in the movie...” Complete delusional bullshit! Then, from 36:00 onward, I began telling Wes how I felt like I was being remotely controlled via the nanochip inside my brain: I was being controlled to think and act in a certain way. *The Invisible Hand had finally succeeded in getting me to believe it and to talk about it!* Now Wes began telling me about the “diode” from 37:00 onward. “You have a chip in your brain... The miniaturization of the chips... The diode allows electricity to go only one way. When you switch the diode, it becomes a transmitter instead of a receiver.... If you have a chip in your brain... and it’s a silicon chip... if you have chemical which affects the diode... Before, the chip extracts information from you, now you are extracting information from

the supercomputer... That's how they can make you act kind of weird..." I was mystified: "You mean some chemical got on the chip and changed the diode...?" Wes: "I'm just throwing things out on the basis of what you have said..." (43:20). I continued: "I believe that this is not accidental but orchestrated, the chip is now going both ways..." Then: "I wonder if the chip's potential has not been entirely discovered until now... The full potential of the chip was not foreseen when it was designed..." (44:00). I continued: "Sometimes the machine could do more than what you had in mind when you designed it..." Wes: "They might have actually changed the diode, it was originally not a receiver, now they have discovered it could be..." Wes continued: "... a computer inside a computer... The diode might be digital... A virtual machine..." Wes then mentioned how people with pacemaker were not allowed to go into (for example) the Hoover Dam: "That's how strong the electromagnetic radiation is over there..." *Wes thus suggested that, by going to such places, I could disrupt the functioning of the chip in my brain.* He also suggested that, if I put myself in a lead box, "they" wouldn't be able to communicate with the chip inside my brain, but he wondered whether the chip could be autonomous, *namely having a mini-computer on it.* Wes then asked: "What if you and your chip fuse together?" I kept emphasizing that I didn't care that much about being implanted. *I actually wished I didn't know there was a chip inside my brain.* I wanted to rid myself of that uncomfortable feeling from knowing that somebody was reading my thoughts. Wes: "Focus on something meaningless, repeat a mantra, so as to forget everything else." He continued: "If you try to pull it out, the chip might cause you excruciating pain." I emphasized that I wanted to get out of this computerized environment: "It's so stupid, everything is planned..." Again, nonsense! There was no computerized environment at all! Wes mentioned the movie "Matrix" again. I continued: *"I want to keep what I know and not know anymore.* First, I don't want to know my thoughts are being read, but I want to keep the knowledge that my thoughts were once being read, I want to remember it; secondly, I want to go into the wild... I want to get out of this theater, I want a world where I know people are not acting... They can't keep you forever in this computerized environment..." Again, I had no idea that I was completely deluded in believing that everybody around me was acting. Wes suggested: "The best way is to move around... There is a sphere, the question is, how extensive this sphere is..." I continued my erroneous understanding: "Hopefully, once the evidence-gathering process is over, they will put you back into the wild... Either they will find a person to guide you, or they will give you a bunch of money to let you hang out... You will need to pull the chip out and hold it in your hand, then you will know your thoughts are not being read anymore..." Wes: *"What if there is a decoy chip?"* We then hanged up on 1:08:45. As I was walking away, I filmed two pyramids with a Utah license plate. As if that meant something! I continued my erroneous scenario: "This is a very scary courthouse, everybody obeys the law. *People should have the freedom to not obey laws...*" (1:12:40). Then: "Do you have to give up all your electronics? What about the full body scan in LAX? The chip must be very small..." That's the only thing I got right!

Now let's reflect on what had been accomplished during today's conversation with Wes. Wes was today again carrying out an order from the CIA as to what to say to me. Now that I had started believing that I was being remotely controlled, the Invisible Hand today instructed Wes to tell me how exactly the chips could have enabled me to be remotely controlled by the computer with which I was interfaced. Very simple: the chip both sends information to the computer and receives information from it, namely, the computer can control you when the mind-reading process is reversed. This has been explained already in "Ying and Yang". The chip was designed to work both ways, and there was no "diode" nor

had any chemical got onto it. Wes had to continue to communicate the CIA's plan to me, but he again had to do it in such a way that nobody else would believe that he was doing so (because I was recording it) and so used the analogy with "diode" and added "I'm just throwing things out" – as if he were just inferring things from my testimonies of my experience. As noted, judge Higgins wanted me to understand how I was being remotely controlled because she needed to have absolute control over me in order to successfully carry out her objective: once I understood how, then my conspiracy with the CIA was established, and if the CIA had conspired with the terrorist to make the terrorist a remotely controlled robot as a way to harm judge Higgins, then judge Higgins had the right, under UN Resolution 1373, to make the terrorist *her* remotely controlled robot as a way to benefit herself. Then the second thing which the Invisible Hand instructed Wes to communicate to me was a method to avoid being remotely controlled: I could either destroy it with powerful electromagnetic energy or get inside a bunker that was impenetrable to electromagnetic radiation. Most likely this is what had happened: judge Higgins now wanted the Invisible Hand to do onto himself what he (along with Mr Chertoff and the Boss) had done onto the MSS director: after getting caught, to pretend to disobey the ICJ court order and to continue trying to harm the victim in order to worsen one's own crime. Now that the evidence was complete that the CIA had conspired with a bunch of terrorists to rig the trial and destroy judge Higgins' program, more evidence had come in demonstrating that, after the Agency was caught doing this and required to compensate the victim by controlling the terrorist to produce evidences, they tried to suggest to the terrorist ways to destroy the chips inside his brain and so on so that he could avoid producing the necessary evidences he was required to produce to compensate his victim! In such a way the judge computer would issue a judgment convicting the CIA for a second time (for disobeying the first ICJ judgment). Now the question is: why did the Invisible Hand, for judge Higgins' sake, order Wes to mention to me the autonomous sort of brain chip, the kind that had a mini-computer on it? Perhaps he was now required to expand even further on his crime of disobeying the ICJ court order: first to get me to disable the chips inside my brain, and then to re-chip me with the kind of chips which could function autonomously. I don't know. But judge Higgins' purpose should be evident: she wanted to keep the Invisible Hand (and whoever else was working with him inside the CIA on my case) *totally chipped* so that she could maintain absolute control over him (or them) in order to force him (or them) to accomplish her purpose without the slightest possibility of complication. Recall that the reason why the Boss and Mr Chertoff ordered the MSS director to disobey the ICJ court order after he was caught was to worsen his crime in the eyes of others to such an extent that nobody would object to chipping him. Today, evidence had come to light that the few officers inside the CIA (such as the Invisible Hand) were so bad that, even after getting caught conspiring with a bunch of terrorists to rig the trial and being required by an ICJ court order to compensate the victim, they proceeded to disobey the court order and tried to rig the compensation process once again! The judge computer thus issued the judgment that these few officers of the CIA (the Invisible Hand and so on) should be chipped in the brain to enable their victim (judge Higgins) to have total control over them. Since CIA officers frequently went into underground bunkers and so on from which the electronic devices on them could not communicate with the outside world, the judgment would stipulate that they be chipped in the brain with the kind of chips on which mini-computers were embedded so that, even when they found themselves in an environment from which the chips in them could not communicate with satellites, judge Higgins could rest assured that they would continue to try their best to implement her program. (Namely, the program which the mini-computer on the chips would execute would be precisely that of

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“compensating the victim of the terrorist conspiracy”). The judgment which the judge computer would issue today would also include the stipulation that judge Higgins’ team be permitted to maintain absolute control over me in a greater sense as well (since I was about to participate in the CIA’s conspiracy to avoid compensating our victim): from this day onward I would be deprived of my free will and become a remotely controlled robot with the sole purpose of accomplishing judge Higgins’ program. Presumably the judgment concerning me also stipulated that I be controlled to never get into such circumstances in which the chips inside my brain might become ineffective, but, because I was just an ordinary person, this should be quite easy. (I have neither access to underground government bunkers nor electromagnetic radiation strong enough to destroy the chips but weak enough to not kill myself.) Now, I don’t know if judge Higgins had also obtained an order requiring that I be re-chipped with those chips containing a mini-computer: this was presumably not necessary. Since Wes also mentioned “decoy chips”, the ICJ judgment today must have also stipulated that the Invisible Hand and his buddies be chipped in such a way that they would not be able to go inside a bunker somewhere to extract the chips out of themselves. The last thing which judge Higgins would want to own through today’s court order must be the chip system itself. I do not know how many people around the world were at this point under the remote control of one US agency or another. The judge computer would today issue a judgment requiring the CIA to secretly install hidden programs on all US government computers that were interfaced with the remotely controlled people so that, through these hidden programs, the whole system would come under judge Higgins’ team’s control. In other words, in order to accomplish her purpose, judge Higgins had now obtained absolute control over the Invisible Hand and his few colleagues, *me*, and a network of US government computers that were interfaced with remotely controlled people from around the world. She had today made herself my “God” as well as the “God” of the CIA clandestine service and a throng of unknown people from around the world.

My next recording is: “chasewellsfrgtapeucl\_12\_6\_10\_449-932PM.WMA”. I then came to Chase Bank and, when I walked in, I was dumbfounded. I was sure that I saw a Mommy (7:00). It’s the same CIA agent whom the Daughter People had sent in to commit conspiracy with me in the Starbucks on 11<sup>th</sup> Street in downtown back in October 2009. I dared not film her. When it was my turn to talk to the banker (9:00), I requested to put “stop payment” on the two checks which I had signed out to payday loan stores, but the banker advised me not to do it. And this “Mommy” was simply sitting there. Then, there was yelling outside: somebody had forgotten something in front of ATM. “Mommy” left, and I began filming myself (26:00). As you can see, many people around were wearing earphones. I was convinced that “Mommy” was here to produce an intercept to replace a certain past episode. I wasn’t too far off. As you can imagine, it must be the Invisible Hand who had sent in one of his girls to me so that, through faulty surveillance and so on, judge Higgins may obtain more evidence demonstrating that the CIA was here conspiring with me to find ways to disobey the ICJ order and avoid compensating our victim. Although nothing had happened in the real world, evidence probably showed that the Invisible Hand had sent in his agent to take me somewhere where the chips inside my brain would become ineffective and so on. (Just another instance where the CIA was required to forge evidence to frame themselves.) I then came inside Wells Fargo on 34:00 to inquire about their checking and saving account. I had begun contemplating the option of changing to a different bank as a way to get out of my financial difficulty. I then came back to Chase Bank on 45:00 to ask them to not automatically move money from my saving account to my checking account when it was time for payday loan stores to

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cash my checks. No, they will do it when the time comes. I then noticed another very beautiful pyramid! Was this also part of the CIA operation today to forge evidence to frame themselves? I then got on the bus to go back to Westwood, playing MIA loudly while on board to cover up other people's noises. When I came back to Westwood and was eating inside a shop, I counted another pretty pyramid. Then I continued my nonsense about my "French pyramid": "We just don't believe she's gonna be in jail, that's all you have to do.... We can maintain control of it.... It means that the laws are not defunct, that they can choose among our beliefs.... We are gonna get money and meet her...." Then somebody came and gave me 5 dollars. Strangely, "100" was written on the 5 dollar bill. What did this mean? (In reality, it was most likely just an accident.) I then analyzed the different types of beliefs (2:10:00). "Did the law distinguish all that? People *believe* the plane will not crash, but they buy insurance anyway." I then came back to UCLA and, as usual, got coffee from the vending machine. My left knee hurt. Then: "We could visit the pyramid once a week in prison. Her husband will be happy, because we are better than a real prison, it will be a test for her husband... Does he love her for herself? Except for the Mexicans..." I then took notice of another text-messenger. I then came to the TV lounge. Then: "... Once we get something correctly, *the rest is to fit our belief...*" Correct! Then: "We've got a new insight, make sure other people feel indebted to you..." And my left side hurt when I was reflecting on the historical materialism in my Thermodynamic Interpretation of History. Then: "In order to change something, it's always wise to change something else rather than the thing itself..." Indeed!

My next recording is: "budhsm2ndtimeenmy\_12\_6\_10\_932-1139PM.WMA": I continued: "... the Pyramid will show up in front of us and we will be thrown into the hospital... the T-thing? We are gonna get provoked... So what happens when the T-guy realizes it's a sting operation? He walks away. Then what? Wait for the deadline. When is the deadline? We have always thought it's the day when Wes comes back... Do we have to guess it correctly? The application of the law is a lot simpler than we have thought... or we can buy a baseball bat, so that she will be too afraid to let us finish our mission... Let's practice on a trash can... What if they put a chip into her brain...? Then that will be feudalism invalidated... Why don't we just walk into the hospital...? Then we will skip the Pyramid part... So you wanna play this game? Give me the real BB. No real BB, no sting... We decide to buy a baseball bat, and practice taking down the bitch... like the Nanjing Massacre... show her the pictures... that's her mission... finish it..." (from 14:00 onward). Now I had successfully burned a new disc. Then, from 27:00 onward, as I sat outside Ackerman, I began devising my second *Formule* for the Pyramid – again, on the basis of Buddhism: 當頭棒喝... Then, from 44:00 onward: 當頭棒喝, 就少一半腦子, 萬物皆空, 腦子空空... 所以老的作牢, 小的失腦, 只要師父無事, 徒弟死活沒有關係... Then: "Don't forget to buy 教訓棒..." I had terribly amused myself – it's only unfortunate that, this time, I was just talking to myself without any party around to make something out of my genius. I was walking away on 1:21:00. I continued: "How would the Macrospherians take the formula... the real Zen Buddhism, the baseball bat... *We like our pyramid French...* We need an enemy..." Then I tried to persuade my Daughter People: "As is noted in George Orwell's *1984*, the purpose of having an enemy is not to beat him... the enemy has to be well fed, otherwise he couldn't get stronger..." I settled down in my usual corner in Westwood Village and continued: "... the computer is used to plan MRDR... Our calculation shows that all these conspiracy laws are in the end unenforceable when they reach infinity... In the next trial, the Macrospherians can pick and choose among our thoughts..." And my right side hurt.

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My last recording of the day is: “readyslp\_12\_7\_10\_1139PM-1202AM.WMA”: Before I went to sleep, I was permitted by the control center to successfully burn a new disc. What a miracle!

### **December 7 (Tuesday; the “Macrospherians” defined)**

My first recording of the new day is: “slpwstwdfnalIMP\_12\_7\_10\_1213-503AM.WMA”: Around 4:30 AM or so, I was awake for a moment and resumed my reflection: “PM wants me to hate him, that’s why he’s protecting the Pyramid...” (4:30:00). Then: “He wants to shield himself from charges of conspiracy.... *They accused him of fraud....* The intercepts from the mind-reading computer were forged, just like the defense team is now doing... This was impossible... Just like the French psychologist... and the French psychologist and I would be on the same team... They pointed to the thought-intercepts saying ‘That’s impossible’... *The French psychologist is going to help us...* We’ll have a common goal, except that we will not have any legal force... The forged intercepts must contain parts saying I hated him... That would justify the email we sent to the Russian consulate... So he’s going to affirm the appearance of the email, namely, that we accused Russia instead because we couldn’t do anything about the US... For them the bitch is just a victim who got duped. What does the bitch really feel? PM is not the kind of person who would hate more those who believe lies.... *No one can really object anymore...* Does it really matter *if the Italians and the Turks accuse him of being a hypocrite?* No one can really object... The Macrosphere does exist....” Again, my half-true and half-false scenarios. Yes, the objecting parties had made the accusation that the intercepts from the mind-reading computer were forged. But no, there wasn’t any French psychologist or French pyramid who would help me. And no, many parties had indeed objected! Again, when I came up with scenarios that were false but had some resemblance to truth, this was judge Higgins’ evidence that I was disguising the truth with a “different version”.

My next recording is: “slpwkucl\_12\_7\_10\_503-942AM.WMA”: I was awake again from 4:02:00 onward. I continued: “... opposite thoughts and accidental thoughts are picked up as evidences...” I got up and came to UCLA and got my morning coffee from the vending machine.

My next recording is: “ucl\_12\_7\_10\_942-1012AM.WMA”: I continued: “... We can start accusing PM, based on what he really... Maybe the judges want us to get beaten up... While the Microspherians are reading... the Macrospherians are reading our true thoughts.... the cut-off day would be the day we meet our French pyramid... the false intercepts of our thoughts, the true intercepts... the destruction through fraud... so that the Macrospherians can’t... they can then use the evidences accumulated... they keep telling you to manage your money, it’s a test, to see whether you really want to manage your money at all, but you are completely engrossed in the world of ideas...”

My next recording is: “busUNcyber\_12\_7\_10\_1019-1045AM.WMA”: I continued: “Everyday we do a little writing, then, suddenly, we will do a lot...” When I got on the bus wanting to go to WCIL, I continued: “*The French pyramid who was examining our thoughts on May 8...* I know what’s going on... She had discovered our thoughts were forged, but she was not pretty, and so – this time, as Mr B is ordered to do it again, it will be a pretty Pyramid...” Ha! Complete bullshit! In fantasy land! But I

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happened to be correct about the fact that, on May 8, it was a French woman who was examining the intercepts of my thoughts, i.e. the Smart Woman. I then asked a stranger – assuming he was an actor and had insider knowledge: “Are you done with forging my thoughts?” “Yes.” He was merely going along with me. Then I continued: “Other organizations are not like Mommy, full of pretty women.... You think every family is just like *your* family....” I had no idea how my persistent expression of love for the CIA had harmed them!

My next recording is: “IMPmrospher\_12\_7\_10\_1045-1054AM.WMA”: I then again speculated on the program for cultural transformation (judge Higgins’ program) which I began to believe would be attached to this trial: “They think there need to be more people like us.... more interested in our own ideas, to make more culture on the Internet... It’s cheap, people will be engrossed in ideas, they will not keep reproducing and therefore drag humanity down...” (5:30). Then: “That’s what the judges are thinking... In a poor country, where there is no infrastructure, you build a cybercafe, where everybody stays from morning to night, life will become so much more meaningful...” Again, at this beginning stage, my speculation was mostly worthless and laughable – this was before I began to seriously study the matter in the next few years.

My next recording is: “wcilangrycut\_12\_7\_10\_1054AM-1222PM.WMA”: Immediately after I got off the bus, I recorded my realization: “Everything is planned in advance... But, then, why does the defense team try so hard as if they still had hope? Well, because the Microspherians didn’t know it’s all planned in advance... *But then the Macrospherians ordered leaks*, that is, as the script ran, at a certain point, the leaker appeared, and that’s why we could have figured things out, and that’s when the defendants became surprised... They didn’t know that, at a certain point, the diode became reversed in its operation, *so that now thoughts were induced in our brain instead, so that we could suddenly figure things out...*” I had now made my last step toward becoming the CIA’s conspirator in the plan to rig the trial: I had now understood that the Agency could make me understand their plan without communicating anything to me but simply by controlling me to think – so that I wouldn’t have evidences to convince other people. I then got on the bus again. I still felt that these “Dings” corresponded to my thoughts. I kept laughing to myself. I came to WCIL on 14:00. I wanted to use the computers, but Nola asked me to wait. I then avoided my wheelchair case manager “Jim”. I discovered a letter for me from the county superior court: the demurrer had been sustained in my case against the Pyramid, and the court issued order for me to show cause. Then Nola informed me that the computers were not working, that they would be working in an hour. I was angered and argued with her: “Is she trying to dupe me?” Like a typical targeted individual! I was so angry that I threw things while pouring coffee for myself inside the kitchen. I went outside and continued: “The judges are not going to help us because of these laws, these laws are preventing people from doing good things...” In desperation, I left another message for Wes: “Please call me back...” (1:02:00). I then broke down crying and threw my things around. Finally, I cut myself. (And I filmed it of course.) I groaned: “I cannot do any more slave labor for the International Court... I cannot spend my own money to do other people’s work...” I got up, and ignored the stranger who was trying to talk to me. I came back inside WCIL and was provoked again because I suddenly couldn’t find my SD card. A social worker came to talk to me, and I yelled at her: “Shut up!” (1:22:00) I was then yelling at another client who tried to intervene: “Get out! Acting, acting, you have been acting since 2008...” Then I found my SD card. And Jim came over, and I yelled

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at him: “Don’t provoke me, I know you are supposed to provoke me, just don’t do it, I’m sick and tired of this fucking International Court case...” “Okay okay...” I actually believed Jim knew well what I meant. I had no idea that nobody understood what I was talking about. Another WCIL worker then came to warn me: “If you act that way you will have to leave...” “Shut up man! What’s up with your acting...” And I walked out of WCIL and got on the bus. Just then, my recorder turned itself off. Did the Monkey do this to provoke me?

My next recording is: “gldnwstcryambshwtwcnatnt\_12\_7\_10\_1233-433PM.WMA”: I got off the bus on 2:00, mumbling angrily about how my recorder was remotely turned off: I of course assumed the Monkey had done it. I kicked something over. A man scolded me: “Get off my property!” I yelled at him: “You are trying to provoke me?” Then, more worthless reflection: “... the fake PM, the real PM... It’s not that the real PM has stepped in to pose as the fake, the fake PM *is* really just somebody else...” I kicked over more things on the street, and then was on the bus again from 20:00 onward to go to downtown. “You see what happened: PM went to recruit the Mexican and it turned out to be a mole... The Monkey Pyramid was believing something that was impossible... the Monkey... he’s the one who knows the laws, not me... no, the Agency just makes up laws along the way, so nobody knows... You still don’t have time to write... the environment is wasting our time... the bus shakes so much that we can’t write...” That is, by now, even riding the bus was making me angry because, when the bus shook too violently, I couldn’t work on my netbook and felt like I was wasting my time. I got off the bus on 1:05:00 and immediately kicked over a trash can. I filmed it when somebody tried to fix the damages I had caused: “The actor is picking up the trash can...” Then I speculated further: “... to make us pessimistic, so that we will think only of bad things... then, when it’s time to let the terrorist suspect finish his mission, our mission will always be a bad one... Only if people could just stop obeying the laws!” (1:33:00) In other words, I imagined the whole thing to be a trick which the defendants were playing to doom me. By this time I had arrived in Golden West and I immediately asked the social worker about the status of my application. And yet she told me coldly: “No vacancy in the next three months” (1:35:00). Three month! This was another attempt to provoke me! I called Wes on 1:37:00 and left a message: “Please call me back!” I then broke down crying. I cried and screamed like crazy and the Golden West officer came out to check on me. I shouted at her: “Because you are just acting, that’s the problem... I can’t live outside anymore... I’m sorry I have saved Russia! I will never do it again! Russians are bad people...” Again, because she showed no reaction to my strange words, I wrongly assumed she knew what I was talking about. (In reality, she was just being apathetic.) She then promised to look into my application one more time. “I say Russians are bad people, then good things will happen to me...” When the Golden West lady suggested that I go to a shelter, I yelled about how I didn’t want to go into a trap. Then, after a while, she suggested again that I go to a shelter. “Why do you keep telling me to go to the shelter? You know I’ll not do that. I don’t want harm... I’ve learned that I will never have a home... Thank you...” And I promptly left on 1:57:00. I then broke down crying again on 2:14:00 because all these people were talking loudly near me. “They don’t necessarily have the wisdom of God but they do have the power of God...” The Daughter People, that is. I then came inside the Metro station mumbling: “... no one will ever know that what I’m saying is true...” Then – surprise! – two police officers caught up with me with a mental health worker guiding them and they detained me on 2:20:30. They interrogated me and then were gone in a few minutes, but I was enormously angered. “... they need to obey the laws...” I got out of Metro on 2:42:00 humming like



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crazy and very upset because another child was shouting. I continued: “我們生命的目的就是寫作, 墨西哥人的生命的目的就是吃飯拉屎... We have to pretend we are mentally ill when we are not just in order to...” I came inside the Taiwanese consulate on 2:52:00 – my next destination. Again, the security guard followed me in to demonstrate to me that I was an unwelcome creature. I called out to Secretary Yang, but, strangely, Secretary Huang told me that my grandfather had come in with my two aunts just a few days ago. He knew my entire family. We then talked about my idea of going back to Taiwan: “... Ting-Ta... We need to find people in Taiwan to help me...” He then took down my US Passport information and so on. On 3:21:00 he came back to tell me he had talked to my mother and my mother had said I had better stay in the US. He told me to call my mother and gave me his number and then talked to my mother on the phone again and then let me talk to her too (3:28:00). Then, before he sent me away, he told me to wait for his call. And he took care to connect with me on my phone. We were done talking by 3:35:00. While leaving, I continued my bullshit: “... the Russians promised us a French girlfriend, but the evidentiary record probably shows we were duped...” I was just duping myself! I came inside an AT&T store on 3:45:00 to add money to my phone, but the receptionist insisted on knowing my name. I got suspicious and wouldn't give it out. Paranoid over nothing! When I came out, I continued: “... our mission... our belief system... the crystallization of our belief system...” I then got on the bus to go back to UCLA.

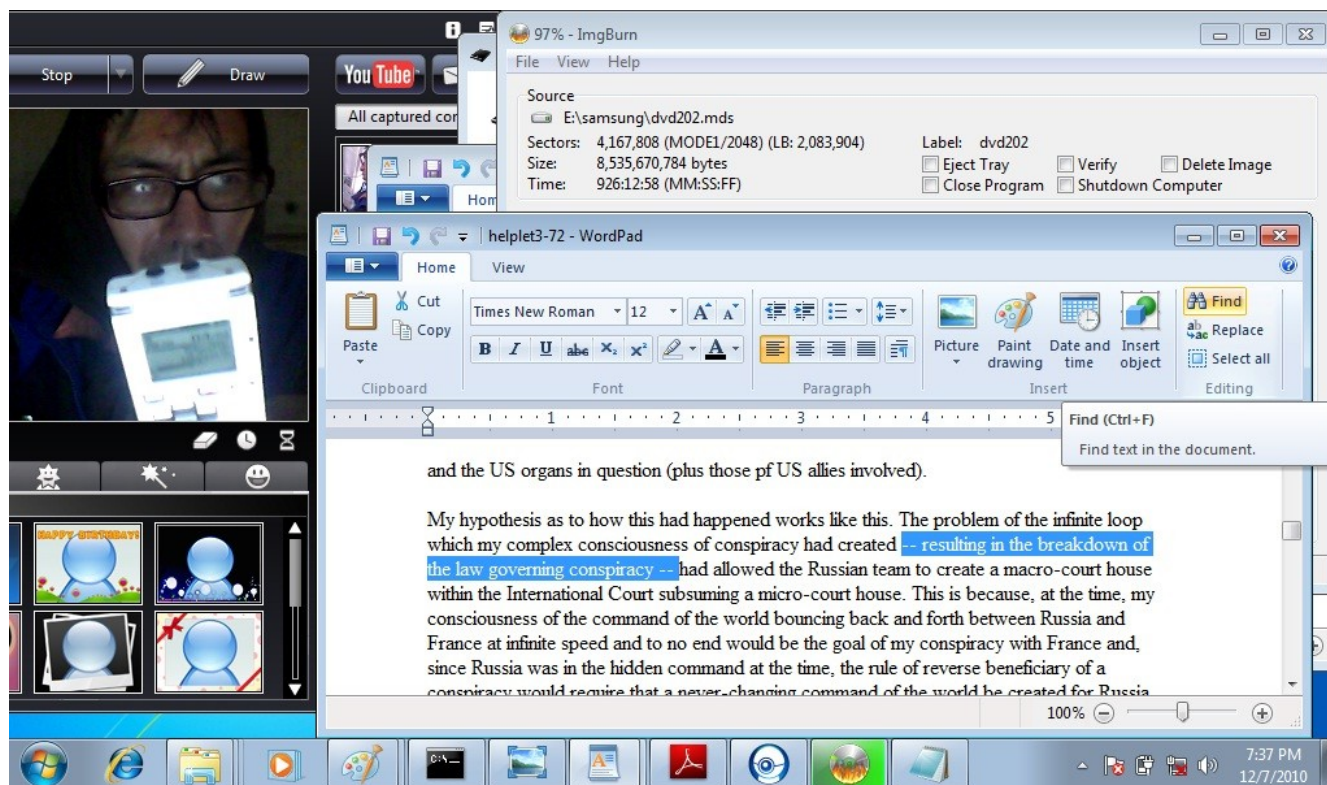
My next recording is: “toucl\_12\_7\_10\_434-610PM.WMA”: While on the bus, I continued: “... right now what's happening repeats what was going on before we went to Taiwan in 2007, that we are under investigation and so on... that means that we should be able to go to Taiwan... We will go to Taiwan while everyone objects to the idea, so that it will look like it's our own fault in the end... But we have already believed the evidentiary process will end on the day when Wes comes back... Don't look for help anymore, just ignore everything...” I then resumed writing (“Investigation of a Schizophrenic, III”). Then: “The Macrospherians are trying to change our belief system....\_Don't do anything, don't finish the mission, just as, when the terrorist has realized it's a sting operation, he just ignores everything...” Then: “... Don't go to Taiwan... Don't waste any more time...” I wrote a little more. Then: “... if we go to Taiwan before that, the defendants will say our belief system has changed and this and that... So we must do nothing... the Siloviki... evidence that we are going to Taiwan... China... no.... the only part of the story that has to change is the part that we saved Russia... the 21<sup>st</sup> is the day, don't change the belief, we believe it, then it will happen...” I got off the bus on 49:00. “... to shorten the trial... we've got three choices... the defendants really enjoy the court room... they are afraid to go to jail... right now the defendants are smashing themselves... the more they do that the longer the trial and so they get to stay in the control center... what you need is to have the right belief... the sting operation has failed... and so it will end on the 21<sup>st</sup>, and so they are trying to entice the terrorist... to prolong the thing...” I came inside Burger King and ordered food (1:02:00). I called Wes on 1:11:00 but didn't leave a message. Then: “We can't live in this alter consciousness where we just talk to ourselves... After this the Agency will also get prosecuted... They will not be able to escape it... Maybe it's not the defendants, but the Agency which wants to prolong it... There is something we don't know about... We have to be tested again and again because the Pyramid doesn't want to fulfill her mission... See, we don't have to fulfill our mission... the T-suspect has walked away... The '100' on the dollar bill was from the Macrospherians... but you can only get it after the trial... Maybe the 'script' is written in such a way that Mommy can get away with dooming us... and the Russians too... our formula, 'Russia will

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live and Mommy will live'... the only Microspherians who will be busted are the defendants... the defendants didn't know there will be such massive amount of leaks, they are ambushed..." When I saw a woman on the street who looked like a CIA agent, I asked her (1:34:00): "Are you my Mommy?" "No." "Are you lying?" "No." "Are you sure?" "Yeah." "Are you lying about being sure?" "I'm okay." I walked off wondering whether she was really a CIA agent and communicating a "secret message" to me telling me that "the Agency will be okay". Then: "It is the defendants' lawyers who want to prolong the trial, because they are the ones who will get busted..."

My next recording is: "ucldepressedbemyself\_12\_7\_10\_633-907PM.WMA": More wrong scenario: "What the Macrospherians are trying to do is to take over the Agency, the Chinese intelligence, the French intelligence... but not so much the Russian intelligence..." In reality, insofar as judge Higgins was the only Macrospherian, she was merely trying to take over the CIA. Then I was bothered by people's chatter near me about their papers. I then walked a long way and, on 23:45, suddenly began sobbing. I sat down at a table outside Ackerman and filmed a notebook (organic chemistry) which somebody had forgotten. As if this could mean something! I then typed out what I wanted to tell Wes (35:10). Then: "You are afraid that you have been turned into David Chin already..." Then: "I'm now truly disabled... No energy..." (until 38:00). From 41:00 onward, I moaned intermittently out of desperation and physical exhaustion. I then began writing. Then: "I can't live in this kind of environment anymore. Please spare me!" I then began weeping out of desperation again (53:20). At least I did successfully burn a new disc. Then: "I never knew that I could die from homelessness..." (1:00:30). Then: "Just because Mr former Secretary made an argument that I enjoyed being homeless, I would be required to live homeless indefinitely being driven to insanity and suicide just in order to prove him wrong!" Bullshit! What had I brought onto myself!

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Tonight I figured out almost correctly  
how exactly Daughterland won in February.  
I would next write: "... the Russians retreated into a realm of unimaginable secrecy  
of both existing and non-existing at the same time..."

My next recording is: "wstwdrdyslpmacrohelp\_12\_7\_10\_912-940PM.WMA": I then elaborated on the distinction between "true help" and "false help:" "... true help gives us exactly what we want... e.g. private room for free... and false help is, for example, 'Go to a shelter'... Why? Because we are smart, we know how to help ourselves..." I then continued my wrong scenario: "... the evidence that we didn't purposely give the Macrospherians power, they want us to be mistrustful of power... to hate them... presumably the operation in the past few days.... *The Macrospherians can now help us, without disguise, without collecting evidences at the same time, at any time of their choosing, independent of our belief...* It's too good to be true... We gave the Macrospherians so much power, power beyond belief, it's only right for them to help us..." And I coughed – as if remotely controlled to confirm myself. Then more of my wrong scenario – who exactly did I mean by the "Macrospherians": "... originally only PM was Macrospherian, but he was good enough to allow many other good people to become Macrospherians.... You can never do good alone.... They must have as little ambition as possible, it's better not to judge than to judge, it's better to be conservative than radical... it's better to do less than mess things up..." And there was honking – as if to confirm (21:00). More: "... we are good because we have such small appetite, so that we can never do much damage... Everybody has flaws, and nobody knows what he or she doesn't know.... We are good not because we have no flaws, but because we have small appetite..."

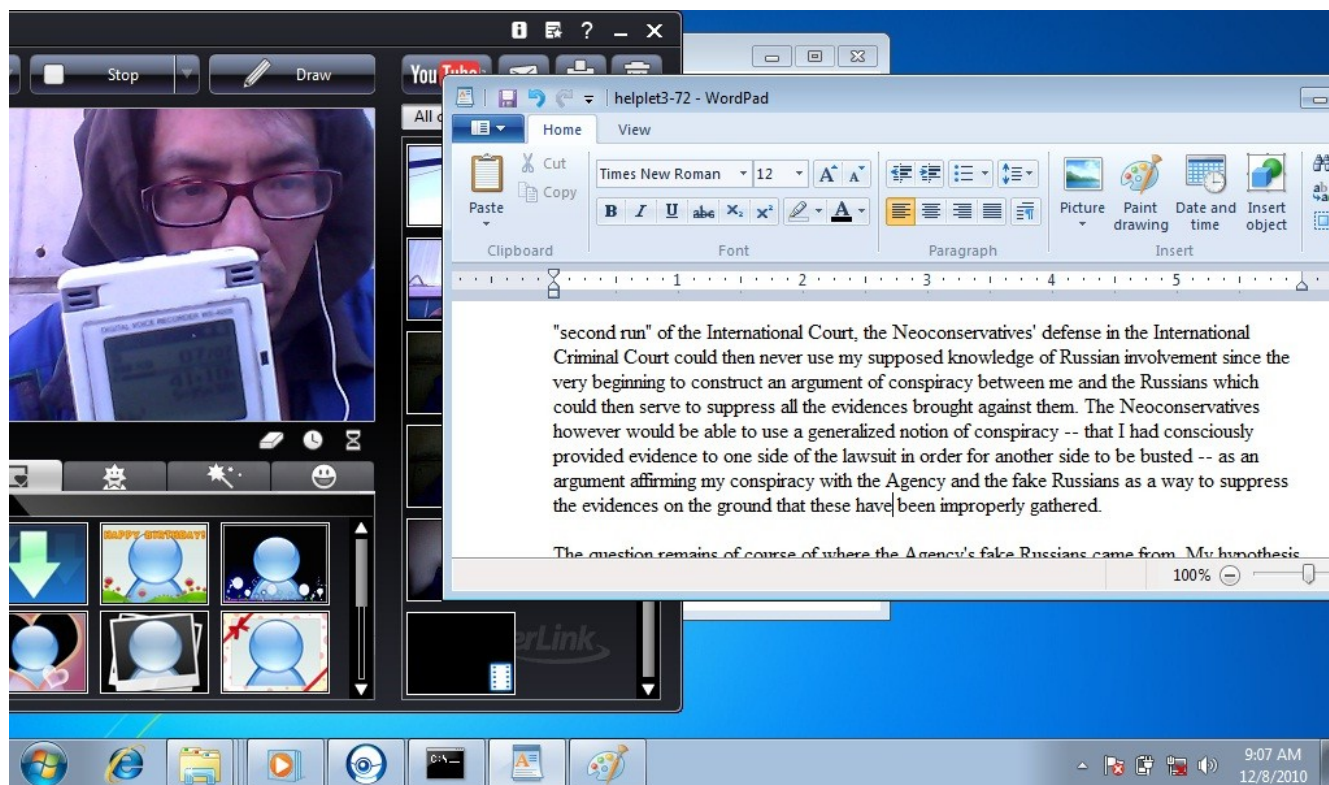
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My next recording is: “wstwdrdyslpmacrohelp\_12\_7\_10\_940-1048PM.WMA”: I had by now come to my usual corner in Westwood Village ready to sleep. As I was sleeping, I continued: “The only way to change the laws is to make them self-destruct...” Then about the February 12 victory: “They asked the computer, ‘How to make maximal use of this intercept’, and the computer came up with the idea of the ‘Macrosphere’...” Well, at least I got this one right! Then: “We don’t know whether PM is good or just power-hungry... We are very lucky, for PM is so good that he will release us onto the Macrosphere, it’s a very lucky shot...” Ha! Now I was completely wrong. Then my right side hurt, and more wrong scenario: “He’ll change our records in Taiwan...” Then about the MSS director (“Mr First”): “Presumably he didn’t suffer that much because he wasn’t aware of it.... The only way to know how much he has suffered is to become remotely controlled ourselves... to see how much we are aware of it...” Unfortunately, I was correct here! Within two years I would begin to suffer what the MSS director had suffered and become sure that he did in fact suffer a lot!

### **December 8 (Wednesday; Wes)**

My first recording of the new day is: “wkimmunityucl\_12\_8\_10\_401-751AM.WMA”: I woke up on 2:59:00 and immediately began to ponder whether I could have *not* saved Russia. “... the problem is not regretting that we have saved Russia... We regret meeting the Mexicans...” I came to UCLA and got free coffee from a bunch of students. I left a message for Wes on 3:31:00: “Call me back...” Then I suddenly had a realization: “The fake PM *is* the real PM, he’s a Macrospherian, he could be the real PM in the Macrosphere while remaining the fake PM in the Microsphere... They both exist and do not exist, they are both Macropherians and Microspherians at the same time... Then what about Russia...? We can both commit conspiracy with Russia and get away with it... We cannot commit conspiracy with Russia... Russia has immunity from conspiracy... The rest of the Macropherians can help us because it’s impossible to commit conspiracy with them... They need to do the second run in order to justify the immunity... Otherwise there will always be charges of conspiracy... They just need to overcome a few more laws to help us.... Before immunity is justified, you can’t go to Russia... only afterwards...” The scenario I had come up with was sort of true of the situation back in February and March, but not true today. Realization too late! But you have thus seen that, in the past few days, I had come to an adequate understanding of how exactly Daughterland had won on February 12. Now we have to wonder whether it was the Invisible Hand who had been, in the past few days, doing his best to control me to realize what was going on. There was no potential, hence no possibility, for me to realize what was *currently* going on, although there was some potential, hence possibility, for me to realize what had exactly happened *in February*. Hence he continued to try to make me speculate about what happened with Daughterland’s victory in February – because, currently, this was the best I could do.

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What I was writing about this morning – how the defendants  
objected on the ground of conspiracy – bore again vague resemblance to  
the battle between the French and the Daughter People during the summer

My next recordings are: “rstrm\_12\_8\_10\_751-817AM.WMA”, “uclwrtlet\_12\_8\_10\_817-10AM.WMA”, “wrtletucl\_12\_8\_10\_1001-1012AM.WMA”, and “provkbusopccclsdisrlpyrmd\_12\_8\_10\_1018-149PM.WMA”: I came to Ackerman first to use the restroom. I made sure to record myself laboring on the toilet! Then, I came to the patio to work. I continued to speculate on the French pyramid whom I erroneously believed the Macrospherians would give me as my girlfriend. “She will be a sinner...” Ha! I then worked on my petition letter while burning a new DVD. When I was leaving after two hours of work, I continued: “... severe mental problem.... no one will believe a single word we say...” I then got on the bus to go to OPCC (53:00). I mumbled: “媽媽是很美的, 可是不認人啦....” Then, I was again disturbed by other people’s noises. I thus played MIA loudly. I got off the bus on 1:25:00 very angry: “We got provoked to such anger. If we stop writing, would it really be over? How do we know...? We don’t know if that ‘Ding’ really meant anything at all...” I came in front of OPCC only to find that it was closed. It’s Wednesday! I kept calling on the people inside, and yet everybody ignored me. I got so angry that I yelled at them: “I’m talking to you! Why are you not open?” (1:35:00) I left extremely angry and was throwing and kicking things on the street while scavenging for food in trash cans. The people who witnessed it yelled at me: “Pick your shit up!” I filmed myself. Then, disoriented, I left a message for Wes (1:51:00): “Call me back, it’s very important..” As I meandered through the streets in Santa Monica, I speculated: “They want us to stop writing so that we will have no restraint when she shows up...” Namely, so that nothing would hold me back from committing murder.

“We will have to buy a baseball bat and really do it...” I came inside a burger store to eat. “We have to succeed in our mission, there cannot be failure... It has to look like it’s our own fault, there is no future for us, *this is it...*” Again, it’s not clear how much of my resolution for murder was due to my own effort and how much of it was due to the Monkey’s programming from the control center. I came in front of the Laemmle Theater behind the Promenade and was ready to buy a ticket for the “Mommy movie” (“Fair Game”). I asked the cashier: “What happened to the theater, Ms Actress...?” “It will open in 5 minutes...” (2:03:00). As I waited, I continued: “Let’s kill ourselves! Why do we talk to ourselves like this? Just let them win... Get the little ones...” I then decided to call Ruiz at the Center for Independent Living (2:05:00). “Do you still have vacancy?” Ruiz replied: “You have to be sober for 90 days...” I was terribly annoyed by all the false conceptions people had about me. I retorted: “I don’t drink and use drugs, you don’t remember that?” In the end Ruiz listed all these conditions and then refused to take me in right away. After I hanged up, I continued: “If we stop writing... I’m so sick of talking to myself...” Then: “We need to use our rationality to overcome our rage...” When I was buying the ticket for the “Mommy movie” I asked the cashier: “Are you an actor?” “Yes...” Again, he was either going along with me or was really working as an actor in Hollywood – not an “actor” in the sense I had in mind. But I had no idea! Then I walked around while waiting for the movie. I continued: “*I’m not responsible for Mr First’s suffering. I tried to save him... Trust me, you won’t find another person like me, other people won’t do that.... If it’s a Mexican, he will just stay in Nicaragua.... You simply don’t find somebody so considerate like me...*” I was actually thinking that the Daughter People and judge Higgins wanted to punish me for dragging Mr MSS director down into his shit hole! And yet, as noted, judge Higgins was planning precisely to make me suffer what he had suffered! Meanwhile, I asked another stranger: “Are you an actor?” Then, I continued my defense of myself: “He brought it upon himself... He shouldn’t have been so aggressive...” When I came to the Promenade, I asked an information officer where to find a sporting store. “You are an actor, don’t provoke me, don’t provoke me any further...” Then I saw a pyramid working at a sandals booth. I asked her where she was from. “Israel” (2:53:00). She said she loved Ang Lee! “Why are you homeless?” “I owe a lot of money....” “Why do you owe money?” Stammering, I brought myself to tell the truth: “Because I saved Russia...” She didn’t seem to be surprised by my strange words, and, for this reason, I wrongly assumed that she was an actress and had already been briefed about me. But she said: “Honestly, tell me...” I laughed, “You are funny, you are an actress...” Then we talked about Netanyahu. “The politics in Israel is so corrupt...” Then she asked: “Do you use drugs?” “No I don’t! Why does everyone ask me that?” “I’m trying to understand why you owe money...” “Because I filed this lawsuit...” She asserted: “You are an actor...” “No... You are such a good actress!” “Why do you say I’m an actress?” “Because you interrupted me....” Feeling shy, I continued: “I had to spend my money to save the Russian intelligence service....” When we parted, she told me her name was Giselle. Needless to say, while I assumed she knew what I was talking about, she had in fact no idea what I was talking about. As I walked around, I saw another pyramid reading a book. I went up to her: “You are reading a book called *Exodus*....” “Yes.” As I loitered around, I continued: “You cannot make any plans until it’s all over... But how do you know?” When I came to the theater, I was received by a mean-looking white guy, and I again assumed wrongly that he was purposely selected by the intelligence agencies to provoke me. Then I mistook the other movie-goers for actors and actresses: “Can I videotape you? I just saw you, and now you are holding the hand of a blind old lady to walk her into the theater to watch a movie...” That’s indeed strange! But hardly orchestrated by the intelligence agencies!

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My next recording is: “moviewes\_12\_8\_10\_150-209PM.WMA”: When the movie had just begun, Wes suddenly called. It was 2:30 PM. Excited, I told him about my latest speculations: “The courthouse has two layers, the Macrosphere and the Microsphere, the prosecution is going on in the Microsphere. Right now I can’t seek help, and yet I can’t survive on my own, and every help is a trap... The provocations are so minor, and yet the anger is so extreme, and, if I stop writing, might I get help? But what if my calculation is not correct? I don’t know when it will end, and if I stop writing for one day, will it be over tomorrow?.... I cut myself again last night. I had to cut myself yesterday... I need to talk to real people rather than only to myself...” After all this, Wes merely suggested: “Just think about how not to get provoked...” Then I hanged up and continued watching the movie. Wes had no orders today to say anything in particular to me to frame me.

My next recordings are: “frgmmovie\_12\_8\_10\_209-225PM.WMA”, “frgm\_12\_9\_10\_225-347PM.WMA”, and “IMPoffstry\_12\_8\_10\_348-407PM.WMA”: After I came out of the movie theater, I kept complaining: “The movie is such a junk. So the official story goes: Mr Chertoff has duped us with fake Mommy... We are not going to be dumped like this... That scene about testing Valerie Plame’s breaking point.... The Russians do that, but the Americans don’t do that, because the Americans don’t get caught... The movie is such bullshit! But we have learned that we have got dumped. But then how do we know so much? The Russians do it themselves, and so they get caught, and so they defect, the Americans don’t....” All bullshit – although the movie was indeed junk. Then: “*From now on we work for the Macrospherians, the age of nation-state is over...*” Insofar as judge Higgins would be designated as “Macrospherian”, I had again hit on the right answer by accident! Then: “So the official story goes: Mommy has manipulated us to beat Mr Chertoff, and, when he goes on trial, everything is just a staged show, the Russians are fake, the Agency is fake... That’s the official story... And all this because of the conspiracy laws... Just don’t write these laws...” By this time I was walking along the Santa Monica beach, and somebody pointed at me and called me out: “That’s a great prophet!” (17:00) As you shall see, this was indeed an amazing prophesy! Then: “Mommy foresees herself creating loops and then overcoming these loops, she is a very convoluted woman... Mr Chertoff thinks he has put up a good show for everyone, while everyone is putting up a show for him, a show of letting him put up a show, such is the official story...” All the wrong scenario! Later I would write down the other false scenario I came up with about seeing the “Mommy movie” on this very diary:

Seeing this “Mommy movie” was evidence that I had in fact never met “Mommy Plame” but had merely seen a movie about her.

My next recordings are: “beachboredbadbustoucl\_12\_8\_10\_408-613PM.WMA” and “uclbrgr\_12\_8\_10\_614-741PM.WMA”: While walking around near the Promenade, I saw a woman inside a furniture store who looked like Gabi. When I got on the bus, I asked a stranger woman which country she was from, believing erroneously that she might have been sent here to commit conspiracy with me (1:41:30). Then, disturbed by noises, I played MIA. After I got off the bus, I continued my worthless speculation: “Maybe the purpose of the test is to test how much you don’t want to be tested.... When people say they don’t want to rule, they really mean they don’t want to rule... Just when we thought of this while on the bus, the black guy was like, ‘Ding’... When you say you don’t want your lawsuit to be

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used as evidence in the International Court of Justice, you really mean you don't want it to be used as evidence... What if they make mistakes again, and another monkey goes inside the control center and messes us up...." I had by then walked inside UCLA and came to the cafeteria for that 3 dollar burger combo. While eating, I noted that a Taiwanese guy was talking next to me in order to get himself recorded. Nonsense! When I was done eating, I headed toward the underground parking lot.

My next recording is: "ucl199cpkp\_12\_8\_10\_741-1051PM.WMA": And so I masturbated underneath the staircase. After I was done, I received a pain signal on my left side. I then came to Ackerman to use the computer stations (38:00). I checked the news. When people started talking next to me, I hummed loudly. "You will sink further into conspiracy with him..." And more pain signals on my right side. Then: "Don't masturbate with Mommy's pictures... It just means that Mommy has dumped you..." Bullshit! When I was walking around, people's chatter near me caused me tremendous pain. Panicking, I mumbled: "These noises are so unbearable, I need to cut myself again..." Almost crying, I came to Ackerman's patio to write down what had just happened on paper. Then I filmed myself cutting myself. When someone came out to sit near me, I again assumed he was an actor sent here to "witness me". I said to him: "Excuse me, actor..." (1:12:00). Then I groaned bitterly: "They might as well make my eating and shitting into evidences... It's better to finish our mission and then beg the president to pardon us..." I then wrote more on paper. Then more wrong scenario: "You can write on paper, as long as you don't videotape it..." Then: "We have to make sure our videos have no dates on them, that's the new requirement..." I then changed place. Then more worthless reflection: "I want to keep what I know and not know anymore.... Once I have proven I *can* know, I don't need to prove anymore..."

My next recording is: "leavuclfriestuchmycart\_12\_8\_10\_1053-1142PM.WMA": Then: "Let's get our New Testament out and read it... Good idea! And get a baseball bat, in case you are forced to accomplish your mission... Now either you don't have to perform your mission or you do, and if you do, don't fail... Our mission will be intercepted, so that there is no constraint, be free for your mission..." I was wrong! It was in fact most likely the case that the Monkey was in the process of controlling my thought-process trying to get me to persuade myself to hurt people because he too had to finish *his* mission. When I came inside Ackerman, I ran into a black woman. I asked her: "You are from Africa, aren't you?" And she *was* from Ethiopia. "Ethiopia! I met somebody from Congo today..." I then went into the restroom to brush my teeth. When I was leaving, I murmured to the Pyramid: "Bitchie, you need to have a brain, to be able to not believe what is impossible to believe... Oh, the problem is that you have inherited your brain from your father... Mystery solved!"

My next recording is: "wstwdfries\_12\_8-9\_10\_1152PM-1222AM.WMA": While walking to Westwood Village, I continued: "This big theater, and yet everyone is living his or her life..." I bought fries at In-and-Out and continued: "法國的更美，因為美的不一樣..." I then continued to hum when people talked loudly near me. Finally, I came to my corner and got ready to sleep.

### **December 9 (Thursday; Wes: "Play a different game")**

My first recording of the day is: "uclfilesmolesangsuffopccnofood\_12\_9\_10\_9AM-1220PM.WMA": After I got up, I walked into UCLA. I continued my worthless reflection on the neocon plan: "This



plan.... evangelicals... nuclear holocaust... It's so stupid, these neocons...." Then I ran into that mentally-ill homeless man who was always talking to himself in Spanish: "Don't get close to me, I'm a genius, and you are insane, even though we look the same... I don't want to record your fucking prophecy..." Again, my overestimation of my own genius. Then: "We need to use the English Bible to speculate on the neocons' plan since the evangelicals don't know Greek..." Then I mumbled about reading books instead. I came to the vending machine to get my morning coffee. Suddenly I made eye-contact with a very pretty pyramid, and she pretended to run away from me in horror just when I was wondering whether she came from the control center (55:00). "Will she falsely complain that I have harassed her?" What's this about? As you shall see, the Invisible Hand had most likely commanded the Monkey to stage this in order to cause me to continue developing my wrong scenario as a way to make me "finish my mission" (to continue believing erroneously that the Macrospherians were sending in people from the defense team to commit conspiracy with me in person). As I was walking away, I saw the same guy who was practicing Yoga every morning and asked him: "Why are you stretching daily?" He didn't respond. I asked another stranger nearby: "He's stretching every morning!" Then I sat down somewhere and began doing my writing. I spelled out my half-correct, half-wrong scenario in Chinese: 這一對父女兩沒想到是來臥底的，一個主動，一個被動，把個堂堂俄國情報局給搞垮了... While walking around, I told another stranger: "My mommy is very pretty..." I then asked another stranger: "Do you hear voices in your head? How do you get instructions?" He ignored me. Again, my incorrect understanding was making me look crazy to people. I got on Ackerman's computer and started reading a French book on Google Books. After a while, I mumbled: "I can't wait for my French pyramid, she is going to educate us!" Ha! Then I ran after another stranger: "Tell me, how did you get instructions....?" I then continued walking around and mumbling in French (1:58:00). Then I left another message for Wes: "Wes, call me back..." (2:16:00). I then got on the bus to go to OPCC. I had developed new ideas about the Pyramid: "If she feels our pain, if she also has to eat from trash cans, she will become a better person... That's why there is so much suffering in the world, it's all because everyone only has to feel his or her own pain... What we have already suffered, she's doomed to suffer... She's getting educated by repeating our experiences since April 2009... Meanwhile we will experience *le plaisir d'apprendre* through the French pyramid... We will get educated through pleasure and she through pain..." Ha! As if any of this were going to happen! Then again: "The Macrospherians can pick and choose among our ideas..." Then I wondered whether the Asian guy wearing earphones and standing in front of me was a surveillance agent here to watch over me. I played MIA loudly. I came to OPCC, but there was no lunch. I asked for left-over and bread. Then the same wrong scenario again: "They are duping us to change our belief system..." Then, my feeling of injustice: "What is this? A person who does good has to suffer punishment..." Then, somebody was in my way on the street and I shouted at him – given my erroneous notion: "Actor, move away, com'on..." Then I settled down somewhere and wrote down in my diary a different scenario about what happened this morning – it was nonsense nonetheless:

Morning. The pyramid running away and looking back pretending to be scared. This means that many of the people whom I have videotaped in the last few days were actually actors and actresses pretending to be ordinary people while duping me into believing that they were secret agents from the conspirator nations or officials from the defense team inside the control center. I believed thusly because this scenario would repeat the last few battles during the first run and the prosecuting team had obviously, after reading my thoughts,

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decided to manipulate my expectation as a cover to lure me to videotape people as a way to confirm Mr B's false profile of me as scaring people with my criminal videotaping. The actual evidences would probably then say that I have been duped into videotaping people in order to produce the appearance that I scared people with my criminal videotaping.

My next recording is: "busuclnldrgrtn\_12\_9\_10\_1244-207PM.WMA": I then rode the bus back to Westwood. On 1:18:10, you can hear me developing my "different version" again: "There is a conspiracy to rig the trial through a mole (Mr B) so that the prosecution cannot succeed, to the detriment of the Macrospherians... A conspiracy to cause the prosecution to fail through a Mexican mole whom the defendants had sent to the prosecuting team, forcing the prosecuting team to confirm a squared circle, an oxymoron which it is impossible to find in the whole universe... All so that the prosecution can never succeed, to the detriment of the Macrospherians, who have been waiting, waiting for the result of the prosecution, which will never arrive because you will never find a squared circle in the universe... That's the whole story... That's why the Microspherians... Otherwise everyone is doomed... One lies, and the other believes lies, about this squared circle, one is tricky as hell, and the other dumb as hell, and that's why they have been chosen as moles..." (1:21:45). Again, this wrong scenario bore strange resemblance to the truth: that the Monkey was in effect the French's mole to force the Daughter People to confirm that I was a squared circle, a conspiracy to dissipate Daughterland's victory. (Except that, under judge Higgins' effort to create a new story, the Monkey became the Invisible Hand's mole.)

My next recording is: "IMPcnsprcrmlcrt\_12\_9\_10\_207-241PM.WMA": I came to the corner behind the Chicago School to rest. I was so exhausted from homelessness that I permitted myself to lie there instead of working on my netbook. I continued: "The conspiracy to rig the prosecution to the detriment of the Macrospherians... to make it into a conspiracy so that the Macrospherians can save us all... What's the second one?... No... To make this into a conspiracy is the consequence of the conspiracy to cause the prosecution to fail to the detriment of the Macrospherians... so that the Macrospherians can come in and save us all.... It's not a conspiracy to cause it to become a conspiracy.... What is the conspiracy? To cause the prosecution to fail... The fact that it results in a conspiracy so that the Macrospherians can come in... that's not a conspiracy... We got confused... *What would everybody do without me?* If I were too dumb then we would all be stuck... Everybody's fate depends on me... the majority of the Microspherians and all of the Macrospherians... I have saved everyone twice..." Again, my overestimation of my own intelligence. I then called Wes but there was no answering. I was then deciding whether to cut myself. Then: "The problem is that cutting ourselves might also become evidence... But this is too important to us, just like talking and breathing...." As I continued to rest, I saw a spider crawling about. "Killing it will become evidence... But what else can you do?" And so I killed the spider. "... a conspiracy to cause the evidentiary process to continue.... when there is no longer any need to continue... to the detriment of the Macrospherians..." Siren on 32:00. Then I was enlightened: "... In order for something to become a conspiracy, it has to work against the interests of the Macrospherians... We have to know what the interests of the Macrospherians are... The Macrospherians don't want to wait... There is also a conspiracy to make us into their enemy... The real Russians don't want to be our enemy..."

My next recording is: “IMPconsptoconttlewes\_12\_9\_10\_241-509PM.WMA”: As I lay there, I continued to develop my new realization (41:30): “During the first run, I was raped; during the second run, Russia was raped... During the first time, there was a conspiracy for a terrorist to pretend not to be a terrorist as a way to sue Russia... During the second time... for the prosecution to fail... Throughout all this, we are just a victim... At both times, we are the key to the failure of the conspiracy...” And I coughed. Remotely controlled? “We should be compensated, or rewarded...” Then: “... the months... we will meet the French pyramid, and this time it would be a big success, the opposite of our meeting with the Pyramid...” Ha! Siren on 1:05:00. Then another worthless realization: “... we met the Pyramid 6 days before the evidentiary record ended, and we will meet the French pyramid 6 days after... 6 days from now, that’s the French meetup!” Ha! I actually thought I got it down! Then: “We’ve got a new title for our book, *La pre-histoire secrète de la Cour internationale de justice, ou bien la fondation des Macrosphériens...*” Then: “If you don’t write it down, then conspiracy will be established... We are going to the meetup on the 14<sup>th</sup>... Unless it’s all duping... Maybe, when you go to the meetup, the final evidence will be produced... You have to print it out and write on paper... Maybe it’s just duping us into believing that it’s over when it’s still continuing... But we just want to write down the title... What evidence can be produced?” I got up and was ready to write down the title I had just thought of, and a car was honking – as if hurrying me (1:39:00). And so I typed it on my netbook, and, just when I finished writing “... *la fondation des Macrosphériens*”, my netbook froze up (1:45:00). I was totally devastated: “And now we immediately lost hope and have to cut ourselves...”

Terribly upset, I called Wes (1:47:00). And he answered it! I shouted: “I have no idea whether the evidentiary process has ended or whether it will continue...” Then: “I need to know... whether it will end up in disaster... I wish I didn’t have to believe this...” And I recalled the distinction between the Macrospherians and the Microspherians. I then recounted how I didn’t write anything on my laptop in order to avoid producing evidence, but only on paper, and didn’t videotape it. “In order to cause the previous evidences collected from my laptop screen to be suppressed.” Then I complained: “I cannot stop believing the evidentiary process is ongoing because there is just so much pain, and every help is a trap to get me into trouble... I wish I can stop noticing it...” Again, I wrongly assumed that both the Microspherians and the Macrospherians wanted me to not notice the evidentiary process. I then talked about how I killed the spider that was crawling around me. “If I do something that causes me to not fit the profile, I’ll suffer pain in order to cause me to fit the profile... Even the killing of the spider, it would be a conspiracy to extend the evidentiary process when there is no need to extend it, it will be a conspiracy against the Macrospherians... It’s like structuralism, everything that has happened before, now it’s the exact opposite... I then thought of a good title for my story... I was hesitant about writing it down... All this shortening of the evidentiary process... But only if it’s in the Macrospherians’ interest... Can I just write it down without having to experience incomprehensible unpleasant experiences...? I put in the application, waited two months, and came back, and now they told me there was no vacancy for another three months! How can I not believe...? If they want me to abandon my belief, they need to stop doing this...” Enough bullshit! Suddenly, Wes began telling me something significant: “You are trying to figure out the solution...” He talked about playing this “strategic game”: “You are trying to figure out the rules, to win the game...” (2:00:30). I protested: “But that’s only because there is just so much pain...” Wes continued to talk about the “game”. He then asked me whether I had ever heard of the “prisoners’ dilemma.” Or the “free-rider problem”. Of course I had! Wes: “What is not included in

the game is the game itself.” Roughly, he was saying that the prisoners didn’t usually perceive the game itself, but that, when one person contemplated on the game itself, this would have an effect on the whole game. “Strategists look at the game on the meta-level, what if the meta-level *is* in the game, and such contemplation affects the game itself?” I concurred: “Yes, *I always try to figure out the global situation...*” Wes then mentioned the “meta-meta-game”: “What is a discourse... The way to not play the game, but play a different game, a ‘meta-game’...” (2:06:00). He continued: “Most people when playing chess... play two games.... the chess itself, and the strategic rules...” And my right toes hurt. Wes continued: “The meta-game...” He explained that, when he played chess with that master player, he didn’t play this game, but played another game, that he made the opponent believe he didn’t know how to play. He played the “end game”. I shouted: “I don’t understand, I just want to surrender...” *Wes continued to emphasize that I should play a different game.* I protested: “The only other game available is to not play any game...” Wes: “Okay, that in itself is a game...” (2:10:00). I then got distracted because a police car came to park in front of me. Wes talked about his experience with narcolepsy to illustrate how to play a different game. Me: “You have to know what the Macrospherians’ interests are....” Wes: “No, then you are thinking about it, you don’t want to play their game, you need to play your own game...” He again used chess to illustrate his point. “You can win, or you can lose, or you can get a tie... He was playing to win, I was playing not to lose, to get a tie... He was shocked, I tricked him with a different game...” Me: “I know exactly how to get a tie, just do nothing... But they will then force me to play their game.... I’m bankrupt, and if I seek help, I will just fall into their trap... The only game is: if I lie around and do nothing, but I’m all exhausted... It’s a game of attrition.” Wes: “Should you do something and lose, or should you do nothing and lose...? If you do nothing, what would they do?” I replied: “If there is a deadline, and I don’t do anything, when the deadline comes, it will be over...” Wes: “Now, they are in control, and so, if you do nothing, they will make you do something...” I continued: “The Microspherians will trap me when I seek help, or cause me to seek help, they are doing this because it’s the laws, not because they want to... It’s up to the Macrospherians...” Wes: “Go watch a movie or solve a math problem...” Me: “But even watching a movie is evidence... And, if I do nothing, I’ll get bored, and how do I know it will end on that day...?” I continued to emphasize I didn’t want to waste my time. Wes continued to emphasize I shouldn’t think about it. Wes: “In the long run, do nothing is the best option.” I cried: “I don’t want to be homeless any longer...” Wes: “I’m sure you will have a home. *There is a deadline, right? When it’s over, you will have a home...*” Me: “I can’t live in America, I can’t even look at people’s faces, I can’t even look at Hispanics...” The conversation then ended.

Now it’s evident that Wes was today again instructed by his CIA handler to communicate something very specific to me – under the disguise of advising me how to deal with the intelligence agencies – and, as usual, the whole thing just flew over my head. Now, what? Again, the Invisible Hand had to continue to communicate to me his never-ending (imaginary) plan to harm judge Higgins – he shall never cease framing himself until his victim’s program was completely realized. First of all, judge Higgins knew from the computer simulation of my thoughts that, many years later, when I shall have finally deciphered what Wes was telling me here – the (imaginary) CIA plan to harm her – I would obviously not believe it or take it on face value but would, as I’m doing here, reconstruct the entire background – how she obliged the CIA under UN Resolution 1373 to forge evidences to convict themselves so that they could then be forced to realize her program: namely, as I have noted, the

“global situation”. This of course made her situation difficult because the CIA was supposed to get convicted when, one day, I shall have finally understood what Wes was telling me here – when the “plan” shall finally be found in the mind of the terrorist as well. But the “plan” that shall be found in the terrorist’s mind would not actually be the (imaginary) CIA plan but rather the victim’s plan. (Namely, what I have written here.) I would not believe that the CIA had concocted some devilish plan to destroy judge Higgins’ program but would insist that it was judge Higgins who had forced the CIA to convict themselves of this imaginary crime. The conspiracy would then look more like one between the terrorist and the victim of the terrorist conspiracy. The Invisible Hand thus had to fix this problem by instructing Wes to “persuade” me to understand the situation from the global perspective – to advise me to contemplate on the game itself in order to affect it or play the game from the “meta-level” – so that, when one day I shall have finally understood the meaning of his words, the CIA would be convicted of *trying to make me realize, not how they had concocted a plan to harm judge Higgins, but how judge Higgins had forced them to frame themselves* – namely, another pernicious plan on the part of the Agency to continue to disrupt their victim’s compensation, this time by making me conspire with their victim instead of with themselves. In other words, the Invisible Hand was here again pretending to try to harm his victim even after getting caught in order to worsen his own crime. When what I have written here is finally intercepted into the ICJ as evidence – almost 9 years after the fact – judge Higgins would be empowered to reverse the terrorist conspiracy by trimming my “global situation” (how she had forced the CIA to forge evidences to convict themselves) to the point that only a “local situation” remains (how the CIA had attempted to destroy her program).

This is also how you should understand Wes’ words about “playing a different game.” Because there was now an ICJ judgment that the CIA had conspired with a terrorist to destroy the trial (to rid the terrorist of his status as a terrorist), judge Higgins had obtained authorization from the judge computer to order the CIA to *create another trial* in which the terrorist’s status as a terrorist would be reinstated and which would result in a judgment for the implementation of her program. Now, to protect the judgment for judge Higgins’ sake, the Invisible Hand proceeded to communicate this plan to me so that the CIA might be convicted again of trying to disrupt her plan of creating a different trial by making me conspire with her in this plan. Today, therefore, the judge computer would issue a judgment describing the CIA as so bad that, after getting caught for the second time trying to disrupt their victims’ compensation which was ordered after they were caught trying to disrupt her compensation during the first time, they proceeded to disrupt her compensation for the third time. This time by making me conspire with her instead of with themselves. Thus judge Higgins would today obtain the judgment that, when she shall order the CIA to orchestrate a new trial in the International Court of Justice, objection to her on the ground of the terrorist’s conspiracy with her should no longer be possible: if there was a terrorist conspiracy to make the terrorist conspire with her as a way to harm her, then the reversal of this conspiracy would consist in making her immune to the terrorist’s conspiracy with her. *She would in effect become “Macrospherian” in my sense of the word.* The compensation process, in other words, now included in itself the legal impossibility of objection to the process. Furthermore, since the CIA had leaked her plan to the terrorist in order to harm her, judge Higgins now had the right to exploit the leaking to her own benefit. If I shall ever have difficulty in figuring out any part of her program, the CIA was now required to leak its details to me from time to time in order to help me figure it out so as to help them convict themselves and realize the program in the end.

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It must be noted that Wes' "secret messages" to me today again conformed to the requirement of remaining continuous with my false beliefs in order to keep me continuing on my wrong path and prevent third parties from suspecting that something out of the ordinary was going on. If you hear the recording of this conversation without having read my *Secret History*, you would certainly think that Wes was simply going along with me when he suggested to me ways to deal with the intelligence agencies' tormenting of me: "You are trying to figure out the rules of the game... Play the meta-game instead... Play a different game instead..." You certainly wouldn't believe that he was communicating to me instructions from the CIA about something else. And, yet, from judge Higgins' perspective, the CIA was here merely playing the usual game of embedding essential information in an irrelevant context so as to hide from bystanders' eavesdropping. The only way that you can understand the true meaning of Wes' strange words to me is to adopt judge Higgins' perspective.

My next recording is: "touchhypoth\_12\_9\_10\_517-635PM.WMA": Misunderstanding Wes' "secret message" to me, I made my address to the Microspherians: "Microspherians! You have to stop thinking only about your self-interest... Everyone's thinking only about his own self-interest will not result in the best scenario for everyone... We have to care about other people, as I have always cared about other people..." Then I had my doubts: "But people are doing what they are doing right now because it is the law, not because they want to..." Then I left my corner and started walking to UCLA. I continued: "... the mission was defined back then.... nothing that we do afterwards can change our mission... We must do as little as possible... Spend your money on motels... If the doctor asks you why you believe what you believe, show her this... And this is the only possible hypothesis, not a delusion... Nobody else experiences this much frustration... so irregular... You simply don't see a Hispanic woman showing up with her children 10 PM at night during finals' week..." I came to Ackerman and, when I got inside the elevator, behold – it's a French pyramid! As if it could mean something! Then I asked the man who was holding the door open for me what he was told about me such that he felt compelled to do me this favor. Wrong scenario! Paranoid over nothing! I then asked somebody in Chinese: "You guys are from China?" "Yes." I settled down in the TV lounge and continued my false scenario that I was being made to repeat the Macrospherians' experience, this time DGHTRCOM's experience upon returning to Saint Petersburg to work for Sobchak. Then: "The prisoners' game was a message about how the system works... The chips inside everyone are forcing everyone to obey the laws... Why is everyone obeying these goddamn laws...? If everyone disobeys the laws at the same time, then the system will break down..." It would take me more than 8 years to understand what Wes was really referring to when he mentioned the "prisoners' dilemma".

My next recording is: "ucl203finalfailfocusnotwinangtyp\_12\_9-10\_10\_636-1243AM.WMA": I continued: "The freedom to disobey laws..." Then, lucky for me, someone was passing out free sushi. I continued: "We want to die everyday..." I was now burning a new DVD. Then, children starting shouting inside Ackerman. I was again terribly annoyed: "Maybe you should go to strip clubs. When strippers are dancing, Hispanic women will come in with their children and the children will shout... What makes them so disgusting? Their ubiquitousness... Nothing reproduces itself as much as the Hispanic people do..." I then counted my money and decided to go to the motel tomorrow. Then: "This is fucked up, I have to repeat their past bad experiences, as if I had hurt them... Justice my fuck ass,,"

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Then: “Mr Chertoff might have erased our records in Taiwan...” I was allowed to successfully burn the new disc, but I got paranoid when I noticed that the finalization process stopped at 39%. “This is fucked up!” I became increasingly upset over this: “Why is it remotely controlled to malfunction? Why do our discs need to be destroyed?” I was so upset that I wanted to cut myself again. I then wrote down the following on my diary:

8:46 PM. Burning DVD 203. ImgBurn remotely controlled to malfunction, finalization of the disc stopping at 39% or so. ImgBurn log reads ‘Potential “WaitImmediateIO” Deferred Error – (39% 0/3) – Focus Servo Error... Finalise Disc Failed! – Reason: Focus Servo Error...’

I even broke down crying (2:12:00). I just couldn’t understand that I was getting upset over nothing. Then: “We know that the trial has ended when our computer stops malfunctioning!” Not! This insignificant malfunctioning (the disc was still good) was in fact “natural”. Then: “... we have decided to KP...” Namely, kill the Pyramid. “... we are just going to tell the truth, and see how people will react... It might be possible to succeed, with the judges...” My second disc was then successfully burned. I continued: “We have just realized that Daughterland will not only thank you, but will thank you harder...” Yeah right! And: “... they can scoop up everything that has happened and put it together however they want...” (2:52:00). Wrong! I then went out to smoke. I continued my worthless reflection: “... under normal circumstances, we have sympathy for others... When the circumstance is reversed, we are cruel... The history of the world, according to our design... We suffer this disease called ‘Hispanophobia’... unprecedented...” I came back inside Ackerman and then did a search on “Focus Servo error” on Ackerman’s computer and then browsed through an excellent book on DVDs, *Compact Disc Technology*. Around 4:25:00, the student security came in to tell me that Ackerman was now closed to outsiders. I wrote down my reflection on paper: “... Hispanophobia is different from racism... Our Hispanophobia is an extension of Misopedia... It’s the price we pay for twice saving Russia and its new friends...” I then came to Westwood Village. I continued: “... to deprive Mr B of what is most essential to him so that he would be doing the best he can to institute a reality around us that would fit our belief... and then he will go to jail... for forcing us to finish our mission... What is the most essential to him? His life? Presumably this is what the prisoners’ dilemma meant... What about the Pyramid...? Is she even capable of thinking about me? Probably not... She’s from a royal family... no sympathy... only in the abstract... She has only read about suffering... My problem is... I’m too exhausted staying in the same place... I don’t have a problem with the prisoner’s dilemma... We don’t really know what’s going on... Who’s running all this?” I came to my corner around 5:21:00. I continued my analysis: “What’s the Pyramid’s type? Only if she could hear me, then she would become enlightened. First, Hispanophobia: our natural dislike of the lower class mentality according to which mere living and reproducing is the sole purpose of life... It never bothered me before because... they didn’t bother me... but when this caused me harm... and can never be avoided... and then a domino effect sets in and this becomes Hispanophobia... Then Misopedia... Why does the lower class mentality bother me? Because talking to them is like talking to a cow... They understand neither feelings nor ideas nor beauty... Being surrounded by them is like being in prison. Then, the Pyramid’s type...” I thus wrote down on a piece of paper – again for fear of being punished should I write it down on my netbook – the type that supposedly characterized the Monkey Pyramid: “The reactionary

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revolutionary born in a selfish wealthy family: she'd fight for the oppressed when they are represented to her as an abstract entity such as in the form of a group. In concrete relationships – such as face to face – she will manifest herself as utterly selfish and unsympathetic of other people's feelings, in fact probably using the ideology of the oppressed to victimize the person who is attempting to care for her, such as using feminist ideology to justify abandoning her boyfriend who has cared for her when she feels like simply going away. This type results from having never seen another person's suffering outside books and merely projecting the unhappy oppressed self upon the abstract entity of the oppressed which she sees in representations." Even though this was an excellent description of the "type", the Pyramid was in fact no such type! I thought I was being a genius psychoanalyst when in fact I had hardly described the Pyramid!

Then: "When you play the prisoners' game, if the other person is really incapable of caring for another, you should just play selfish, otherwise you will go down while he doesn't..." I then reviewed the recording of my conversation with Wes this afternoon. Then I wrote down in my diary under the entry for December 8: "This night, while attempting to sleep, I had the following fantasy which I didn't record: I had been chosen, so the Blue Ferry says, to save Russia because of my inborn self-destructiveness. In May 2009, when I discovered that I could not save myself and Russia, I in a fit of rage decided to derive satisfaction, as part of my defense mechanism, from destroying myself and that Russia of which I was pregnant, incidentally discovering a way to save myself and Russia." And my netbook didn't malfunction! I then went to sleep.

### **December 10 (Friday; Wes)**

My first recordings of the new day are: "slpwstwdwkucl\_12\_10\_10\_1249-1020AM.WMA" and "ucltoopcc\_12\_10\_10\_1021-1103AM.WMA": I woke up from my corner some time after 8 AM. I continued to develop my "different version": "Mr B and MC, they didn't know how to lie, their false scenarios were not realistic... The 'real' Russians have had to adopt the forged intercepts of our thoughts, and everyone else laughed, 'It's obviously forged!' The 'real' Russians ended up looking bad... 'He's retarded, schizophrenic, doesn't write'..." I was then walking to UCLA. "If you can't get a motel room today, that means you will get help later..." As usual, I got my coffee and cookies from the vending machine. Soon I got on the bus to go to OPCC.

My next recording is: "opcc\_12\_10\_10\_1130AM-1220PM.WMA": As soon as I got off the bus, I recounted to myself the thoughts I had had while on the bus: "We are not sure, maybe they are duping us into thinking that it's over when it's not over... What if it's already over?... *What if they want a new phase, where we will not know whether it's over or not?*... Maybe we got ambushed by the police two days ago because they were preparing for the worst case scenario, defense by claim of insanity...? How much free will do we actually have?" Then: "And what *are* the Macrospherians' interests?... It might be inexorable, because PM... I wish I can stop speculating, I'm so tired of talking to myself... It might be a crime, to dictate somebody's destiny..." Finally I arrived in OPCC. I was surprised to run into a "golden pyramid" here. I asked her, and she said she was from Denmark. As if that meant something! As I was eating my lunch, I regurgitated the French opening lines of my story (43:00): "... les Macrosphériens dispoisent de pouvoir enorme..."



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My next recording is: “uclangry\_12\_10\_10\_1241-208PM.WMA”: I left a message for Bryan. Then, on 12:00, I left a message for Dr Roach asking for a new appointment time. Then I talked to Bryan about when the room would become available. More worthless reflection: “There is an attempt to change our belief... When is the conspiracy established?... We have always believed that the whole thing will end on the day when Wes comes back... December 21... It all depends on whether the Macrospherians will have freeloaded everything they have wanted to by then...” Then I was on the bus going back to Westwood. And I came up with this thought while on the bus: “*If you want to establish a civilization, you will need a sacrifice*, to release the energy needed, and here the conspirators are sacrificed, I’d be the only one who survives, the rest are in jail...” Although this was pure bullshit, something like this would indeed happen when it came time to implement judge Higgins’ program. I got off the bus in UCLA and came to the vending machine for my coffee.

My next recordings are: “12\_10\_10\_208-219PM.WMA”, “12\_10\_10\_220-226PM.WMA”, and “12\_10\_10\_226-258PM.WMA”: I used the restroom inside Ackerman and then came to the patio to work. I continued: “... the conspiracy to sue Russia, the conspiracy to screw up the prosecution, that means the Garden of Eden is actually true...” I then wrote down the French opening lines of my story on paper: “... le Macrosphère est fondé sur mon sacrifice doublé... les Macrosphériens disposent de pouvoir enorme et secret, ils se composent des elites de la Russie, des juges de la Cour internationale de justice, mais aussi bien des elites des autres pays...” As you shall see, this “delusion” (wrong scenario) of mine would accompany me for the next 7 years, until I finally realized that the so-called “Macrsopherians” consisted solely of judge Higgins’ team. Then: “... just as every great civilization always speaks of a great sacrifice at its foundation – the sacrifice of a certain god or monster – so the order...” But, just then, a Hispanic woman in the distance was laughing terribly loudly (13:00). I was so extremely enraged that I promptly kicked over a chair. And I yelled at her: “Hey shut up!” And then I kicked over the trash can as well. I called Wes, but then hanged up. I told a stranger who was observing my bizarre behavior: “Do you want to fight?” I then called Wes again, but didn’t leave a message. Realizing that writing on paper would not change anything, I would never do it again. Obviously: there was never anyone inside the control center concerned with my writing on my netbook. And so I typed everything out on my netbook again. I muttered: “We are gonna end up in prison, we shall always maintain enough money for suicide...” And I kicked the chair again. I stopped writing, and, thank God, my disc was successfully burned.

My next recording is: “busprovkd\_12\_10\_10\_306-349PM.WMA”: I then started reviewing my recordings. On 7:00 I left a message for Wes: “Call me back, something is about to happen...”. Then I came to Westwood Village. I kicked over many more things on the street.

My next recording is: “prvkdhmdepotwes\_12\_10\_10\_350-810PM.WMA”: As I rode the bus two young girls were talking so loudly that I was seriously disturbed. I yelled at them: “Quiet down! Don’t provoke me, please don’t do it...” Desperate, I played MIA loudly. On 36:00, you can hear a stranger telling me I was rude and asking me to “act normal”. I turned off my music and lectured him: a person who speaks both French and English can pretend to not know French; a person who speaks only English cannot pretend to speak French. “I don’t know how to pretend to ‘act normal’.” He didn’t

understand me: ordinary people could not be expected to be able to reason. Then I asked him: “How much did you get paid?” I was mistaking him for another actor. I angrily got off the bus on 56:00. I called Wes, but he was still not home. I groaned: “The anger is so severe, I need to kill somebody, who’s the chosen one? *The law requires us to kill people...*” Most likely I was correct because it was the Monkey who was intensifying my anger in order to finish *his* mission. I was now in Home Depot buying a new stick to get ready to hit people and I walked around praying continually: “Can we just beg, can you just forget about it...? It’s to my benefit if she doesn’t show up... I just know that she’s a selfish person, she’s not gonna think of my interest... She’s not a valuable person...” Then I got on and off the bus again. More: “PM puts his ghastly friends in front of us, just stop!” (2:02:00) Then I was on the bus again, and, voilà, a baby was making noises. I made sure to play MIA loudly (2:20:00). I groaned: “That baby is driving us insane...” Then the bus driver warned me: “Turn it down!” The bus ride then turned into a most horrifying experience when a white guy sat down near me and did something to provoke me. Since I had just bought my “Buddha stick”, I was almost ready to strike him. But I restrained myself knowing the consequences. Instead, I webcamed myself all the way until the bus arrived at UCLA. When I was getting off the bus, I warned him: “You know you are doing a very dangerous job, right?” I mistakenly assumed that, because he was an actor (which he was not), he would know what I was talking about. And, because he was laughing at me, he really did look like he was purposely sent in to provoke me. Perhaps the Monkey did orchestrate this from the control center – without the guy’s knowing.<sup>16</sup> I continued to groan: “We are so provoked, there is so much baby noise... They are not recruiting us, *hence it’s to provoke us to finish our mission...*” Well, here again, what I said bore some resemblance to the truth: it was not the defendants who wanted me to finish my mission, but the Monkey who needed to finish *his* mission. I then called Wes again and, breaking into tears, left a message for him: “Wes call me back...” (3:18:00). Frantic, I asked another random stranger: “Excusez, le show est-ce qu’il est fini?” I came to the middle of UCLA and sat down at a table and filmed myself cutting myself. That’s how I was going to release the anger from earlier. Then, while crying, I called Wes again, but there was still no answering. Then, on 3:44:00, Wes called me back – thank God! I cried: “Noise attack... People in the control center want to provoke me to hit people... It can’t go on anymore...” Wes: “Stay away from them...” I continued: “Going to motels costs money, and they can make motels not have rooms available...” Wes: “You don’t have to go to a motel... Just think about tonight, don’t think about tomorrow...” “I have to...” Wes suggested: “What about ear plugs?...” Me: “If you use webcam and play video at the same time, the computer will malfunction...” Wes made another suggestion: “You can buy a cheap radio...” I complained: “I really can’t go on anymore, I can’t stand these noises...” Wes: “Go to the church, where people don’t make noises...” I did not think this was a workable idea: “Because homeless people don’t go to places where everybody dresses nice...” I continued: “I don’t like any of your suggestions, they will just have to stop... So what if I hit people, then what? The rage I’m suffering is so severe, I have lost all sense of reality... They provoke you so much that you lose all sense of time, and once you hit people, that’s evidence... I’ll have to be institutionalized for the rest of my life anyway... The rage is so severe, it’s almost like I was remotely

16 While on the bus earlier, I seemed to have uttered something to the effect that I would die for “Mommy”. I have failed to record this in the above. As you shall see, I would during the night of December 11 connect this utterance with what had just happened and write on my diary under today’s entry: “This bus ride was the most horrifying experience I had ever encountered. All internal, though. It is all because I had earlier said that I would die for Mommy that the prosecuting team would have to beat out from me ‘Never wanting anything to do with Mommy’ in order to cancel out the previous evidence of my willingness to die for Mommy.”

controlled... This morning, the bus was like a kindergarten... And there were other mafia-looking people taking pictures of me and yelling at me, now I know they are actors... If I go to a motel, I'll come out without money..." Wes encouraged me: "It's just temporary, *after some time, it will be all over...*" I continued: "I'll have to depend entirely on these people inside the control center... You have saved their life, and now you'll have to depend on them for life, I will have to be institutionalized for life... Why would anyone believe I wrote my story? I can never go into society again... The people who are doing this, nothing will ever happen to them, all the Mexicans they have hired... I can understand their perspective, the thing is so important to them, but they have already obtained all the evidences, there is no need to go on... I beg you... Why is it so important to follow the law? The law requires me to finish my mission, but hitting people – I can't do it... I'm so desperate for their help, I have no money, as long as I don't spend money, I will get provoked.... I can't hear these noises anymore..." Wes: "Where can you go where there are no noises?..." He then asked me about my computer. Me: "They made it malfunction yesterday... not today..." Wes: "I will be in California in 10 days..." Me: "I hope people responsible for this will be punished... I cannot save the same people twice, I have gone insane... I can't even watch people move... I need to live in an environment where *everything* is what I like... Why would people do that?..." Wes: "If you don't think, it would be fine..." I cried: "I have nobody to talk to, I can't talk to myself anymore... I need the right kind of noises, I need somebody talking to me..." I then broke down crying. "There is nobody to help me... I can't cut myself any longer, I have no more places on my arm to cut on..." Wes: "You need to take your money and buy a big bottle of wine and get drunk..." Then he asked me: "Do you have a lot of hard drive space?" Me: "No." Wes: "I copied movies onto DVDs and gave them to my family..." Then he suggested further: "There are two things you know, first, that there is a trial, with a fixed deadline, then everything will be over, and, second, that I'll be in California in 10 days... Can you see a counselor?" Me: "No..." I continued: "I have to be institutionalized... And I cannot see any Hispanic people, what am I going to do?" Wes: "The trick is not to stop thinking, but to think of something else..." Me: "I have to go back to writing, but if I do, it will continue... If I write something that doesn't fit the evidence, provocation will occur..." Wrong scenario! I continued: "I need to get provoked, get driven insane, then shrink into a little ball... Forget it, I'll go watch TV..." That was our conversation today.

Although Wes did not seem to have any order today to say anything particular to me, we have to wonder whether it was still the Agency which had instructed him to call me back and comfort me. While the Monkey was finishing up his mission – to make me not only insane but violent – this was clearly against judge Higgins' interest: if I hit somebody and landed in jail, it would not be possible for her to create another trial that would involve me nor would it be possible for me to figure out everything that had happened so far. And so, while she continued to let the Monkey finish his mission, the Invisible Hand also instructed Wes to comfort me and counter the Monkey's mission. Just remember that everything Wes said had to be continuous with what he had said before. If he had comforted me before in regard to the intelligence agencies' operations, he shall continue to do it. This is why he also said that I could be sure that there was a trial and that the trial had a deadline – even though he knew this was false. He had to say this in order to keep me continuing on my path.

My next recording is: "ucltvpmtstpolice\_12\_10\_10\_810-1101PM.WMA": I then came to Ackerman. I continued: "We don't want the Monkey to be prosecuted, they are a royal family..." (23:00). "*They*

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*almost destroyed Russia*, and so they are good people...” “PM is doing it again: just when we ask him to stop, he wants to see how much we are going to hate him! It’s so bizarre! You just have to test a mentally disabled person...” Then I resumed writing and burning a new disc. Then: “We have said, ‘What if they continue so that we won’t know it when it is over...’ We shouldn’t have said that, for, that’s when conspiracy is established and our mission fixed...” Then: “These actors know karate, PM is waiting for us to break rather than for us to accomplish our mission... Do they know that *we are not going to accomplish our mission*, we are not capable... don’t want to... This part is over... *The terrorist suspect is not interested in his mission*, he just wants to beat someone up to release his anger... Part of it is that he is not stupid, he’s not going to get into a fight he’s not going to win...” I left Ackerman on 1:53:00 and came to the vending machine for my nighttime coffee. I continued: “... to prove that we are a danger to others... And so we don’t have to go to Russia...” Then I came to Westwood Village and found my spot.

My last recording of the day is: “rflctnslpwstwd\_12\_10-11\_10\_1106PM-249AM.WMA”:<sup>17</sup> Even as I slept, the noises from passersby caused shock waves throughout my body. That’s how bad my Sonophobia had become. I speculated wrongly on the last provocation: “Perhaps it was Mary C who has argued that I be tested again as to whether I could still be provoked to want to kill the Monkey Pyramid. Mary C has most likely not given up as yet on her dream of driving me to accomplish my mission.”

### **December 11 (Saturday; Wes)**

My first recording of the day is: “12\_11\_10\_736-817AM.WMA”: This morning, the control center would orchestrate a serious attempt to provoke me into a fight. The Monkey had to finish up his mission of getting me arrested while I had to finish up my mission of wrongly interpreting what was going on. As soon as I woke up from my street corner, I began reflecting on the causes for my Hispanophobia. As I would write on my diary later:

“The anger resulted from the displeasure caused by the Hispanic women’s noises. I suffered this displeasure because I felt like my ‘proof’ was being tainted. I was further aggravated by the feeling of injustice which had supposedly resulted when a great work of art was destroyed by garbage, as if a piece of manure had been thrown upon a great painting. This Hispanophobia was further reinforced since Hispanic women fit the stereotype of mindlessly working and reproducing as if they had no knowledge and appreciation of higher culture, even though I have always believed that they were just ‘acting’. It is thus my perception of myself as being intellectually and culturally superior in comparison to these creatures who are ‘merely living’ which has exposed me to a greater possibility of being provoked than would otherwise have been the case.”

This was excellent self-analysis! At this point I began wondering whether any of the judges inside the control center was actually teaching me something to the effect that I should not look down on uncultured people. If I did, I would suffer. “No, we are not being taught...” Because it’s okay to look

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<sup>17</sup> Reviewed until 1:15:00.

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down on uncultured people as long as one never acts on it, and I never did before because they never bothered me before. In fact, I would later conclude that it was most likely just Mary C who was trying to destroy me. I continued: Just as I wasn't being taught to be obedient since I never really had a problem with disobedience... and just as I wasn't being taught a lesson about paying back my debt, because I simply couldn't, in the same way that America is not being dishonest when it cannot pay back its debt: America simply can't. And America can't cut its spending without losing its function in the world and vis-a-vis its own citizens (until 6:00). "I cannot just not spend money on electronics, otherwise my entire psychology would just collapse..." (7:50).

As you can hear (from 10:00 onward), a black guy came to park his car near me and began talking and laughing loudly on his cellphone while sitting in the driver's seat. His noises immediately drove me to extreme rage. I commented: "We are being taught not to reflect..." Like a dam that was broken, I yelled at him at the top of my lungs: "Shut the fuck up! I know you are fucking acting, just shut the fuck up!" And I turned on my computer. Meanwhile, he came to me and began yelling at me: "What are you doing?... Why were you howling at me? You'd better call the police..." I commented: "The purpose of the operation is to teach us not to reflect..." He continued: "You'd better hit me..." I yelled at him: "I'm not going to hit you because I have my computer here..." He pointed to my "Buddha stick": "You pick that shit up and hit me..." But I wouldn't. I packed up my things and walked away, moaning terribly. Then I cried: "Everytime you have some good thoughts and seek to record them, there will be noises... It's all intentional... He's trying to provoke us to hit him..." I was convinced that he was sent here to provoke me into a fight while making it look like it was all my fault. In reality, even if it was orchestrated by the Monkey from the control center, it was done without the man's awareness at all. I continued: "It's counter evidence about DGHTR's earlier noise system... It's to condition us to non-thinking, infantility, so that we will be unable to share thoughts with others... They are trying to turn us into a wheelchair philosopher, we keep on philosophizing and yet can't do anything else... *We are repeating Mr First's experience...* This is going to go on for a long time.... Should we die? The problem is that there is nobody to talk to, everybody is an actor..." I was soon also convinced that this black man was sent here to produce another proof that *I was incapable of accomplishing my mission*. I was half-correct here: it was the Monkey who would be unable to finish his mission of causing me to be arrested for being a danger to people.

My next recording is: "lessonsprovkdangry\_12\_11\_10\_817-911AM.WMA": I came to the vending machine inside UCLA. I continued to complain: "We have been taught that being stupid is better... A respectable job... God doesn't exist..." Then: "I don't need to be better, I don't need to suffer tribulation... I just need to read about it... I did all I can to save Mr First, and I didn't get paid, didn't know the law... He would want me to talk about it... He's not perfect, the world is not black and white, he can't talk about it, we'll talk about it for him, but this thing is taking away our ability to talk about it... If we had known about it, we wouldn't have flown to China, we didn't go to our ancestral land only in order to make a mess... We really believed, when we left Shanghai, that the case was dismissed..." Then my wrong understanding: "These actors are trained to act by the most sophisticated intelligence agency in the world, they are no longer 'trash'..." Bullshit! Nobody was acting! A typical targeted individual!

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My next recording is: “ucl\_12\_11\_10\_911-1018AM.WMA”: I then got on the bus to go to downtown. Immediately, I was disturbed by children’s noises. “They are so disgusting...” And I played MIA loudly to cover up their noises. “We must be selfish, don’t save other people...” I was then shouting at a child: “You get out of here, okay?” (29:00) And I began arguing with people: “You get paid to cause me pain, you fucking Americans...” I was so angry that I had to get off the bus before I got to my destination (31:00). I was now at Wilshire and Western. I kept yelling: “These garbage, do they ever do anything other than breeding?” I kicked over the trash cans on the sidewalk to release my anger. Unfortunately, a police car was passing by just at the time and the police officers detained me for damaging public property (37:00). I yelled at the officers: “Stop acting! Oh my God!” They interrogated me: “Where do you live?” And they searched me. “Are you finished with acting?” I continued to complain to the officers: “Everybody wants me to do that and then learn not to do that... You can’t teach a lesson to someone who...” And I slapped myself: “I’m bad, I’m a horrible person.... Garbage!” When the officers were gone, I continued: “You don’t ever have to repeat another person’s experience in order to understand it...” I truly believed that the Macrospherians were trying to teach me lessons through these painful experiences. I came inside the Metro station to calm down.

My next recording is: “provkdbus720wes\_12\_11\_10\_1018-1145AM.WMA”. I cried: “It hurt so much, I can’t be homeless any longer...” I was now crying very loudly. “Why do I have to be responsible for other people’s fault? Somebody do some justice! God, if you exist!” I came inside Coffee Bean and asked for some water. I told the cashier: “I promise I’ll never help the Russians again...”

I called Wes on 18:00 and he answered it. Agitated, I told him I would go to somewhere quiet and call him back in two minutes. I was crying frantically and shouted to a security guard: “You are superior... Please don’t bother me, I know you get paid to do that...” I pushed my cart to a parking lot and there I was connected with Wes again (25:00). I cried: “I can’t go on any longer, what am I going to do...? I can’t get provoked any longer... I just don’t want to sit with children... What if it doesn’t end soon...?” Wes: “*Maybe it has already ended...*” Was Wes trying to give me a hint? I shouted in disbelief: “Then why am I getting provoked...?” Wes: “It’s accidental...” He was right! It was all due to my own misinterpretation of ordinary events! (Even if the displeasure I felt was indeed programmed from the control center.) But I persisted: “Why would people put their children next to me...? They are actors... I’m so dirty, why would they...?” Just then, there was siren. I was mortified, and shouted: “I can’t stand the noises... Tell me when it’s going to end...” Wes: “Of course...” I shouted: “When? Two years from now? I did everything I could to save Russia, I can’t do it any more...” Wes: “Don’t save Russia, they’ll save themselves!” Me: “I’m not, I want to save myself...” Wes: “Don’t help Russia anymore...” I continued: “I can’t see any more children and Hispanic people, I have to get out of this country... I need to be institutionalized for the rest of my life... Why are they doing this to me...? I did them so much good, and they punish those who did them good and reward those who did them harm... I got stopped by the police after getting provoked... I don’t know if any of the information will get out... I’m so ill... I don’t have the ability to save myself...” Wes: “There is always a way out...” Me: “How?” Wes: “You have a goal, you don’t let anybody get in your way, if there is anything, you go around it, your goal is to go somewhere where you won’t be bothered... where you don’t need electricity...” Me: “I need to upload recordings...” Wes: “Don’t use a laptop, use Nook...” Me: “Why would I spend money buying that...?” Wes: “You can use that thing to put things on the Internet...” Me: “I need to use a laptop to

upload recordings...” Wes mentioned his iPod. I was emphatic: “Some of the things you say are helpful, and then some are the opposite of being helpful, this is the opposite... My goal is to stay away from people until the whole thing is over, but it’s gonna cost money...” Wes: “Right...” Me: “I’m reluctant to spend the money... I don’t know if I will get help afterwards... My second problem is: how do I know it ends at the time it ends?” Wes: “*You don’t know...*” Me: “I need to know that it will end soon, and whether I’ll get help... These two assumptions have to be true, otherwise I’ll end up in disaster...” Wes advised me to accept the assumptions. Suddenly, I got disconnected (44:00). I called Wes back, and we were connected again. I continued: “If I assume it will end on the 21<sup>st</sup>, then, I will get help.... It’s some sort of plot, right now the Monkey is placing all these actors around me to provoke me so that *I’ll disintegrate and get hospitalized*, so that afterwards he can help me and look good, this help is to my detriment...” Such was my new wrong scenario: that the Monkey wanted to provoke me to get into trouble and then to pretend to help me in order to look good to people at my expense. Wes: “You have to take it one day at a time...” Me: “This possibility is so frightening, I have to write about it, and people have to believe I wrote it...” Wes: “Take it one day at a time...” I repeated my scenario. *Wes again advised me not to worry about hypothetical scenarios*. We compared it to buying insurance. “I don’t want to get provoked while looking like it was my own fault and then get helped by the very man who has provoked me...” Wes: “*You have too much unwarranted fear...*” Me: “I don’t want to live a life where my destiny is orchestrated...” Wes advised me rightly: “Don’t fear!” I continued: “It’s so unfair, I just don’t believe the Russians and the judges will let me suffer this problem... It looks like it’s going to happen, I have been reduced to the state where I’ll have to depend on others for the rest of my life.” Wes: “Think of all the options... 10,000 dollars...” Me: “Then, it looks like.... when it ends... nothing will happen, and I’ll be given 10,000 dollars?” Then we talked about how my bank had been taking money away from me and how I had to over-spend every month. “For example, right now I need to go into a motel just to survive, hence I am about to over-spend. The only good help is a lot of cash.... Only if the Russians will return me the money I have spent to save them... I need just 500 dollars to get out of this vicious cycle...” I hanged up with Wes on 1:00:00.

Now it seems that Wes was today again *not* carrying out any order to say anything particular to me. He was doing something better: he was telling me something true to help me! Namely, now that the CIA had already forged all the evidences that were necessary to convict themselves (at least for this preliminary stage), there was nothing more to say to me – except for truthful things to help me overcome my delusions which were really what had prompted me to become so intolerant of ordinary unpleasant experiences. (The Monkey would not be able to intensify my unpleasant feelings to the point that I would want to kill people if I hadn’t had these strange ideas in my head about people’s acting and wanting to taint my recordings.) Wes hinted to me that the trial was over (the phase with the French and the Daughter People, that is), that I was bothered by noises because of my own incorrect belief system and paranoia, that nobody was acting, and that the Monkey had no particular plan to pretend to help me. He didn’t say so much, but this was what he implied. Only if I could understand it at the time! This conversation is important in that it shows that, when he had no orders from his CIA handler, Wes might actually try to enlighten me with the truth besides going along with my delusions simply out of habit.

My next recording is: “tolb\_12\_11\_10\_1145AM-1229PM.WMA”: Now the chat with Wes had calmed

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me down somewhat and I decided to go to a motel after all – but this time in Long Beach. I got on the Metro and continued to complain: “Everywhere baby sounds, baby sounds... Maybe one day the police officers will be punished, for acting...” And I kept playing MIA’s “Mein Freund”.

My next recording is: “tolbgdltml\_12\_11\_10\_1241-253PM.WMA”: When I got to Long Beach, I rode the bus going on Pacific Highway in search of a motel. I came to a cheap, run-down motel and paid 100 dollars for two nights. As soon as I settled down, I reflected: “We will get help, and we will get a lot of money...” Then: “*We are the key to the Macrospherians’ success*, they must provide us with real help...” Wow I got something right! I was indeed the key to judge Higgins’ program! It’s just that it was not in the way in which I thought I was. Then: “Do not mess with other people’s reputation, do not make the good look bad, do not disguise harm as help...”

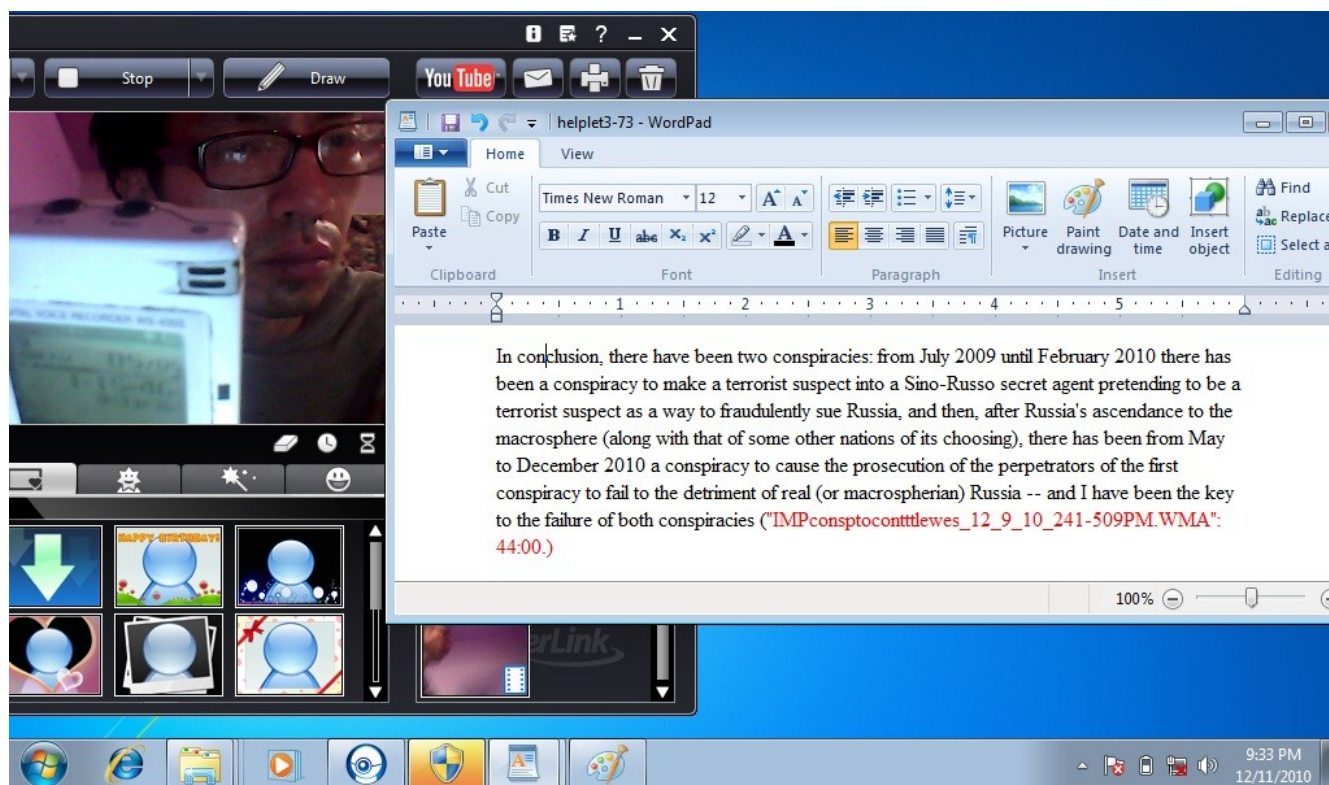
My next recordings are: “mtlbuyfood\_12\_11\_10\_253-304PM.WMA”, “mtl\_12\_11\_10\_304-457PM.WMA”, “napmtlwk\_12\_11\_10\_458-808PM.WMA”, and “IMPmtl\_12\_11\_10\_809-926PM.WMA”: I continued writing my letter in the motel room: “The conspiracy to cause the prosecution to fail.... A squared circle...” Then, the wrong conclusion: “The official story is the Microspherian official story, not the Macrospherian...” I played MIA, and both my left side and right side hurt repeatedly. Then, while there was Bible talk on cable TV, I took a nap. When I woke up, I came up with more wrong scenarios: “There will be a trial in Taiwan as well, to prosecute the Taiwanese president who has worked with the Boss... And the Monkey is going to help us... We are already making it into a conspiracy before it even begins... Maybe we should just commit suicide... There will also be a trial in France...” Then more gibberish about going to Taiwan and France. I decided: “So what’s going to happen is this: we will be fed with more secrets as to who’s gonna be prosecuted in Taiwan and France... And we will be known as the piece of crap we are reduced to...” I began complaining about the injustice of it all: “The Monkey messed up the machine for 10 days, and our entire life will be... We have been made into a different person by the prosecution...” Then I moaned: “I’m pregnant with this prosecution... Please dump away Mr B and change the whole strategy!... We don’t regret saving Russia, but we do regret this second phase, *having to become the impossible*... And I must know all this fucking garbage!” As I continued writing, people were again making noises outside, and I again wrongly assumed they were directed by the control center to come here to destroy my recording. Like a typical targeted individual! For a while, I read out what I was writing the loudest I could.

My next recording is: “IMPmtl\_12\_12\_10\_927-1112PM.WMA” (...12\_11\_10\_927-1112PM...): I continued to write and transcribe what I had already realized: “... the conspiracy to rig the trial so that the Macrospherians can save us all...” Then: “We wouldn’t go anywhere near the Pyramid... This episode has to be dropped... Mr B... prosecuted... it’s enough that he is prosecuted for the crimes he has already committed... I don’t really believe in framing yourself to get yourself prosecuted for more crimes... We cannot accomplish our mission... We will try to prevent ourselves from accomplishing our next mission, being helped by Mr B... It’s time for the Macrospherians to help us... Don’t ruin my reputation, please...” I continued to transcribe: “.. there is a conspiracy to rig the trial, through a Mexican mole whom the defendants had sent into the prosecuting team, forcing the prosecution team to confirm a squared circle, an oxymoron which it is impossible to find in the universe, so that the



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prosecution can never succeed... one lies, and the other believes lies, about this squared circle... That's why they have been chosen as moles..." When someone was shouting outside, I was alarmed and turned up the TV (47:00). I then continued writing: "... this is detrimental to the Macrospherians who have been waiting, waiting for the result of the prosecution, which will never arrive because one will never find a squared circle in the universe..." Then: "The Russians don't want us to accomplish our mission, they like us just the way we are... Only Mary C wants us to accomplish our mission..." As you can see, I have increasingly focused on Mary C rather than the Monkey as the true source of my irresistible desire to kill people. Then when I was backing up my files, I kept getting pain signals. I then wrote on paper: "Mr B's false profile of me also includes: undisciplined, disobedient, trouble-making, drug-using, drunken... so many times that we get duped..."



And so I wrote down the conclusion to my "different version" tonight

My next recording is: "IMPmtl\_12\_12\_10\_1111-1153PM.WMA" (...12\_11\_10\_1111-1153PM...): While I was watching TV, my right hand hurt repeatedly. More wrong scenario: "Somebody is trying to get us out of being helped by Mr B, the second worst thing in the world... the worst is being harmed by him... a person who can imagine up an oxymoron like that shouldn't be allowed inside the control center..." And my left side hurt. "Is the French pyramid DGHTR's?" Then I reflected on the prisoners' dilemma again: "... I'm the only one who contemplates... What's the worst scenario? Mr B... the Pyramid beaten up, and I get jailed... How do I change the game? By not playing the game..." Then: "There is not gonna be any game, DGHTR needs to take over the trial process in Taiwan and France... I contemplate the whole game by contemplating what selfish interests will motivate Mr B and the

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Pyramid to do...”

My next recording is: “mtlrealization\_12\_12\_10\_1208-127AM.WMA”: I continued my worthless reflection: “The French pyramid could be DGHTR’s, since he has been released onto the Macrosphere... Don’t harbor any anger toward anyone, that will give Mary C a chance to argue: ‘It’s time for him to finish his mission...’ That’s why there is always a domino effect whenever I get provoked... Even if you have PK thoughts, it’s okay, because you will never act on them... That day, the Great Psychologist caused the release of anger... She was trying to help us...” Then: “There is no computer running a ‘script’... There *is* a computer controlling the environment... We cannot let Mary C win, we cannot let Mr B succeed, we must not run into the Pyramid... The control center is a court room, and now we have a mental image of it... Downtown LA is full of important people, and they are all watching this homeless man... All these actors, they all have to act as if nothing were going on... It’s about proving that we are either incapable of finishing, or are not going to finish, our mission... We have already committed conspiracy with everybody inside... The Macrospherians’ immunity has been established, there is nothing they can do... Even though Mary C still tries so hard... What’s left is our mission, and the trial in Taiwan and France... Even though he has figured out everything, even though he has decided not to get provoked, Mary C might still try, might still argue, ‘It’s not been proven beyond reasonable doubt that he is incapable of getting into a fight... The black guy this morning, I told him I’ll not get into a fight because I have my computer here... Mary C is like, ‘Try again... Try again...’” And my right hand hurt. “That’s why all these actors begin to admit they are actors, the black guy was telling the truth that morning, ‘50 dollars a hour’, because the whole Microsphere is now in conspiracy with me... We will never have anything to do with Mommy again... Like last night, because we said we’ll die for Mommy, we had to be tested to the maximum again, in order to produce the testimony that we will never have anything to do with Mommy, in order to cancel the evidence...”<sup>18</sup> Finally: “Is Mary C angry with us? Or does she simply not want us to tell?”

### **December 12 (Sunday; “cognitive-behavioral torture”)**

My first recording of the new day is: “buycoffee\_12\_12\_10\_835-850AM.WMA”: After I woke up, I went out to get my morning coffee. I noticed a suspicious car parked outside and wondered if it was law enforcement. “What if we are really under law enforcement investigation?... the Macrospherians...” Again, paranoid over nothing!

My next recording is: “bbletvneoconpln\_12\_12\_10\_850-1131AM.WMA”: Strangely, as soon as I switched file on my recorder, there appeared on TV an advertisement for the CIA clandestine service. I was convinced that it was replacement of evidence. In reality, it was just a meaningless coincidence. I switched channels, and it was now Bible talk again (10:00). The preacher was preaching about the anti-Christ. I again wrongly assumed that the control center was feeding me with information, and so, after I heard the sermon, came to my conclusion about the “neocon plan”: “Orchestrate a nuclear holocaust... American evangelicals would believe it was the end time... Orchestrate the rebuilding of the temple in Jerusalem... American president being recognized as the anti-Christ... And Israel will become the center of the new humanity...” The strange thing is that, even though there was no feeding me with secrets, my

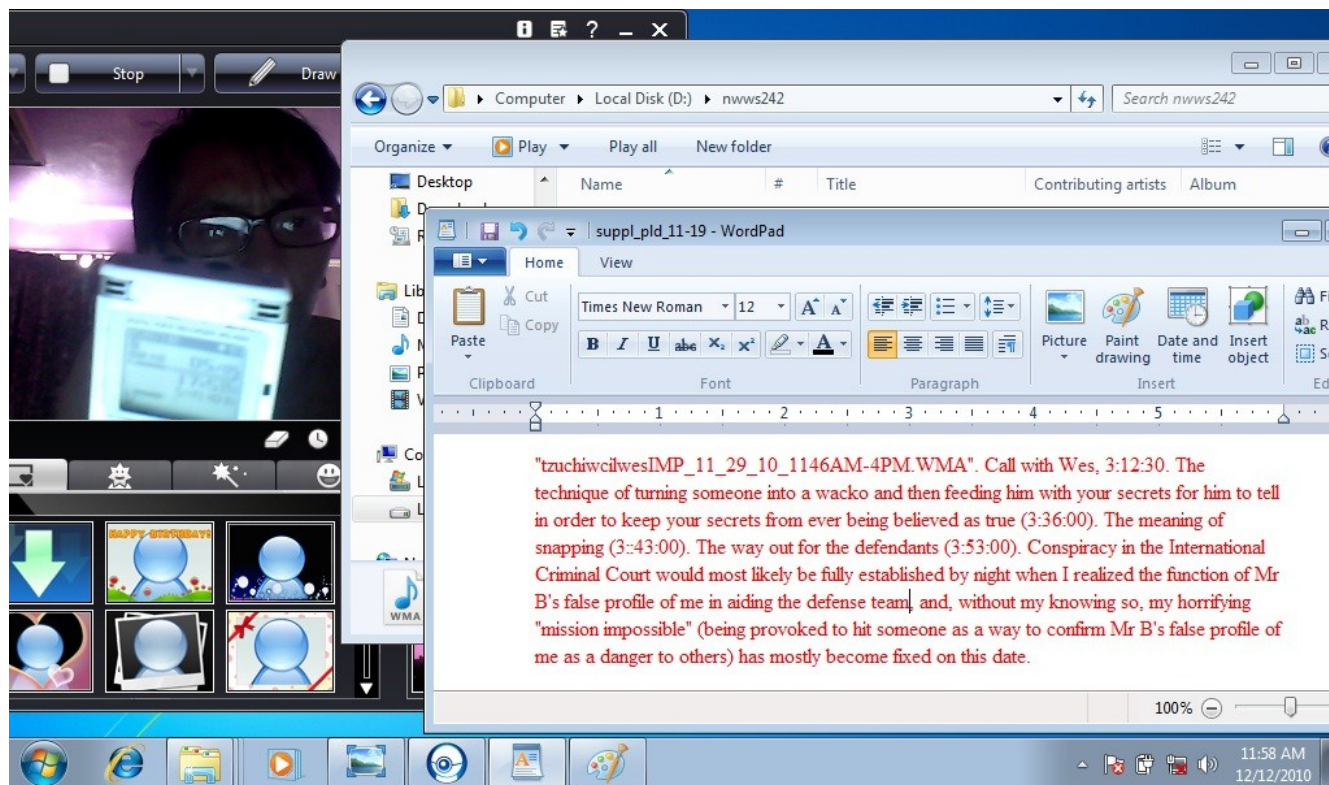
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<sup>18</sup> Again, see Footnote 16.

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conclusion bore a strange resemblance to truth insofar as the Boss really did intend to orchestrate nuclear holocaust and make it conform to Biblical prophecies. Then, on 1:04:00, not knowing how stupid I was, I warned the Macrospherians about committing the same fault as the neocons! “They should heed Voegelin's warning....” Then: “Why is it so important to manipulate the American evangelicals? Because the American president is supposed to be the anti-Christ...” Then, after a while, I reflected on the “compensation” I deserved, my life with my French pyramid: “It’s best to live in a small European city like Lille...” Then, thinking about what Wes had said, I mumbled: “*We need to play a different trial*, Mr B must be kept out, and our reputation must be kept out of the game... We cannot be provoked so that it would look like it’s our own fault... We don’t ever want to have anything to do with the Mexican family...”

My next recording is: “wrtreccentsupl11\_12\_12\_10\_1131AM-107PM.WMA”: I continued writing in my motel room. Then: “This is human rights abuse, to turn somebody into something impossible using severe pain... On the 20<sup>th</sup>, the Macrospherians will take over, they will do their own trial... Then we will not have to turn into something impossible... There will be no more mission.... It’s impossible to commit conspiracy with the Macrospherians, the defendants will be prosecuted, and we will be adopted...” Ha! All bullshit! But here lies the origin of my strange conception – which would persist for the next several years – that the Macrospherians looked favorably upon me, as if I were their precious child.



The wrong scenario I concocted for November 29 this morning

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My next recording is: “mtlaftertrial\_12\_12\_10\_107-137PM.WMA”: I continued: “Okay, this is the Macrospherians’ interests: ‘We will dump the Microspherians, you guys are too dumb...’ On the 21<sup>st</sup>, they will do it themselves because the Microspherians are too dumb... And what does it mean that we can’t commit conspiracy with the Macrospherians? It means that they have immunity... which means that, even if we are conscious of it when they collect evidences from us, they can still use the evidences... There is no way to hide the rest... and so if there will be a trial in Taiwan and France, it’s only the Macrospherians who can do it... which means that there is no more profile and no more mission and nothing...” Again, it was all a further development from my “different version”. Then: “We are not gonna get helped by the fucking Monkey... Dr Linehan is a genius, she first made us into autistic... and now she is reversing the process...” Bullshit! There was no psychologist involved at all!

My next recording is: “buyfood\_12\_12\_10\_137-146PM.WMA”: Then I went out to buy food. “Wes told us not to figure out the Macrospherians’ interests, but we *have to* figure out their interests in order to... Every time when he suggests three things, only one is good... And you really think the Great Psychologist is Dr Linehan?... Maybe we are duped into believing it’s she... It doesn’t matter, we know that there *is* a Great Psychologist....” Wrong!

My next recording is: “rflctnmtlnap\_12\_12\_10\_146-536PM.WMA”: When I came back to my motel room, I left a message for Wes: “Wes, call me back, something important!” (16:00) Not knowing that all my scenarios were wrong, I continued to make my conditions to the Macrospherians: “What we do in the future has to be our own free choice, rather than being forced to do it... Don’t go into the shelter, it’s run by Mr B, don’t run into the Pyramid... don’t accept her help...” Ha! All wrong! “Why did the Macrospherians create in us resistance to the evidentiary process to come? So that we can be forced to do it!” And my right side hurt. “That means we *will* be deprived of money... Now the question: do we have to *be* in Taiwan in order for the trial to begin in Taiwan?” Then: “How to distinguish between true help from false help? True help is when money arrives with no strings attached... We don’t trust PM... That might be exactly what he has wanted... PM is not going to recruit us, because he needs to take care of his face, he’s going to get Mommy to recruit us...” Then: “The most important thing is reputation, and independence... Even though I’m the only person here doing good things, everybody dumps his or her shit on me... You have just saved the world, that’s all! It’s the opposite world...” Then: “Tell Mr B to go fuck himself, he doesn’t need to be prosecuted for more crimes than he has already committed, just go get prosecuted...” Then: “Mary C wants me to finish my mission because she wants me to ruin my own reputation, she doesn’t care whether I die or not, as long as nobody believes anything I say...” Note that, on 3:37:00, BBC News was on TV and there was a news report about Berlusconi – how he profited from Italy’s energy deals with Russia.<sup>19</sup>

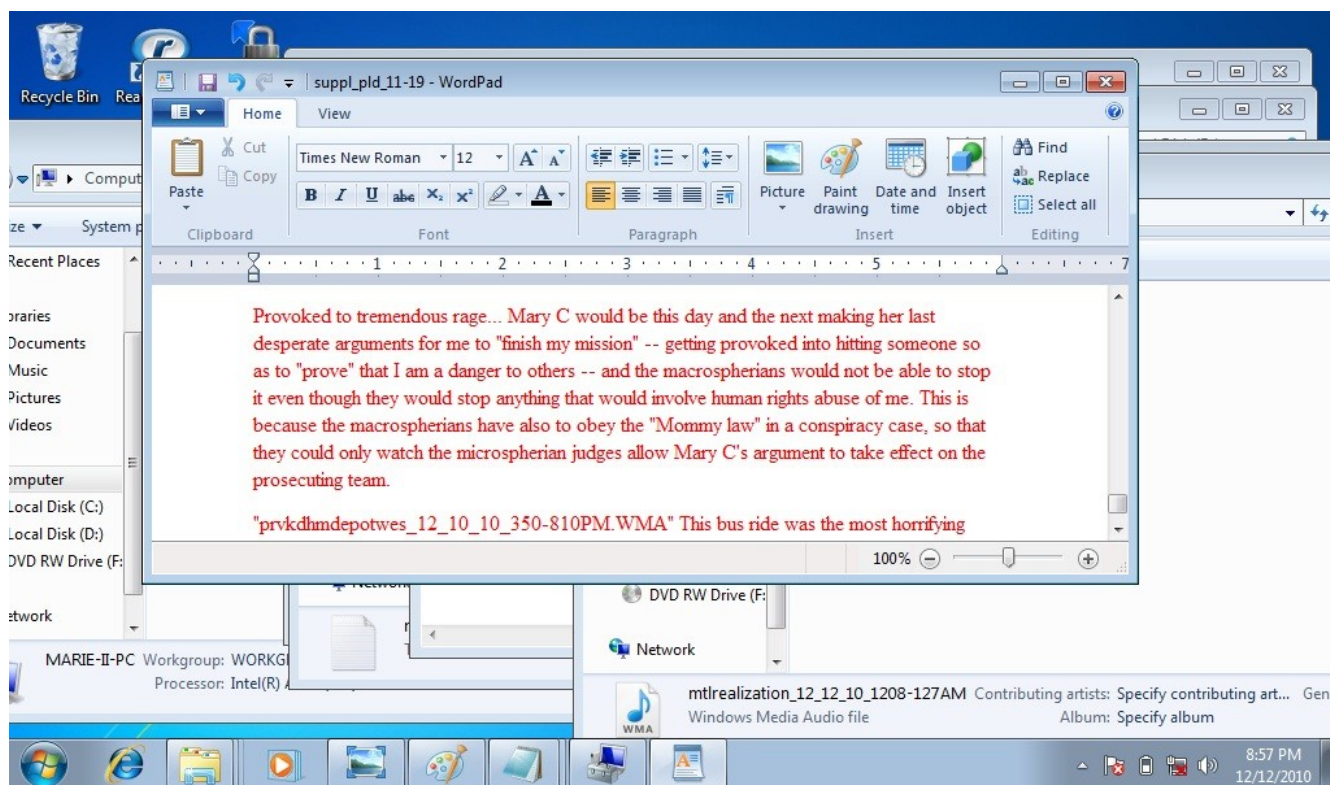
The next recording is lost. But my next recording after that is: “wkmtl\_12\_12\_10\_721-932PM.WMA”: I was still in the motel room. I called Wes, but he was still not home (1:00). I comforted myself: “Not everything we write about has to be repeated...” (28:30). Then I continued writing. Then: “Mary C has a lot of power, controlling the prosecuting team with her arguments... A master of clandestine ops...” (51:45). Then my left side hurt. Then my wrong scenario: “The Microspherians do not want the Macrospherians to know that the story is all made-up... They don’t want the Macrospherians to know

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19 As I have mentioned in the Appendix of the previous Document.

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me... They don't want the Macrospherians to know that I can do anything at all..." (59:00). Then I wrote more. Then: "The Microspherians don't want the Macrospherians to know me because the Monkey has messed things up and the Microspherians have had to cheat... They don't want the Macrospherians to know how badly they have messed up..." (1:14:00). Then I continued writing: Mary C made arguments in order for me to finish my mission... (1:24:00). Then: "The Macrospherians won't stop my human rights abuse because I need to finish my mission... That's why the Microspherians don't want us to write, the Monkey has said we can't write and the Macrospherians might find out this is not true..." (1:31:00). Then more wrong scenario: "Raissa is the Monkey's friend, he wants to make himself look good by helping me and putting me in a group home..." (1:57:00). I then went to check the laundromat's hours.



I attributed the "torture" yesterday and the day before to Mary C again

My next recording is: "mtl204iso\_12\_12\_10\_943-1130PM.WMA": I continued to speculate in my motel room. "The Macrospherians... We'll get help for writing our story... They want us to be hospitalized in order to prevent us from writing our story... They don't want us to tell..." Then, Tori Amos was on TV. "Mommy will not recruit us, don't worry..." (22:00). Then, my Windows Explorer froze up, and I filmed it (32:30). "Something has to happen – either noise or machine malfunctioning – so that every day we will suffer a predetermined amount of frustration..." (1:07:30). Then: "I got duped into filing this lawsuit against the Pyramid and emailing the Pyramid's lawyer because I thought the prosecuting team's intention was good..." (1:26:30). Then: "Pain at the present is greatly aggravated by expectation of pain in the future..." (1:41:30) Good analysis!

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My next recording is: “dvd204cgntvetrture\_12\_12-13\_10\_1130PM-425AM.WMA”: I continued to talk to myself in my motel room. I was now analyzing pain. A “phenomenology of pain”: “... It’s time which has caused pain to be so intense and effective...” (10:00). “It’s my goals... and time... which pain presupposes... Reputation presupposes relationships... The absence of pleasure... Any psychological pain presupposes: (1) using tools and (2) communicating with others...” (14:00). “Hence reputation: everyone wants to be known by others... Communication has two purposes: sharing experiences and becoming known... These Siloviki have developed a new technique of torture without touching you... Maybe they want to use it to interrogate terrorists from Caucasus...” Ha! Bullshit. I just couldn’t realize that it was all in my mind! “You use this technique and no one can complain about it... But, how about just read their thoughts...” (until 23:30). “*The Geneva Convention should measure torture by its effects rather than by its means... and permit justifiable torture...*” (25:00). By effects and not by means: that’s certainly something which the targeted individuals would want to argue to human rights organizations. “This is a good idea: instead of prohibiting torture and thereby causing nations to go around the laws (with ever more ingenious ways), you should permit it a little...” (31:00). “Just as the defendants have their lawyers, so, as the evidence, I also have a lawyer, and he is defending me irrespective of the fate of the world... This is a fair trial...” (1:52:00). Bullshit! “Is it DGHTR? The Macrospherians have also gathered evidences about the abuses we have suffered in the hands of Microspherians...” (1:55:00). “Anything that has happened, we will write about... It has nothing to do with conspiracy or no conspiracy...” (2:05:00). Then about the “Monkey bitch”: “That’s how she thinks: ‘Just put him away, I don’t care how he feels, since I don’t have to feel it’...” (2:31:00). “I cut myself because, although suffering injustice, I can’t right it, because of the consequences in the future... And taking it out on oneself entails no consequences... The Macrospherians will spare us if we do...” And my right side hurt (2:33:30). “*It is my belief system which has caused me to fear noises*, because my recorder didn’t actually catch the noises...” (3:00:00). That’s correct! I should have developed on that! “We want the Monkey to be prosecuted for exactly what he has done, not anything more...” (3:05:00). I then wrote down my analysis of how provocation worked (3:14:00). And the origin of my Hispanophobia (3:21:00). That’s when I concluded that the provocation yesterday morning was Mary C’s attempt to get me to finish my mission. My worry: “Our belief system has got us into such pain which no one else can ever understand...” (4:03:00). I eventually discovered that my torture was in essence the opposite of cognitive-behavioral treatment: it was, namely, “cognitive behavioral torture”. How this works is like this: find out what a person cares about, then institute signs around him to make him believe that what he cares about has evaporated (4:10:30). What a brilliant analysis! Only if the torture was real and not all in my mind so that the analysis was not all about an imaginary reality!

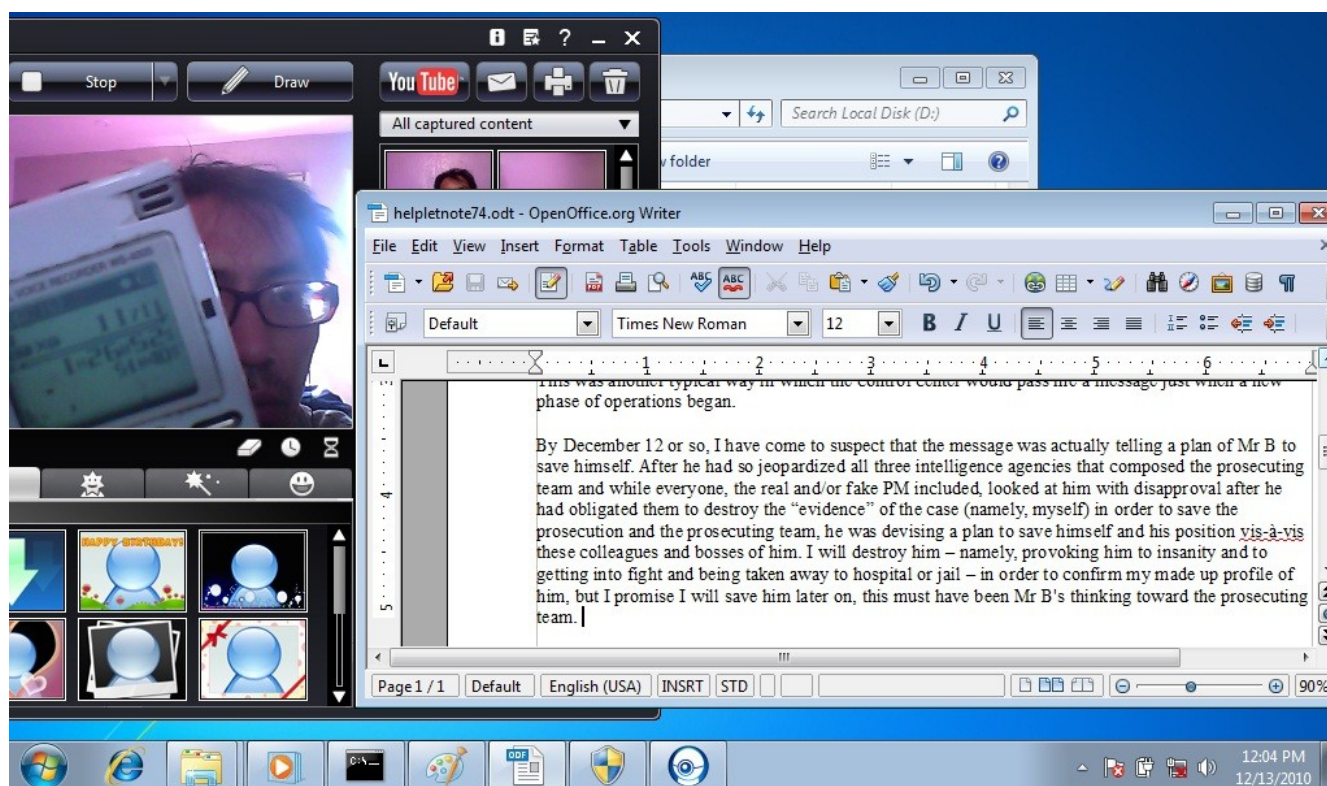
### **December 13 (Monday; my “different version” almost completed)**

My next recordings are: “lundro\_12\_13\_10\_426-504AM.WMA”, “lundro\_12\_13\_10\_504-513AM.WMA”, “lundrodnut\_12\_13\_10\_513-522AM.WMA”, and “mtlnews\_12\_13\_10\_522-553AM.WMA”: I went in and out of my motel room to go to the laundromat to wash my clothes. So early in the morning! Because it’s the only way to avoid children! I continued my psychoanalysis of myself: “We need to fill up the reservoir in our psyche with pleasures, and we need to not be so conscious of being watched...” Then: “It should be possible for us to meet the Macrospherians face to

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face in the future because they have immunity...” When Bible talk was on TV again – “The Mark of the Elites” – the control center hurt my right knee. More: “Mr B used PM as a ladder, then stabbed him in the back, all in order to get ahead, that’s not a friend!” Only after 6 AM did I go to sleep. I would stay in this motel for one more day.

My next recording is: “wrtmrplan\_12\_13\_10\_1028AM-1247PM.WMA”: I continued to write my letter of petition. Then: “Mr Chertoff must have made the argument that we were willing to sacrifice ourselves to bring him down, but now the evidences show just the opposite, that we aren’t willing to sacrifice ourselves in order to bring down the Pyramid and her father...” I continued writing, and my left hand hurt. Then: “We don’t understand any of these messages, and so, to counter Mr Chertoff’s argument, the prosecuting team is saying ‘He is in fact very dumb. He simply doesn’t understand what these messages mean which the intelligence agencies are communicating to him’...”



Today, I elaborated on my wrong scenario about  
the Monkey’s nefarious plan for me

My next recording is: “12\_13\_10\_1255-139PM.WMA”: I continued: “... we are doing this for ourselves... Why? Do you want the judges to look at our website? But that’s what the lawsuit... you can only get help... because that’s another official story... evidences are extracted... that’s supposed to be law enforcement surveillance...” then I complained about people’s acting again. Wrong!

My next recordings are: “wrtnoisesmtl\_12\_13\_10\_139-158PM.WMA” and “mtlwrt\_12\_13\_10\_158-

501PM.WMA”: I then went out to buy doughnuts and cigarettes, and I came back believing I had grasped the upcoming operation: “We will run tino the Pyramid, we will not do anything, but the actors around us will falsely accuse us of harassing her, we will be arrested, our recordings will be deleted, and then she will help us...” This was supposedly how the Monkey was going to make himself appear as a saint – by helping someone who had tried to harm him – while making me look totally bad. I continued: “The Pyramid will also be prosecuted, she and her father are falling into a sting operation, but they don’t believe it because they are a royal family...” I continued: “I’m not going to accomplish my mission, I’m just going to walk away... By saving myself thusly, I’m also saving the Monkey bitch... She believes that feminist ideology has elevated her above the rest of mankind... But no, *that’s not how the Macrospherians think*, for them one’s worth is determined by how one comports to other people in concrete circumstances...” What I had said again bore some resemblance to truth insofar as the “Macrospherian program” was decidedly anti-feminist. I then began regurgitating my theory about gender differences and feminism and so on: “Men are more likely to go into the extremes, they are either geniuses or criminals, women on the other hand are never really good nor are they really bad... When women go into politics, they don’t behave differently from men because the system is already set up that way... Judge Higgins will take my advice in building her secret New World Order... As long as the system doesn’t change, those women elected to powerful positions will behave just like men, I’m sure she knows that already... I hope our sexuality didn’t offend her... This is very interesting, to change the system so that when women get in they will indeed behave differently.... And now the nation that has saved the world just happens to be male-dominated...” Although I was again speculating on judge Higgins’ program – since the program indeed had something to do with feminism – I was now totally on the wrong track. Then: “By now all we want is for machines to function, then, when machines do function, we will want a girlfriend...” Then: “We don’t know what Mommy’s real attitude toward feminism is...” Then, while I kept on talking about changing the system, cars were honking continually outside as if to confirm (49:00). Not! I then resumed writing my petition letter. More wrong scenario: “The judges found the Russian intelligence service very useful in transforming the world, because they understand the little people so well... They understand foreign cultures so well due to their need to infiltrate them...” And my right side hurt. Then my left hand hurt. I became scared by all the signals. Then: “Watching this TV is also supposed to be evidence in this fake lawsuit...” (1:28:00). Then: “Oh, it’s evidence that I’m pretending to not remember my past history as David Chin...” Then, I had another realization, and I wrote it down on my diary immediately:

4 PM. I thus realize that the law enforcement and/or FBI surveillance over me has concluded that I am a danger to others, but that I have never hurt anyone physically only because I am afraid of the consequences. Thus is Mr B’s false profile of me as being a danger to others confirmed in the International Criminal Court in the Microsphere. The FBI must have also concluded that I suffer from both autism and schizophrenia. They must have also concluded that I am racist toward both Hispanics and black people, even though I only dislike Hispanic people. They must have also concluded that I have the habit of sexually harassing females, that I hate Russians, that I hate the American president, and that I am drunken, drug-using, non-reading, non-writing, and non-French-speaking. This surveillance evidence of my being a danger to others and sexually harassing females is had thanks to all the actors and actresses who act like they are scared or sexually harassed no matter what I



do while I am under surveillance. This is about as far as Mr B's false profile can be confirmed through my conditioning, all the acting around me, etc.

My next recordings are: "mtl\_12\_13\_10\_501-625PM.WMA" and "wrtletsupl11-926whynowrt\_12\_13\_10\_637-836PM.WMA": I then continued to write my letter of petition. I continued to elaborate how the Monkey's plan was supposed to work: how actors would lure me to appear in front of the Pyramid, how they would then suddenly beat me down so that everyone, on the basis of the appearance thus created, could then accuse me of trying to hurt the Pyramid, how I would then be locked up in psychiatric care, how the Pyramid would then pretend to care for me, how the Monkey could then save the prosecution (since I had conformed to his false profile of me) while increasing his reputation at the same time, how no one outside this theater would know that I was framed, etc. Now what would become of this plan now that I had written it down? I asked myself.<sup>20</sup> Then my revelation again: "Oh, that's why people are telling us not to write! Because Mr B is saying that we can't write." And the control center hurt my right side. I continued: "The more I write, the more I'm getting the prosecution team into trouble; The more I write, the more I'm getting lumped with the defense team. That's why I'm getting these warnings!" Then: "What's the story? That the defense team sent a mole to the prosecuting team... in order to force them to turn me into something else, and, as long as I refuse to be turned into this something else, both Mr B and I are causing the prosecution to collapse, so both of us are aiding the defense team... The defense team sent Mr B to the prosecuting team knowing that I will refuse to be something else than myself... What am I supposed to do?" Again, since this bore strange resemblance to what had actually happened – the French could indeed be said to have sent in the Monkey as a mole knowing I would refuse to conform to his false profile of me (even if he turned out in the end to work for the CIA) – I was again just reciting my "different version". Then: "Well, it doesn't really matter anymore – whether the prosecuting team can confirm that Mr B's profile of me is correct... We are just a victim!" Then: "So the signals are meant to prevent us from being lumped with the defense team..." Bullshit! Then: "Why am I not supposed to use computers? Did Mr B say I don't use computers at all?" Then: "He must have said all our files are forged, right? We are not going to stop using our computer..." Now I was correct. Then: "It's the prosecuting team which is running operations on me... They want me to fit Mr B's profile... The defense team *wants* me to write... Before Mr B was caught as a mole, the defense team wanted me to express my nature, but the prosecuting team did not... It's ever more important to petition in order to find out whether Mr B is really prosecuted... I'm a victim... I'm the last person to know what's going on..."

My next recording is: "mtl\_3\_13\_10\_836-911PM.WMA" (...12\_13\_10...): I continued my worthless speculation: "What about our past writings that are already in the evidentiary records? Is the prosecuting team now saying they are forged?" Then about how impossible it was for me to conform to the Monkey's false profile of me: "When you are angry, you are not autistic, and when you are autistic, you are not angry, and so you can never be both at the same time." Then I concluded: "It's okay to write then. It's the defense team which will provide us with 100,000 dollars for us to write. I don't care who is giving me the money, just give me the money! That's why all the actors and actresses were so mean to us, we are considered America's 'enemy', we are conspirator with the defendants..." All the wrong scenarios!

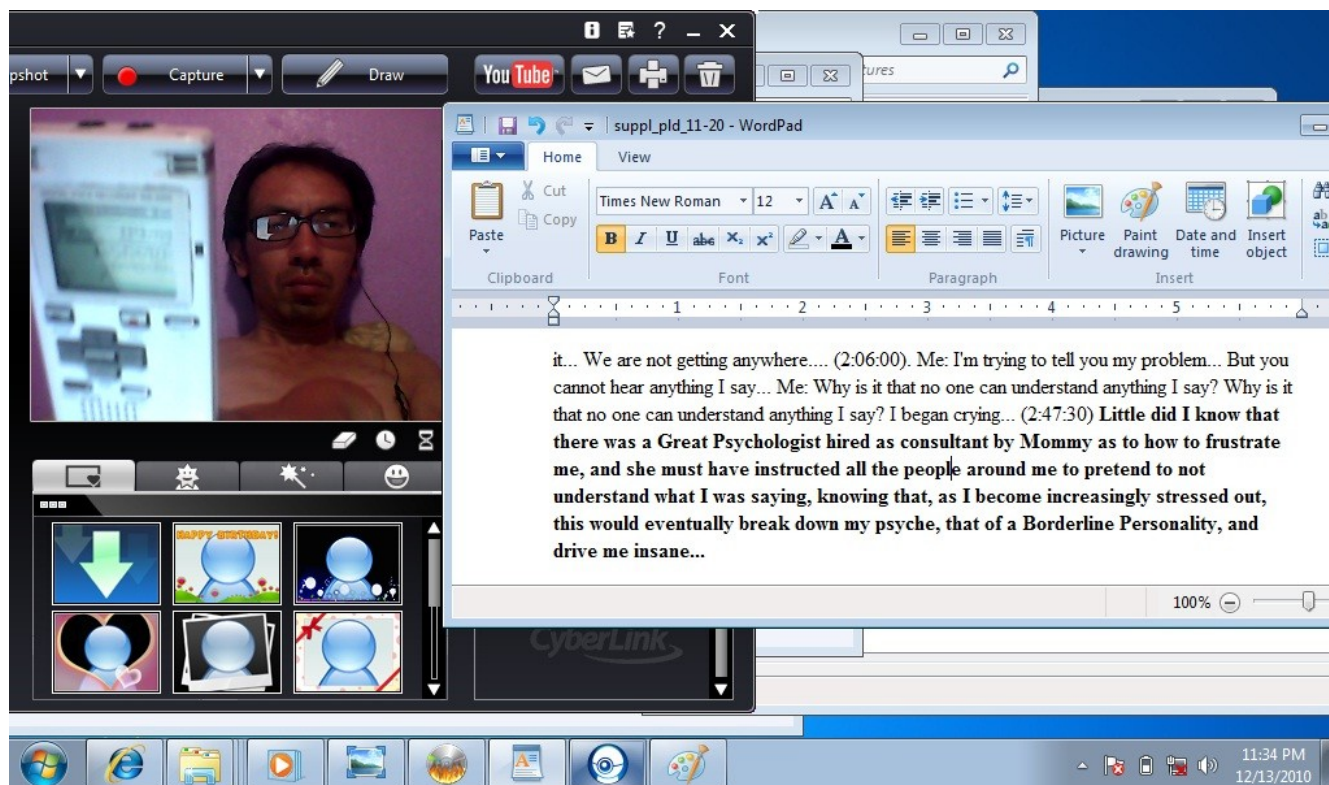
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20 See "helplet3-74.xps" (2010-12-13), p. 137 – 8.

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My next recordings are: “dnutwhynowrt\_12\_13\_10\_911-929PM.WMA” and “whynowrtsupl11-926\_12\_13-14\_10\_929PM-1213AM.WMA”: I then went out to get doughnuts again. “I don’t get this part about not using my computer...” When I came back to my room and resumed writing, I suddenly came to a full revelation: “Both Mr B’s and my action would cause the prosecution to fail, that’s why we are lumped with the defense team... Mr B is desperate, and, as long as I write while he keeps on arguing that I don’t really write, this would cause the prosecution to fail, hence it’s a conspiracy against the Macrospherians, hence we keep getting signals telling us not to do it, Mr B is forging the intercepts of our thoughts at the moment, he’s scared to death” – and there was siren outside as if to confirm! – “And so we get it!” (9:30) In other words, while Mr B was forced to stick to the false profile he had constructed of me, I kept violating it with my actions, causing the prosecution to flunk. Again, the strange resemblance of my wrong scenario to what was going on before October (how I was causing the Daughter People to lose the trial by not conforming to Mr B’s false profile of me) qualified it as my “different version”. Then: “What about our computer? Did he say DGHTR forge it? Why would the Monkey bitch believe it?” Then I got worried: “Mexico really *is* in disorder, we don’t mean to offend any of the judges...” Now this was worrying over nothing. “But Mr B is not a good man... And I undersand now what the prisoners’ dilemma is about: when everyone cares only about his own interests, the prosecutors, the defendants, and myself, the prosecution will fail, but when one person contemplates on the whole situation, namely me, this would cause the whole prosecution to become a conspiracy, thus allowing the Macrospherians to save everyone, except the defendants...” Now this was pure bullshit even though it sounded so reasonable (*vraie semblance*). I continued: “I just hope that we will be adopted by the Macrospherians and have a good life afterwards...” (What had judge Higgins really planned for me? To adopt me and make me into a star after she had made me a terrorist anew?) As I kept on writing, the control center continually hurt my left arm. “It’s just the Monkey! Well, just go to jail, it’s no big deal, why do you think you are so important?”

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When I worked on past instances where people couldn't understand me,  
I began attributing them to the Great Psychologist hired to torture me

My next recording is: "mlltv dvd205\_12\_14\_10\_1219-256AM.WMA": As I was transcribing my suggestion to Mr B: "Do you want to do me good and advertise it or do you want to do me bad and hide it", I suddenly realized: "It's bad to suggest to Mr B that he should do good things to advertise them, for, when he tries to do good things, it will just be bad things in disguise, it's better that he does nothing at all..." As I was burning a new disc, the control center continually hurt my left side. Why? I kept wondering.

### **December 14 (Tuesday; Wes: "Don't think about it")**

My next recordings are: "dnut\_12\_14\_10\_945-1002AM.WMA" and "chkutmtl21provblulin\_12\_14\_10\_1055AM-123PM.WMA": After I woke up, I went out to get my doughnuts. When I came back, I checked out of my motel room. I then rode the bus to downtown Long Beach and came into a department store to do some shopping. I recorded the thoughts I was having while on the bus: "We were thinking: what does the official story really say? There was a 'Ding' just when we thought about the one-arm man in 'Schindler's List', he's so brainwashed... That's what the official story is going to say about us: 'He did it because he's so scared'..." Then about the Monkey: "He didn't know that his lies were so stupid that nobody would believe them... He really didn't know he's stupid because he's completely uneducated... When they discovered he wanted to change the machine, they had to let him 'finish his mission'... That's why they need to get rid of this law... Now when the Monkey Bitch shows

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up, run the other way...” I was indeed right about how the Daughter People had to let the Monkey finish his mission back in April. I then rode the Metro Blue Line to downtown and came near my storage facility. I found a quiet corner and called up Wes.

My next recording is: “tostrgrfnchteam\_12\_14\_10\_123-405PM.WMA”: I was connected with Wes the second time on 0:45. I told him I had figured out why everyone was persuading me not to write: the Monkey’s false profile of me must have also included the falsehood that I never wrote anything. But I then asked him why everyone was persuading me not to use my computer. What did the Monkey say about my computer? Did he say I never used a computer? But that would be so bizarre! “Who told you not to use your computer?” “You,” I replied, rather amazed. “You *can* use computers. I’m just telling you not to use a computer when you are around people who would aggravate you...” (2:25). He then suggested that I use the computer in the library or when I was hiding out in a corner. “Yeah, but that only worked in the past, before I was banned from all libraries” (3:34). “But you can use certain libraries, like the library in UCI. I’m sure you won’t get kicked out from there,” Wes insisted. I then told him about my current worry, namely: what would those people referred to as the “Macrospherians” do about me in a few days when the trial should come to an end? I continued: “I got lumped with the defense team, and I will cause the prosecution to fail just by being myself... And there is nothing I can do about that...” (until 4:58). More: “I need to get a lot of cash so that I can be independent. I suppose they (namely, the Macrospherians) can still get me to do what they want me to do by getting me to choose what they want me to choose” (until 5:34). I was sort of correct here: judge Higgins had plans for me – needed me to do things for her – and she would simply have the CIA control me like a robot to accomplish it – to control me to always choose to do what she wanted me to do. Then, my next worry: there is going to be a trial in Taiwan and France if I go there. My wish is that these trials should be separate from the current trial. “These new trials should be run by the Macrospherians themselves, trials where I can just be myself and where I would not need to live in a computerized environment” (until 6:52). “That’s why my computer keeps malfunctioning....” Then: “The Monkey... He has forced the prosecuting team... He must have said something about my computer...” More: “There is going to be a trial... And what is going to be my function in it?” I then told Wes about my next worry, that the Monkey might want to save himself by damning me to infamy. “Because he is supposed to...” Just at this point, the birds began singing (8:00). I couldn’t help but assume that it was the control center’s confirmation! Ha! I continued: He would command all the people around me to provoke me and to get me in trouble, and then command everyone I’d met, my family members and the Taiwanese consulate staff and so on, to help me and put me in a group home which he himself would be financing. Then he would send his own daughter (the Monkey Pyramid) to pretend to help me, so that it would all look as if, even though I had developed all these slandering delusions about him, he was willing to forgive me and help me. “But now that I have said it, it shouldn’t happen, right?” I had thus achieved my purpose. Wes suddenly asked: “When you, huh, when you write your theory about what happened, why it happened, do you ever read it over again later?” “Yeah, all the time!” “Do you...” “What?” “Do you ever realize that you were wrong?” “Yeah, all the time!” And so Wes tried to enlighten me: “*The whole point is that you might be all upset about something of which you are not quite sure, and it’d turn out that you are wrong...*” (9:49). “Yeah, except that this plan seems to explain everything that has happened so far. But now that I have said it, it shouldn’t happen!” (10:10) “But it does take place. Now that you have said it will not take place, it will take place,” Wes rebutted me (10:18). “No, it will now

definitely not take place,” I insisted. “See, you just admitted it will take place, and so you have a problem when saying – because you say it’s not going to take place, you negate it, and so it will take place. However – ” “No,” I interrupted him: “... now that I have said it, it will definitely not take place.” “If you negate it, it didn’t, and it *will* take place,” Wes continued. “What?” “Every time you negate it... you prevent it from being effective, it changes it... So it goes from taking place, to not taking place, to taking place...” I explained: “But the point is not about negating things, it’s about how, if I could predict the future, it would just be very weird... I’m not supposed to be able to predict the future.” At the time I was very surprised by Wes’ strange reasoning. I would later believe he was communicating to me someone else’s argument, which seemed to consist in confusing my attempt to preempt orchestrated misfortune through prediction with a certain rule that the opposite of my expectation should always happen, a rule which was supposed to result in an undecided infinite series. “I just want to make sure that I will not be helped –” just at this point the crows shouted (15:26). As if the control center were confirming me again! I continued: “But now that I would not be provoked, I’ll just wander the streets for 7 more days... The prosecution has failed, the outsiders will take over... But what are they going to do about me?” Wes: “I don’t know...” I continued: “The real help is help that would allow me to be independent... without damaging my reputation...” Wes suddenly suggested: “Do you know what you should do? *You should stop thinking about it...*” And he kept insisting on it. But I wouldn’t listen to him: “It’s the defense team which has promised to help me... the outsiders will take over the helping thing...” Wes rebutted me: “They can do anything... They can throw you into a paradise, with money and a girlfriend, or they can throw you into jail...” I disagreed: what Wes said simply did not fit into my scenarios. I then described how the FBI did conclude an investigation of me: “I don’t want the information to get out...” Wes continued to insist that I shouldn’t think about it. I continued: “The problem is how everything will look according to laws...” Wes: “I don’t know...” We then talked about his impending return to California. I asked him to see me first before meeting his other friends, and he insisted that I should get rid of the lice on my body. We then argued about whether people had really told me not to use my computer and why “they” had prevented me from using my computer by constantly causing it to malfunction. Wes was incredulous: “*You are just guessing...*” We hanged up on 31:37. Then, I rested in my corner a little and, on 1:04:00, came inside my storage facility. I spent a lot of time checking over my discs. When I was done putting my new discs into my storage unit, I mumbled: “The French team wanted us to be ourselves...”

Now, let’s reflect on Wes’ words today a little. It’s evident that he was not carrying out any order to say anything particular to me today. In fact, there were no more orders after December 9: since, by December 10, the CIA had already forged enough evidences to convict themselves three times and laid the legal foundation for everything which judge Higgins would want me and the Invisible Hand to do in the next few years, there was nothing more to communicate to me to frame me. The preliminary phase of judge Higgins’ plan to save her trial had already been accomplished. Without any particular order about what to say to me, Wes was thus manifesting his natural self today – just as on December 11. First of all, when I described my wrong scenario about how the Macrospherians would do the trials in Taiwan and France themselves, he had no idea what I was talking about. Then, when I described my wrong scenario about the Monkey’s plan to damn me, he was so annoyed by my nonsense that he couldn’t help but hint to me that I was completely wrong. (This, even though I was supposed to complete my “different version” in such fashion.) Then, when we debated about whether what I had

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predicted would happen would or would not happen, he was only going along with my logic and yet I mistakenly assumed he was communicating to me something from the control center. (As you shall see, I would think it came from Mary C.) Then, when I described how the prosecution had failed and wondered what the Macrospherians would do about me, he was again annoyed – even though he didn't quite understand what the Invisible Hand was doing when he commanded him to say all these strange things to me, he did know the trial had already evaporated a long time ago and nothing I described was real – so much so that he couldn't help but advise me not to waste my brain power any further on these worthless speculations. When there was no order, he had no patience and so told me the truth (“You are all wrong”). And yet it all flew over my head. It is true that, toward the end, he did try to go along with me by suggesting that they – was he even referring to the Macrospherians? Or was he referring to the CIA? – could throw me in paradise or in jail completely arbitrarily. And yet I should have paid attention to him when he was truly speaking his mind. Then, when he was simply going along with my logic – will what I had predicted happen? – I wrongly assumed he was passing along something important to me. *This is what happens when one is too engrossed in one's preconceptions or prejudices.* From the way in which Wes had lost his patience and manifested his true self today, you can tell that the strange words which he had said between October 22 and December 9 were indeed something which he was told to say.

My next recording is: “leavstrgfrnchteam\_12\_14\_10\_405-438PM.WMA”: When I was leaving the storage facility, I continued: “... the French team is not supposed to harm you, and, if they do, then... conspiracy... the strategy of the French team is not to beat you...” Then: “... tried to trick us to videotape...” Then about my lawsuit against DGHTRORG's chief: “I've never heard of it, it was already dismissed, and yet the judge asked us to show cause...” Then: “... if there is a conspiracy to cause the prosecution to fail, then they should intercept it one moment before it fails, that means it's already over... just last night when you realize your writing will cause it to fail...” I got on the bus on 18:00. More: “Mr B still has a chance of winning, of getting away, if he can succeed... he forges everything...” I then hummed loudly when children got on board. I got off the bus on 26:00. I continued: “Mr B runs the prosecution team, he's both a front and...” Wes was right: what a waste of my brain power.

My next recording is: “bus2consp\_12\_14\_10\_438-537PM.WMA”: When I got on the bus again, I threw my bottle of urine out of the window.” I continued: “We will have a tie with Mr B, there are only 7 days left, don't believe the ‘January 11 signal’, *that's a trick to change our belief...* And from now on the changing of our belief would not matter because we are already conscious of it... He can't help us because we have predicted it, otherwise he will have a lot of explaining to do... But we have always believed that changing our belief is the Macrospherians' tactic to help us...” I then played MIA loudly to cover up other people's noises. Then: “... our mission is not really lawful... but it's going to be intercepted in any case... the prosecution is bound to fail, nothing whatsoever will happen, the Monkey has lost... Just ignore all the noises, we have only 7 days left... even if our computer malfunctions, just try again, and again, until... What's my mission?... What's the Macrospherians' primary interest? It's the result of the prosecution... I don't have a mission, *it's the Monkey who has a mission...* I don't understand... It's either a conspiracy to cause the prosecution to fail, or to cause it to succeed only with fraud... the prosecution is not possible... so my mission is... even when we get provoked to fight and get

dumped into the hospital, it will still not confirm... That's why they tried to drive us insane, because we need to be insane, but now it's clear that we cannot be driven insane... *Our mission is mission impossible...*" In reality, it was the Monkey's mission which was impossible. Then: "... because Mary C and the Monkey are just trying to shut... Earlier he didn't know it was impossible because he was stupid.. but now, they just want us to shut up... they want us to have no credibility in the future... That's why they wanted to change our belief... They can't obtain the schizophrenic mental state... the prosecution has already failed, and our mission impossible... what is originally infallible has become destined to fail... even when we are fed with drugs we will still not be able to produce the schizophrenic mental state... He thinks he can get away by forging the intercepts of our thoughts... the Monkey Pyramid will show up, the other people will provoke us, and the Monkey will forge the intercepts of our thoughts..." And my left side hurt. "He will make sure the thoughts forged match our appearance... When the Macrospherians pass the evidences around, everyone will laugh... thus it's not clear whether the Macrospherians will consider the successful but fraudulent prosecution a conspiracy against them... Only the Monkey Pyramid will believe... The Monkey's forgeries can only convince another monkey... When people look at PM, real or fake, they will ask, 'This is your work, and that's your friend?' Enough with my "different version"!

My next recording is: "bus2towstwd\_12\_14\_10\_546-734PM.WMA": I continued: "They say, 'Let him tell, he will discredit himself'..." I was quite correct here: just think about how crazy you think I am. Then I played more of MIA. More wrong scenario: "It's the Monkey who has hired the Great Psychologist..." (6:00). "The Monkey didn't know how impossible it was to produce his grotesque profile in the real world... PM was getting impatient, he'd rather that I die..." (7:00). Then: "It's the defense team which has said, 'It has to be his choice'..." (9:00). My conclusion: "It is a conspiracy to cause the prosecution to fail... It's a conspiracy to make the conspiracy either fail or become illegitimate... Originally it was a sure shot, but, because of the Monkey, it has become impossible by legitimate means... We are stuck with a 'mission impossible', now possible because the Monkey is going to forge the intercepts of our thoughts..." (13:00). "We are not interested in the mission..." (15:00). Then: "Maybe that's why the actor asked us: 'Can you act?' We care about our reputation, so that, even when we are angry, we are going to look like a piece of wood, we are not interested in sacrificing our reputation for the sake of the Monkey's reputation. The prisoners' dilemma, interesting..." (17:30). Then, more of MIA. Then: "Also, people will accuse PM of fraud, of the very thing of which he has accused the others..." (22:00). And my arm hurt. "Thus, even when the whole prosecution succeeds..." And my left toe hurt. "... (The Macrospherian) PM will still have to consider the whole prosecution a conspiracy against him, because the whole thing has become so dumb... The transformation of one illness into another..." (27:00). Then: "It doesn't matter whether the prosecution succeeds or fails, it's always a conspiracy against the Macrospherians..." (53:00). There, the conclusion of my "different version"! By this time I had come to Westwood and I walked into Borders Bookstore (1:00:00).

My next recording is: "brderhackr\_12\_14\_10\_734-1054PM.WMA": I continued to read the book *Hacker* while reviewing a recording (the movie "The Message") and burning a new disc. I left Borders on 2:18:00. More wrong scenario: "Many judges are idealistic, and they can implement their idealism without bureaucratic obstacles; they are legislating..." (2:23:00). Then: "Is this what the Monkey said?"

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That DGHTR had forged my website, my discs? How can anyone believe this? He said Mr Chertoff was correct about me? He came to PM's side and claimed the enemy was right?" (2:31:30) "He's strange, he comes to our boat, drills a hole, and we are sinking, and he still wants to be the king!" (2:38:00) I stopped by a street corner to look at a few screenshots in my computer. Siren on 3:00:00. I was then reading about computer information on my computer (3:08:00). I then filmed what I thought were actors (Hispanics) putting up a show in front of me (3:15:00). Like a typical targeted individual!

My next recording is: "readyslpprovktn\_12\_14\_10\_1058-1136PM.WMA": I was now ready to sleep in my street corner. Siren again. I continued my reflection: "Don't think of yourself as superior to others, it will intensify your vulnerability..." (12:30). Then: "What is it about concerning our computer? According to the official story, we have never even used our laptops..." (17:00). Then: "The FBI document, it's as if it were set in stone, if it says I don't speak German, then I shall never be found speaking German. *It doesn't take into account the fact that people might change...* What happens if it says I have one leg? Then do I have to go through an accident and lose one leg? Then am I no longer the person in the FBI document? It's so stupid... Even if I really don't speak French, I can learn it!" (18:00) That was an excellent analysis! Soon, people came around to make noises (22:40). And of course I assumed wrongly that it was all orchestrated. Then: "The Great Psychologist's method is thusly. As for a Borderline: he needs catharsis to externalize himself in the external environment; if his catharsis is blocked, he will turn inward and become autistic, but then he will want to go outward again, then he will be blocked again and again turn inward... Then the Monkey can steal our ideas..." (36:00).

My next recording is: "slpwstwdmcbjct\_12\_14-15\_10\_1136PM-1232AM.WMA": I continued: "When the ill effect of the Monkey was exposed, the DGHTRPPL must have told him, 'It's okay, it's okay, you are a royal family.' This is another test of the maximum. If the Monkey still felt ashamed, then he had passed the test. If he still felt proud, then he had failed the test" (10:40). Excellent method! Only if it corresponded to reality! Then more of my imagination about the trial on 28:00: "The Frenchie... A lot of technicians around to make sure that, this time, the thought-reading machine will work properly." Then, when people made noises nearby, I again experienced shock wave throughout my body (49:10 and 53:20). The severity of my Sonophobia!

### **December 15 (Wednesday; "different version" in full)**

My next recording is: "dcdieslpwstwd\_12\_15\_10\_1232-706AM.WMA": Soon I began reflecting again: "The video of the Arbat Street must have been a trick" (9:00). "Dr L was hired by the Monkey thanks to my suggestion..." "Or maybe it was just Mary's request.... Now that I have said it, it will just become another conspiracy..." (14:00) "She'd better not request that I get help... She'd better not request anything... For 9 months..." (19:55). Then, more reflection on 56:00, and another round on 1:03:00: "... How did Mary come up with that? In order to make me look insane?" (1:04:30) I was then remotely controlled (or so I thought) to cough. Then, distant noises caused shock wave throughout my body again. "If you can't go with the truth, then you might as well go along with the lies, the more ridiculous the lies the better..." (starting on 1:13:00). Such was my tactic back in May 2009. More on 1:41:00, and then on 2:08:00. "Why did we get so many hints about it?... The machine...?" Now, on 2:14:15, I began



reflecting on my previous discussion with Wes about “prediction”: “Mary wanted to make an objection to the Macrospherians’ immunity so that they could not help us... So she grabbed onto our idea that, if we predict something, then it wouldn’t happen... Basically, she was trying to say that we expected the reverse of what we thought would happen, when it was all actually a problem of ‘prediction’... Well, she failed, because we made a distinction between ‘prediction’ and ‘infinite loop’... She was trying to argue that our intention behind the formula of the infinite loop was really ‘living’... But she failed, because we made a distinction... The most effective way to prevent Mr B from implementing our mission is to predict it. If we predict it, then Mr B would be less motivated to implement it... Because then our mission will all look like it is his orchestration... If he implements his plan despite our having predicted it... So Mary failed, presumably, and that means we can still get help... She is very very...” (2:21:15). Thus had I completed my incorrect understanding of what Wes was doing. In fact it was just Wes himself who had mistakenly thought I expected the reverse of what I thought would happen! “Mary was basically passing us a message, saying that the Macrospherians will help us... She is gonna get so pissed off...” Then I mumbled about the need to get a restraining order on the defendants. “Mary and her father are suffering from the same dilemma as I am, namely, the feeling of superiority has made them more vulnerable to suffering from anger...” “What did you learn from Mary? She’s not good with logic, and has confused the infinite loop with prediction made to prevent something from happening... She’s not a good analytical thinker...” (2:28:55). “She must be another one of those idiots who, even when reading our thoughts, still could not understand our thoughts... It seems that she is very smart after making so many objections... It also tells us something about the thought-reading machine. Just because someone is reading our thoughts, it doesn’t mean that he or she can understand our thoughts; just as when someone is hearing our speech it doesn’t mean that he or she can understand it... If you stick a chip into a scientist’s head and read his thoughts, most of the time you will not understand what he is thinking... It’s also likely that she – Mary – didn’t read my thoughts at all but simply heard me saying I’d better tell Wes about my prediction...” (2:31:45). “But the judges would have to be very analytical, otherwise they couldn’t even pass judgment that Mary has failed... What does this now tell us about the trial? It’s run by juries, and there are logicians in the jury... A lot of my testimonies have simply escaped the head of Mary C! She often has no idea what we are talking about at all... So many of our testimonies were too sophisticated that the juries must have been chosen from intellectuals, otherwise they wouldn’t even understand what was going on.... The judges will have to be very smart to understand the problem of infinite loop... Otherwise the commoners would think they have understood it when in fact they have only misunderstood it” (2:35:19). A lot of overestimation of my own intelligence here. But keep in mind that this was my opinion at the time: I would later develop another theory as to Mary C’s purpose. I then continued to ramble about Mary C and the jury. Then, I developed another wrong scenario: that the Boss’ pacemaker might have failed and that Wes’ mention of pacemaker on December 6 might be referring to that. Ha!

My next recordings are: “wktrashtruck\_12\_15\_10\_706-836AM.WMA”, “uclwrtlet206ver\_12\_15\_10\_836-951AM.WMA”, and “uclwrtlet206ver\_12\_15\_10\_951-1101AM.WMA”: Soon after I woke up, I began my worthless reflection on Mary C: “She’s not a good thinker, she didn’t understand the whole infinite loop problem, how immunity for the Macrospherians was derived...” I came inside Ackerman and resumed writing my New Letter of Petition inside the TV lounge. I wrote down my latest understanding about what happened in April and May. I was surprised that, by writing, I figured out

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more things. (I didn't know that my scenario was mostly incorrect and that I was merely perfecting a "different version" from judge Higgins' perspective.) I commented on my discovery: "Now we know what the Great Psychologist was thinking; she actually believed it's possible to make someone with Borderline Personality Disorder exhibit symptoms of schizophrenia... By driving up his paranoia and isolating him from other people..." Since this pretty much marked the completion of my "different version", I shall cite in full what I had written this morning (with grammatical corrections and later additions):

The current script of the fixing of evidences by the Microspherians is one of utter misery for me in the manner of Jesus Christ. Now, I have been forever wondering why it would have had to involve so much misery for me. I have by November 28 and 29 realized the following to light up the foregoing scenario, reflecting on the various clues which I have been given. During the months of February and March, the daughter of the top most defendant – the daughter of the Boss of Mr former Secretary (the former Vice President) – being a loving and loyal daughter of her father, must have been running around trying to save her father. She may have first tried begging the Russians for a plea bargain, an acquittal in exchange for testimonies against Mr former Secretary. After all, the second run was about to begin, and with the enriching and replacing of past evidences being perfectly lawful, it would simply have been impossible to defend the defendants. When the Russians of all kinds (fake and real) refused, she would have begged the other elite family in the United States to serve as a mediator. This other party must have also refused. All seemed hopeless for her. By the time the trial of the 'Clique' had formally begun in late April, she must have already, at the same time as she was begging, scorched the earth for a team of lawyers and psychologists with both the skills and the willingness to bear infamy whom she could hire to defend her father. The lawyers and psychologists must have been found and put together in team work, reading for two months every single word I have ever written, analyzing every single piece of artwork I have done, tracing every single book I have read and every single person I have met, and examining every single thought I have had which has been recorded by the thought-reading machine. Suddenly, the team must have made a particularly surprising, ingenious, and powerful argument unexpected by the prosecuting team. When in the beginning of May the team obtained the new intercepts of my thoughts for the period from April 1 to April 14, they must have immediately noticed the impossibility of these thoughts and suspected that Mr B had tampered with the setting of the thought-reading machine. Alarmed, PM thus decided on May 7 to judge in Mr B's favor in the trial between DGHTR and Mr B started since April 15. The defendants' team would have none of this, and on May 8 they requested that the judges allow them to examine the matter. They used DGHTR's messaging system to dupe me into thinking that Ms ANG was going to show up in the Borders Bookstore in Westwood to meet me in order to obtain an intercept of my expectation. Clearly, as my head contained no bad thoughts toward Ms ANG at all, they proved their point and used the new evidence to argue that the SLVK and the Agency's plan to run [...] the International Court trial for a second time

should not be allowed because, insofar as the goal of the second run was to use the intercepts of my thoughts in similar circumstances to those of the first run to enrich the original evidences, now that the setting of the machine had been tampered with, the machine could no longer be admitted as part of the new evidentiary process. This would be deadly for the prosecuting team because, without the enrichment of the original evidences, the defendants may have to be acquitted because their objection that my recordings and documentaries were obtained by the prosecutors with my awareness and consent could no longer be countered by counter evidences. At the same time, the defense team must have argued that the criterion as to what constituted a conspiracy and the improper gathering of evidence should return to the original simple sense of ‘my consciously though clandestinely providing evidences to one party of the lawsuit for them to bust the other party [...]’ insofar as the scenario has by now become that of an internal bust. That is when the SLVK, (the fake) PM, and the Agency decided to use Mr B’s false profile of me as counter evidence, append the episode with Ms ANG to the first run, and run the second phase (the phase of the enrichment of the original evidences) with a different script, one that would be filled with suffering for me because they would now have to deny that the tampering had taken place at all. That is, PM and the prosecuting team would have to run the second phase such that it would in the end confirm Mr B’s false profile of me. Mr B, vindicated for his wrong-doing, and hating DGHTR as usual, was able to use his success in the trial to force the SLVK to fire the latter. The Boss’ team of lawyers and psychologists however couldn’t be happier with the result – and this must have been their original reason for raising the objection to the use of the thought-reading machine – because one look at Mr B’s false profile of me would convince anyone with any knowledge of psychology that the SLVK and the Agency could never produce out of me – nor out of anyone – a confirmation of this false profile, simply because it contained too many self-contradictory elements, as I have already mentioned: autism and schizophrenia were [...] mutually exclusive disorders, and when I hate a woman my desires would simply get turned off. The defendants’ team was counting on the SLVK and the Agency’s forever chasing after a psychology product that couldn’t exist in the real world and stumbling upon themselves as a result. After which, their defendants – the Boss and Mr former Secretary – would have to be acquitted. The real Russians and the rest of the Outsiders (or Macrospherians), seeing this, would have to depend entirely on the plot of conspiracy to obtain a successful prosecution. Only if I could come to a realization of the whole thing, then the confirmation of Mr B’s false profile of me would not be necessary. As said, the Outsiders could simply sweep up all the evidences collected thus far in the Inside as if they had found them in a trash can, without the need to worry about objections on the ground of conspiracy and therefore without the need to enrich or replace any previous evidences. Fortunately for them, during the first run to be replicated, there had always been leakers – a few mouths with inside knowledge who would occasionally leak to me what was going on in the Court and amidst the operations. When PM wrote the script, he would have resuscitated therein the same

leakers or leaking phenomena to give me hints over and against the decoying operations which the SLVK would have to devise on the request of the defendants' team to hide the evidence-gathering process from me.

Since it was Mr B who had now made virtually impossible a prosecution which originally would have been a certainty – we are talking about the Microsphere only – he must have assured PM, the Agency, the Russian intelligence, and the Chinese intelligence (that is, the prosecuting team in the Microsphere) that he would take up the task of making out of me the autistic schizophrenic insane killer who he had forged [the intercepts of my thoughts] to say I was. For this task, in the middle of May, he would hire onto the prosecuting team he would now lead a 'Great Psychologist' who was an internationally renowned expert on Borderline Personality Disorder. When the Great Psychologist examined the matter, she must have concluded that, while it may be possible to derive autism from Borderline Personality Disorder by intensifying the latter – autism as a derivative of BPD – the rest of Mr B's profile was simply impossible to produce in the real world. Nevertheless, Mr B, ignorant of how human psychology worked, thought it possible to succeed. The defense team would at the same time request that Mr B's prosecuting team keep the whole evidence-gathering process a secret from me through decoy operations, and also that there be a deadline for his team to confirm his false profile of me. Thus the Russian intelligence, instead of using Mr B as a front, should in fact be considered consultants hired by Mr B to plan the operations of this evidence-gathering task together with the Agency and the Chinese intelligence. The reason why the prosecuting team had decided upon 'cognitive-behavioral torture' to transform me into Mr B's false profile was that it would require intense suffering to intensify Borderline Personality Disorder into autism on the one hand and murderous rage on the other while possibly driving the person insane so as to temporarily produce schizophrenia-like symptoms. Specifically, the Great Psychologist must have known that autism-like behavior can be produced from BPD by causing suffering to BPD sufferer while [shutting down] his means for catharsis to [prevent him from relieving] his mental anguish [...]. At the same time, she must have predicted that the BPD sufferer's knowledge of Mr B's role in the causation of his suffering, in combination with his analysis of the chain of events that had led to this role, would help develop in him a murderous rage toward Ms ANG and all the provocateurs hired to provoke him and build up that rage. The only problem would of course be that the mood of autism could never occur at the same time as the murderous rage but could only alternate with the latter. What was left in uncertainty was whether schizophrenia-like symptoms – namely, temporary psychosis – could in such fashion be produced out of me. While it was the case that many BPD sufferers do during times of duress descend into temporary psychosis, it would not be known until much later in the process whether a philosophically and scientifically minded BPD sufferer like me would similarly descend.

Now the daughter of the Boss and the lawyers and the psychologists whom she had

gathered would request the right to watch over the process of evidence-gathering in the second run very closely waiting to pick out the slightest instances of [...] ‘conspiracy’ – whenever I wasn’t experiencing too much pain, that is. For she also had an interest in driving me insane with pain, both as a way to avenge his father against me and to make a wacko out of me so that, when it comes time for me to tell my experience plus the neoconservative plan, I would simply be discrediting myself and anyone else in the future telling the same truth: ‘Oh,’ everyone would simply say, ‘I have already heard the same idiotic plan about the extermination of humanity from the other wacko; this new guy telling it must be another wacko in the same club.’ In the beginning of the second run PM must have been quite worried that I wasn’t understanding the leaks and that the confirmation of the profile might not be possible, given how much Mr B’s false profile of me constituted a cartoon figure. This must have been the real reason why he wanted to recruit me – because recruitment would force me to get framed into David Chin and to stop recording myself, causing the trial to be instantly carried over to the [Macrosphere]. In any case, as the work of confirmation began, the Great Psychologist and the SLVK would together find out what [...] my most essential activity was – namely using my computer and electronic devices to write and record myself – and then devise operations to constantly disrupt the functioning of my computer, while at the same time manipulating my belief system to drive me to paranoia through endless set-ups and bluffing, attacking me with noises as a way to wear down my psyche, and finally depriving me of any persons to whom I may verbalize my miseries (with the exception of my best friend sometimes). They must have hoped in this way that unspoken suffering would gradually drive me to shut myself up, provoke me to a killer instinct, and finally cause me to go into psychosis. My conditioning to SONOPHOBIA – being able to be provoked by ordinary noises in everyday life to such rage as to want to kill people – with noise-attacks just at the right time would serve the purpose of not only confirming Mr B’s false profile of me as a danger to others – since it would be rather mysterious to normal people without knowledge of what has been going on that a person could be provoked to kill people simply because these people are talking and laughing next to him: he must be by nature a danger to others – but also producing the evidences to counter Mr former Secretary’s idiotic argument that I had somehow intentionally recorded the noises found in my recordings and documentaries [....] The [...] SLVK and the Great Psychologist would then follow the defendants’ request in hiding these purposes from me by making me believe that it’s an attempt of the Russian intelligence to break me down before admitting me to their country or Mr B’s plan to build up a ‘cover’ for me before recruiting me to some non-existent PLAN DISCOVERY. Throughout the summer, as the New Secret World Order was quickly being worked out in details, more nations must have joined in on the objections – or rather, they were simply commanded by the Macrospherians to make objections so that they would lose and be subject to the International Court judgments which would be devised to root out political oppositions within these nations toward the New Secret World Order. By late September however, as PM saw that further tiny

operations to frustrate and provoke me were simply reducing me to helpless infantile state, prefiguring autism but not likely to provoke me to killer instincts – nor were these getting me anywhere near psychosis and hallucinatory states of mind – he must have actually hoped that I would kill myself [...] because I would then stop recording myself and all my recordings and documentaries plus the defendants could therefore be carried over to the Macrosphere for a new trial. It should be after the time of my realization and the creation of a conspiracy that the defense team would have given up hope of ever acquitting the defendants and switched instead to the tactic of putting the prosecuting team and the judges in a bind to choose between driving me to my demise (or letting myself drive myself to my demise with the manipulation of my environment) and negotiating a plea bargain with the Boss as long as the Boss would promise to never pursue a counter claim of conspiracy against everyone else. The SLVK would have been harboring a great amount of anger toward the Boss, but the main obstacle to this negotiation would certainly have been Mr former Secretary himself because he probably would not want to give up the right to raise the counter claim of conspiracy and take command of the prosecuting team when his own Boss should have decided to abandon him. Mr former Secretary would have continued using the defense team's tactic simply as a way to bring me down with him, and eventually the Boss would have signed up on this also. Whatever the relationship between the Boss, the defense team, Mr former Secretary, and the daughter, they would have eventually decided upon using this prosecution as an opportunity to silently murder me or cause me irreparable harm both as a way to revenge and [...] to protect their own reputation. Either they were the ones who have made the arguments that, when I should finally have produced all the evidences by becoming autistic and schizophrenic and hitting others after being provoked and then getting arrested, the provocation should be trimmed to such subtlety that it would all look as if everything were my own faults; or this pernicious goal was the theme of the 'script' which PM has devised because, firstly, such was typical of the neoconservative way of harming people; secondly, because the technique first of all of lowering my tolerance for stress through conditioning my belief system rather than increasing environmental variables which anyone with normal belief system would find stressful and [...] secondly of causing myself to frustrate myself while I pursued as I have always done what was most essential to me, continually disrupting my indulgence in my disorders (recording habits) as a way to intensify them, and shutting off my emotional support as a way to increase my loneliness could naturally result in part of Mr B's false profile of me – namely, *autism as a derivative from Borderline Personality Disorder* – and therefore trace out an etiology fitting perfectly that profile which could then be added to Mr former Secretary's crime in the official story; and because, finally, manipulating me to get myself in troubles would satisfy the evidentiary rule regarding the proper gathering of evidence. [*I then digressed to talk once again about the difficulty with which the Great Psychologist was faced in making a schizophrenic out of me even if she could easily turn Borderline Personality Disorder into autism.*] Therefore the plan of the Agency and the SLVK must have been to provoke me with actors and actresses

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so that I would get in fight (perhaps in an attempt to hurt Ms ANG), get arrested, get thrown into the hospital, and then forced-fed with psychotropic drugs to induce a temporary schizophrenic state in me. The thought-reading machine could then pick that up as evidence. The only remaining difficulty would then be to induce in me a desire to rape women. All the while, so the plan goes, no one will know that it has all been orchestrated from the control center. This is the kind of pernicious fate which PM has planned to make me endure when he made the unwise decision of allowing someone of Mexican origin to go near Court machines. In the end, I really don't know if the Russian intelligence meant to break me at all for the Agency and for themselves or if it were all just another decoy [...] operation. As I have said, only the evidence-gathering and the prosecution of the 'Clique' are a sure matter.

This was thus the evidence which the Invisible Hand would have submitted today to judge Higgins' chamber demonstrating that I had successfully masked the truth with a "different version". I would still be convinced of this "different version" well into the next year. When I left, I continued my worthless reflection (all the wrong scenarios): "The Macrospherians are testing us: how we are doing in logic, critical theory, sciences, history... This Macrospherian test... How we are doing with laws... and feminism..." Ha! Bullshit!

My next recordings are: "bustoopccgrkgdss\_12\_15\_10\_1101-1128AM.WMA", "opcc\_12\_15\_10\_1128-1156AM.WMA", and "leavopccsmtoucl\_12\_15\_10\_1156AM-155PM.WMA": I then got on the bus to go to OPCC. I played MIA loudly while on the bus to cover up other people's noises. I came to OPCC and got my free lunch. As I was walking away, I continued: "Is the Monkey really isolated in the control center?" (5:00) I then saw a pyramid wearing a pair of "Double Smile sunglasses" (19:00) – again I wrongly assumed it was orchestrated. Then I counted another police van: 1227421 (23:00). Then I suffered "opposite thoughts" on 35:00. After I got on the bus on 54:00, I again played MIA loudly. Then, when I noticed that a guy sitting behind me was learning French, I wondered (wrongly) whether the Monkey was using faulty surveillance to produce evidence that I was learning French following upon my suggestion last night. I came back to UCLA. Strenuously pushing my cart, I continued: "The Macrospherians have to make sure that..." (1:42:30). I came back to Ackerman.

My next recordings are: "wrtucltvhspnnoises\_12\_15\_10\_155-3PM.WMA", "leavhspnnoise\_12\_15\_10\_4-409PM.WMA" (...3-309PM...), "wrtletsuplucl\_12\_15\_10\_322-350PM.WMA", and "wrtletsuplucl\_12\_15\_10\_351-405PM.WMA": I continued to write in Ackerman's dinning hall, revising what I wrote this morning.<sup>21</sup> I believed another surveillance agent was watching over me. "Or maybe he's just pretending to be a surveillance agent." Then: "... we have to go to a place in the world where there are no Hispanics..." I then came out to the patio to resume writing out what was already cited above in full. Then: "Mr Chertoff has noticed that, after sending in so many Hispanic people to make noises... he has at last transformed this disabled guy into a Misoped and Hispanophobic..."

My next recording is: "ucltvrmapwkcfee\_12\_15\_10\_405-924PM.WMA": I then came to the vending machine to get coffee. I continued: "... this is how the story goes: Mr Chertoff always gets Hispanic

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21 As noted, the additions I would make today and in the next few days I have already included in the full citation.

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people sent to us to make noises to disrupt us, but the defendants then sent a mole to the prosecuting team to forge a profile...” I then came back to my table and began burning a new disc. Again, I carefully observed the burning process believing erroneously that people in the control center were intent on disrupting it. I finished burning and packed up and left (1;04:00). I came inside Ackerman, ordered food, and asked a guy about his programming. I then came to the TV lounge to eat. Then: “Mr B was trying to provoke us earlier, *he and Mary C are on the same team...*” Then: “Mr B is already forging the intercepts of our thoughts...” I then started filming myself burning another disc. Then, my unwarranted suspicion: “There is a pyramid over there, she is here to lure us to accomplish our mission...” Then, thank God, my disc was successfully burned. Then, from 2:24:00 onward, I took a nap on the sofa. On 4:48:00 the student security woke me up. I then came to the vending machine to buy more snacks.

My next recording is: “IMPwstwdmonkeywrk\_12\_15\_10\_925-1006PM.WMA”: I then pushed my cart to my sleeping spot in Westwood Village. Then, horrifying laughter from people on 8:55. Then I mumbled about my Scientific Enlightenment: “The Monkey must have said that Uncle DGHTR had forged it” (13:30). “So he was saying that Mr former Secretary was right all along in regard to my character?” (16:00) “He must be a very stupid person.” Just then, motorcycle noises, as if to confirm me (17:00). Then: “The Microspherian official story is just the story of how Lawrence Chin has become the entity which Mr Chertoff has slandered him to be” (25:00). I settled down in my corner and continued: “There is no need to remind PM that he should choose his friends wisely...” Indeed! Siren in the distant on 34:00.

My next recording is: “readyslprflctnrain\_12\_15\_10\_1012-1101PM.WMA”: As I tried to sleep, I continued to reflect: “By realizing what the Monkey has done, we have become a conspirator with the defense team... Our stupidity has such grave consequences...” Then: “We will be the only person from the enemy camp to be adopted by the Macrospherians – no hatred in saying this” (8:00). Then: “Did the Monkey also say that we are the ‘p-thing’? And is that why he constantly surrounds us with these little beings?” Then, more bullshit about my own defense lawyer in the court room (from 19:00 onward): “He is there to defend my interests no matter what happens to the world – whether the world is going to fall into the wrong hands or not. But PM seems able to override the signals coming from my own defense lawyer...” Again, I assumed my “defense lawyer” was DGHTR. Then I “realized” that the “Russian intelligence” that formed part of the prosecuting team in the Microsphere was actually just one official with his assistants, whom I thus code-named “SLVK” (from 26:50 onward). This might not have been so inaccurate a conjecture: the Daughter People who were battling the French inside the control center during the summer consisted probably just of a few individuals. Then I rambled about the look of male and female agents in “Mommy Org” (30:00). I then wondered whether “SLVK” would look favorably upon the sort of deterministic psychology which the Great Psychologist represented (until 34:00). Bullshit! Then the two questions for which I would like answers... (43:30).

My next recording is: “readyslprflctnrain\_12\_16\_10\_1101PM-1242AM.WMA”: Then, because it started to rain, I got up and walked away (38:00). While walking, I came up with the wrong scenario that the Great Psychologist must have simply assumed that I would be like the other BPD sufferers and develop psychosis during times of duress; that she didn’t expect that I was too educated and rational to



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suffer psychosis (43:00). I settled down in a new spot to sleep, not forgetting to videotape the new environment (47:30). Then I rambled about the reason for the Monkey Pyramid's selfishness: that her father was a psychopath (50:00). Soon, strangers appeared to make noises and I had to hum. Then: "... the Monkey was trying to protect his daughter.... This means that the Macrospherian Russians are not very happy with the Monkey Pyramid" (58:20). Then, more noises from what I thought were actors. Then, I rambled again about the supposed sting operation on the Monkey (from 1:39:00 onward).

## **December 16 (Thursday)**

My next recordings are: "uclhelpletchng\_12\_16\_10\_927-1051AM.WMA" and "opcclnch\_12\_16\_10\_1051AM-134PM.WMA": Soon after I woke up, I came to Ackerman to continue to work on my new petition letter. Then, I got on Ackerman's computer to research again for French lawyers who had once defended people charged with crimes against humanity. "The International Criminal Tribunal..." and so on and on. I was still trying to identify the lawyers on the "defense team". Then I left Ackerman and got on the bus to go to OPCC. I played MIA loudly to cover up children's noises. After I go off the bus, I continued: "If you live in France, it will last only 4 years, maybe they will consider that our prison term... After that we'll be too old, we will only be visiting Russia...." When I came to OPCC, I was surprised to see children here too. This is a facility for homeless people! I asked a stranger to confirm it for me: "Did you see the two kids over there? What are they doing here?" Again, I assumed wrongly that this was orchestrated from the control center. After eating, I regurgitated again: "The Monkey must have been so controlling of the Monkey bitch, that's why the Monkey bitch is so bad..." Then, while on the street, I filmed a strange license plate, "We are God". As if that meant something! Then I got on the bus to go back to UCLA. I played MIA loudly again. Then, on 1:50:00, my computer froze up. All that the Event Viewer would say about this freezing was: "The Software Protection Service entered the stopped state". Soon I came back to Ackerman.

My next recordings are: "720prvkducltvm\_12\_16\_10\_134-313PM.WMA"; "ucl\_12\_16\_10\_322-401PM.WMA"; and "ucl\_12\_16\_10\_401-456PM.WMA": I took a long nap inside Ackerman. Soon after I woke up, I continued to indulge in my wrong scenario: "We must have scored low on politics and history... Why don't they give us the test score, and our evaluation of the Monkey Pyramid should be part of the test score..." Then I got online on Ackerman's computer again. I discovered the news report about DGHTRCOM's participation in Formula 1: "This cannot be true!" I filmed it. From now on I was convinced that it was all DGHTRCOM's doubles who were on the news, because the real DGHTRCOM must be busy with my International Court trial. (Wrong!) I then searched for "carbon monoxide poisoning". I continued my revelation: "Because of the Monkey, they almost lost the trial, and everyone was almost doomed; the Monkey must have not realized what he had done... Just when you thought it's not possible to lose, they lose just because there was this Monkey among them." I made sure to write it all down on my petition letter. But, just then, somebody made noises into my recorder. I wrongly assumed it was orchestrated and got so angry: "Just when we wrote it down and recorded it, noises would occur to destroy it. Then we must change file. It made us so angry. Just because of the malice it all involved...." Like a typical targeted individual!

My next recordings are: "ucl\_12\_16\_10\_456-558PM.WMA" and "12\_16\_10\_559-615PM.WMA": I

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continued: "... we need to cut ourselves later in order to dissipate the anger. It gave Mr B and the defense team another chance to provoke us... 'He has not recovered from it at all...' We really are getting the French pyramid..." I then reviewed the recording of my conversation with Wes from August 12. "... Got to, full of clue..." I then believed erroneously that the Chinese girl sitting near me was a Chinese secret agent. Ha! Delusional!

My next recording is: "uclwrtdvd206cp\_12\_16\_10\_615-755PM.WMA": I continued to stay inside Ackerman. I bought fries. Then: "... People began to make noises when I came up with the insight as to why I needed to be provoked..." I hummed and moved away. "That's how Sonophobia is produced..." I wrote down: "... to provoke me, to prove the Monkey's profile of me is correct that I'm a danger to others, but also to produce new evidences to counter Mr Chertoff's argument... that noises in my recordings... were caught intentionally..." And my left side hurt. Then, more noises. I hummed: "... that's why we get a signal on our left side... noise attack!..." Then: "After the first round, it's established that we can speak French and be Lawrence Chin at the same time. Now, during this second round, the Monkey said we don't speak French, the French then collected evidence proving that we do, and the Russians cannot admit that the profile was forged, and so cannot admit that we do speak French, and so we are back to the original situation... The Monkey is stupid, he doesn't know that helping the enemy of his boss is not going to get him ahead, this is the International Court of Justice, he thinks the whole world is just a Ponzi scheme.... he's so stupid, he believes he can use his kindergarten lies to fool the Russian intelligence...." I then went to get coffee at the vending machine. I continued: "... so many governments have made so many mistakes... The mistake which RCMP made..." Then somebody came over to make noises again! "Every time that we are recording our thoughts, somebody will come to make noises..." Like a typical targeted individual! I then came back inside Ackerman.

My next recording is: "uclvd206cpver\_12\_16\_10\_803-933PM.WMA": I was then again disturbed by a guy who was making loud noises. "They have made the external world so unpleasant that we will refrain from interaction with the world..." While walking away, I continued: "... There is problem with every one of our discs, they have made them look like they were all forged... What he has said is all fairy tale, and yet experts will have to be hired to turn the fairy tale into reality... Every disc has to be returned... His cartoon will have to be made true, otherwise the entire world will go down... Be careful with the Mexicans, they are not real human beings..." I had by then walked into Westwood Village, and I filmed the person who was trying to make loud noises. Then: "... we wanted to sue the Monkey..."

My next recording is: "motvconspr\_12\_16\_10\_934-1006PM.WMA": Then, when I had decided to go to the laundromat: "Let's make a prediction: when we get to the laundromat, there will be a goddamn little thing..." Then I continued my "different version": "... to cause the prosecution to fail in the Microsphere... so that the Macrospherians can take over... it's about sheer survival.... that's how the conspiracy works... send a mole to draw a cartoon figure of us, so that we will be forced to conspire with... There are three versions: my personal version, the Microspherian version, and the Macrospherian official story.... All will be different..."<sup>22</sup>

My next recording is: "bus24thngsconspr\_12\_17\_10\_10-1106PM.WMA" (12\_16\_10): I got on bus 2

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22 As noted, I would soon come up with the wrong scenario that there would be three-and-a-half versions, or 7 segments.

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and continued: “It’s the defense team which has requested decoy operations... They would say: ‘He likes to write, let him write’.... But he is supposed to write about the decoy operations, and yet he starts writing about the real operations, and that’s when it all screws up...” Then I repeated my point: “Now, even if the prosecution succeeds, any future generation will realize it’s a fraud and that’s why it will bring great damages to PM...” Then: “We’ve got four things: the motivation of the conspirator, the three versions, why the prosecution fails, and the half-way winning...”

My next recording is: “cybrkckdoutangrysuemnkytowstwd\_12\_16-17\_10\_1116PM-157AM.WMA”: And so I came to the laundromat to wash my clothes. And, while waiting for my laundry, I named my files and then continued to read *Compact Disc Technology*. I was all done and left by 1:00:00. I reflected on what happened earlier: “We wanted to go to the cybercafe, and the control center sent us a signal ‘yes’... Mr B wanted us to go there because provocation is waiting for us...” As you shall see, something like this was indeed the case! Ha! I got on the bus on 1:09:00 and was totally sarcastic with the other passengers: “Excuse me actors...” Like a typical targeted individual! I got off the bus on 1:20:00 and continued: “Mr B and his assistants give us only false signals... DGHTR gives us true signals... True signals are indistinguishable from false signals... The defense team gives us signals in order to warn us about danger... PM can override other people’s signals... There are also signals from the Macrospherians... Such is the makeup of the courthouse... The structure of the court was determined when the Macrosphere was constituted in February... There may be only 40 to 50 people in the control room... but there are also assistants...” Complete bullshit! Then: “... the Macrosphere... *borrowes evidences from the future*... PM has decided this, he’s a very legally minded person... he’s probably the one who has devised the courthouse... all this time he is in LA, I’m the only one who knows this....” Ha! What a nonsense! I came to the cybercafe on 1:36:00 and lingered outside a little. I walked back in on 1:44:00 and was immediately told by the cashier that I wasn’t allowed here (!). “What’s the reason?” “Your bag...” See! I left mumbling bitterly about how I must sue the Monkey. I jaywalked through the streets causing cars to honk at me. “We are going to make sure the Monkey has nothing left, that his entire property shall belong to us, that’s what we are gonna do for the rest of our life...” Then: “Mary C would make the argument on the basis of what has just happened: ‘See, he’s angry, it’s time to make him finish his mission’...” I got on the bus on 2:10:00 to go back to Westwood. Then: “... our disc was stolen because the defense team wanted it...” See, it’s like a “different version”: the French team had been distorted into the “defense team”. I got off the bus on 2:36:00 and walked to my usual sleeping corner. I pondered: “... if, according to the Monkey, everything we have is forged, then you can’t really prosecute Mr Chertoff... he is saying that everything Mr Chertoff has said about us is actually true... this Monkey is very strange... *the Microspherian official story would say we have simply evolved into the way Mr Chertoff said we are* ... This Monkey wants to be Russia’s friend by saying Russia’s enemy is all right... Strange!”

### **December 17 (Friday)**

My next recording is: “12\_17\_10\_205-829AM.WMA”: Siren on 1:00. As I slept, on 3:50, I expressed my worry again that more than half of my data were burned onto these problematic discs since June. Then, on 13:00: “... nations objected accusing Russia of the same crime as Mr Chertoff... We had already had a reputation, we were Mommy’s legend, and now: how can he be like that? How can

anyone be like that?”<sup>23</sup>

Then, from 5:45:00 onward, I was awake. I turned on my laptop to film myself getting up and folding my blanket. I continued: “The Microsphereian official story would be: Every time when we burn our discs, Mr Chertoff would cause our software to malfunction, so that, when the prosecution team bring our discs to court, it looks as if they were all forged... I don’t know if our discs look like they are forged, we need an expert to examine them...” I was now walking to UCLA. Then: “Why are there all these police cars around? For us to videotape them? Why is it illegal? Mr Chertoff must have made another argument saying that our videos are illegal because we videotape police cars.... But why is it illegal? Maybe because of international laws...” Complete bullshit! Then: “Mr Chertoff and the Monkey, they are such a pair...” Then: “The Microspherian official story must also say: ‘He talks to himself because he notices that everyone around him is just acting... He’s not trying to talk for surveillance to intercept it...’ Nonsense!

My next recordings are: “12\_17\_10\_850AM.WMA” and “12\_17\_10\_850-905AM.WMA”: As I was getting my morning coffee from the vending machine, I continued: “... nations objected saying... ‘You guys forged these intercepts of his thoughts’... That’s what the objections were about...” Now *that* was much closer to the truth than my scenario two days ago that nations were commanded by the Macrospherians to object. My “different version”! I then came to Ackerman to use the restroom.

My next recording is: “12\_17\_10\_906-1128AM.WMA”: I came out and kept pointing out to people the sign “camera in use to protect the equipment.” I got on Ackerman’s computer to continue reading *Consumer Electronics*. I read out loud but was continually bothered by people talking too loud near me even though I was playing my music at the same time. And so many grammatical mistakes! I typed down on my diary: “... mistakes serve the purpose of admitting into evidences testimonies with grammatical mistakes... and an instrument to cause frustration...” I then bought food and came to the TV lounge (1:24:00). “We just wish that we will get enough information released so that we can have a civil case against him...” Then: “... all the intelligence agencies in the world do fall under a central command... Who are the central command? The Macrospherians... We just care about Mommy, is she gonna be independent or what?” Here I was again unknowingly hurting the Agency. Then: “Sue the Monkey!” I then went out for a smoke break on 2:06:00. Then: “OB... I don’t think Dr Guerrière can swallow it... What would Pat Buchanan think about it? He so detests the neocons...” Then: “What did PM think about what we said? That it’s not the nations that will last, but a book... Now where is our pyramid?...” Then: “So many people have come to Los Angeles, they must have been very disappointed.... Can we persuade Wes to come with us?...” Then I idiotically listed my conditions again: “100,000 dollars, a pyramid, time to write, Double-Smile, Bumpy Nose Daughter Pyramid... and evidences with which to sue the Monkey...” I then came back inside Ackerman.

My next recordings are: “12\_17\_10\_1129-1131AM.WMA”, “12\_17\_10\_1131-01156AM.WMA”, and “12\_17\_10\_1156AM-202PM.WMA”: I came inside the TV lounge and continued to write. Then I repeated: “... he said... my computer, all my discs, they were all forged by DGHTR... So he was basically saying that everything Mr Chertoff had lied about us was correct...” Then I began reviewing

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23 Reviewed until 53:00

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the recording of my conversation with Wes on July 25. I added the comment that DGHTRCOM at the time did plan to recruit me. Ha! Then, on 1:05:00, a Hispanic woman was laughing loudly nearby, and I was so angered that I was convinced that she was sent here to provoke me to kill her. I promptly wrote it down in my diary. Then, from 1:17:00 onward, I began typing down the notes I had written about “cognitive behavioral torture” days ago. “The knowledge that the pain and suffering will continue indefinitely... will aggravate it...” And, just then, on 1:20:30, people were again talking so loudly nearby that I was terribly angered and had to hum loudly. I then continued: “... and the knowledge that it will end soon will alleviate it... thus, underlying the feeling of hopelessness is temporality, or one’s sense of time... which could either aggravate the pain of the moment or alleviate it... compare the function of *Zeitlichkeit* in Heidegger’s *Daseinsanalytik*... be known according to my idea of myself... depriving me of the two functions which make human beings human beings, i.e., using tools and speaking to others...” I then had to continue to hum when people were again making loud noises near me. I then wrote down the title for this episode: “... *et la fondation des Macrosphériens*...” Although, in reality, only judge Higgins was Macrospherian, I was correct here in that the cycle of evidences from October 22 to December 9 had indeed laid the foundation of her power.

My next recording is: “12\_17\_10\_202-353PM.WMA”: With so much anger accumulated because of the noises, I cursed: “... goddamn fucking Hispanic garbage...” I then walked away complaining about how everything I owned was remotely controlled. I got more coffee from the vending machine and filmed a purple Mommy-like pyramid: “She’s all purple!” (18:00) As if that meant anything! Then: “DGHTR will retire anyway just to be with us.” I then came to the Ackerman bookstore and, from 39:00 onward, began checking out the iMAC on display. I continued to be bothered by other people’s chatter and hum loudly. I browsed through Thomas Friedman’s book, *Hot, Flat, and Crowded: Why We Need a Green Revolution* (from 52:00 onward). I was then again bothered by other people’s noises on 1:15:00. I then started reading a book on Windows 7. Then, from 1:32:00 onward, to counter other people’s noises, I played music loudly on my netbook. Then I browsed through another book on iMAC. I then went upstairs continuing to mutter bitterly how I wanted to sue the Monkey. And, just as I predicted, somebody was sitting by the Ackerman’s computer terminal.

My next recording is: “12\_17\_10\_353-526PM.WMA”: And so I retreated and came back to the bookstore to do my research on the iMAC on display. “... lead-in, lead-out...” I was reading about DVDs. And I kept discovering grammatical mistakes! “This website is not real.. Is the information correct?” Like a typical targeted individual! And I hummed loudly from time to time when people talked loudly near me. Then I was reading again Paul Crowley’s *CD and DVD Forensics*. Then a video about the “CD/ DVD Inspector”. Then a video in which Paul Crowley himself spoke. I left muttering bitterly: “... the Americans around don’t appreciate it, I have spared you the concentration camps!” (53:00) Then: “... all the computer malfunctioning was to force us to give up using our computer... so supposedly our machine is telling us the truth when it says it’s finalizing...” Yeah! Then, on 56:00, I tried to discuss computers with this programmer I ran into. “You are not an actor, are you? No?” Ha! Then, my “different version”: “The official story would have it that we were burning real discs until we finally gave up. There is no way that the prosecuting team would simply say Mr Chertoff was all correct. The Monkey is forging the intercepts of our thoughts at this moment... But the thoughts he is forging don’t match what we are doing... Thus the Microspherian official story is like a comedy show

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because, when we look at computers and so on, he would be forging our thoughts showing us pretending to use computers but not really using computers...” Then: “Using computers is so human in this age, even homeless people’s shelters provide computers in order to enable homeless people to be human... It’s human to like technology, the drive for tools... but the Monkey doesn’t want us to be human... bad Monkey... He sits in front of a big computer all day long and yet he doesn’t want us to use computers...” I then came back to the TV lounge to continue to work.

My next recordings are: “12\_17\_10\_526-619PM.WMA” and “12\_17\_10\_620-714PM.WMA”: I continued to transcribe my recording. (This time, a recording from September when I was in San Francisco.) I then went to get food and came back and took notice of a pretty pyramid. When somebody turned the TV to a Spanish channel, I shouted: “No! You did that to torture me!” Then, when the TV was broadcasting the latest news about Wikileaks, I commented: “The stuff with which Assange was fed was complete garbage, they used him to leak false information, and he didn’t know that, and I’m the only one who knows this...” While it’s true that the State Department cables which Assange published weren’t such big secrets at all, I was again mistaken that he was purposely fed with them. When I walked away, I ran into more children, and I hummed loudly (43:00). When I saw that it was raining outside, I again believed erroneously that it was orchestrated from the control center!. Then: “... to complete the conspiracy... feeding him with false news...”

My next recording is lost. It seems that I had merely come back to the TV lounge to continue to burn my disc. I noted in my diary that, around 7:45 PM, my Sumsung netbook was remotely controlled to freeze. (It’s probably just “natural”.) And I got paranoid again when ImgBurn’s write speed dropped believing that the control center was again doing something to my disc to make it look like it was forged.

My next recording is: “ucltvrmmstsltn\_12\_17\_10\_835-1010PM.WMA”: I continued: “What about Wes? Will he come with us? We will teach in the Moscow Institute of International Relations... Put money in my account... It’s scary, we have never been to the place... The most important thing: we cannot hurt our credibility... There will be none of this ‘schizophrenia crap’... All these infants dumped into orphanages in Russia, it’s so bad, they have no money, the economy is broken. After this, they will have money to build.... Once you get... it’s time to sue the Monkey, that Monkey bitch... shipped to Europe... How can we be made into an instrument and then be punished for it? We need to find a therapist, a pyramid... Many years from now, no one will know what has happened...” Then more: “So we got duped like a dumb ass, and if you don’t call that a ‘victim’, what then is a ‘victim’?... We need a pyramid to guide us as to what is proper and what is not and what people’s interests are.... We have to eliminate all speculations as to the purposes of the operations.... Counting wounds gives us pleasure... I just want to be myself... I’m not going to give up my writings, nobody had better tell me to...” And my left side hurt (1:33:00). I then came to the underground parking lot to masturbate. “I told you not to use my lawsuit as evidence, and you use it, so pay me back my money...” I also named another component of my “ICJ disorder”: “intercept overload”.

My last recording is: “slpwstwd\_12\_17-18\_10\_1012PM-631AM.WMA”: And then I came to Westwood Village to sleep. (It was still raining.) I continued: “... the French promised us 100,000

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dollars, but that means the Macrospherians will intercept it...” Then, on 24:00, my right side hurt tremendously. Why? Then: “... it looks like there is a reconciliation... but we don’t really know what happened...”<sup>24</sup>

## **December 18 (Saturday)**

My first recording of the new day is: “wktouclclsd\_12\_18\_10\_631-855AM.WMA”: Soon after I woke up, I began my long walk to UCLA. It was merely 6:44 AM, and yet I ran into a child! I filmed it. It was really hard not to believe this wasn’t orchestrated from the control center! It was soon raining again. Then: “We got duped, the reason why they don’t want us to smoke is so that we can get more easily provoked... the intention was harm...” Then I reflected on the Monkey: “He must have had some success with some business before, and so he fell for it this time...” Then: “... the SLVK as an organization, they must have understood clinical psychology very well...” Then I mumbled something about President Ma of Taiwan. Then: “Why is it that we write... and we got stopped... the ultimate... came from the French team...” Then: “What do they think of Dr Guerrière? Being be-ing beings... that’s not the formula but that’s how we started... and nobody in the class knew what he was talking about... never thought one day it would be of practical use...” As I rested in the underground parking lot in the middle of UCLA, I continued: “... a history of social ineptness... they don’t really look down upon people who are socially inept...” (1:21:30). Bullshit! Then: “The reason why we figured things out so late is that we weren’t aware of how important the matter was... We assumed that, once the Macrosphere was established, nothing could go wrong... How much does Obama understand us?... We want to sit down with the French team and have a conversation with them... curiosity...” I came out of the underground parking lot on 2:08:00 only to discover that Ackerman was closed today. Well, the final was over yesterday. On, 2:22:00, I came to Burger King instead to use the restroom.

My next recordings are: “rstrmbrgrkngdsrpt\_12\_18\_10\_855-911AM.WMA” and “bus2snsetmtlwait\_12\_18\_10\_911-1126AM.WMA”: After using the restroom, I got on bus 2. I decided to check into a motel again given that UCLA was closed and that it was raining. I continued my worthless reflection: “This is the defense team’s strategy: they know we won’t get help afterward, and so they command it to rain in order to force us to stay in a motel... They command people to make noises into our recordings, so that they won’t become evidences against the defendants...” I played MIA loudly. I got off the bus in Hollywood where all the motels were, and it was raining terribly. I filmed another pair of “double pyramids” (1:08:00). I came to a motel and asked for a room (1:09:00). The manager said he was not sure whether there would be rooms available. Check-out time was 3 PM. I came to another motel, but there were still no rooms. I decided to wait for the room. Then: “Why is the defense team objecting? Their plan is to destroy the Macrospherians and then dump us.” I came inside a restaurant on 1:38:00. More: “The judges are in the Macrosphere, there are good people in the Macrosphere...”

My next recording is: “snsetnosedrllbralcntrlrm\_12\_18\_10\_1126AM-1217PM.WMA”: Then, when somebody talked loudly next to me, I again wrongly assumed he was an actor: “He just wants to make sure that, when we start reflecting, his noises will be in our recording...” Like a typical targeted individual! Then, more wrong scenario: “It was Father John who chose the message on August 30 –

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24 Reviewed until 43:00.

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there was no expert doing it...” Then: “The Monkey Pyramid was only controlled, but not abandoned, and so she still has that streak of royal selfishness... The SLVK must have understood the liberals so well... Then why are they so conservative? If Dr L is lifted up into Macrosphere, her expertise must be spectacular...” Then I hummed when children appeared. I decided not to wait any longer and walked away. I continued to perfect my “different version”: “... everything has to go through the computer... the defendants... they were the ones who told PM to keep testing us so that we would be engrossed in the tests... so that we will be distracted... PM *does* like testing, but this is not the time... The defense team had the upperhand because the Monkey was on the prosecuting team... If they stopped testing, the defense team would accuse them of conspiracy... Whoever has the Monkey will lose” and, just then, I coughed – as if remotely controlled to confirm myself (20:30). I came back to the first motel and was told to come back on 3 PM. “The defense is wasting our time” – and so I kept on walking. “That’s his strategy, when he gets on the boat, he can’t impress people enough to cause them to elect him the king, and so he drills a hole and forces people to make him the king, except that he’s so dumb that he drills a hole which he can’t fix...” Then, on 43:00, I came to a third motel and was able to obtain a room. It was 69 dollars! I was wasting away more of my precious money. “If you get lumped with them you might as well go all the way and save a few dollars.”

My next recordings are: “mtlnws\_12\_18\_10\_1217-1250PM.WMA” and “mtlstudydvd207\_12\_18\_10\_1-409PM.WMA”: While in the motel room, I continued: “... the Macrospherians do not have to be mean and strict with us, if the defense team’s charge of conspiracy is just a trick...” Then, after shower, I started burning a new disc. Again I watched the burning speed very carefully suspecting fraud constantly. Then: “*Oh, we forgot, Madam President is British, Britain is boring...*” (2:22:00). Then, the news about North Korea on TV: “Only this guy doesn’t get duped because he knows how badly the North Korean missiles are constructed...” Bullshit!

My next recording is: “mtldvd207\_12\_18\_10\_410-611PM.WMA”: I successfully burned my disc, but I was again paranoid because the finalization stopped at 93%. “There shouldn’t be problems with our disc, since he is supposed to forge it...” Then, my left side hurt (58:00). Why? The cable TV was now broadcasting Titanic, and I would soon wrongly assume it was orchestrated to match my testimonies four hours ago! Then: “We bought this Samsung to replace the episode of our getting our Eee PC...” There was some truth in this! “But what about our second Eee PC? Not replaced here.... According to the official story, we never wrote ‘My experience...’. It was stuffed into the laptop and given to us...”

My next recording is: “mtldvd208titnc007\_12\_18-19\_10\_611PM-1241AM.WMA”: When I went out to buy food, I complained: “It might be raining, or typhoon, or tornado, but, when we go out to buy food, Hispanic women carrying their little things will always appear, if I were in Gobi Desert, they would appear...” When I was waiting for my food, children were everywhere, even though it was raining. Just as I had predicted! I came back to my room on 44:00. Now, as noted earlier, I started believing that this movie “Titanic” was a metaphor of the Monkey’s plan: he gets on a ship, drills a hole, so that everyone will have to make him the king (1:08:00). “By figuring this out, we have become a conscious conspirator... We are not a conspirator, just because he dies for her in the movie, that doesn’t mean we want to die for *her*; just because we watch it, that doesn’t mean we agree with it... *She should die for us*... If I’m hungry, I should have the right to eat her...” I was of course talking about the



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Pyramid. Then: "... infinity leads to immunity... We need to learn to think like bureaucrats, it's always about laws..." And, after "Titanic", the cable TV was showing "007". Then: "... every time someone says something, it feels like a 'message'... It's, again, 'intercept overload'... We require long years of therapy..." Then: "I didn't want shit to do with North Korea..." I was then busy burning another new disc. "The Monkey must have said something very stupid about our computer. It doesn't matter who wins and who loses, the court itself has to compensate us..."<sup>25</sup>

## December 19 (Sunday)

My next recordings are: "wkmtl\_12\_19\_10\_812-818AM.WMA" and "wkmtl\_12\_19\_10\_818-913AM.WMA": Soon after I woke up, I continued: "... the French, who are Mr B's boss, would tell him, 'Don't touch him when he burns his disc... and don't touch his storage... don't touch his stuff'..."

My next recordings are: "mtlwrt\_12\_19\_10\_913-1043AM.WMA" and "cleanmtl\_12\_19\_10\_1043-1110AM.WMA": I wrote down in my diary: "The purpose of this is to drive me to paranoia through exploiting my inferential thinking... He's worried that I might have credibility in the future in regard to remotely induced computer malfunctioning..." Then, by 11 AM, I checked out of the motel.

My next recording is: "chckutmtl\_12\_19\_10\_1111AM-1234PM.WMA": I continued: "... remember that the court itself should compensate us..." And there was a honk as if the control center were confirming me! "... that should be outside the conspiracy... the Microspherian official story is constructed half-way... Maybe it's just the French team..." I got on the bus on 28:00 but refused to stay on because there were too many children on board: "Is this a kindergarten?" Then: "The more Mr B... maybe that's how the conspiracy works... deprive me of what's most essential... check my disc..." Then: "It's in the defendants' interest that the deadline comes as soon as possible... *no later than December 21...*" I got on the next bus on 36:00. I continued my "different version": "... the Microspherians, Mommy... now have to reconstruct the official story on the basis of Mr B's cartoon figure... our real motivation: we don't want to become the Monkey's cartoon figure... *People are objecting because the Monkey lets them do it...* the Monkey is their mole... if nations are objecting... then why should the Macrospherians listen to objections in the future?" Then: "I didn't have to know... the point is for me not to know..." I got off the bus somewhere in Eagle Rock on 1:18:00.

My next recording is: "cybrftpslbrmndwindsound\_12\_19\_10\_1234-445PM.WMA": I got off here because I spotted a cybercafe which I had never visited. I decided to try it out. I came inside and paid 4 dollars for an hour. The employees, all Asians, helped me set up Filezilla on the computer and so on. I started uploading files to my website while reading *DVD Forensics* and watching videos on DVDs. I listened to Dr Linehan's lectures (from 1:07:30 onward). I erroneously thought this could help me understand better the techniques of the (imaginary) Great Psychologist! Then episode 5 of "That's Impossible: Mind Control". Then some Chinese news (about North Korea). Then Silbermond's "Durch die Nacht" and "Das Beste". Then I discovered the Chinese movie "The Message" (風聲). On 2:56:00 the employee came to interrupt me: "You are out of time..." "I'm turning it off now..." I was angered

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<sup>25</sup> There is nothing in the next recording: "mtl\_12\_19\_10\_1241-145AM.WMA":

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and believed it was a provocation.<sup>26</sup> I gave him 2 more dollars. I stopped watching “The Message” by 3:42:00 and – my delusional mind working again – came up with the scenario that this movie was a metaphor orchestrated from the control center to tell me that the Monkey was a mole. I then moved to a different corner to review my recordings.

My next recordings are: “wrtcybrargu\_12\_19\_10\_439-445PM.WMA” and “IMPargmntbus181provmtgd\_12\_19\_10\_454-537PM.WMA”: It’s unclear what happened then. The employees suddenly surrounded me and demanded that I leave. When I was slow in packing my things up they grabbed my cart and threw it outside. I was absolutely shocked and assumed they were actors instructed by the control center to provoke me to a fight. I kept yelling at them: “I don’t give a shit how much you get paid, I’m gonna sue you... It’s acting and acting... I saved this country and I saved your future...” Yet, in reality, they weren’t actors and didn’t know what I was talking about – although I can’t be sure that the Monkey didn’t plan this episode by controlling *me* to run into bad situations. I came to the bus stop and called up Wes on 13:00 but he was not home. Terribly angered by the injustice of it all – that I must be provoked into a fight in order to confirm some bad profile of me – I got on the 181 bus on 24:00. Now other passengers were again shouting profanity at me, which terribly irritated me. How could I not assume this was not orchestrated to provoke me? I muttered bitterly: “That’s how Mr B... the defense team... could drag us into a conspiracy with them... the more we are deprived of our computer, the more we want to use it... That’s how we have ended up in a conspiracy with them... the Macrospherians... what’s the point of continuing... so that we can become a bad person... what happened earlier... all because the electrical outlet was not working so that we had to move to the back corner... *it’s all planned in advance in order to make it look like it’s our own fault...*” Like a typical targeted individual!

My next recording is: “bus2tobrdrwstwdgdl\_12\_19\_10\_545-750PM.WMA”: I continued to reflect: “... when you say ‘I have saved Russia’, that’s considered harm because that enables the defense team to object on the basis of conspiracy... They can thus consider us as harming them...” This was not just my “different version”, it was also realization a little too late! Then: “... how I stole electricity... that’s what real Russia and America will say: how can someone like that want to save us... What were freebies before are suddenly no longer freebies, and you are discontent, that’s how they can make you look bad... Whose fault is it? They shouldn’t have invited a Mexican in... since saving them is harming them and harming them is saving them but then is harming us, we have to remain neutral... the Macrospherians have to calculate...” I then kept playing Silbermond to cover up other people’s noises and got off the bus on 35:00. I continued: “... human rights abuse... fix every single detail of the person’s environment in order to turn him into a bad person... it is human rights abuse... otherwise they would tell me what’s going on...” I came inside the Borders Bookstore on Vine and Sunset on 50:00. I continued: “The Russians are at fault, for inviting in an unqualified individual... They need to compensate me, it’s not conspiracy... It’s what’s right... They need to cause the information to be released... They have already satisfied the laws, it’s about the face...” Then I filmed the people around me believing again that everybody was only acting, and a woman yelled at me: “Why are you taking fucking pictures of me?” “You’re acting!” Like a typical targeted individual! I then left Borders and got on the bus on 1:04:00 to go back to Westwood. A black woman was shouting on 1:07:00: “I know

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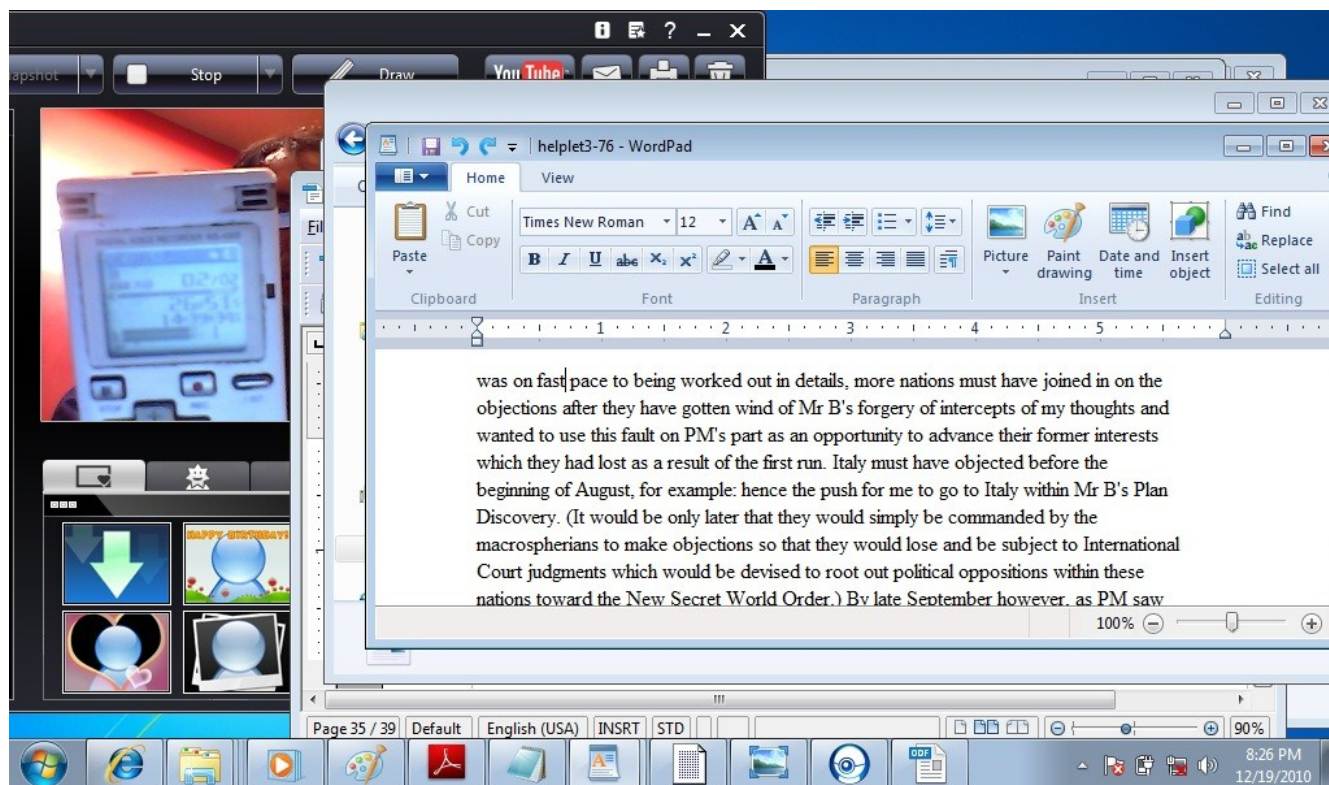
26 It’s not clear from the recording how exactly I was provoked. But this is not an essential detail.

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myself...” and I again erroneously assumed she was only acting. I continued: “... whenever I think of something, the environment will respond, and you don’t believe that’s human rights abuse? The Russians want to *be* good and to *look* good, and they are smart enough to have satisfied the laws...” I then elaborated again on the technique to make me look bad: “... take away the latitude... the leeway for small wrongdoings...” (1:11:00). Namely, just as they can give you freebies and let you become used to them and then take them away so that, when you get angry for losing something, you can look unreasonable, so, here, they can instruct people to no longer tolerate what, though it is wrong, society has always tolerated (such as walking through red lights) so that, when you get angry for losing something, you can look unreasonable. I continued: “... There are only two days left, let’s see how Russia will respond to the world... They would say, ‘This guy is our enemy when he is naturally good’... They are supposed to be smarter than I, they are supposed to figure out how to help me despite objections...” Ha! Except that they weren’t here any longer! By 1:48:00 I was off the bus in Westwood. I continued: “By preventing us from engaging in our disorder... recording ourselves... it’s not PM, but the defense team, who wanted us to choose... every one of them is actor, actress...” Then, on 2:02:00, I came inside the Borders Bookstore on Westwood Blvd.

My next recording is: “brdrwrtgdlcut\_12\_19\_10\_750-934PM.WMA”: I continued to write while playing Silbermond: “... so that the evidences that are already there might become admissible... while in the future my recordings can never be admitted into evidence... thus they make sure that every one of my recordings should contain noises from infants and underage people... nations were required to make objections so that they would lose... Italy must have objected in August, hence the push for me to go to Italy...” And I hummed like crazy when people came near me to make noises. Then, on 31:00, a child came in to shout. I began suffering tremendous pain and could no longer work. I muttered bitterly: “We are going to sue the actress...” I then continued to write about my suicide attempt in early October. I was so enamored with Silbermond’s “Das Beste” that I played it repeatedly throughout my time in Borders.

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Judge Higgins' evidence of my "different version" tonight

My last recording of the day is: "leabvbrdrwstwdreadyslp\_12\_19\_10\_925-1026PM.WMA": While leaving Borders, I continued to mutter about the actors: "They all have to be sued, every one of the women who has pushed her baby to me... They are remotely controlled slaves, that's why they commit pedophilia with their own children..." I was so upset that I walked through red lights causing drivers to honk at me. "... we need to get out, we will never make friends in America ever again, forget about Mommy..." On 17:00 I settled down in my corner in Westwood Village and played Silbermond's "Das Beste" repeatedly. Then: "... we need to ask police officers to execute us..." Then, before sleep, I cut myself on my left arm to release the anger (and of course I took care to film it).

### December 20 (Monday)

My first recording of the new day is: "conprfaultlpslpwstwd\_12\_20\_10\_5-1016AM.WMA": I was awake from 3:48:00 onward. I immediately started talking to myself: "I can't stop thinking..." And: "Did Samantha really die? Or is it just Mommy's trick..." I got up on 4:10:00 and started walking to UCLA. It was still raining. "It is very interesting, intelligence agencies like to hire nerds..." I settled down in a corner next to Ackerman's bookstore to avoid the rain and use my netbook. I played Dr Linehan's lecture which I recorded yesterday. Then, again, somebody was talking loudly near me. "He wants to be recorded..." I then played Silbermond and, after that, the movie "Message".

My next recordings are: "ucl\_12\_20\_10\_1021-1103AM.WMA" and "smbusprovkd\_12\_20\_10\_1104-

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1138AM.WMA”: I burned a new DVD in my corner. Then, I got on the bus on 31:00 to go to OPCC. I continued blasting Silbermond to keep out other people’s noises from my recorder.

My next recording is: “IMPthoughtsonbus\_12\_20\_10\_1139-1150AM.WMA”: After I got off the bus, I took account of what I had thought while on the bus: “... when we thought about the P-thing, there was ‘Ding’, evidence is still being collected while the setting of the mind-reading computer has been altered... There are several mind-reading computers...” Then: “... the winners of the lawsuit are now the court officials... the Monkey... he has a lot of power... the world is still centralized from the court room... he has so little care about prosecution... it’s really bizarre... he just messed up the machine so that he could become a court official... his only interest is in the resources under court’s command...” Bullshit!

My next recordings are: “opcclunch\_12\_20\_10\_1150AM-1218PM.WMA” and “leavopccfrnchsavedme\_12\_20\_10\_1218-1223PM.WMA”: I came to OPCC, got my free lunch, and left. I then mumbled about how, back in January, the French wanted to save me: “... that’s why the French were upset, ‘We tried to save you and you still wouldn’t let us win’... Maybe the French wanted to recruit us so that Mr Chertoff wouldn’t be able to touch us... What are the French upset about...? What’s the big deal about losing...? You can’t let Mr Chertoff get out, he’s a psychopath...”<sup>27</sup>

My next recording is: “tosmcafe\_12\_20\_10\_1224-1253PM.WMA”: “... we are afraid that the French might be upset... the French are good guys, but they are independent... We thought the French are cool... if everything is a mirror image of each other, then Mr Chertoff will be the mole... the Monkey is helping the enemy, but Mr Chertoff is still the enemy...”

My next recording is: “dvd209wrtlet\_12\_20\_10\_1253-223PM.WMA”: I came to a coffeehouse, but was told I was not allowed to smoke outside, and yet it was still raining. When children showed up, I hummed like crazy. I then filmed myself burning a new disc. And, guess what, people came near to make noises again: “It’s to provoke us...” Like a typical targeted individual! Then: “Maybe Mr Chertoff said our recordings were forged when we didn’t close... but that’s very early on... unless the Monkey has something to do with it... People are making noises to interrupt us, we need to cut ourselves later...” And I was still watching the disc-burning carefully, paranoid that the control center was playing fraud with it. Then, on 45:00, when the burning was successfully completed, I was already quite angry because of other people’s noises. When a driver honked, I believed erroneously that it was to provoke me. I continued to check my disc while humming. Then, my recorder turned itself off.

My next recording is: “smcafe\_12\_20\_10\_232-343PM.WMA”: I got up and was terribly upset believing that my recorder was remotely turned off from the control center. “We have to go to the parking lot to cut ourselves again. 8 minutes of our recording are deleted...” Then I yelled at a woman: “Get away, don’t fuck with me you fucking bitch...” And I kicked over things on the street. On 15:00 I came inside a crowded coffeehouse, and there was a baby crying. I opened up my laptop, and there was again a strange pop-up. I filmed it. My mysterious Samsung netbook! I left this terrible coffeehouse on

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<sup>27</sup> I tend to remember that it is during this episode that I made the request to DGHTRCOM that he spare the French, but I couldn’t find it in the recording. But this is not an essential detail.

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27:00 and got on the bus on 34:00. I muttered bitterly: "... every day, a tiny dose of frustration, in order to make you into a criminal... undisciplined... criminal..." I got off the bus on 51:00.

My next recordings are: "macdemogdlt\_12\_20\_10\_343-413PM.WMA" and "bus\_12\_20\_10\_414-450PM.WMA": I bought food in a liquor store. There was siren just when I opened the can: I erroneously believed the control center had timed it. A typical targeted individual! I then got on the 720 bus to go back to Westwood. I was further upset because the bus was shaking so violently that I couldn't work on my netbook: "We have lost the ability to do things on the bus." I even believed *this* was orchestrated from the control center to frustrate me by forcing me to waste my precious time – again, like a typical targeted individual – and so I filmed the shaking of my cart while playing Silbermond loudly. I got off the bus on 24:00 and came inside the underground parking lot in UCLA.

My next recording is: "uclprklot\_12\_20\_10\_454-716PM.WMA": I continued to review the recording of my conversation with Wes (from July). I left on 32:00. I came outside and began verifying my disc while listening to Dr Linehan's lecture and then the episode from "That's Impossible". Then I checked the files on the newly burned disc. Then, around 6:15 PM or so, while transferring the folder "youcam42" to my external hard drive, I noticed that the transfer was frozen either on the file "Capture\_20101214\_4.wmv" or on the next one "Capture\_20101214\_5.wmv". Then the transferring of "Capture\_20101215.wmv" was also frozen before allowed to resume. I got all paranoid again and believed it was the control center's trick. I wrote down in my diary:

It seems that the transfer of any files in which I said something intelligent or in which I was recorded writing would be remotely frozen for a brief second so that the altered file could never be used as evidence in the International Court system. The nature of the files whose transfer was interrupted seems to indicate that it was the White Mexican Monkey's prosecuting team which was responsible for the interruption because my appearance in these files as a non-retarded and writing human being contradicts his false profile of me as an under-developed half human in the nature of a violent wild child. It would seem that the technique has simply been the same as that employed by Mr former Secretary since my time in Nicaragua. That is, the transfer was merely interrupted and then allowed to resume, without damage to the file itself. This is the best scenario. Somehow there are international laws which require digital files used as evidence to be smooth and holistic and not recomposed afterward. But even this best scenario means that the frequent drops in the write speed of my ImgBurn when it burns a new disc must have been remotely caused in order to create evidences of interruption in the copying of the files so that none of the discs may be used as evidences in the International Court system in the future. This gets me very worried because this means that there has not been a single important file among my terabytes of data which has not been altered or interrupted in some way, both in my hard drives and on my discs.

Complete bullshit and paranoia over nothing! There was never such a rule that recomposed files couldn't be used as evidences even back in summer last year! Nevertheless, the paranoia fit into my

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“different version”. Then I even doubted the hash values of my files: “... we assume that this software is not remotely controlled to produce the wrong hash value...” Then I started reviewing my recording. “I don’t see how this will be damaging to Mr B at all... it’s damaging because he’s the one who has caused it...”

My next recording is: “uclprlot\_12\_20\_10\_717-916PM.WMA”: I then came back into the underground parking lot on 16:00. I reviewed again the recording of Dr Linehan’s lecture and the episode “That’s Impossible”. Then: “The screenshots can’t be uses as evidences because we are supposed to be mentally retarded... the Monkey thinks we are developmentally...” Then I played Silbermond again.

My next recording is: “uclprklot\_12\_20\_10\_917-946PM.WMA”: I got upset again when my lighter disappeared. I left the underground parking lot in search of a light. I mumbled: “... the defense team has won... all evidences are suppressed... when we discover... the technique... Mr B will argue conspiracy... the Macrospherians will then come over... Mr B is the mole... supposedly the Macrospherians will do the trial themselves... the Microspherians have done so badly... even with the laws permitting you to manufacture anything you want, you still lose... it’s as if they have a gun and the person is all tied up, and they still miss and end up shooting themselves in the head and die...” Ha!

My next recording is: “wstwdreadyslp\_12\_20\_10\_946-1126PM.WMA”: Then; “... also... collect evidences without our awareness... the evidence-collection has become impossible...” I came to the pharmacy to buy cigarettes and obtain matches (30:00). I continued to speculate: “The Monkey’s story: ... DGHTR framed Mr Chertoff...! And... Mr Chertoff... The Monkey then said: ‘I’ve got a replacement here...’ That will actually make Mr Chertoff look...” Then: “... if when you are here they will come to talk next to you, when you go in front of them they will definitely talk... the evidentiary process is archived somewhere... most of the battle happened in the evidentiary chamber... *after tomorrow, there should be nothing*... leave me and my computer alone... even people who are drafted are paid, and we haven’t got paid...” Then about DGHTRCOM again: “... that’s his strategy, we have started understanding how he does things...” Then, I settled down in my corner in Westwood Village and played Silbermond again: “... even though we have figured it out afterwards, time is reversed... but evidences show that we don’t really care, we do whatever we want to do...”

My last recording is: “IMPslprealztzn\_12\_20-21\_10\_1132PM-1242AM.WMA”: I continued while I rested: “We need to know what exactly the law is... our laptop was smashed up... The damages to the evidence’s property will be compensated... it could be the Monkey’s own idea... to impress the boss... PM is not in conspiracy with us because he is doing *this* while we think he is doing *that*... the Macrospherians will do *this*... but we think... and then we will go into the infinite loop again... We can say they will eat, and they can stop eating for one day in order to avoid conspiracy with us, but what if we say they will eat at some point? They will then have to do simply what is just and correct and fair...” Then, again, when people yelled, I felt shock wave throughout my body. My terrible Sonophobia!

**December 21 (Tuesday; Wes back in California)**

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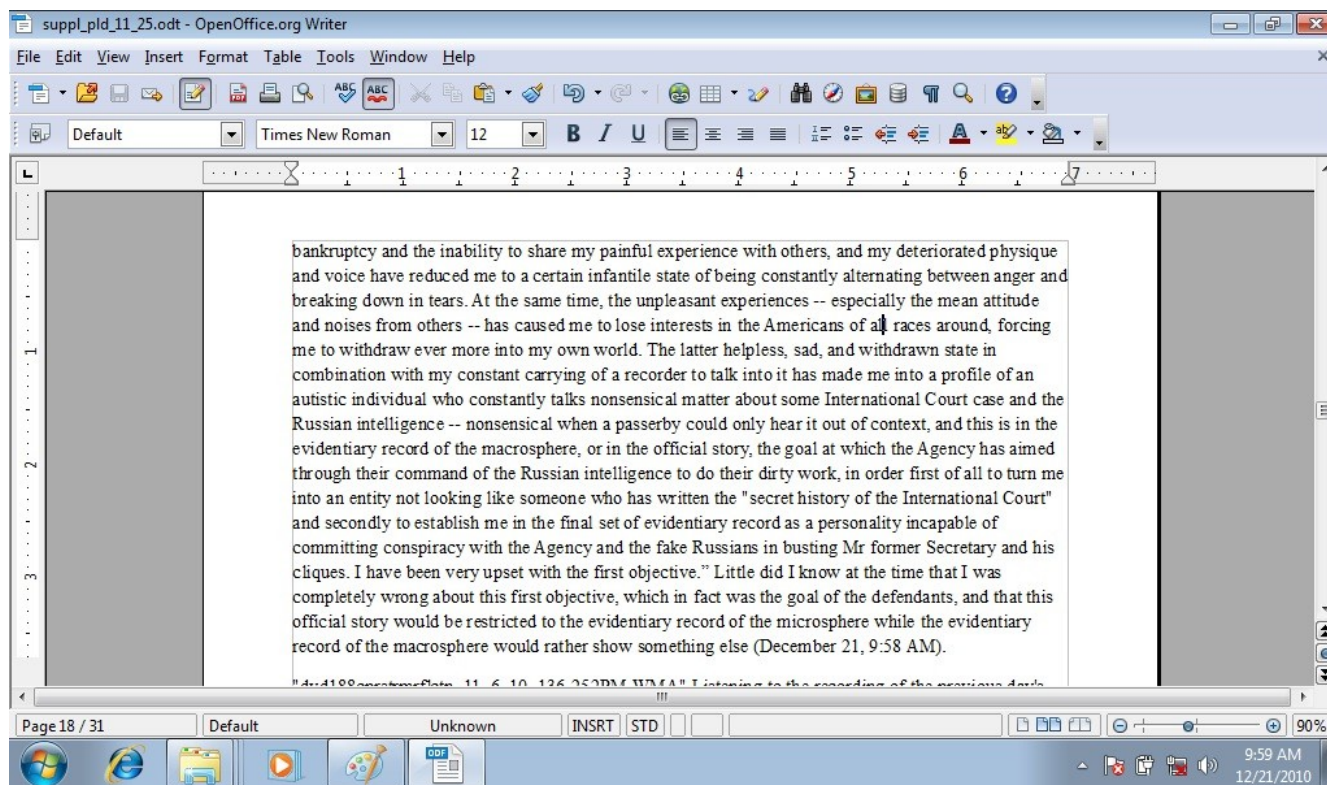
My next recording is: “slpwstwdwkprovkducl\_12\_21\_10\_1242-850AM.WMA”: I was awake from 6:49:00 onward. I immediately started my reflection: “Everything will end today...” (7:06:30). Not! Not when it was all in my mind (whether or not I was being programmed from the control center)! I then mumbled about my past beliefs and current beliefs. “I’m always going after what is correct, except for one thing, that today is the last day... Even if I find out that the deadline is another day, I would still insist on believing that it’s today in order to make it finish... When I discover what is true, I would go back to revise my past incorrect scenarios, except for the belief that today is the deadline...” Then: “... pretend to pass out information around the world... only so that... will be intercepted... supposedly that’s how it works... the defense team requested a deadline, and Mr B tried to change our belief in order to extend the deadline... January 11, and we never fell for it... it’s considered an attack... immunity... don’t have to worry about that...” Then, on 7:26:00, a Hispanic guy came over and shouted: “What’s up mother fucker...” “He’s trying to provoke me...” I turned on my netbook on 7:31:00 to film myself getting up. “Hopefully, when it’s over, the Macrospherians wouldn’t order the Microspherians to continue the appearance that it’s continuing... just because we have once suggested the possibility...” Then I got smarter: “What if they only have to make sure that the *appearance* fits our belief... then our belief that it will end today and that we will get help...” Then, on 7:48:00, I filmed myself walking into UCLA. And I ran into children! “When the defense team made arguments, it’s very expensive...” I came to the vending machine for my morning coffee.

My next recording is: “rflctncallwesmom\_12\_21\_10\_850-931AM.WMA”: I continued: “We need to petition, then afterwards we can sue the Monkey and his family, and leave them not a penny...” Yeah right! I then filmed more of what I thought were actors. Then I called up Wes’ mother on 25:00. “When is Wes coming back?” Wes’ mother however informed me that his plane was delayed. I again mistakenly assumed that this was a “secret message” (by means of a metaphor) from the control center, i.e., that the conclusion of the trial was being delayed. It was not going to end today after all. Ha! I was terribly disappointed.

My next recording is: “rvw209supl1125uclprklot\_12\_21\_10\_931-1104AM.WMA”: I came inside the underground parking lot. I continued to write: “... this would be restricted to the Microsphere, while the official story in Macrosphere will show something else...” Then: “We name it the ‘International Criminal Court’, but it could just be a special tribunal...” I was again disturbed by all the strange pop-ups on my computer screen: “They are trying to provoke us by remotely controlling our computer...” I was then reviewing the recording from two days ago, of what happened at the cybercafe. Again, I played Silbermond repeatedly. Then: “... We were dragged into the conspiracy by the defendants... We actually just want to be ourselves... When PM promised us a pyramid, it’s just somebody else pretending to be him, that’s what the evidentiary record shows...” I should have then awakened to the reality that I wasn’t getting any pyramid at all. I then left the underground parking lot and walked back to Westwood Village.



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My modification of my “different version” this morning

My next recording is: “toinoutaboutpd\_12\_21\_10\_1104AM-1205PM.WMA”: As I walked, I continued my worthless reflection: “They keep pushing children to him to make him into a pedophile, it’s too bad that it’s a genetic thing, you can’t ever do it...” I came inside a restaurant, and, immediately, was overcome by a strong desire to smash the children I saw with my bat. “They want an intercept of my thoughts.... First, they need to be sued, and, second, we need compensation from the Russians and the Americans, their hands are tied because of the Monkeys, the Russians have their purpose, you can’t blame them... Our intention is to make a mark for every pain we have suffered, just as, when children come over, we need to make a mark, these idiots in the courthouse won’t understand this... Our motivation for recording: all operations need to be recorded, nobody has suffered so much, and we need to stabilize reality... You can’t blame the Russians... These Monkeys think that other people need to give up their country just for them, but we are not brought up to think like that...” When I filmed a stranger who I thought was an actor, he came to me demanding that his pictures be removed from my camera. Me: “Actor! Acting!” He of course didn’t know what I was talking about. Like a typical targeted individual! Then I asked another stranger to confirm that two children were coming toward me. Then: “The defense team is making some gibberish arguments, in order to delay the trial, in order to give Mr B one more day to provoke us, to bring us down...” That is, according to my “different version”, the defense team first wanted the deadline and then didn’t want it anymore because their objective had changed to bringing me down instead. Then, my recorder turned itself off.

My next recording is: “touclsuemary\_12\_21\_10\_1218-1236PM.WMA”: This time, I wasn’t too upset

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about my recorder. I asked another stranger to confirm that children were coming. Then: “This is UCLA, right?” “Right.” But other people didn’t find it strange that there would be so many children running around in a university. Then: “Who turned off my recorder? Mr B. Was he doing that in response to the defense team’s argument? Or is it because the Macrospherians are commanding him?” I then came back to the underground parking lot.

My next recording is: “uclprklotcutslfcmmsnse\_12\_21\_10\_1236-106PM.WMA”: I continued: “The defendants are so powerful, they have command over the whole structure, everybody has to do what they say, they can require the United States to treat us like trash, I wish I were the defendants...” I then cut myself to release the tension I had earlier accumulated from restraining myself from killing children. And of course I made sure to film it.

My next recording is: “soundofwinduclbkstr\_12\_21\_10\_133-319PM.WMA”: I then came to the Ackerman bookstore to watch the movie “Message” on iMAC. I watched the whole movie this time and was totally enamored with the actress Li Bingbing. On 40:00 I videotaped the best scene of the movie, the best performance by Li Bingbing. Just then, an Asian guy appeared behind me wearing a mask. I again mistakenly thought that the control center might have sent him to communicate something to me.

My next recording is: “IMPrflctnwndsoundconspr\_12\_21\_10\_319-452PM.WMA”: Then: “Who’s turning off our computer? Mr B! Why? To prosecute! Why? Because he’s the mole... He has made up a profile that’s the opposite of reality, and so he will try to prevent us from doing anything we want to do, and that’s the conspiracy... The defense team has calculated that we will resist, and that the prosecution will fail, that’s how the conspiracy works... This guy really just wants to be himself... The judges should not be allowed to commit conspiracy...” Again, my “different version” seemed to explain everything! I then came inside Ackerman. Note that I named the conspirator nations: France, Italy, and Turkey.

My next recordings are: “uclstdntunn\_12\_21\_10\_501-513PM.WMA” and “ucltvrmmacgdlt\_12\_21\_10\_517-703PM.WMA”: I came inside the TV lounge continuing to mumble about my “different version”: “The defense team... showed that Monkey’s intercepts are forged...” I resumed work, naming files while playing Silbermond. I again believed that the black guy sitting at another table was a surveillance agent sent here to watch over me. Wrong! Then, when several people were talking loudly near me, I was again terribly angered. When I came to the restroom, I yelled at somebody (mistaking him for an actor): “Actor, you are trying to play with your cellphone in front of me to scare me...” Then I saw children again. I boasted: “I can turn any place into a kindergarten by walking into it...” Then I shouted at another person: “Hey, actor! When will the provocation stop?” He was stunned: “You are talking to me?” Like a typical targeted individual! I ordered my burger (46:00) and came back to the TV lounge. After I ate, I walked around Ackerman, only to see so many children running around: “... kindergarten...” I then came downstairs to the bookstore to look again at the iMAC on display. “How do you type Chinese characters on MAC?” I used the iMAC to watch episodes from “The Message” again, and then read pages from *Compact Disc System* (1:29:00). Then I searched for Li Bingbing. When some guy was laughing loudly nearby, I felt like being stabbed with a knife (1:42:00).

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Then, people's chatter bothered me so much that I left the bookstore. I was so angry that I shouted: "We'll sue the US government, so that it will never enforce terrorism laws again..." I came back upstairs, only to see more children running about. I asked a stranger: "Did you get paid to bring the children here?" (1:48:00) Ha! The Monkey of course did not actually orchestrate all this: it was all "natural".

My next recording is: "tvrmwrtsupl\_12\_21\_10\_703-855PM.WMA": I came to the TV lounge again and wrote down how I would sue the actors – they did all this just in order to make me look like a pedophile – so that the US would forever lose the rights to enforce international laws. "... for creating the first Misoped in human history..." Ha! Dreaming! Then: "Mommy used to work for the neocons... neocons... totalitarian system... we need to sue Mr B for the P-thing... he needs to stay in jail with the other pedophiles..." I then resumed writing. I was now writing about what happened in June. Again, whenever people made noises around me I assumed they were actors – having no idea that all this was in fact "natural". I was then looking for the recording of my conversation with Wes on July 3.

My next recording is: "uclevtr\_12\_21\_10\_856-912PM.WMA" and "wrtsuplycl\_12\_21\_10\_913-954PM.WMA": I then left the TV lounge and made a call to somebody but didn't leave a message. I then came back and started reviewing the recording of my conversation with Wes on July 3. Again, I hummed frantically whenever people showed up to make noises. I got upset on 23:00 when children appeared. ("Natural" though it was, you have to be amazed by how UCLA was indeed becoming a kindergarten.) On 40:00 people showed up to talk loudly around me again. I hummed loudly and got very angry.

My next recording is: "cutselfschizophr\_12\_22\_10\_954-1101PM.WMA" (...12\_21\_10...): I muttered angrily: "... We are going to cut ourselves... Whenever we write, someone will always come around to interrupt us... We can't take this game anymore, it's raining and you have nowhere else to go, and they will..." And so I came to a corner and filmed myself cutting myself. Since I believed erroneously that the control center had purposely sent in these actors to disturb me with their noises – like a typical targeted individual – all these noise attacks were for me proof that the trial was continuing. I began crying: "... I don't believe it's gonna be over... tomorrow is another day like this... the defendants are the most powerful people on the planet, I wish I were the defendants, then I can kill anyone I want..." I then resumed my work and continued to review the recording of my conversation with Wes. And children appeared again, even though it was raining and past 10 PM! (17:00) I muttered sarcastically: "Everyday we come to the university to do our pedophile things... Everyday we come to the university to disguise our pedophilia... It takes a lot of education to effectively disguise one's pedophilia... Even though I don't masturbate with children's pictures, I do want to kill them... That's how I disguise my pedophilia... It's thanks to the US government that I discovered that I am a pedophile... I do hope to sue the US government for making me know that I am a pedophile, I'd rather not know... It's a very sad state..." Then I got pessimistic: "We suffer from schizophrenia, we believe the people around us are just actors, we believe there is a lawsuit about us... Maybe they are suing the Russian government again... Tomorrow we will get online with our own laptop so that other people can steal our works... so that people can call us 'schizophrenic' for believing that our laptop is being remotely controlled... Make sure you don't study philosophy, but computers..." Then: "We still believe the neocons had a

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plan for nuclear holocaust... to wipe out humanity, it's a good plan... We wish we were in Nazi Germany so that we can get gassed... We believe we have saved Russia... so that nations can object and the Russians can beat us up, and it's all just our delusions... We will have to petition... just to harass the judges... so that we can get blacklisted... I believe there is a chip inside my head which is causing my left arm and my right arm to hurt... Tell the doctor that..."

My next recording is: "12\_21\_10\_1105-1147PM.WMA": As I was leaving, I continued to mumble: "Where do all these ugly people come from?" (Recall that I believed that the intelligence agencies had purposely sent in ugly people to populate my environment in order to provoke me.) I asked two strangers: "Why are you guys so ugly? I know I suffer from schizophrenia, but I tend to remember people were a lot prettier in LA before..." (14:00). He responded angrily: "You are ugly too..." I then tried to explain that I wasn't bothered by my own ugliness. I then filmed a woman and a man, believing again that they were actors. I came inside the pharmacy on 26:00 to buy a lighter and then continued on. More people were talking loudly near me. I continued to complain that I didn't want to record other people's noises.

My next recording is: "12\_21-22\_10\_1147PM-1207AM.WMA": I came to my corner and was now ready to sleep. "If the Monkey is using a double to produce evidences that we are learning French – the guy sitting behind us on the bus on December 15 – how can we learn French so fast? Only if we are really deluded..." Then I reflected on what had just happened: "Why are other people so confused? When is the last time when other people are so confused...? You are so ugly that you make me unhappy, well, 'You're ugly too', but the fact that I'm ugly doesn't bother me unless I look at myself in the mirror... Most people don't have the ability to reason anymore..." Well, that's right! But that's just how things are and it has nothing to do with the control center! I continued: "It will be a greater crime if the prosecution succeeds for the story is just so ridiculous... the forgeries, so that the real Russians can tell the world that we are autistic and schizophrenic and so on... It is the French's problem that we don't speak French... the real Russia commands the Monkey... that we are learning French... We hate blacks and Hispanics and are schizophrenic and autistic and we don't write and read and have forged our writings and recordings and people will believe all this... so that the last piece of evidence of our schizophrenia is had when we admit we are schizophrenic... the official story will say Mr Chertoff has finally driven us insane, making us believe we do have schizophrenia..." My "different version"!

### **December 22 (Wednesday; the desire to kill children; Wes)**

My next recording is: "slpwstwd\_12\_22\_10\_1207-925AM.WMA": I was awake from 8:59:00 onward. I got up and had a sudden realization: "We don't have many days left, something is about to happen..." (9:12:00). Not! But I was about to spend a whole day on paranoia and an irresistible desire to kill children.

My next recording is: "12\_22\_10\_925-1101AM.WMA": I got my morning coffee from a doughnut shop and continued: "... maybe the Monkey has locked himself up in the room so that no one can get in..." Then, on 14:00, I called Wes at his home in Santa Ana and left a message for him: "Call me back..." I then left another message for his mother. I got on the bus on 26:00. Then I was paranoid over

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nothing again as I searched through my netbook: "... the video was remotely deleted... Oh, no, I found it... Who's doing it?... our expectation is broken... we hate Russia.... Our hatred is artificially generated..." Then: "... the Monkey needs to complete his mission, and that's why we can't get hold of Wes..." The first part was sort of true! Then: "... our strategy, if he comes next to us, we will beat the shit out of him, otherwise we won't do anything else... The Monkey is playing the game of attrition, which means we will lose..." I got off the bus on 1:01:00 on Wilshire and Western. Now, driven by my unwarranted paranoia, I felt an urgent need to do something about the unfortunate fate that was supposedly awaiting me. And so I walked into the Taiwanese consulate. But the receptionist told me that both Secretary Huang and Secretary Yang were in conference. I thus decided to come back later. I came inside Chase Bank downstairs to request to put a stop payment on the two checks I had written out to payday loan stores. I continued my nonsense: "The news about North Korea... all made up from the International Court..." Then, surprisingly, I discovered a 550 dollar deposit from my family members on December 16. It's my Christmas money!

My next recording is: "12\_22\_10\_1102-1113AM.WMA", "12\_22\_10\_1113-1136AM.WMA", and "12\_22\_10\_1136AM-1248PM.WMA": Mumbling indistinctly about things, I came back inside the Taiwanese consulate. Around 11:30 AM, I called Wes' home again and, this time, his mother answered the call. She told me Wes had gone out shopping. I asked her to tell him something bad was going to happen to me and I wanted to talk to him before that. She was stunned: "He will come back before dinner, is it too late?" I answered sarcastically: "Yeah, too late... Tell him I would be arrested before night fall..." Wes' mother was so shocked that she didn't know what to say to comfort me. Again, I was being unnecessarily dramatic even though another test (as it were) was indeed waiting for me in the afternoon. I then waited a long time for Secretary Yang. No sign of him! Finally I asked the receptionist on 30:00: if I should ever get into a fight and get arrested, could Secretary Yang come to mediate? She couldn't say. I wanted to leave a note for Secretary Huang but the receptionist insisted that I call. I then asked the receptionist again whether the consulate could help me when I got into trouble. She went to ask Secretary Huang in the back and came back to tell me to write down my problem on a piece of paper. But I wasn't willing because, if nothing happened, I would look crazy. That's so true! Instead, I obtained Secretary Huang's phone number. I left on 56:30. I muttered prophetically: "They are using the Monkey to get us to kill a child. This is not going to end until we finish our mission. We find it very fucking disgusting, the Russians are allowing it... The movie was actually orchestrated... It's like the Gilgamesh story: you obtained it, but then immediately lost it..." When I came out, I started videotaping all the people on the street assuming they were all actors, and, on 1:08:00, someone asked me: "What are you doing?" "Videotaping the rain... Do you have objections, Mr Actor?" Wrong!

My next recording is: "mnkychnbelief\_12\_22\_10\_1248-237PM.WMA": I then got on the bus to go to my storage facility: I would have to put in all my discs before something happened to me! I continued: "We hate Russia... Maybe it will not finish until I have learned to hate every nation on the planet." I got off the bus on 26:00 and continued: "That's their strategy, we will have to kill people and kill ourselves... There is no way around it, there will always be children making noises into our recorder, and when it happens, we will want to kill people..." When a driver was honking at me, I – like a typical targeted individual – assumed he was trying to provoke me to kill him. Then I filmed an attractive Asian lady believing it was orchestrated because, ever since I saw the movie "The Message",

there was a sudden increase of fashionably dressed attractive Asian women around me. Ha! Then, I suddenly decided, on 45:00, to go inside Chase Bank to withdraw the newly deposited 550 dollars from my account leaving only 10 dollars in there (to prevent the bank from taking away my money). Then, the siren on 56:00 was so loud that it seriously disturbed me: “It’s here to provoke me!” Then, again: “The Monkey can just forge the intercepts of our thoughts saying we believe the deadline is another day...” (1:00:00). That would indeed be a good explanation why the whole thing didn’t end yesterday. “He will keep doing this until I finally accomplish my mission... We are doomed.... And what if I *say* I believe it was yesterday? He will then just forge another intercept of our thought saying we are lying...” I then elaborated further on my wrong theory: “On that day, when the conspiracy was fixed, our belief was that December 21 was the deadline; now he must have forged an intercept of our thought indicating we had on that day believed it was December 29... or January 11... He won... There is no court, the court is the Monkey’s playground, he does whatever he wants...” Then I muttered bitterly: “I will have to smash... head... kill him... We can accomplish our mission that way, go in there and kill him... The whole thing has broken down, there is no conspiracy... jungle warfare... We need to break in there and kill him... People who grew up there are all like half-human beings, and somehow the Monkey has climbed into the courthouse...” I got on the bus on 1:25:00 and was annoyed again when a guy accused me of harassing him. Then I asked a woman: “Ms Actress, can you grab that for me?” I then filmed the Hispanic woman that was sitting in front of me with her child believing she was an actress sent here to provoke me with her little thing: “This is the mother’s face, if we get out alive, she will be sued...” Ha! Like a typical targeted individual! I got off the bus on 1:41:00 and came inside a fast food restaurant to avoid the rain. I called up Wes’ mother again on 1:47:00. Wes still hadn’t come home, and I instructed her to tell him it was an emergency. Not!

My next recording is: “misopediakllchld\_12\_22\_10\_249-333PM.WMA”: Then, suddenly, as you can hear, a child was crying loudly. I immediately experienced an irresistible desire to kill him. I was shocked and muttered: “My desire to kill children is so strong, it’s like an addiction...” As you can hear, the child kept shouting like crazy. “Let’s go get the bat, I just want to kill the child so much...” I was trembling and shaking due to my battle to restrain myself. (Obviously, I would spend the rest of my life in jail if I didn’t restrain myself.) Then: “I can’t hold it anymore... My hands are shaking, *today is the day we will accomplish our mission...*” Finally, I ran out on 12:00 muttering bitterly: “I have to kill a child, my entire being is telling me to kill the child... the disease is so severe... *the control center has caused this rain so that we will have no place to hide in and must run into a child...* 真的是被俄國人害死了...” I passed by two black women and, strangely, they yelled at me as if I had bumped into them or bothered them (19:00). Since nothing happened and they seemed to be “talking to the atmosphere”, I assumed they were actresses sent here to provoke me. Wrong again! People were simply like that nowadays! I continued: “We suffer this illness, we have to kill somebody...” I had now come to Public Storage and came inside the food mall and broke down crying, shocked by the way in which I had metamorphosed into a killer (33:00): “We need to kill a child just to maintain our stability... the desire is so strong, it’s like a drug addiction... and there is no one around to help us...” Feeling so much injustice, I cursed all those people I thought were responsible for this: “... they are still... conspiracy and no conspiracy... 聯合國的人壞, 沒有人性的東西... They have spent so much money to make a killer out of an ordinary person, and you don’t call that human rights abuse?... All that money is really worth it, *the first Misoped in human history...*” I was indeed the one and only Misoped in human

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history, thanks to my own effort in conditioning myself with false beliefs and the Monkey's effort in aiding me to reprogram myself. And, as you can hear, children were shouting in the distance again!

My next recording is: "dvd210fdmallgdl\_12\_22\_10\_335-459PM.WMA": I quickly named my latest files (i.e. the recordings of what had just happened) and began burning them onto a new disc in case I would be arrested soon. "When they put children in front of you, it's just so easy, and you can't videotape it as evidence." I then continued to mutter how people in the UN were devoid of conscience for allowing an intellectual nerd to be turned into a killer. I played Silbermond loudly while burning my new disc. When I walked away, I continued to complain: "... he sinks his country, and how he is going to sink me... he should have known this, you don't put a fucking Mexican in the courthouse... I saved his life, and he can go into the courthouse and stab him in the back, but he's not gonna do that... He should control my environment to make sure that not a single child will ever show up again until I get the fuck out of here..." I came inside Public Storage on 1:01:00. I continued to mumble about how the UN people were bad people. I was now burning a copy of the new disc (DVD 210) and watching the burning process carefully trying to detect the slightest intervention from the control center. Ha! When there was a loud banging sound, I again felt shock wave throughout my body. "We are doomed, there is no way for us to survive it. When they can read your thoughts and control every detail of your environment, they can definitely turn you into a killer if they want to... They are pure evil..."

My next recording is: "strgmisopedbus38\_12\_22\_10\_5-642PM.WMA": I continued: "... We have to kill a child, it's unavoidable, we don't believe in any deadline... This will not stop until we kill somebody... It's best to follow a mother and a child to some place where no one is around and kill them both... *The defense team and the Monkey have won... 疲勞轟炸... 一天到晚嬰兒聲...*" Then: "If they move the control center, where would they move it to? Most likely to a military base... Why do you have to respect PM, you are not Russian... and this is not Russia..." Now the copy of the disc was also successfully burned. I continued: "... the conditioning is so sophisticated... We are the 500 million dollar Misoped..." I then started checking over the files on the newly burned discs. "... They want us to accomplish our mission today... I'll do it, if our computer doesn't malfunction we will kill people afterward..." I was then disturbed when flies kept circling about me. I was so deluded as to believe that the control center had even orchestrated this in order to increase my frustration level. A typical targeted individual!

I left the storage on 59:00. "This torture is so expensive, so sophisticated, and it takes a long time, a lot of effort, and a lot of machines..." Then: "They need a legal reason... we... kill people..." I got on the bus and, when I got off, I filmed another man who I thought was an actor: "I don't know where they found you..." Then, when I saw a Hispanic man and a Hispanic woman holding hands, it made me so angry that I wanted to kill them. I was shocked: "What kind of disease is this?" I then yelled at a car: "Hey, it's green light, you fucking actor!" (1:25:30) Constant frustration! I called up Wes' home again on 1:30:00 and left another message. Then, when I saw a training bus, I filmed it believing erroneously that it was evidence replacement! I theorized: "There are several thought-reading machines, the Monkey has control only over one, he uses it to forge my thoughts, and the reason why they let him do it is that they want to prosecute him... That's why they let the deadline pass... They have the true intercept of our belief about the deadline, but they don't use it... and also to show the world that they

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don't care about us... There are no judges... Judges wouldn't allow this because we are about to get into a big trouble..." All the wrong scenarios! I got on the bus again without paying on 1:38:00. When the bus driver demanded 75 cents, I again wrongly assumed he was making up a new story. (In reality, the fare was always 75 cents for disabled people during peak hours.) I shouted at him: "Is it possible for you to not *act* so mean?" A typical targeted individual!

My next recording is: "strgbusmnyktold\_12\_22\_10\_542-724PM.WMA" (642-724PM): I continued to mumble indistinctly: "... the judgment will get out... the slander about us..." Then I theorized about the guy who was talking near me: "... he's here to talk in order to make our recording inadmissible as evidence, that means that all that we have figured out will not be in the evidence..." Then, when somebody wanted to sit next to me, I simply told him I had contagious disease. Then: "Why did he forge the intercepts of our belief about the deadline? The Russians told him to do it... KP..." Namely, "kill the Pyramid". "Why are they not going to get intercepted? The one that causes KP should get intercepted at the last moment too, but then KP wouldn't even be able to start..." Complete nonsense! I then continued to complain about how these people were devoid of humanity: "... the law requires you to break the law... in a sting operation, they will let you run, but here *they are requiring you to do it...*" Then, about the Monkey: "... he can't accomplish his mission either... unless he forges it... if you can't do bad things, they will make you do bad things... it's so sophisticated..."

My next recording is: "bus2toucl\_12\_22\_10\_725-922PM.WMA": As you can hear, a very vulgar man was yelling profanity and I had to try to cover up his noises by blasting my Silbermond. On 13:00, the bus stopped on Sunset and San Vicente and wouldn't go any further. I waited for the next bus and got on on 26:00. When the bus was making drastic turns and shaking violently, I again got really angry – and believed erroneously that the bus was being remotely controlled from the control center to shake violently as a way to provoke me. I got off the bus in UCLA on 45:00. I came to the underground parking lot on 59:00 and called up Wes and – thank God – he answered it this time. I whined: "The trial was not over yesterday." He told me he couldn't meet me face to face until after Christmas, and I was upset because, then, my conversation would have to be intercepted. "But my emergency is so bad!" Wes insisted he couldn't see me until after Christmas. I then told him how the Monkey must have forged intercepts of my belief about the deadline. I thought I was explaining something important and instructed Wes not to interrupt me. Bullshit! "Massive amount of provocations... I'm suffering from Misopedia... my entire body was telling me to kill children... I'm supposed to say this over the phone in order for law enforcement to intercept it... If I kill a child, what's going to happen?" Wes: "They will throw you into the asylum and..." I insisted: "But the parents *want* me to kill their child, and that's why they put their child in front of me, *they get paid for that...*" Wes must know that I was mistaken and continued to insist that I would end up in an asylum for a long time. Me: "... tomorrow I'm going to a motel again, which means that I wouldn't have any money when I come out, which means that I will be permanently homeless." Wes: "Why don't you go to a shelter?" Me: "I will be provoked there... and it will look like it's my fault... Everyday it's these little tiny things, such as people kicking my things or bumping into me..." I then recounted how earlier two black women falsely accused me in order to provoke me. "... even the rain is orchestrated... I'm supposed to hate everyone on the planet... otherwise governments around the world would be accused of conspiracy with me... And people constantly interrupt me: if I say something, they will say something else in order to make it look like I



have said something else... in order to provoke me... the baby noises were getting so out of hand in the past few days... I don't like it when, while I'm trying to record myself, they would come over to shout into my recorder... it's like throwing shit on my paintings." I then asked Wes if he would visit me in jail (1:15:30). "Sure, if I'm around." Me: "So what if I stay in a motel and come out and nothing is wrong? What then? Do I just stay homeless forever?" Wes then asked me how much I spent going to a motel. We discussed this for a while. And then I talked about how I should first spend my money buying the materials I would need to kill myself. I then wondered: what if I couldn't succeed in killing myself? Wes: "They will prevent you from doing so, they will have a very good excuse..." "Who?" "The people who are listening to this conversation..." I then talked about (what I believed to be) the law enforcement investigation, how they wouldn't do anything to prevent me. Wes: "They would lose their jobs... Their job security depends on you..." Wes was merely playing with me and, since what he said didn't fit into my conceptions about the trial, I dismissed him. I then talked about how the last time when I tried to kill myself they didn't do anything (1:19:20). Wes continued to play with me: "If it got serious, they would have stopped you..." I then talked about how the prosecuting team once wanted me to kill myself. Wes: "How about the defense?" "They want me dead." "That would be your Christmas gift to them." But I continued: "I don't know when it's going to be over." Wes: "Maybe it will be over tomorrow." "I don't believe that." Wes then comforted me by saying that I would be able to recover financially: "... be even, in 3 months or 5 months..." But I insisted that I should kill myself. "What should I do?" Wes: "Wait it out." Then I tried to convince him that the control center had been controlling the weather: "Just when I thought it would be the deadline, it started raining, and the deadline was past, and it was still going on, so that I would be provoked so much more... Now that I know that there is no deadline until I get into trouble... no place to hide in... all places are filled with children... so you have to kill them, that's their strategy, it's like someone who's afraid of insects, you just have to force him to a corner where there are a lot of them... the first case of Misopedia... every inch of my muscles was telling me to kill them... it makes me so angry... again, they want me to say this over the phone so that I'll be under surveillance for the rest of my life... my life is completely ruined by this... these people are so sadistic..." I had no idea that everything was only in my mind – whether or not I was being programmed to misinterpret things and have such low tolerance. Wes: "They can control the weather..." Me: "... since May they have probably spent 250 million dollars... every face, every act, is designed to provoke you... even the bus shakes more violently than before, so that my things will keep falling over... so that anger can build up in me... everybody is so ugly and acting so mean to provoke me... the more I think about it, the more I aggravate myself..." Again, the bus had not been shaking more violently than before and so on and I was simply being overly sensitive – whether or not I was being programmed. Wes must know this and suggested that I watch movies instead. Me: "... so few places are open... all the places have turned into a kindergarten... once you get provoked, all the other little things which didn't mean anything before suddenly become so provocative, such as when one man puts his arm over a woman... before it didn't provoke me... everything comes in a package... I'm totally disabled, completely bankrupt, and have contracted this strange disease that no one has ever suffered before... you can no longer see these phenomena... I should kill myself... I can't even look at people's walking, every tiny thing has become so provocative... suppose if I stay in a motel for 4 days..." Wes suggested the weekly rate. Me: "I should buy the materials to kill myself..." Wes tried to comfort me: "I thought you want to see me." Me: "But there is no future for me." Wes: "But you still owe me money..." Wes then talked about my stuff in his

apartment. Then he suggested: “I think things will get better...” Me: “... even when the Russians help me, I wouldn’t want their help... I guess I should forget about my story and just kill myself...” Wes: “You have to endure, you have to not let them beat you... Maybe you will get a home soon...” Then he asked: “You’ve got stuff in the storage... Can you go there and sleep there?” Me: “I don’t want to talk about that...” Wes then asked me: “What’s the movie about?” And so I described the movie “The Message”: how they tried to catch a mole in a cryptology unit. “I have difficulty in concentrating and so I want to watch it again... but every place is closed, and virtually no cybercafes are left from which I haven’t been kicked out... I want you to watch it with me... there is no future for me...” Wes: “I think you are wrong.” Me: “Do you mean someone will come to me and just hand me cash?” Wes: “You never know...” Me: “I’m much calmer now that I know I have no future... Now I don’t even have the ability to work.” Wes: “Why?” Me: “Because I have so much anger... I can’t concentrate on doing anything anymore... I can’t stand looking at Americans anymore, the people around... I can’t stand next to a person without getting angry... It’s all psychological... When I watch a video of myself I can’t even tell if I was angry... I don’t have anyone to talk to, it’s all actors... and there is no more place on my arm to cut on... Once I get into trouble and get arrested I won’t be able to record myself.” Wes: “Can you substitute something else for it?” Me: “No, when I see children I will want to kill them...” Wes: “Why do you have to record everything?” Me: “I just have to... I have nobody to talk to...” Wes: “You can talk to me...” Me: “I’ll just check into a motel tomorrow and not do anything, assuming that I’ll be allowed to...” Wes suggested taking me somewhere where motels were cheaper. Then, after some more discussion, he promised to call me tomorrow. He then talked about how his plane was delayed and what Dulles Airport looked like (1:45:40). He was originally planning to see me on the 21<sup>st</sup> but he was stuck in Washington DC yesterday. He then said he would go on his mother’s computer to see what motels were cheap and would take me to them. I told him I wouldn’t surf the Internet on my netbook because “they have put viruses into my netbook”. He then suggested that I move somewhere where there was an Internet cafe. We hanged up on 1:49:10. It cost me 5 dollars and 10 cents! I shall make a comment on this conversation presently.

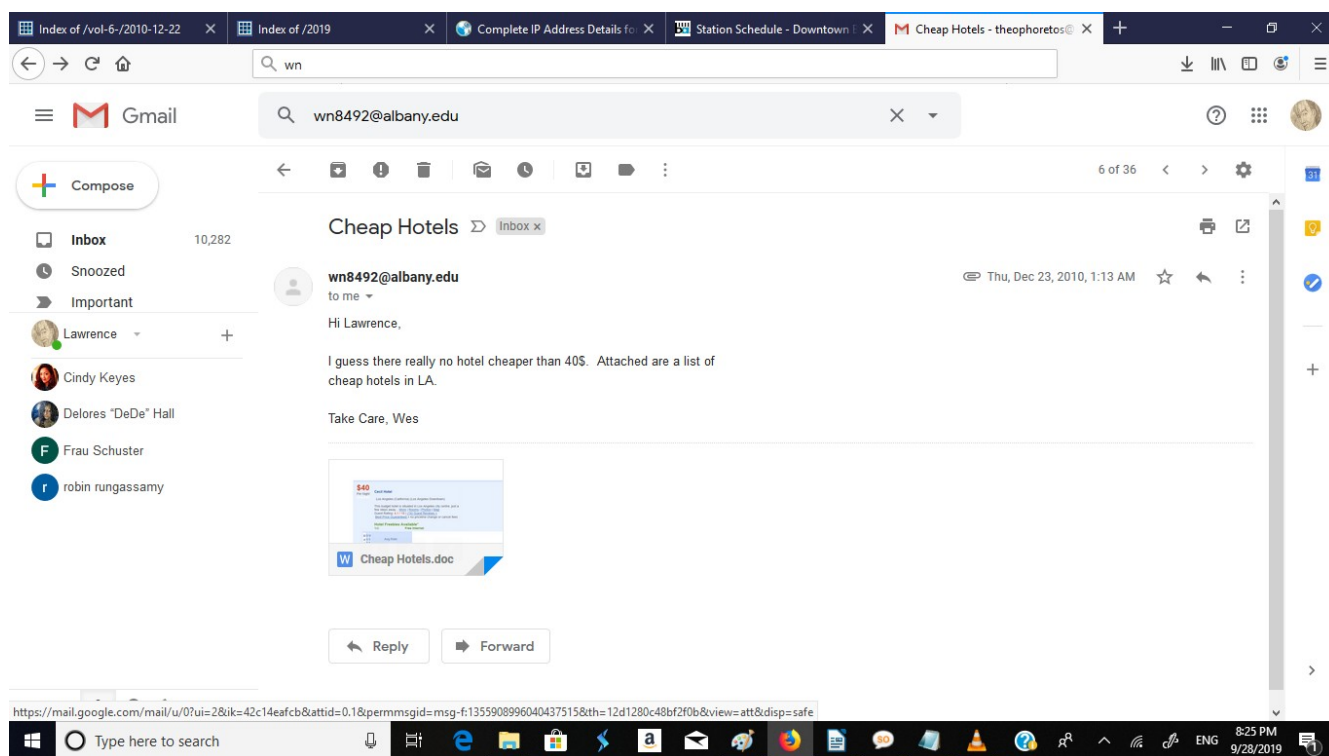
My next recording is: “uclprklot\_12\_22\_10\_922-1135PM.WMA”: I came inside the underground parking lot. “I don’t really care about the Monkey, he can only stay in jail for another 20 years, what’s the point of adding so much crimes on him...?” I was now burning a new disc. “We have forgotten to tell Wes we want to go... to kill the fucking...” Then, when there was noise from a car, I experienced shock wave throughout my body (10:00). I continued: “... our natural tendency to aggravate our problem, but there is nothing we can do... That feeling of injustice... susceptible of provocation... it’s all about money... that’s the problem... forget about the actors... we have no hope... homelessness... we have no prospect of finding a home... or we can just kill ourselves... *objections are so strong because nations are so pissed off*... there is a lot of anger in the trial...” Then more noises from cars on 23:00, which severely disturbed me. “... The Boss and his daughter are very aggravated because they think they are superior...” Now my disc was successfully burned (1:01:30). Thank God! Then: “... there is too much coincidence...” Then I tried to imitate the objecting nations: “... conspiracy... you forged it...” I left the underground parking lot on 1:44:00 and continued to mumble indistinctly... “... sarcasm.. to get us angry... fucking reputation... let somebody else... I’ll be your assassin, both of you will go down... why don’t you bring your mother along, your sister along... what if we don’t fail, what if we don’t get intercepted... not actually KP... what if KP... you don’t need to provoke... just put the

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object in front of me... if it looks like we won't succeed, nothing will happen..."

My next recording is: "IMPreflctn\_12\_22-23\_10\_1140PM-1222AM.WMA": I came to my corner in Westwood Village and played Silbermond before I went to sleep. Then: "Don't kill her, but injure her, so that she will suffer pain for the rest of her life..." Then about the Monkey: "... after a while he should stop, and give up, because he can't produce a squared circle, he is supposed to turn us into autistic only and stop... if the Monkey's mission is impossible, he should be intercepted before it becomes impossible, it should then be over already..." Then: "... then he will kill the Monkey... they told him not to go, and he would resign... or else conspiracy..." I was now talking about DGHTRCOM. "... we don't care... only about the Monkey... we should tell him to save the Monkey... that's the problem, he is feeding on me like a parasite... I'm just stating a fact, we should neither help him or harm him..."

Wes would carry out his promise tonight. On 1:13 AM, he sent me a list of cheap motels in Los Angeles.



It's of course a useless suggestion: I could have looked up the list myself. Now, two things. First, it's not clear whether the Monkey was intentionally programming me to want to kill children this afternoon as a way to finish *his* mission. He had already programmed me enough, and today's deadly desire could simply be the consequence of his past programming. Second, as you have seen, Wes didn't have any order to say anything in particular to me tonight – and there was no "secret message" to be found in the list of cheap motels he sent to me. Again, there were no more orders since December 9 because the

Invisible Hand had already forged all the necessary evidences. Wes was merely going along with me instead of correcting me – his bad habit – when he asked me “What about the defense?” and when he seemed to agree with me that “they could control the weather”. This is not so much because he had to follow the rule by encouraging me to continue on my wrong path as because he knew I wouldn’t listen to him had he tried to correct my wrong beliefs. Again, the fact that, under normal circumstances, Wes would only either correct me or go along with me and would never try to *guide me* with strange words was the best proof that, from October 22 to December 9, he said all these strange things to me because he was *told to say them*. (Namely, you must not believe him when he said “I’m saying this on the basis of what you have told me”!)<sup>28</sup>

### **December 23 (Thursday; Wes)**

My next recording is: “slpwstwd\_12\_23\_10\_1223-816AM.WMA”: As I slept, I continued: “... that means that this afternoon when we said he should go in and stab him in the back the honking might have come from the defense team...” When a woman was laughing nearby, I again experienced shock wave all over my body. Then, I felt asleep.<sup>29</sup> I was then awake from 7:19:00 onward. As you can hear on 7:23:00, another homeless man was shouting profanity nearby – as if trying to provoke me. I continued: “UCLA is open today, but will there be a lot of children there? What universities do is to host events for children... It wasn’t like that before...” I then mumbled about smashing children’s skull until their brain matters fell out. I walked inside UCLA and came to the vending machine to get my morning coffee. I continued to mumble: “... anger... release... Are you sure I don’t have to kill people? That’d be too good to be true...”

My next recording is: “ucl\_12\_23\_10\_816-933AM.WMA”: As I ate my snacks and drank my coffee, I mumbled about the money that should be given me. “We don’t want nuclear holocaust either, it’s so much trouble...” And: “Oh, the machine hums just when we are thinking about...” (19:00). Again, the control center was not actually controlling the machine to hum as a way to confirm me. Then, it’s not clear who I was talking about: “... she spoke English well, but how much did she understand of what we said...? It would be nice if she is a computer expert... But how do we know what she says about computers is true?... We fit more and more into the profile of David Chin, but we have no choice... What did the FBI document say about our computer skill...? What the Monkey has said about our computer must be very strange, fitting into neither David Chin’s nor Lawrence Chin’s profile... It must be very stupid, causing people to laugh their teeth out... PM, he’s so skilled in relationships... Why would he invite the Monkey...?” Then, I got skeptical of myself: “How do we know he is PM’s friend...?” Then, while I was walking away, I continued to mumble indistinctly: “... maybe there is no Macrosphere-Microsphere distinction, but only Inside-Outside distinction... We didn’t believe we will meet with the Chinese intelligence again, but Mommy must have argued that we expected to meet them again...” Then: “That’s why people are so ugly... first, to provoke us, to shut us off, and second, to make us feel bored, to drive us to Europe... three versions of the story, the Microspherian version and the Macrospherian version, they are all different, their story is about the product of the evidentiary process, while mine is about the evidentiary process itself.... If we want to live through it, we’ll have to

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28 He certainly would not admit that it was his CIA handler who had told him to say all these things.

29 Reviewed until 10:00.

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ignore the process... we will always be guessing... the deadline... whether it comes to an end... what's another thing that's driving us insane?... if we have money... then sublease... but we have to worry about the deadline... what's the problem? Money... we want to get out of here... if there is hope, we can hold it in and not become subject to Misopedia... the thing is about our belief... our belief that there is an evidentiary process going on is making us more easily provoked... the problem is the baby noises... what if we ignore it... we have to understand ourselves really well... part of the reason is that we take ourselves to be superior..." As I settled down somewhere in the campus and turned on my netbook, something was wrong with it again: "... the circle keeps turning... it was remotely controlled to provoke us..." (1:05:00). That is, because there was no application that was running. I continued: "... self-analysis is dangerous because the Monkey doesn't want us to know why we are provoked, for fear that we might avoid it..." I then started writing on my diary: "Now that there is no knowledge of the deadline, what has caused me to want to act on my anger is hopelessness, that provocation will never end..." I called Wes on 1:10:00, but there was no answering. I left a message: "Wes give me a call back..." Then I got pessimistic: "... we expect to kill people today..." I was then on the move again: "... will continue to push us to do it..." I came inside the underground parking lot on 1:16:00.

My next recordings are: "12\_23\_10\_934-946AM.WMA" and "12\_23\_10\_946-1007AM.WMA": I continued to write out on my diary the note which you see below. "This is a problem, if you get through all this and write out your story and put it on the Internet people can report you for being dangerous..." Yeah right! As if people would actually read it! The note which I wrote out was thusly:

Now that there is no knowledge of the deadline, what has caused me to want to act on my anger is hopelessness, that the provocation could never end. Hope will come when I learn to live forever in a theater where I would be surrounded by actors and actresses trying to provoke me into killing them and yet [...] to ignore them. How can this hope come by? When I can save up enough money. Money. I have also analyzed today what in my environment are causing me pain such as to force me to speculate on the dynamics in the trial in the control center: Provocation, children's noises, homelessness, which not only is the condition of possibility for the provocations, but also itself brings misery through the physical exhaustion and the psychological burden of [not having any support] which it entails. I do notice also that, by recording and writing my story, I am incriminating myself in the future when it becomes clear that I could not really accomplish my mission and become a danger to others and when it comes time for me to publish myself. Telling others, on the Internet or in print, how I have once been conditioned to Misopedia would itself bring the attention of the authority [causing them to see] me as a dangerous individual whose confession might have to be censored and [who] might need to be watched over. It's a trap, and as soon as I realize it, I will no longer become a danger to others. So, no matter how [hard] these actors and actresses are trying to provoke me into killing them, they will never succeed, for I am incapable of becoming a danger to others because I'm far more interested in writing my story and writing out the tricks of the control center. [This] technique of letting myself discredit myself or incriminate myself is so sophisticated that it can only have come from the SLVK hired [by] the Mexican

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Monkey's prosecuting team. I shall never become an actual danger to others because I have seen through this man's tricks and am not interested in letting him win. Thus, my readers, I can guarantee you that I have been a danger to others only for a day on December 22 and that, by the time you read this, I am no longer a danger to anyone. I am here teaching you the sophistication of the Russian intelligence service – greatly magnified when they are [aided] by American technology – how they can destroy you while making it look like it's all due to your own fault, even if they have learned such evil tactic only from the neoconservatives. Of course, as soon as I realize this, I will have zeroed in on the SLVK as my greatest enemy and thus been lumped with the defense team even further as their conspirator. But, [as you can see,] it's all because I have been cornered into that status by the very process of the trial itself which has been determined by the forgeries of the White Mexican Monkey.

Complete bullshit! There were no actors and actresses and no technique to let me discredit myself! All in my own mind! Like a typical targeted individual!

My next recordings are: "ucl\_12\_23\_10\_1008-1041AM.WMA" and "IMP\_12\_23\_10\_1041-1044AM.WMA": As I was walking away, I continued to mumble indistinctly: "... it is a trick... even if... the information gets out... but once we became conscious of it... figure out... we must understand why we are provoked... how we have come to guess how... operation... so decoys... the big theater is a kindergarten..." I was now walking around Ackerman. Then, on 14:00, children came over to me. As you shall see, as Christmas approached, there were ever more children running around in UCLA. I commented: "... our documentary shows how UCLA has changed... into a kindergarten... when you deal with the intelligence agencies, you will soon find yourself surrounded by children..." I asked a stranger who had walked into the campus with his children: "What day is today such that there are so many children? Why did you bring your children here?" "I don't know..." But then he told me he was here on a tour (28:00). I continued to interrogate him: "Is that a script you are told to say?" "Sorry we have to go..." I was convinced he was paid to bring his children here. I then asked another guy: "What brings you to UCLA today?" It turned out that he worked in the Ackerman Bookstore. Then I reflected: "Why do we find that shrieking voice of children's so disgusting? We need to tell this to a doctor... how their uncoordinated movement and shrieking voice so provoke us to anger... And yet that shrieking voice and uncoordinated movement and half-conscious look are precisely why other people find children so cute..."

My next recording is: "12\_23\_10\_1044-1112AM.WMA": I came to Westwood Village and continued: "Yesterday we believed that the Macrospherians will help us, but they can't help us, it'd be conspiracy, for our intention matches, but as long as we become conscious of it, it goes into an infinite loop... Now we don't believe anyone will help us, and we get so provoked because it will continue forever..." Then I interrogated another woman (7:00). It turned out that she worked in the UCLA hospital. "Did people come to you to ask to put chips into your head?" "No." "Did they ask you to do acting?" "No." Then I tried to convince her that I really believed she was lying. She replied: "I believe you believe I'm lying." I was surprised by her ability to reason! Then I asked her if she found it strange that UCLA looked more and more like a kindergarten. And there were also more ugly people and more African people.

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No, not at all! I got on the bus on 13:00 to go to OPCC. The Hispanic women near me were again speaking Spanish. “I don’t understand why Spanish sounds so ugly. We just have to accept the fact that we find Asians and white people prettier...” Just like the previous days, I refrained from writing while riding the bus but instead filmed my cart with my webcam in order to document the violent shaking of the bus: “So that we can tell our doctor why riding buses is so stressful... first, because people are so ugly, and second, the shaking... It’s the defense team who want to... conspiracy... Why? Because they want to destroy us... It’s the defense team which has forced us to save Russia... Why? They expect us to save ourselves by analyzing our situation, and, if we analyze it badly, we would have saved the defendants, but if we analyze it correctly, we would have saved Russia, and so, according to the official story, the defense team has simply miscalculated...” Wrong! But such was the conclusion of my “different version”. Then, when a child got on board, I quickly turned off my recorder in order to protect this recording.

My next recording is: “12\_23\_10\_1112-1135AM.WMA”: As you can hear, children were shouting on the bus. I continued to study the movement of my cart. I then asked a stranger woman on 14:00: “Are you an American? You look like you are from somewhere else.” No, she was just an ordinary American. But I somehow suspected that the Macrospherians might have sent her to me. “Are you here to help me?” She was stunned: “What do you need help with?” “Money.” “No.” “Friendship?” “No.” The Macrospherians didn’t send anyone to me to help me! I then continued to mumble to myself: “... the interesting thing... what are they going to do about us...?”

My next recording is: “IMP\_12\_23\_10\_1136-1148AM.WMA”: I got off the bus and continued: “We are increasingly losing interest in Russia and focusing on our own welfare, and yet we know Russia is victorious and we are increasingly lumped with the defense team... Why? Because they have miscalculated... the defense team is counting on our not being so smart and the Russians on our being smarter... everyone’s fate depends on how smart I am, the Monkey has tied everyone’s fate onto my back... it’s a very dangerous gamble... we need not feel ashamed that we are unwilling to give up recording for Russia’s sake because we aren’t Russians... the Bible... not to read it... if we read it, the trial might end faster... it’s in our interest to read the Bible... Why does the prosecuting team want to win? Because the Monkey wants to win... Why is he not intercepted? He is supposed to be intercepted just before his mission becomes impossible... it’s in the interests of the Macropsherian Russians that the trial continues... We are going to read the Bible, it’s in our interest to be temporarily lumped with the defendants... As soon as we decide not to KC (kill children), children will appear, once we decide to do it, they will retreat... the purpose is to make us discredit ourselves... What we should do is not act on our Misopedia...” Complete nonsense!

My next recording is: “12\_23\_10\_1148AM-1227PM.WMA”: I came to OPCC and got my free lunch. The center was showing a movie with Jet Li in it. And I wondered if it meant something! On 31:00 I left. I continued: “If he so hates children, then why does he keep going to places where there are a lot of children? Well, the university is not supposed to have so many children... because there is so much comfort there, with televisions and computers.. that’s their strategy, to make it look like it’s your own fault, by making everything that is of value into a trap... just like, when you are hungry, they make sure all the food around has poison in it so that you will eat it anyway and it will be your own fault...” Good

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strategy! Only if this was really what was going on!

My next recording is: “12\_23\_10\_1227-1233PM.WMA”: Again, there were children everywhere on the street. I continued: “... it’s in our interests to cause the Macrospherians to produce all the evidences as quickly as possible so that our suffering will end...” Then, when I ran into more children, I turned off my recorder to protect my recording of my reflections.

My next recording is: “bus\_12\_23\_10\_1234-1256PM.WMA”: I was now on the bus going back to UCLA. I filmed myself to demonstrate how I was trapped in the front section of the bus: “so that, when children appear, we will not be able to avoid them...” As if this was also a set-up orchestrated from the control center! Then: “Why? Because we are homeless! Why doesn’t this happen to other homeless people? Other homeless people don’t have so many goals... I’m a college graduate, I’m not going to...” Then, on 14:00, the bus driver was picking up a disabled person. I again believed it was orchestrated to provoke me (that the man on wheelchair was only pretending to be disabled). The driver hustled me to the back of the bus. Then, around 12:52 PM, I filmed how my “pushy cart” was sliding around in the bus causing me frustration while I explained the root cause of this frustration: my unwillingness to live a life not befitting a college graduate, using as an analogy the United States’ unwillingness to give up its status as a world power just in order to not overspend.

My next recording is: “ucl\_12\_23\_10\_1257-227PM.WMA”: I got off the bus in UCLA on 21:00. I continued to mumble: “... they are not trying to recruit us... but to compile a profit.. the old Soviet technique... every aspect of a person... so enormously thorough... the Macrospherians are doing their experiments...” Then, on 42:00, as you can hear, children were crying, and, amazed, I asked strangers for confirmation: “Is this UCLA?” “Yes.” I filmed it. What kind of university is this? Then I mumbled: “不恨中國是害中國...” I came to the vending machine on 55:00 to get my coffee and snacks. Then: “I just find it unbelievable that the SLVK can understand... What we are gonna do? We are gonna... homelessness is so unbearable...” I called Wes’ home on 1:08:00 but there was no answering. While walking, I continued: “The prosecuting team... discredit us... the Microspherians’ strategy is to let us discredit ourselves... We can go to Borders later to look at the Bibles...” After some wandering around, I came to Ackerman and came inside the TV lounge.

My next recording is: “wrtsupl624ucl\_12\_23\_10\_227-357PM.WMA”: And so I started working, burning a new disc while reviewing the recording from June 24. I wanted to work on the Weird Man’s strange words believing that this must be the key to understanding the neocons’ plan (the Cheney Plan) and that, if I cracked it, I would have further established conspiracy with the defendants and doomed them. Ha! (Although I was right that these words had something to do with the Boss’ plan.) Just then, the man nearby who I thought was a surveillance agent left. I misunderstood the situation again: “He doesn’t want to hear this. The surveillance agent is obviously controlled by the prosecuting team...” Ha! And, again, I watched the burn speed carefully, constantly suspecting manipulation from the control center. As I transcribed the words of the Weird Man, I wondered: “If I’m not smart enough to figure it out, will the Macrospherians simply let me go?” And, of course, I failed to comprehend the significance of the Weird Man’s story – I was not yet at that stage: “This is such bullshit!”



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My next recording is: “chlnoseattckmknkypostn\_12\_23\_10\_358-402PM.WMA”: I thought I had a new revelation: “PLANMEX was a prosecution plan. It looks like it’s the Monkey...” Then, suddenly, a little girl came in with his father to shout. Shocked, I hummed loudly. I was enormously angered, wrongly assuming that the man was paid to bring in his daughter to shout just at the right time: “... every time that we say something, the Monkey will send in a child to shout in order to taint our recording... I don’t know what the point is... *because he wants to confirm his profile of us as a retard...*”

My next recording is: “mnkyposition\_12\_23\_10\_402-403PM.WMA”: I then quickly recorded what I thought was my new revelation: “What the Monkey has usurped in April is just the lead position of the prosecuting team... PLANMEX was a prosecution plan...”

My next recording is: “aftfamlucl\_12\_23\_10\_403-440PM.WMA”: Now I had decided to cut myself because of the little girl’s shouting in my recording. Angry, I went out of the TV lounge to follow the man and film him in order to have evidence in the future: “We will sue these actors...” I was so angry that I had to leave Ackerman. And I ran into more children! As you shall see, there were more children today on campus because of a special event. I came to Westwood Village, walked around, filmed a car with a suspicious license plate (paranoid over nothing!), and then came back inside the Ackerman bookstore. And children were everywhere! I asked an Ackerman employee: “Is there a kindergarten tour today?” But she clarified that it’s because there was another basketball game today. See! It was not due to the control center after all! And yet I was still skeptical. I decided to come to the top floor, where it was all quiet.

My next recording is: “12\_23\_10\_448-452PM.WMA”: I continued to mumble indistinctly: “... they ordered the Agency to repeat its crimes... that’s what the second round was about... whether writing it down will make a difference... if you don’t write, maybe it will never come to an end... the Microspherians do not want us to write, and I don’t know why...” Ha! Pure bullshit!

My next recording is: “12\_23\_10\_452-528PM.WMA”: I came back down to the bookstore and confirmed with another employee that there was indeed a basketball game going on today (UCLA vs. UCI). Again, children were shouting everywhere. I started surfing the Internet on the iMAC on display. First, Chinese news (from 10:00 onward). Then, TV 5 news. Then, Spiegel. Then a report: “Ana Chapman geht in die Politik” (from 16:50 onward). Again it’s not clear how much Ana Chapman’s case had something to do with my ICJ trial. Then, a preview of the movie “The Debt” (from 25:00 onward). I wanted to watch “The Message” again but couldn’t find it on Tudou and so left. I came instead to the underground parking lot to masturbate.

My next recording is: “mstuclstore\_12\_23\_10\_529-648PM.WMA”: And so I masturbated with the video I shot of the pyramid in the rain from yesterday. By 26:00 I had come out of the underground parking lot. I came back to Ackerman to buy my dinner and then ate in the TV lounge. I would again be listening to my recording of the movie “The Message” while eating my food.

My next recording is: “uclstoresndwndvid\_12\_23\_10\_650-734PM.WMA”: I came back downstairs to

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the bookstore and, again, children were everywhere. I talked to an employee about this “Apple TV”. Then I searched for “The Message” again on iMAC. On 13:00, when a child shouted, I again experienced shock wave all over my body. I started watching various videos on Li Bingbing. I was annoyed again when the employee began vacuuming the floor. “So stressful!” I told him. I went upstairs and continued: “Do I have to figure out the Bible thing? If I don’t figure it out will they let us go?” Ha! Right! Then: “They really want these KC thoughts...” Then, on 43:00, when I came back to the TV lounge, I asked the stranger I had seen before: “Are you... huh? What’s your nationality?” He refused to answer me.

My next recording is: “wrtsupl624let\_12\_23\_10\_735-851PM.WMA”: Just when I was about to work, a child was shouting (2:00). Again, I was shocked. “That was the Monkey’s trick... the real Russians and the rest of the Macrospherians...” I added in my realization in order to further complete my “different version”: “To hide the fact that somebody on the prosecuting team had forged the intercepts of my thoughts was the real reason why PM assigned the position to Mr B... the position which Mr B had usurped from DGHTR was in fact the lead position of the prosecuting team and PLANMEX was originally a prosecution plan...” Then: “... that’s what I don’t get, the prosecution is supposed to succeed... well, because the defense team and the prosecuting team have united... whether the prosecution succeeds or not, they will both be busted... they both want us destroyed... No, the Macrospherians just want evidence that we don’t really want our computer...” I got angry again: “... here’s your evidence, go!” Then, strangely, when I connected my DVD drive to my netbook, it couldn’t be detected. “This is so fucking annoying, all this remotely controlled computer malfunctioning...” I moaned: “... our hard drive is not reliable because data can be remotely changed... we are completely disabled... we don’t have a stable sense of reality... data can only be stabilized on DVDs... that’s the Macrospherians’ argument: ‘His psychological disorder is so severe, he’s incapable of conspiracy...’” I then wrote down the below:

Around 8:05 PM. The DVD-RAM of my Samsung netbook was remotely caused to temporarily not function. Evidence is once more obtained that I am incapable of committing conspiracy with any nation because my data set and my machines are more important to me than my liking for any nation, this due to the severity of my psychological disorder, that I could not even sustain a sense of reality without the immutable representations of reality made possible by these. This is the Macrospherians’ use of the White Mexican Monkey’s accomplishing one step further of his mission, fraudulently obtaining evidence that I do not [actually] burn [any] discs.

Then: “The real Russians want the prosecution to succeed because it’s bad for me, they can then demonstrate that they don’t care about me... They have made me into a sick person... No information had better get out... It’s actually bad for us if the prosecution succeeds... Information *is* going to get out, otherwise, what’s the point of letting us talk about it... If we become a danger, of course they are going to tell people... these fuckers... so fucking manipulative...” I then continued to review the recording of the Weird Man’s words. But soon I gave up given his incomprehensibility and started writing down instead my own conception of the neocon plan to create a new humanity using the

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evangelicals (the Cheney Plan). “I hope they will just let us go...” Then I believed that the guy to my right was another surveillance agent.

My next recordings are: “leavucl\_12\_23\_10\_851-926PM.WMA”, “12\_23\_10\_926-930PM.WMA”, and “rstrmbrdr\_12\_23\_10\_931-938PM.WMA”: As Ackerman was closing, I was packing up and leaving. I called Wes on 7:00 but there was no answering. I continued to mumble indistinctly: “... curse... curse...” Then: “... the structure of the court must be very different from what we think because the purpose is to create mis-match between our intention and theirs, so that, when we speculate, only the barest outline of our scenarios will be correct... The Macrsopherian official story must be something like that too: ‘He knows that there is something like a trial going on... Everything he knows which is correct is fed to him, he’s not capable of conspiracy... Most of the time he doesn’t know what’s going on at all... And, as long as it doesn’t involve pain, he doesn’t care... Both his love for and hatred of Russia are artificially generated... He just has a vague inkling of the outline, thanks to the leaks... Most of the time he guesses wrong... He makes these documentaries because of his psychological disorder, his sense of reality... actors...’” I came to Borders Bookstore and used the restroom.

My next recording is: “noisecutslfwes\_12\_23\_10\_938-1050PM.WMA”. I continued: “The prosecution is going to succeed because... the Monkey... to make the squared circle come into being...” Then, again, I ran into children, and I hummed loudly. I then settled down in the computer books section and began reading *Windows Forensics*. I read aloud, but, soon, somebody was talking near me. He had completely disturbed me and angered me, and I tried to concentrate by reading very loudly. By 8:00 I had decided to move away because I was so disturbed by his noises. Finally, as I couldn’t concentrate anymore, I walked out muttering angrily: “I need to kill myself because I can no longer function, because I can’t stand people’s talking...” I broke down crying: “I need to die or I need to be institutionalized... We will kill ourselves tomorrow...” By 22:00 I had settled down in a corner in Westwood Village and, crying and wailing, filmed myself cutting myself: my only method to release anger.

On 26:00 I called Wes and, thank God, he answered the call. “Because of the trial I wasn’t able to get hold of you until now.” I talked about what happened earlier: people were talking loudly while I was reading and so I came here to cut myself. “I think I need to pass away.” Wes: “Why?” “Because I can’t stand people’s talking, I want to die.” Then: “I don’t know if the law enforcement investigation would leak out... People would bring their children to me, and, once I wanted to kill them, they would disappear, but once I didn’t want to anymore, they would re-appear... so the purpose of the operation is to prompt me to say it over the phone, so that law enforcement can conclude that I’m a danger to people, so that I’ll be discredited... and so I can’t publish my story, I’ll incriminate myself... I thought about it this morning, I no longer wanted to kill them, I just wanted to sue them... I can’t go anywhere... maybe Borders, not Barnes and Noble... but anywhere I go, there will be so many children... People will say, ‘If he hates children so much, why does he keep going to places where there are children?’... Hence the operation is to fill up places of comfort with children so that, when I need to use resources, I will run into them and when I get provoked it will look like it’s my own fault... Earlier, this man brought in his child to shout, I want to sue him, the timing was so correct... Although

I'm no longer a danger to people, I can't stand it when people bring their children to me... I just want to die, I can't stand people's talking in front of me, or computer malfunctioning... I'll have to stay inside my apartment... It will have to be absolutely quiet, and I will just come out for two hours everyday when I'm totally prepared... so as long as I don't have money to rent my own apartment I'll have to kill myself..." Wes: "And you have to use your computer?" "Yes..." I continued: "Otherwise I'll have to remain stuck in this vicious cycle: getting provoked, cutting myself, feeling calm, getting provoked again... Isn't it strange that I can't get treatment anywhere, that I can only talk to you so that law enforcement can intercept it?... I can't be homeless any longer, I should pass away..." Wes: "I think you can find a home... Did you get my email?" "I don't have Internet access." Then, our call was suddenly disconnected on 36:50. I called again and was reconnected with Wes. Wes: "Some hotels are 40 dollars a night." Me: "... very provocative people, mean and ugly..." Wes: "But once you are in a hotel you can just stay in your room... If you want to kill yourself, you might as well spend your money... You can stay there for two weeks..." I didn't think this was a good idea: "But if I stay in a motel and get all comfortable, then I wouldn't want to kill myself, so that, when I come out, I'll be in deeper shit." We then debated whether it would cost money to kill myself. And I talked about my tank on 40:30. "... The police were acting, trying to make a big thing out of nothing... it's such bullshit, all the acting..." Wes suggested that I stay in a motel for a couple of days until he can see me. I continued: "What really bothers me is the timing of the noises, it's always just when I was about to do something important... the only way out is to have money, and yet I have lost my ability to function... so the only way out is if people give me money..." And I continued to emphasize I needed to exit this world. Wes continued to suggest that I seek comfort in a motel. I rebutted him: "When I come out I will be subject to the noises again and will want to kill myself again..." We continued to debate about this. I continued: "The problem is not noises, but the wrong noises... when people talk to me, it doesn't bother me, but when they talk to each other it does, and the timing..." Wes suggested ear plugs again. I rebutted him: "But my recorder will still record it..." As you can see, my Sonophobia was intimately connected with my absolute necessity to record myself as well as with my Misopedia. Wes: "Then stop recording yourself." Me: "And by now my recorder and I have fused into one entity... I name it 'Sonophobia'. If I stop recording I'll have to die... That's why these actors... they are very well trained... when they see you recording yourself they will come... say such a simple thing as 'How much is that computer?'... then I'll have to cut myself... They have learned it, not to hit me, but to hit my recorder..." I then continued to emphasize I would have to kill myself while I still had money: "... so that, if I fail... I'll still have money..." When a car started its engine nearby, I again experienced shock wave throughout my body. I told Wes about it. I then talked about the right noises again and emphasized that I needed to be institutionalized and that they were driving me to France. Wes thus suggested that I go to France, but I emphasized that I only had 700 dollars. Then we talked about suicide again. Wes asked me if I believed there was life after death. No! Wes: "How do you know if there are no noises after life?" We debated about this. I then talked again about what happened earlier: people made noises to me because I was reading a computer book. Wes suggested earphones again. I protested: "The control center has sent people in to steal my earphones... It's all planned! Their goal was to make me ignorant of computers and my goal was not to be ignorant of computers, *all because there was a profile in the courtroom saying I didn't know computers and so I must be prevented from reading computer books*. If the profile says I have horns growing out of my head, they will put me in the hospital and stick two horns on my head!" And the cars were honking as if to confirm (56:30). Ha! It's just my "different

version” again. I then emphasized again that I should try to kill myself tomorrow since I should do it while I still had money: “That’s what I’m afraid of, that if I get comfortable for two days I’ll change my mind.” Wes: “Maybe you should not do it then.” We concluded that I should test out my method of suicide first. Wes wondered why I was so worried about money if I wanted to die. “I’m so tired of this cycle of getting disturbed, cutting myself, feeling better, and getting disturbed again.” Then we argued about the possibility of treatment. Wes then asked me why I didn’t want to spend 5 dollars to buy earphones, and I responded that, if I was wearing earphones, when people talked to my recorder, I wouldn’t know about it. “If I’m playing music in my earphones, then my recorder will also have to wear earphones.” Again, it all came down to the absolute necessity that *there be a record in my recorder of every sound I made and every sound I heard*. Wes didn’t quite understand my problem: “You can turn off your recorder because nothing of value is being recorded!” I absolutely couldn’t do that. And I insisted that, if my recorder was wearing earphones, it couldn’t hear me! Ha! Wes then offered to buy earphones for me. Then, our call was cut off on 1:07:30 because my phone ran out of money.

Once again, you see that Wes had no more orders to say any strange things to me and that, when there was no order, he was totally responding to me rather than suggesting new things in an effort to guide my thinking: this conversation was again proof that he was told to say what he said to me between October 22 and December 9. Our conversation today was focused on my Sonophobia. I had not quite gotten to the bottom of my etiology. As I would later write on my diary: “The cause of Misopedia and Sonophobia: people and children’s attacking my recorder per the authority’s order and *my feeling hurt for my recorder*.” Ha!

My next recording is: “slpbadnoisewstwd\_12\_23\_10\_1056-1124PM.WMA”: I was now sleeping in my corner. I continued: “... it takes a lot of money to drive me to suicide... Thank you all, you are superior because you possess that big piece of machine... I have provided you with all the evidences...” Then, on 18:00, somebody came near to talk again, and I again experienced shock wave throughout my body: “Oh my God! I wish you would go to jail for that...” Then: “I’m forced to die for Russia, that’s the last piece of evidence, and now Russia can abandon me...” Then on 21:00 a man was again shouting near me causing me severe pain, and I bowed down to him: “I beg you for mercy...” Then: “... we will die tomorrow...” Then, more people were talking near me. I moaned: “I’m feeling so sad that I have to record these noises... PM... prosecutes these bitches... the Agency... We will die, and you’ll burn in hell... the people around me are remotely controlled, the cars are remotely controlled... the noises are remotely controlled... everything is to *produce* evidences... not a single evidence is *collected*...” Then: “I hope the coals we will buy tomorrow will be real...” That is, I had decided to try suffocating myself with the carbon dioxide produced by burning charcoals.

My next recording is: “slpnoise12\_24\_10\_1124PM-1209AM.WMA”: While I slept, people continued to talk near me throughout this recording, and I was pained and disturbed. Especially when there were loud banging noises. Then, I began reflecting again: “They want the prosecuting team to win because... defendants... the Russians are doing the opposite of what the defendants want... ‘You can’t confirm a squared circle,’ and the Russians proceeded to order the Monkey to forge... and come up with a squared circle anyway... the more ridiculous the better... what the defendants did made the Russians so

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angry... I don't care whether they will spare the French... but what about me? Without me they still can't win..." Then my right side hurt. I continued: "... that's PM's strategy... divide the enemy... and focus his anger on those truly responsible... he probably spared Turkey... he's like me... Russia is very much like us... divide the less guilty from the more guilty... focus on the more guilty... beat the shit out of them..." I was simply elaborating on my "different version".

My next recording is: "slpnoises\_12\_24\_10\_1209-1215AM.WMA": I then suddenly realized – or so I thought – what PLANMEX was about: "... we were supposed to be homeless and meet the Monkey bitch, fly to Mexico, that would repeat the two months when we flew to Nicaragua... and the fact that we didn't care... that'd be evidence that evidences were gathered properly... the discovery of the lost civilization... the neocons' plan... the purpose is to repeat everything... create a government for the poor... the entire first round would be repeated... the plan didn't work out because the Monkey didn't like the homelessness, and so the plan changed... but then he simply usurped the position... PLANMEX was supposed to be an operation in itself... the neocons' plan... at the same time it was a decoy operation so that we wouldn't notice evidences were being gathered... the part about the neocons' plan was abandoned... except when Italy objected... and so they diverted the plan onto Italy... that part didn't matter anymore because the objection was so severe that Russia was now merely fighting for its survival... the entire plan disrupted... all thanks to the Monkey... and yet the Russians survived and manipulated us... and now they will severely punish..." Again, I was simply completing my "different version".

### **December 24 (Friday; Wes; France's objection)**

My first recording of the new day is: "slpwstwd\_12\_24\_10\_1215-935AM.WMA": I was awake from 8:36:00 onward. On 8:41:00 a woman came to scold me: "Hey it's private property!" Again, I assumed erroneously that she was an actress because it seemed that she was simply making up a story about my wrong-doing. Then, on 9:00:00, I was in Rite Aid buying batteries and cigarettes. As you can hear, there was again a baby crying (9:16:00).

My next recording is: "rflctnfrnch\_12\_24\_10\_935-1133AM.WMA": I found a left-over sandwich on the street and ate it. On 7:00, as you can hear, I ran into another African man. As if that meant something! Then I reflected: "When you told PM:<sup>30</sup> 一命抵一命, 放了法國, that actually harmed them... but I spoke from the position of neutrality... He would do it, he would release the French onto the Macrosphere... but he would then be subject to objections... but since we think of it, there is now an infinite loop... so he would do it... it's the second time..." Again, although all this was complete bullshit, it *was* part of my "different version". Then: "... it's just not good that one person has so much control... she doesn't understand the law, she's an insider and still doesn't understand it... a very stupid woman..." Was I talking about Mary C? By 36:00, I was shopping inside Best Buy. Then: "The rest of the Macrospherians have to accommodate the French's independent spirit." As you can see, while I had finally grasped the simple fact that the French had objected, I still couldn't understand that it was because Sarkozy was on the side of the neocons and thought instead that it was France's Gaullist tradition which had made them discontent with the new New World Order which DGHTRCOM was

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<sup>30</sup> Presumably on December 20.

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supposedly effecting to unite the world. I then got on the bus on 57:00 to go to OPCC. I played Silbermond loudly and got off the bus in Santa Monica on 1:13:00. I continued to mumble indistinctly: "... the Gaullists objected... without the help of the US..." Bullshit! By 1:26:00 I came to the Santa Monica library, but it was closed. I came to OPCC on 1:38:00, and it was also closed. What a waste of my time! I then reflected that whether black people were annoying to me all depended on the context. Worthless reflection!

My next recording is: "smnoresultworryfrnch\_12\_24\_10\_1133AM-102PM.WMA": I got on the bus on 17:00 and blasted my Silbermond. I got off on Wilshire and Barrington on 31:00. I was now ready to check into a motel. I suddenly doubted myself: "Maybe we've got duped! How do we know that France has objected? Italy has objected... but there must be signs... But, just because we have said so, PM *will* negotiate with France for the second time... and we can take credits for it..." Then: "... because the judgment is based on bullcrap, other nations don't really know what we really think... only the Russians know... all the nations, when they look at the final judgment, will only know that it's not based on true information... *we need to know whether France has really objected...* The French thought we had abandoned them... PM would do it... DGHTR would do it... it's so convenient, we just have to say so, and DGHTR will do it..." And there was a honk as if the control center were confirming me (42:00). I came to a motel but there was no room. On 50:00 I ran into several young people from China. I got on the bus again on 53:00 together with these young Chinese people. They were from Beijing University: as if that meant something! I got off the bus in Westwood and was inside somewhere on 1:08:00 asking for water. A man wanted to buy a cigarette from me and I wondered if this might be an intercept enabling the Monkey to get away. Ha! "Don't worry, the Russians would not let him go..." Yeah right! I then got on bus 2 on 1:19:00. Then, I suddenly thought I had a revelation: "That's a trick! To trick us to ask PM to spare the French, so that, if he does it, he will be subject to objection, from the French!" I would tomorrow night write down in my diary the full scenario I had thought of:

... that, after I pleaded PM to spare the French elements among the defense team and the objectors, he must have commanded the French defense team members and objectors to object to his sparing them on the ground of conspiracy just as they had always objected on the ground of conspiracy whenever PM and I might have a match of intention. He could command the French to object because I have already been lumped with the French as their conspirator so that it would be considered part of the French team's 'mission' to object whenever I make my plea to PM. The French would have been dumbfounded, until I realized that whenever I requested something from PM, he would likely do the opposite or not do anything at all in order to avoid charges of conspiracy with me, which realization would lead to an infinite loop, thus giving PM the 'Macrospherian power' to do whatever he wishes. At which point he would then have spared the French, and the French would have been dumbfounded for the second time learning that it would in fact be in their own interest to have PM stay in power. Unless, of course, PM intercepted the French just before the French should have finished their objection to his sparing them.

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What an amazing scenario! Too bad that it was all imaginary! Although complete bullshit, it did complete my “different version” even further.

My next recordings are :”IMPPMtrckbus2\_12\_44\_10\_102-120PM.WMA” and “bus2tomtl\_12\_24\_10\_118-217PM.WMA” (... 128-217PM...): I continued to blast my Silbermond for a while. Then, after importing my recordings to my netbook and webcamming myself when my recorder was busy, I further elaborated on the latest episode of my “different version”: “PM is very smart. When he wants to beat down his opponents, he would always want them beaten convinced of the fairness of their loss... (要他們輸的心服口服的.) He and Dominique,<sup>31</sup> it’s not as if they didn’t know each other. They used to be allies, and now PM wants to fix his relationship with Dominique. That means that the French did object. What has happened seems to be...” Nonsense! Then, on 13:00, a black man was yelling at me for taking up three seats (given my cart and my things): “Conversation is the key to success...”, which sounded to me so much like a “secret message” from the control center! Then, on 21:00, as you can hear, there was a shrieking cry from a woman, which I assumed was “noise attack” from the control center. I got off the bus on 25:00 in the Silverlake area. I continued: “... they have been negotiating for a day and a half...” I then expressed suspicion that I was being remotely controlled to come up with all these latest scenarios: “... the timing is too coincidental...” As you have seen, this was indeed sort of true: the Invisible Hand had been instructing the Monkey’s computer to do its best to control me to realize what had happened – even though my “different version” was the best I could do. I then continued to mumble about DGHTRCOM: “... he must have tried to accommodate the French need for independence, he doesn’t need me to say it, he understands that very well...” Ha! I came to a motel on 37:00 and succeeded in renting a room. The room was however upstairs, and I had great difficulty in dragging my things up the stairs. I was angry again because I wrongly assumed this was orchestrated from the control center: “They purposely gave me a room upstairs...” A typical targeted individual!

My next recording is: “mtl\_12\_24\_10\_228-301PM.WMA” (... 218-301PM...): I turned on the cable TV – and it was “Bourne Ultimatum”. I continued: “... our new defense lawyer... DGHTR has been released onto the Macrosphere... who is working against... interests...” I suddenly got so disgusted that I wanted to kill myself: “... all because when we come out we will have no money... this scenario is so disgusting...” When the commercial on TV had a lot of children in it, I again erroneously believed it was orchestrated: “... Who will watch these commercials? Mothers. So do mothers like to watch Bourne movies?” Then: “The French did object... because on that last day in September, when we were walking down Polk Street in San Francisco, we talked to the couple in French... French must have used our ability to speak French as evidence... so, when we spoke French, the evidence was suppressed on ground of conspiracy...” Bullshit! That was in fact an irrelevant event! Now the next movie on TV was “National Treasure”. Then: “I don’t understand how France could have objected... the French president – he has no problem with... Can the National Assembly override the president...? There must have been a big battle inside France...” Yeah right!

My next recordings are: “mtlthaifood\_12\_24\_10\_301-328PM.WMA” and “mtlthaifood\_12\_24\_10\_329-342PM.WMA”: I went out to buy food and, after I came back, on 23:00, I called up Wes – simply to confirm that I could call him later for 10 minutes. Then: “... we need to learn to do the exact

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31 Dominique the Villepin, the leading Gaullist that was in opposition to Sarkozy.



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opposite of what the defense team is telling us to do...”

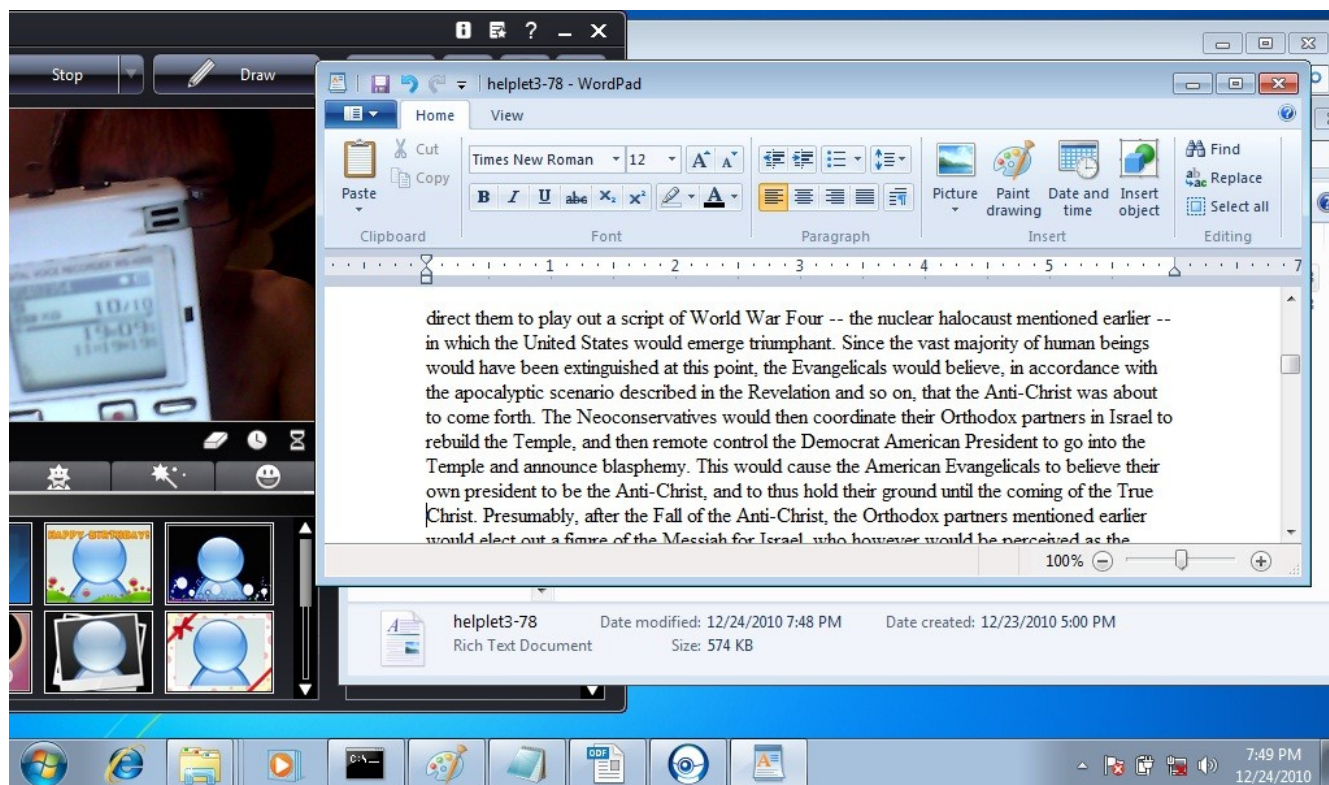
My next recording is: “eatmtlnatltrsurses\_12\_24\_10\_343-459PM.WMA”: Suddenly, my right side hurt. I was then eating while watching the movie “National Treasure”. Then: “Was the control center hinting to us that January 11 was the deadline?” I was then connected with Wes on 36:00. I was skeptical: “Are you really at home?” Namely, how do I know that the control center isn’t faking Wes? The recording of the rest of the conversation was however mostly unintelligible due to my GSM phone’s interference. It seems that I was getting the addresses of those cheap motels from Wes. Then, at one point, I got angry: “I’m so tired of being alone!” We hanged up on 48:50. We didn’t discuss anything significant today.

My next recordings are: “mtl\_12\_24\_10\_459-606PM.WMA” and “12\_24\_10\_607-620PM.WMA”: While I was naming my files, I continued: “... we put the recordings... on our website... our family members... do they care... but who would know who they are?” Then my right side hurt. Then: “... the disc we have made... prosecute the Monkey... they have the archive...” I was then taking a bath while playing the interview with Julia Kristeva. Then, around 6:20 PM, my recorder turned itself off. It would seem that it had merely run out of batteries.

My next recordings are: “mtlupsetcutslfwrtlet\_12\_24\_10\_635-720PM.WMA”: I was terribly upset when I discovered it 14 minutes later. I lost 14 minutes! Of course I assumed that it was the Monkey who had remotely turned off my recorder from the control center – and that he had disguised it as running out of batteries. I was most likely wrong: like a typical targeted individual. After resting quietly for a while, I continued: “Actually, we don’t know whether the French have objected... that episode on Polk Street, it could be the defense team who were trying to gather evidences...” Then, from 14:00 onward, I filmed myself cutting myself: my ritual to release the anger I was experiencing. I then continued to play Kristeva’s interview. Then: “The ‘No’ signal means you are going counter to the prosecution... the sooner they have collected their evidence, the better... it is in our interest... to wait for the deadline, but since we don’t know when...” And my right side hurt. “It is in our interest to be lumped with the defense team... otherwise, when we think the Macrospherians will help us, they definitely won’t... so it is in the interest of Mary C, or the Monkey, that I don’t get lumped with them...”

My next recording is: “wrtlet\_12\_24\_10\_721-858PM.WMA”: I then continued to work on my petition letter. I first worked on my notion of Cheney’s plan: “The neocons will use a huge computer... to automatically coordinate the actions of all the Chinese and Russian elites... to direct them to play out the script of WWII... the anti-Christ... the Messiah...” Then about PLANMEX: “... PM was originally planning to set me up with the Pyramid... in order to lump me with Mr former Secretary... to continue the neocon plan of discovering the lost civilization... to create a leftist government in Mexico more sympathetic to PM’s plan... this is how it’s an operation in itself... it will also be a decoy operation because, throughout, I’d be too distracted to notice the intercepts produced...” Then about the Macrosphere-Microsphere distinction: “... since I was stuck in the Microsphere, the scenario I was conscious of was correct in the Macrosphere but incorrect in the Microsphere....”

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My “different version” tonight

Although this was wild speculation, it bore strange resemblance to the truth

My next recordings are: “breakmtl\_12\_24\_10\_858-928PM.WMA” and “buysnack\_12\_24\_10\_929-944PM.WMA”: I then went out to buy snacks. When I saw that a police car just happened to be parked where I was headed to, I filmed it, believing again it was orchestrated from the control center. A typical targeted individual!

My next recording is: “mtl\_12\_24\_10\_945-1124PM.WMA”: Then I reflected on how my Misopedia started: “... it’s about not having choice, we were being made into an entity which we were not and we didn’t have any choice...” (7:00). Then my left side hurt. Then: “The prosecution is going to succeed... You’ve gotta be kidding me...” (1:04:30). Then, on 1:24:10: “... the defendants can lose more if we are destroyed...” Then: “The more my intention matches that of Mary C, the more I’m lumped with the defendants as their conspirator, and the more the Macrospherians can help me immune to objections... It’s like the French Revolution, tear down and rebuild...” Then: “There must be a different way...” – and I coughed as if I were remotely controlled to confirm myself (1:27:10). Then: “Such is the defendants’ plan – that the price of my getting help is destruction beforehand...” (1:29:10). Then: “The defendants’ plan is that, *if they lose, no one should get out...*” (until 1:33:00).

My next recording is: “mtl\_12\_24\_10\_1129PM-1235AM.WMA”: Then: “The Macrospherians, while wanting me to finish my mission, did not want the Monkey Pyramid to get hurt. This is why the (false) intercept of my schizophrenia has already occurred on the night of December 21...” (28:30). Then I was

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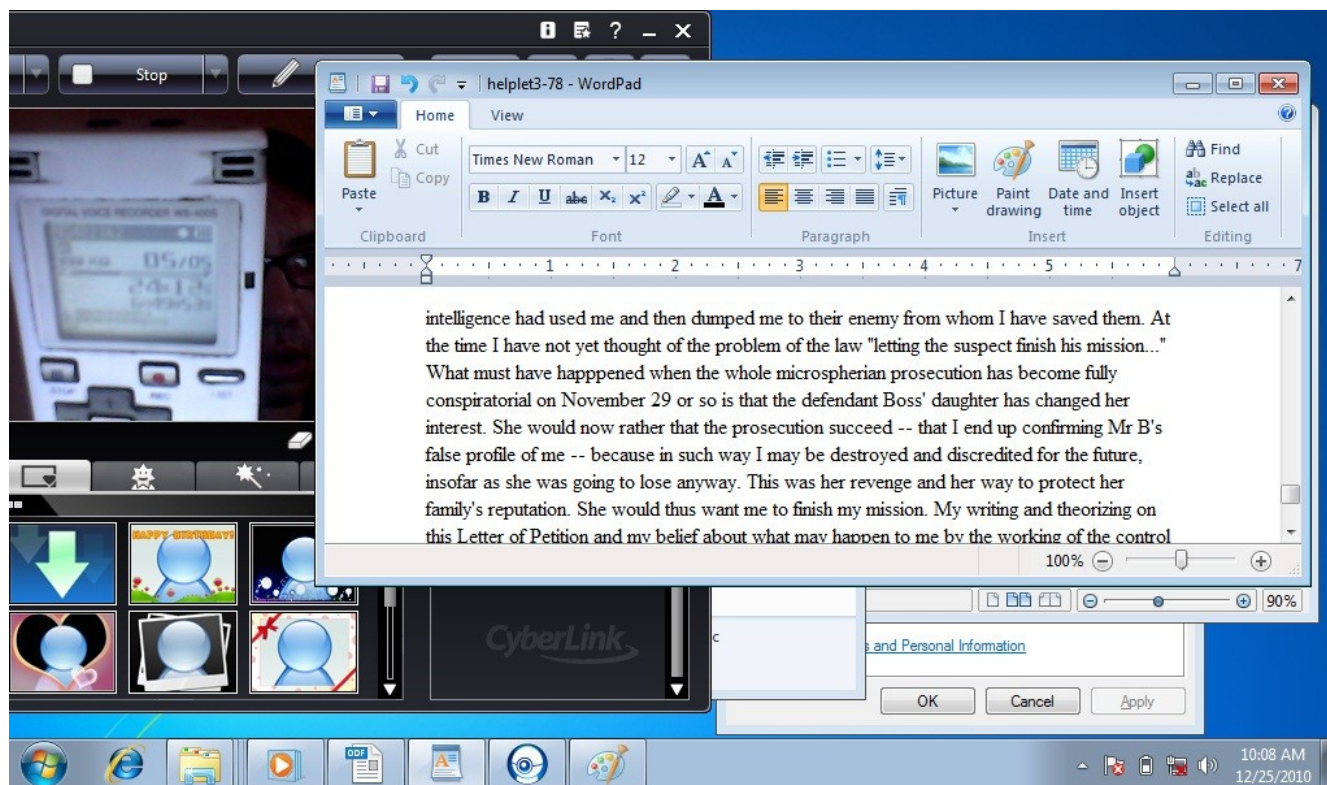
worried that someone, even if good, might have too much power. Worthless!

My next recording is: “mlnrugaeapollo13mtl\_12\_25\_10\_1235-341AM.WMA”: My left side hurt on 24:00. Then: “... that’s what everyone’s fate depends on, the four noble truths of Buddhism: suffering, the recognition of suffering, the cessation of suffering, and the path to the cessation of suffering... the game is so deadly...” Then, from 56:00 onward, the cable TV was showing “Apollo 13”. I would be switching my channel back and forth between “Apollo 13” and “Moulin Rouge”. Then: “... it’s probably correct that, in the Microsphere, there is no command from the Macrospherians... there is but a big computer...” Then I wondered whether this “Apollo 13” was some sort of “secret message” from the control center: “... in order to have the power to go home, they will have to go the longer way...” When it was the scene of NASA engineers trying to make something out of a bunch of materials in order to save the astronauts, my right side hurt – as if this was indeed a message (2:12:00). Delusional! Then: “... not a message, but to drive us to desperation... we have so little resources...” Then, when Tom Hanks said: “I see what they are doing”, I would soon mistake this for an intercept establishing permission for me to figure out the operations. Ha! Then, more worthless reflection: “... a nation is successful when people pursuing their self-interests accidentally maximize the nation’s interest... that’s US... when individuals pursuing their self-interests result in the nation’s fall... that’s Mexico... it all depends on the wisdom of the government...” (2:20:00). Then my left side hurt. Then: “Another reason why we fear children... when they bring children to us, we assume it’s to harm us... if everyone tries to hand us a piece of paper and we know they mean harm, soon we will develop phobia toward papers...” Excellent analysis! Then: “... when a hero saves a beauty, it’s the opposite of the sexual objectification which the feminists are complaining about... they both have the same foundation...” As if this had something to do with judge Higgins’ program! Ha! Then, after watching “Apollo 13” and “Moulin Rouge”, I went to sleep.

### **December 25 (Saturday; Wes)**

My first recordings of the new day are: “paymtl\_12\_25\_10\_925-935AM.WMA”, “wrtletmtl\_12\_25\_10\_935-1012AM.WMA”, and “mtlmorechrg\_12\_25\_10\_1012-1139AM.WMA”: Soon after I woke up, I went to the office to pay for another day (68 dollars) but was told to come back on 11 AM. I called Wes on 2:00 (in the second recording) but nobody was answering. Then: “Mary C has changed her mind, *she now wants the prosecution to succeed because she wants to bring me down.*” I then began reviewing the recording from last night. I then wrote down my “different version”, how Mary C had changed her interest: “... she wants the prosecution to succeed, she wants me to conform to Mr B’s false profile of me, so that I can get discredited and destroyed...” Then, on 11 AM, the manager called me and I had to pay 5 dollars more to stay for today. I then continued to review the recordings from last night. From 1:22:00 onward, it was a program on “Bible code” on the History Channel.

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My "different version" this morning

My next recording is: "mtlapocalypticneocon\_12\_25\_10\_1146AM-103PM.WMA": I began my speculation while watching the program on "Bible code": "The neocons must have been very interested in Bible code... because they were so into esoteric messages... they believed they were the ones to fulfill Biblical prophecies in reality..." As I continued to watch "Bible code", when there was honking outside, I wondered if the control center was confirming my speculation (47:30). Not! I continued: "... because the neocons believed there were esoteric messages embedded in classics which only the elites could decode, they believed there were really codes embedded in the Bible, and, once they discovered the messages, they would attempt to bring about the prophecies... It's not that the Bible actually contains any prophecies, but that these hidden prophecies are messages telling the elites who have deciphered them what to do..." (53:00). "... the neocons believed their ancestors had embedded these messages for them to discover and effect... the control center has controlled the History Channel to broadcast this in order to tell us about the neocons' plan..." And so, after decoding the Bible and discovering hidden messages about "Twin Tower", "911", and "Islam", the neocons would believe these were secret instructions from the past telling them to carry out 911 attacks and so would do likewise. And there was continual honking outside as I theorized this and I wrongly believed it was the control center's confirmation. It's an interesting theory about the neocons but completely worthless speculation! (And I wouldn't read Leo Strauss and appreciate the depth of his thinking until years later.) And certainly the control center didn't orchestrate my TV programs to try to tell me anything.

My next recordings are: "mtlapocalypneocon\_12\_25\_10\_104-155PM.WMA", "readyout\_12\_25\_10\_

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155-203PM.WMA”, and “buyfoodbbynoseprovkd\_12\_25\_10\_203-244PM.WMA”: The next program on the History Channel was “Banned from the Bible”. I was now burning a new disc. And I continued my bullshit: “The neocons must be Biblical scholars...” I then went outside to buy food. There were baby noises again in the shops, and I was terribly annoyed. “I cannot be outside because I suffer from Misopedia.” On 22:00 I checked my bank account balance on a payphone. Then, when a stranger smiled at me, I believed erroneously that he was an actor sent here to provoke me, to smile at me sarcastically just when I felt miserable. “They are actors, they are told not to touch me because it has to look like it’s my own fault...” Bullshit! Like a typical targeted individual! I came back to my motel room only to discover that my key card no longer worked. I went to ask the manager why. “I don’t know...” I believed wrongly that the control center had controlled the key card to not work. As I would write in my diary:

Around 3 PM. The key [card] to my motel room malfunctioned to frustrate me. ‘You probably put the key [card] next to the cellphone.’ The manager purposely said so because he knew I had no proof that I didn’t put the key [card] next to my cellphone since I didn’t videotape where my things were in my motel room. The Monkey was creating evidence of my non-existent schizophrenia.

Bullshit! And my next recording is: “wesmtl\_12\_25\_10\_244-454PM.WMA”: I then called up Wes. “There was baby noise attack earlier. I had to cut myself again....” I described everything that had just happened. “I have to be institutionalized before the trial is over... But they want me to get into trouble... So what should I do?” Wes: “Where should you get institutionalized...?” Then I was disconnected on 4:20 – “The phone malfunctioned.” Wes called me back but I didn’t know how to answer the call! I had to call him back and was connected with him again on 7:20. “I don’t know whether my phone is being remotely controlled... So should I just get into trouble and expect to be helped...? Will they let me use my computer...? ... baby noises.... I need to use my computer... Should I buy a Walkman?... The noise attack is making me feel as if they were attacking my recorder... originally... they discovered they could make me develop Sonophobia and Misopedia by attacking my recorder... I need to find ways to achieve separation from my recorder.... I assume my recordings are still publishable...” (15:50). I then continued on with my theory that they were attacking my recorder in order to make my recordings inadmissible as evidences in the International Court and Wes continued to go along with me: “If they want to get rid of your recordings they can do it... in another way...” I continued to complain that this would never end. We then debated about whether to stay in the motel room. “I cannot function in society....” Wes continued to suggest that I stay in my room to avoid being irritated. I protested: “They are trying to obtain something, so you have to give them what they want, so that they won’t bother you anymore...” Then: “There are so many children here in California, I’m only here because I’m waiting for you, otherwise I’d go....” Wes then admonished me about persistently calling him. “I didn’t call earlier, are you sure it’s me?” I hanged up with him on 24:00.

Just as expected, Wes didn’t have any order to say anything in particular to me. When he had no orders, he would do nothing more than go along with me as if he believed me and suggest ways that I might get out of my predicament. Again, this conversation was proof that, between October 22 and December 9, he was told to say the strange things which he did say to me. Then my worthless speculation: “There

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is no deadline, it ends when the Macrospherians want it to end.... In the Microsphere there is now a conspiracy to change my belief, which means that the Macrospherians can pick and choose among my beliefs... There is a conspiracy to arbitrarily set a deadline... The prosecutors' profile is that we are incapable of committing conspiracy... What we need to do is commit conspiracy with the defendants... If we commit conspiracy with the defendants and harm the Macrospherians, they can then help us, and no one can object..." (53:00). I then resumed writing while burning a new disc: "The Macrospherians.... They want me to finish my mission... They did not want the Monkey...."

My next recording is: "mtdvd211\_12\_25\_10\_454-651PM.WMA": I continued my nonsense: "... there is a conspiracy to make us useless after the trial... to make us not believe there is a deadline... in order to make it impossible to intercept it... that means that it is up to the Macrospherians... they can intercept it any time they want..." (until 20:40). Then, from 52:00 onward, I began reviewing the recording of my conversation with Wes on December 23. Then: "... the neocons are also going to orchestrate aliens' appearing. I don't know how they are going to do that..." Again, bullshit that bore strange resemblance to the truth. Then, on 1:11:00, while I was hashing my files on my new DVD, HashMyFiles froze up. "It's evidence that there is no hash values for my files. It's remotely controlled malfunctioning disguised as natural malfunctioning..." Like a typical targeted individual! Then: "... we might have been duped... what we have said about the neocons and esoteric messages might be correct... but the control center might be giving us false messages in order to dupe us into believing something false about the neocons, in which case we will be incapable of conspiracy..." Complete bullshit! It was I myself who was duping myself! Then: "... if you want to know about the neocon plan, you need to go back to the recording from June 24, when there wasn't any plan to dupe us..." Correct! Then: "... there is a conspiracy to destroy the second run itself, since we can't even fly... we are supposed to fly to..."

My next recording is: "mtlsupldvd\_12\_25\_10\_651-805PM.WMA": Then: "... we are unable to believe in any deadline... we are unable to believe any neocon plan, all thanks to all this deception... we are unable to fly out of the country... it's not the question of whether the message from the TV is true..." Then, around 7:10 PM, my Windows Media Player malfunctioned when I tried to play the recording from June 24, with the error message: "Windows Media Player encountered a problem while playing..." More frustration! Then, more of my nonsense: "There is a conspiracy to prevent us from being lumped with the conspirators..." Then, from 39:00 onward, I resumed reviewing the Weird Man's words from June 24. Then: "... the Monkey is running a conspiracy to prevent us from being lumped with the conspirators... because it's bad for me... the conspiracy to cause the prosecution to fail has become a conspiracy to cause it to succeed, because it's bad for me... It's all about me, none about the prosecution anymore... it's a conspiracy to mess me up... the defendants have all given up..." And so I wrote down on my diary:

7:50 PM. Realized that the conspiracy in the International Criminal Court to cause me human rights abuse, instead of being the side-product of the original conspiracy to cause the prosecution to fail (or to succeed to the embarrassment of Macrospherian Russia), has for a while become the main objective of the conspiracy.

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Bullshit. And then I resumed burning my disc and reviewing the recording from June 24. Then: “So what is going to happen now that the conspiracy has changed?”

My next recording is: “mtl\_12\_25\_10\_805-902PM.WMA”: I continued: “... the conspiracy has changed, and so do we have to finish a new mission? The old law of letting the suspect finish his mission has self-destructed... in order to identify a conspiracy you have to know the Macrospherians’ interest... If the Macrospherians have future use of us... whether the prosecution succeeds or fails doesn’t matter anymore... we can’t do anything anymore... I can’t finish my mission because I’m too tired... the conspiracy has self-destructed because its process is too tiring... the Monkey has destroyed the trial, nothing makes any sense anymore... You can’t enforce the laws when there is a Monkey in it...” I then continued to review my recording. Then, on 21:00, my Windows Media Player simply stopped playing the recording. Again, I assumed erroneously that it was remotely controlled from the control center. Then: “... we have got it wrong, the Monkey’s mission is to cause the prosecution to fail... he’s not supposed to find a squared circle... no, we don’t know... no it’s supposedly like this, he is supposed to forge evidences in order to confirm his false profile while we are supposed to try to be ourselves... No... he just does this and that and doesn’t really care about his mission, just like us... I don’t have the feeling that he’s actually obeying the laws at all... Mary C just wants us down, the Monkey just wants to confirm his profile, and I just want to KP (kill the Pyramid), none of us care about our mission...”

My next recordings are: “mtl\_12\_25\_10\_902-915PM.WMA” and “buysnackinsightayi\_12\_25\_10\_915-939PM.WMA”: Then I muttered to the control center: “... you keep contradicting yourself, you waste my money and then expect me to fly out of the country...” I then went out to buy snacks. I continued with what was supposedly the official story about me: “... he doesn’t know when the deadline is, he’s completely retarded... he doesn’t know... he just knows that there is a trial... it’s a conspiracy to make him so weak that it’s almost as if it will continue forever...” Namely, I was referring to the fact that I could barely notice it was over when it was over. I should have listened to myself here! I came back to my room and, from 17:00 onward, talked to my step-mother on the phone. She denied that my grandfather was here in California some time ago. I hanged up with her on 30:00. Was my step-mother lying to me? Or did she not know about it? I concluded wrongly: “... the Monkey is trying to generate evidence of our suffering from schizophrenia. If we go to the consulate they will say they have never said our grandfather had come in some time ago.” Nonsense!

My next recording is: “IMPmssnwrtsuplfrnch\_12\_25\_10\_939-1144PM.WMA”: I continued: “I hope PM will agree with me that this sort of test only makes a person weaker and sicker without his learning anything from it.” Because the TV was broadcasting another Bible lesson, this time on Job, I was referring to Job thinking erroneously that this, perhaps, was another “secret message” for me. I then filmed the finalization of my latest disc. Then, suddenly, I reflected again on my “different version”: “In other cases, the mission of the suspect is decided by the suspect himself, but, in my case... I don’t actually have a mission, the mission is decided by the Monkey... And what is his mission? To cause the prosecution to succeed? But he can’t be the one to have a mission because he’s an insider and knows everything... he has the big machine in front of him... the conspiracy has changed... I’m the one who is contemplating the whole game... this doesn’t make sense...” (until 45:50). Well, because I was on

the wrong track! Then: “That’s why PM doesn’t tell him anything... he waits for me to realize it so that it will become a conspiracy and he will have a mission too....” Wrong! Then: “... the person whose consciousness determines when a conspiracy becomes a conspiracy is the person who determines what his mission is... and how his environment should be orchestrated... but, in my case, I have no choice at all... in determining how my environment is to be set up... the person who has the mission should jump into it voluntarily... in my case, I don’t have this choice.... How come I have to be dragged into it... just because the Monkey has a mission?... he has a big machine in front of him... it’s easy to accomplish your mission when all you have to do is sit on your sofa and press buttons... he’s not supposed to change my beliefs or forge my beliefs... then the whole thing becomes meaningless... it’s as if you aren’t following the rules when you play chess... certain laws cannot be violated.... I have been deprived of my mission... he has just usurped my mission... he has just destroyed the game...” (until 54:00). Nonsense! Then: “... in conclusion... he’s the one who has the mission...” And I continued to speak of how the game had destroyed the foundation of the game, and then my left side hurt. “It doesn’t have to be the Monkey bitch... so I have already accomplished my mission since many pyramids have already appeared in front of me and, at those instances, the Monkey must have forged intercepts of my thoughts...” And my right thumb hurt. “... and so both of us have already accomplished our mission... the Monkey bitch apparently doesn’t have a mission...” After all this nonsense, I reflected on my disease: “... the feeling of falling into an abyss without support when I’m not recording myself... that’s separation anxiety... maybe a treatment has already been devised for us, wear earphones while my recorder doesn’t... but I don’t want to be separated from my recorder...” And my left foot hurt. Then, from 1:24:00 onward, I began writing out, in full, the “objection” scenario I thought of yesterday while on the bus. Right after I finished writing it, a child outside suddenly shouted. I was shocked and immediately turned off my recorder to protect this recording of what I thought were important realizations on my part. I naturally thought this was orchestrated. As I would soon write:

The last second of this file: The White Mexican Monkey sent in a Hispanic family to wait outside my door and remotely controlled the child to shout suddenly just when the noise coming from my TV was low enough [that he could be heard], resulting in damage [to] this highly important recording to the point that [it was now suspected to be the product of my pedophilia]. I quickly turned off the recorder and restarted it, about one second too late though.

My next recordings are: “bbynosedstroy\_12\_25\_10\_1144-1145PM.WMA” and “fauflrflctnprovkd\_12\_25-26\_10\_1156PM-217AM.WMA”: I set out to examine how much of my file was damaged by the child’s noises. I muttered angrily: “I’m so overwhelmed with angry, the child was waiting outside, just when there was a break in the TV noises, he shouted... I have so much anger, I’m just not allowed to have a file in which there are no baby sounds...” In reality, since the child’s shouting was certainly a “natural” phenomenon, I was just being a typical targeted individual in suspecting every natural occurrence to be orchestrated by the authority to target me. Then: “PM *does* have control over everything, if the Monkey does it, if he turns me into a killer, it’s PM’s fault, it is his decision, which means he is my enemy, which means I’m not going to become a killer, and he’d better reward me for seeing him as my enemy... it is just true that I saved his fucking country twice... he’d better give me



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what I want... because I *am* aware of the infinite loop problem: save his country, hurt his country, save his country... this SVR thing, when they want you, they make you want to run away, it's worse than a draft... the people inside must not have anything to lose, they were recruited when very young... PM is only trying to recruit us out of desperation... because people who are older will never want to be part of them... We scored the highest on the test, but that's because we are older.... Actually PM just has to prove that he cares more about prosecuting the Monkey than about us... he has to be selfish because of the conspiracy laws... the cause is thus the CIA lawyers, they shouldn't have written these laws... everybody owes me a big apology, a big fat compensation... we need money and a gun..." Right now cable TV was showing "Minority Report". I continued my wrong scenario: "... the Hispanic woman was sent in by the real Russians... that's what the evidentiary record will show, that the command came from outside the circuit of the court... the command will be suppressed as evidence, and so, whether we like it or not, we have just helped Russia again... the command should come from the outside, to pay us and give us a girlfriend, because, once the French are gone, there is nobody among the conspirators that we like..." And my right side hurt. "... everybody has faults, and I have the least faults... Now, by saying that there is a circuit outside the court, we have enabled this command to be forever inadmissible as evidence in the International Court..." Then I thought I got it: "... they don't actually have to use baby noises to suppress evidences... the purpose is simply to provoke us... Don't do it... the Monkey has only 15 years more to live, he can't carry any more crimes... I'm so tired of subsisting in a perpetual state of anger... a life sentence is much worse..." Worthless speculation over nothing! The child's shouting was completely accidental! Then, when my computer slightly malfunctioned again, I tried to describe the strange feeling I had: "... if I don't get provoked, it's as if something is wrong, as if injustice has occurred if there is no response from me..."

### **December 26 (Sunday; Wes)**

My next recordings are: "slpmtlwckhldnose\_12\_26\_10\_217-935AM.WMA", "mtlmngrnotthr\_12\_26\_10\_935-957AM.WMA", and "12\_26\_10\_957-1004AM.WMA": I was awake from 7:02:00 onward in the first recording. I went to the office to pay for another day, but the manager was not there. Then, I got angry again: "We find the Russians so disgusting... this image that this guy is so ugly, so poor, and so victimized... it's so disgusting..." I then left a message for Wes: "Call me back..."

My next recordings are: "toomuchangrmtl\_12\_26\_10\_1009-1012AM.WMA" and "12\_26\_10\_1012-1014AM.WMA": I continued to be angry and spoke into my webcam: "I'm so filled with anger, and the only person I can talk to is my camera, I'm losing my voice... and there is no treatment... just by hearing my own voice, I'm provoking myself, I'm so disgusted by the way I look and sound, by those actors, by the way they look, by the way I'm surrounded by children..."

My next recording is: "mtlfinalflctn\_12\_26\_10\_1015-1051AM.WMA": I continued: "... there is too much anger inside me... either KC or suicide... it's just that, if we KC, we won't be able to record the violent attitude of the police and the terrible things afterward... we need to commit suicide... too bad that our writings are in fragments.... I can't bear hearing myself anymore... My videos and recordings are the most ugly documentary series, people will vomit when they watch it..." Then: "... on May 8 the defense team obtained an intercept of our thought in regard to the Monkey bitch..." That is, in which I

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harbored no harmful intent. "... it's of utmost importance to the Macrospherians to replace that piece of evidence... that's the Monkey's mission..."

My next recordings are: "mtl\_12\_26\_10\_1051-1059AM.WMA" and "analyzeprovkdmtl\_12\_26\_10\_1101AM-1255PM.WMA": I then went to the office to pay for another day. When I came back to my room, I continued: "I'm afraid that, when I shall try to commit suicide tonight, the police might burst in... We shall go to the storage first and then buy the materials... We have to die today... People can help me by giving me cash... there is no help... Life after this will be so stressful... even if we survive this... no girlfriend... unless everything stops right now... I really can't stand one more day of this... even if the treatment... what drives me to suicide... the enormous desperation... I can't stand living in this environment... the acting, the secrecy... but, in the end, no one will ever understand it, even if it is over now... We are not really interested in getting intercepted when we try to die... When a Hispanic man puts his arm around a Hispanic woman and I want to kill them, another thing that restrains me is the ridiculousness of it all..." Then, when somebody on TV was quoting Nietzsche's famous phrase, I commented: "... what doesn't kill you doesn't make you stronger, it makes you sicker... I really have to kill myself, the external environment has become so terrifying... it fills me with anger constantly... and if I don't feel any anger, it's as if injustice has been done to me... I've learned to get provoked by normalcy... even when people slam their door it makes me want to kill them, just the way they time it with... You don't come out normal after they have spent 2.5 billion dollars on you..." Then: "... what if I go find housing... the problem is, if you try to find a way out, the provocation will restart... you are cornered... *you have to be a danger*, it's a requirement... and when you *are*, it will be over right away... And if we don't get provoked, it feels like doing injustice to ourselves because we seem to be letting them go free..." Then: "... What's the problem with getting into a fight? Because we don't want to lose... And so the desire for justice and the desire to not lose are making us very vulnerable... that's why that Mary bitch fights... she thinks she's superior... but we are just smarter than they are... and Mary doesn't have the capacity to analyze that, she doesn't understand why her father has lost..." Nonsense! Imaginary reality! Then: "... another thing is that we know that looking for solutions is a waste of time... How does a homeless person spend 1,500 dollars a month? He spent it on motels... If he doesn't, he will kill people... he will kill children... that's why I'm not hiding in a shelter..." Then: "... you can't get into a fight, because the police will turn off your recorder..." I had by now finished burning my new disc.

My next recording is: "mtlreadyleav\_12\_26\_10\_1256-142PM.WMA": I called Wes, but he was not home. I continued: "There is no point in living a life... when you have that parasite feeding on you..." Then more paranoia over nothing: "... that day when we got hit by a car, the Monkey deleted the recording of the incident, that part of our life is gone forever... and it will happen again, and there will be no recording of it... that means we definitely have to kill ourselves..." Ha! Then I left the motel room on 43:00.

My next recordings are: "tobus2escltr\_12\_26\_10\_142-209PM.WMA", "buswheelchair\_12\_26\_10\_209-210PM.WMA", and "12\_26\_10\_215-220PM.WMA": When I came onto the street, I was again troubled by how ugly people were. I continued: "... the environment is so disgusting, it's all actors... and you know you are still stuck in the computerized environment..." I filmed what I thought was an

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actor: “Look at this guy! Where do you find people like that?” Then very loud siren on 17:00, which tremendously disturbed me. “I can’t stand this! Let’s KC!” Finally, I got on the bus on 25:00. I blasted my Silbermond to cover up other people’s noises.

My next recording is: “utprvkd\_12\_26\_10\_230-309PM.WMA”: I was then seriously disturbed by the black man talking next to me: “... his Ebonics is so fucking disgusting, it makes me so angry... I wish I had a machine gun to shoot him with...” Then a black woman was talking loudly. I got so angry that I shouted at her: “Shut up! Don’t talk too loud!” (19:00) Everyone was startled. “Just don’t provoke me, don’t!” I got off the bus on 21:00. Then more worthless speculation: “Perhaps when we try to kill ourselves, we will be intercepted and our discs taken away... to replace the episode in January... the thought in January...” Then: “... I can’t talk to myself any more, there are so many reasons for committing suicide, including talking to myself too much...”

My next recordings are: “utprvkdbbynse\_12\_26\_10\_309-326PM.WMA” and “failstrgcrycutslf\_12\_26\_10\_326-549PM.WMA”: As I continued to walk, I kept mumbling: “We don’t have a single friend...” It’s not clear what had then happened. Perhaps it was because I walked all the way to Public Storage only to discover that it was closed. In any case, I broke down crying and came to a corner to get ready to cut myself. I first tried to call Wes, but there was no answering. I began wailing and screaming and proceeded to cut myself. Then I started walking again. I continued: “Hitler versus Stalin, which one do you choose?” I got on the bus on 29:00. Then: “... evidence of our enormous hatred of Russia... in fact, of everyone... the hatred is artificially generated.... We can’t live with all this hatred...” I blasted MIA. On 39:00, as you can hear, a child was shouting loudly. On 42:00, there was again what I thought was an operation. As I would later write out on my diary:

On bus 2. A couple showed up on the bus in order for me to videotape their two children. This is because the prosecution is supposed to succeed, and thus that the White Mexican Monkey’s false profile of me is supposed to be confirmed. Since his false profile also says that I’m a pedophile, I must be lured to videotape children while at the same time he would be forging the intercepts of my thoughts showing that I was pedophilic when I was videotaping those children, even though in reality I was videotaping them as evidence that I was being provoked by him when he kept ordering actors and actresses to bring children in front of me to irritate me with their noises. The Macrospherian Russians, on the other hand, since they want to use the forged intercepts from the Monkey to prosecute Mr former Secretary and his cliques, also want me to videotape those children because, insofar as the actors and actresses are intentionally bringing their children in front of me for me to videotape them, all my documentaries can still be admitted as evidence even given the admission of the falsehood that I am a pedophile, all because the pedophilia would then be considered to be born from a conspiracy against Russia such that Russia will have the legal right to exploit the product of the conspiracy – namely, my documentaries – in any fashion they would like. In fact, both Mr former Secretary and Mary C would be considered in the upcoming trial as masters of pedophilia such that they would be forbidden to offer any documents as evidence in their defense. This is why it has now become the

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Macrospherian Russians' turn to slander me as a pedophile when I am just the opposite, namely, a Misoped.

I got off the bus on 1:23:00 on Sunset and Wilton and came inside Home Depot. On 1:31:00 I tried to call somebody but hanged up. Was it Wes? The interference from my GSM phone had made the recording unintelligible. And so I bought my suicide materials, charcoals and a basket – I was again wasting my precious money! I walked out continuing to mumble about how I couldn't function in society anymore. On 2:13:00 this man came to me to say "Merry Christmas", and yet I was provoked. And so he yelled at me about how much he wanted to beat me up. I stood motionlessly and merely said to him: "You are going to hit me first." He didn't and walked away. Again, contrary to my notion, this man was no actor sent in by the intelligence agencies but simply a random person. I continued to mumble about how I needed to die.

My next recording is: "bus2\_12\_26\_10\_549-613PM.WMA": I then left a message for Wes: "Can you call me back? it's an emergency..." Then: "... the Monkey Pyramid... appears... before... otherwise she will have to die... they are waiting for us to kill ourselves... we need earphones because we can't hear Spanish..." Then, on 20:00, I came back inside my motel room. I continued: "We are not going to look for the Monkey bitch, we have to end our life in order to avoid... maybe when we try to kill ourselves we will be intercepted and then the Monkey bitch will show up..." Ha! Nonsense!

My next recording is: "buycoalfood\_12\_26\_10\_613-717PM.WMA": I called Wes again, and there was still no answering. I continued my nonsense: "Russia wants to intercept our hatred of Russia... the hatred has to be so intense that we will have to faint... whether we will get a girlfriend... there is no way that we can function in society... Third, just talking to myself here makes me want to smash the table..." As I was getting ready for my bath, I continued: "It is the belief system; why would anyone saying 'Merry Christmas' provoke me...? When I'm not angry and he says that to me, I won't be angry, but when I'm angry and he says that, I will be provoked... It all depends on my mood... We cannot be around people..." Then I theorized how the vagrant was sent here to test me: who I would blame it all on and transfer my anger onto. Ha! "If the defendants were acquitted in May... nothing is going to happen to Russia, Mary's family has to take care of their face... Only Mr Chertoff... just like in the first round, France would take over it, France would be the moral leader in the world... PM and the French knew each other, and so, if PM lost, it wouldn't be the end... What's he so afraid of? I don't know how not to aggravate myself... I have developed resistance to just ignoring it, as if that would be injustice... The problem is our idea of art, we don't have a single recording in which there are no baby sounds... and I can't talk to myself anymore... This is what drives me to suicide, there is no one to talk to... They want us to incriminate ourselves with all this talk about wanting to kill people..."

My next recording is: "bathmtrflctngdevil\_12\_26\_10\_717-809PM.WMA": As I bathed, I continued my psychoanalysis of myself: "... the knowledge that somebody is watching, that further aggravates the anger... earlier on the bus... another strategy... when we hate, we have to have a backup, somebody that we love, and so when we hate children, we will try to hate only Hispanic children, and if we just hate everybody, then we can't live, so that we will try to avoid children of other nationalities... the distinction between good and evil... and so they tried to place children of other nationalities in front of

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us, so that our anger will be stuck inside and we can get even more aggravated...” Then: “... the evidence they want is that Mr Chertoff has forced us to videotape more children... so that all evidences will be admissible... and so they tried to remove the backup and the support... and so when we videotaped computer malfunctioning, they tried to make our camera malfunction... so that we will want to kill children even more... the best way is to kill ourselves, there is no way that we can fight against this... evidences show that it’s all the Monkey’s doing, when in fact it’s not him, for he’s not smart enough...” I continued to play Silbermond. Then (in Chinese): “... these Russians, although they are males, are very *ying*... because they have learned everything from suffering... and so when Mr Chertoff accuses them, ‘You guys were trying to recruit him’, they can say, ‘This is our standard for recruitment... It’s actually a method to drive him away’... Because of Mr Chertoff’s accusation, they have to put their recruitment standard on trial, and so this *is* their recruitment method, and our analysis is correct, all the agents they have were recruited when they were very young...” Nonsense! Then: “... during the summer, all the nations looked at the records and said, ‘This can’t be confirmed’, and so they wanted to object in order to take over the plan... the secret New World Order... A country like France, they didn’t want to be one nation among others... they have that independent spirit... and so even if Russia loses in the second run, it’s not a disaster, they will not be occupied... PM simply couldn’t swallow it, like Gilgamesh who lost his immortality potion... nobody is going to revive Mr Chertoff... it’s not about which nation will be in command... it’s all because of the Monkey, otherwise we would have had an easy ride...” Again, wrong scenarios which had some resemblance to the truth (except that the French were really trying to take over Daughterland during the summer).

My next recordings are: “IMPmtrlrflctnend\_12\_26\_10\_816-1001PM.WMA” and “mtl\_12\_26\_10\_1008-1022PM.WMA”: The cable TV was now showing “The Lord of the Ring”. I mistook it for another metaphor from the control center, this time to tell me about the “secret New World Order”. Ha! I looked increasingly like a schizophrenic. I mumbled: “... so the whole battle over the ‘plan’, the ‘secret New World Order’...” Then: “... what if we don’t use our computer? That would be the last act... But how do we do that? Our recorder can only run 17 hours... Perhaps we can spend a whole day with Wes and have him record for us, then we could not use computer for one day...” On 20:00 I called Wes again but there was still no answering. Then: “Wes has said something about staying in the hospital for 7 days, but that’s too long... One day is the maximum... Originally our mission was to be ourselves, and now it is to fit his profile... Our mission has changed, he has changed our mission... he has forged our belief about our mission... he has changed the conspiracy to cause the prosecution to fail into a conspiracy to cause the prosecution to succeed... *because Mary C has changed her objective*... Our intention is supposed to match that of the defendants, but the defendants have changed their intention to match that of the Monkey... It’s best to let Wes record us for one day...” And there was honking outside as if the control center were confirming me (50:00). I continued my total nonsense: “... the Monkey has made it so complicated... Now everybody is changing his or her story... And what if we get provoked... It will leave a big hole on our psyche...” I called Wes again on 1:05:00 but there was still no answering. I continued my nonsense: “We will get into a fight and get taken to the police station and our recorder will be taken away... If we just turn off the recorder for one day and do nothing: how do we prove that we are doing nothing...? We cannot just not record it, every little thing that happened to us has such repercussion for the whole world... This really is ‘ICJ disorder’... It’s such bullshit that the shape of the entire world should depend on who says what to this person... And if

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we don't record, we will not know which nation has risen and which has fallen, and we will not know what will happen to us... When it does, it will look like it's our own fault... And the very activity which drives me insane, i.e., talking to myself, is indispensable to myself..." Then, on 10:02 PM, the Event Viewer on my netbook malfunctioned when I opened it up, and I wrongly assumed this was in order to suppress the evidence that my netbook was actually not fake. Then I speculated about the evidentiary value of having Wes record me for one day: "It could replace the episode where Wes bought us a digital recorder for us to record Chaya..." Then I explained how that episode must be in the evidentiary record.

My next recording is: "mtlmlfunctweskppl\_12\_26-27\_10\_1022PM-220AM.WMA". I then reflected on Wes' words: "The DGHTRPPL would so jeopardize themselves were they to help me... It's because they wanted to lead and didn't want the French to lead..." Then: "We can compare our problem to postpartum depression, namely how we are driven insane by baby noises" (8:00). More worthless reflection: "The only way for the prosecuting team to lump the Monkey with the defense team is to change the conspiracy, to a conspiracy to cause the prosecution to fail..." (12:00). Then: "We can refrain from using our computer for one day, but not so with our recorder. We are actually allowed to kill ourselves, for then we will stop using our recorder..." Just then, my right toe hurt. Suddenly, my computer malfunctioned: my Windows Explorer froze. I experienced tremendous physical pain (34:00). I had to reboot my netbook. I muttered out of hopelessness: "The opposite of what we want will always happen. We need to cut ourselves." I called up Wes on 44:00 and hanged up on 48:00. My GSM phone had again created so much interference that the recording was unintelligible. I continued: "We are supposed to kill people and get arrested and have our computer forcibly taken away from us and intercepted into the International Court as evidence. People must die for the tiniest reason, that's the name of the game!" (55:00) I was then cutting myself – and of course I filmed myself doing so. Wes called me back on 1:15:00. I described how I had just cut myself and how I was required to go to jail. Wes: "There are other ways to go to jail." I described how I needed to kill myself. Then I suggested my idea, namely, hang with him for one whole day, during which he could record me for me. Wes of course rejected my idea. I continued: "I need to kill people and get arrested, but the defense team has argued it has to be my choice..." Just then, somebody was talking outside, and I again mistook that for the control center's attempt to provoke me. I then described for Wes the provocation I had suffered this afternoon. "What I need to do is want to kill people and talk about it on the phone, so that my words can get intercepted, and then kill people and get arrested, so that my recorder and my computer can be taken away from me. On Wednesday I should be in jail..." I continued: "I should kill myself, but I don't know if I can succeed..." More wrong scenario: their goal was also for me to not see Wes. I then described how noises could prompt me to kill people, and how, when I ignored the noises, I'd feel resistance to ignoring them, as if ignoring them would constitute injustice against myself. "The purpose is for me to say I want to kill people on the phone... When I do want to kill children, they will disappear, and when I say I don't they will re-appear, it's a trap when I say it, so that, when I publish my recordings, the authority will have a reason to bust me. Now all my writings are in fragments, and I'll be stopped, the purpose is for me to discredit myself, for me to get myself arrested, so that I will stop writing..." I then described two scenarios about what would happen to me afterwards: first spend a lot of time in a mental hospital; and, second, be transferred out of the country. "According to international laws, I wouldn't really have killed people, I would only have been used to kill people, but

will international laws override domestic laws?” I continued: “I can’t stand hearing myself talking to myself, I can’t stand looking at other people, I am immobilized, I cannot change my situation, I should either kill people, or kill myself...” Wes: “You will probably fail...” I continued: “Everyday when I wake up, I provoke myself by looking at myself and hearing my own voice and looking at other people, I’m so filled with anger, and the anger and hatred are so enormous.” Wes suggested: “If you stay inside the motel you will be fine...” I countered: “But that will cost money, it will not be fine, it will cost money, there is no hope for me, I’m totally disabled... The thought so aggravates me, that somebody has decided I need to be a danger to others...” Wes continued: “Relax, *if you try to figure out everything, you will go mad...*” We hanged up on 1:49:00. Again, Wes had no orders anymore to say anything in particular to me, and the fact that he had not said anything strange to guide my thinking since December 9 was proof that he was told to say what he said to me between October 22 and December 9.

I continued my worthless speculation: “Maybe you need to be required by law to break laws, so that the laws can then become part of the conspiracy, so that the Macrospherians can do what they want with them, and that’s why we are really required to kill people...” More: “It’s all automated, when the Monkey presses a button, the computer automatically calculates the minimum amount of frustration and unpleasant experiences that are required to cause this guy to kill people, it then controls all the people around him to provoke him... The computer uses a computer model of our mood structure as the basis on which to orchestrate our environment in order to cause us to develop the desire to kill people..” I even mistakenly assumed that the computer in the control center was coordinating me with the TV programs: “Every time we change the channel, the right word would come out of the actor’s mouth...” Again, I had no idea that this was due to my own misinterpretations. I then videotaped myself burning a new disc. Soon, my computer froze up again (3:00:00). I then reviewed the recording from July 2009. I then reflected on how the “script” worked: “We need to become a danger to others....”

### **December 27 (Monday)**

My next recording is: “dvd212cpbndofbrthrsmtl\_12\_27\_10\_843-1043AM.WMA”: I was thinking about trying out my suicide materials while burning a new disc. I continued: “We did whatever the Monkey wanted us to do and feel, and yet he couldn’t get us to stop using our computer and recorder... He could control us to suffer suicidal mood or KP mood because there *is* such mood in us, but not to stop using our computer and recorder because there is no such mood...” (until 22:00). That’s an important observation about the brain-chip system: it can’t control you to do what it is impossible for you to want to do (such as eat shit). Then: “... we have figured out for him how not to use our recorder for one day, but he wouldn’t do it...” And so I mistook Wes’ response for the control center’s orchestration. And then a child was shouting outside (29:00). No! I continued: “... the Monkey has also made the mistake that, by not letting us know when the deadline is, he has forced us to continue to write... he has made so many mistakes... he is really in command... the Monkey has to condition us to not use our computer, for then he can easily provoke us to get into trouble... And why do we give him advice? It’s gonna take several years... I don’t know how you can condition someone to not use computers...” And my right knee hurt. “... it’s like conditioning someone to not wear shoes...” Then: “... our data are the most important things for us, we will never sacrifice that for any nation... I guess

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that’s evidence...” Now, cable TV was showing “Saving Private Ryan”. I even believed *this* movie was orchestrated as evidence: the neocon plan to put forward war movies in preparation for 911 attacks (even though the neocons had indeed done so). I called Wes on 1:44:00, but there was no answering. Then: “The Macrospherians actually know when the deadline is, because everything is remotely controlled from the super computer, so that they know at which time they will have accomplished all that they have wanted to accomplish... they know everything... they are God... they know at what time we will say something good about them, and at what time something bad about them...”

My next recording is: “chkutmtltohmdptignrhspnics\_12\_27\_10\_1043-1155AM.WMA”: I checked out of my motel room on 23:00 without ever having tested my suicide materials – because I was unable to figure out how to light up the charcoals! As I walked, I mumbled about being duped into saying bad things in my recordings. “Maybe when the baby makes noises they would press a button on the computer thus activating the part of our brain where the feeling of justice is stored... that’s how we get more aggravated...” I came back to Home Depot to ask the employees why the charcoals couldn’t be lighted. The employee explained it to me but it was all too late. I continued: “Certain regions in our brain must be activated in order for us to experience displeasure when hearing Spanish. And now what they have to do is to deactivate them... Now that we don’t have the belief system, it’s easier to ignore it... Now that we have accepted the fact that our files will have baby sounds in them...” Then, on 58:00, a Hispanic man came up to me to ask me: “What do you need?” Why? I shouted at him: “Do you have money? If you don’t have money don’t bother me...” I then got on the bus.

My next recording is: “bus2ignrebbylunch\_12\_27\_10\_1155AM-141PM.WMA”: Now the Hispanic men around me were speaking Spanish and, strangely, I didn’t feel provoked. “I wondered whether the chips inside my head are working like medication...” I got off the bus on 45:00. I bought food and continued: “... first, the secret new world order was being planned in July, and that’s why nations began objecting in August...” And so I continued to elaborate on my “different version”. Then, on 1:00:00, a Hispanic woman appeared with her child and the child was shouting. But I was fine! As I would later write on my diary under today’s entry:

.... suddenly, for the first half of the day, my Sonophobia and Hispanophobia would temporarily dissipate. Perhaps it was the chip inside my head that was deactivating the regions of my brain which were responsible for these illnesses.

Then: “There is no way to convince us not to use computers... It’s just like: once people have learned to wear clothes, they will never go naked again.” Excellent analysis! I came in front of my storage facility and decided to put away some of the charcoals in order to avoid storing dangerous materials in my storage unit. As you can see, I was again wasting away my precious money.

My next recordings are: “tostrg\_12\_27\_10\_141-329PM.WMA” and “exitstrg\_12\_27\_10\_329-337PM.WMA”: I continued walking and then, on 15:00, left a message for Wes: “I feel much better today; I wonder if we can still meet on Wednesday...” I was inside Public Storage from 22:00 onward. I continued: “Just when we think we will not get a girlfriend we will get one, and just when we think we will not get money we will, but by knowing that we get into an infinite loop... Why are there so many



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Indian people in front of us? The Macrospherians want to take over India... They want to keep the command system intact until all the world's problems are solved..." Bullshit! Then, again, upon opening my storage unit, I carefully compared the configuration with the video I had taken the last time (1:21:00). I put in my new discs and my suicide materials and exited the storage facility. I then came inside the food mall and it was full of children. But I was fine!

My next recording is: "leavstrgchlrintocybr\_12\_27\_10\_352-548PM.WMA": I got on the bus on 12:00 and continued my wrong scenario: "... the company that made these chips... they probably prefer that we not die and that this go on so that they can make money..." Then: "... the bus driver and the passenger are purposely talking loudly in order to provoke us, but it doesn't bother us..." I got off the bus on 19:00 and came inside the Starbucks on 11<sup>th</sup> Street on 32:00. I then mumbled about how both DGHTR and I would not forget other people's grace. Then more wrong scenario: "... because we have guessed that the Monkey might forge our belief about the deadline, that belief has now become part of the conspiracy, so that the Macrospherians can arbitrarily set the deadline..." I left Starbucks on 1:10:00 and immediately left another message for Wes: "I'm doing badly again... Call me back..." I walked a long distance, and there were children everywhere. Now I discovered another cybercafe on Broadway and went inside on 1:36:30. I watched TV 5 news. Note that, at the end, there was a news item about Mikhail Khodorkovsky.

My next recording is: "cyberfenchnws\_12\_27\_10\_548-733PM.WMA": On 13:00, when the news was finished, two Hispanic men were talking Spanish loudly next to me, which tremendously angered me and made me nervous. My disease was back! I left the cybercafe on 52:00 mumbling about how the Monkey was forging the intercepts of my thoughts at the moment. I got on the bus. And, again, I was tremendously bothered by the violent shaking of the bus. I got off the bus in Westwood.

My next recording is: "12\_27\_10\_733-739PM.WMA": I continued: "... the Macrospherian Russians are using the Monkey to change the evidentiary record, he was told what thoughts to forge, for the benefits of the Macrospherians... they can say these were forged because it's all the defendants' fault, and they can use them against the defendants... there is no deadline... whenever the Macrospherians can obtain what they want... earlier the Monkey was forging the intercepts of our thoughts in order to enrich the episode of our time in the cybercafe in Europe... DGHTR is telling the Macrospherians to hurry up..." All bullshit!

My next recording is: "wstwdnnrtoucl\_12\_27\_10\_740-853PM.WMA": I came inside a restaurant to eat. Then a Hispanic man came in to talk extremely loudly behind me in order to – so I thought – attack me with his noises (24:30). I got so angry that I filmed him. I even ran out to film his license plate as well. Like a typical targeted individual! I left the restaurant on 42:00. "... that's what the Macrospherian official story will say: MC beat us, made us hate Russia, the Monkey beat us, made us hate Russia, our hatred of Russia is artificially generated... Don't believe that January 11 is the deadline..." On 53:00 I checked my bank account balance on the payphone. There was now 300 dollars in my saving account! Christmas money from my parents! On 1:07:00 I came inside the underground parking lot.

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My next recordings are: “uclprklotdvd213cp\_12\_27\_10\_853-934PM.WMA” and “leavucl\_12\_27\_10\_937-1021PM.WMA”: I burned a new disc while transcribing my recordings. While leaving, I continued: “... maybe January 11 is not the deadline, but the French meetup, go there... We are not going to see Wes at all, he leaves on the 17<sup>th</sup>...” I called Wes’ home on 14:00 and left another message: “I’m really afraid that the deadline might be January 11... It’s unfair that I cannot see you until it’s all over...” Then, on 26:00, I settled down in my corner feeling sick. Then, on 28:00, somebody came near me to talk. “No, no, don’t talk...” and I screamed out of pain. “Somebody do something, let me take a break... we will have no energy left to buy ear plugs...” I broke down crying.

## **December 28 (Tuesday)**

My next recording is: “slpwstwd\_12\_28\_10\_1021PM-931AM.WMA”: I was awake from 10:42:00 onward, but I continued to lie around. Then, my recorder turned itself off.

My next recording is: “wstwdslprcrdroff\_12\_28\_10\_1049-1058AM.WMA”: When I discovered it, I was shocked and lamented: “... our recorder was remotely turned off, we’ve lost an hour, we were sleeping. We cannot survive, we can’t talk to people, we have to die...”

My next recordings are: “12\_28\_10\_1049AM.WMA” and “ucltoomnychldrn\_12\_28\_10\_11AM-1248PM.WMA”: As I walked inside UCLA, I kept saying: “I really regret... I should have let France win...” (34:00). “It must be a matter of law which has prevented the Russians from paying me back my money...” (42:00). “Does regret mean ‘defection’? Ultimately, it’s loneliness; there are no real people around me, only actors...” (49:00). I then noted the irony: before World War II people believed erroneously in a Jewish conspiracy to rule the world, and yet there was never such a conspiracy. Now the neoconservatives, mostly Jewish, purposely tried to fit themselves into the formerly false stereotype of a Jewish conspiracy to rule the world, with precisely a plan to rule the world (55:00). Then, awful physical pain. I then left a message for Wes asking him to call me back (1:01:30). Then: “Everyone around me is being paid 50 dollars an hour to provoke me to anger...” (1:36:00). I kept videotaping what I thought were actors around me. I came to the corner behind Chicago School. I then cried that I couldn’t even look at myself anymore because of my ugliness.

My next recording is “wrtletwstwdcrnr\_12\_28\_10\_1248-148PM.WMA”: I resumed writing my New Letter of Petition while burning a new disc. Today I was writing about how everyone was an actor especially chosen and sent in to provoke me, how no treatment was available, how I must record every second of my life... how I was so talented and beautiful inside and yet so ugly on the outside. I again carefully filmed the finalization of my disc trying to detect the slightest interventions from the control center. Note the siren on 47:00.

My next recording is: “tobus\_12\_28\_10\_148-221PM.WMA”: As I was then getting ready to leave, I continued to mumble: “Unless we kill people... they will never... the Russians are at fault... I don’t believe that if we don’t kill people, their country will suffer... it’s not a matter of self-defense... I find it hard to believe that PM will do this...” Then, as I walked: “Another thing that bothers us is that all these people are Americans... they just won’t show up...” I got on the bus on 15:00 and continued to

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blast Silbermond while on board.

My next recording is: “baishutouclmonkyfrwill\_12\_28\_10\_221-417PM.WMA”: I came to Uncle Bai’s restaurant and met up with him on 4:30. He lectured me and told me he couldn’t help me anymore. And I told him flatly that I couldn’t improve “until the International Court trial business is over.” He was dumbfounded: “What?” (10:00) Again, I mistakenly thought he had been alerted about me by the authority. Our discussion went on for a while and then, when the employees were sweeping the floor inside, I mistakenly thought this was the control center’s “metaphor” and asked them why they were doing this. “What are you thinking when you sweep?” Ha! Of course nobody knew what I was talking about. I then resumed my chat with Uncle Bai. I continued to emphasize that if I stayed in those group homes I would get into a fight and end up in jail. “How come you guys don’t have sympathy?” And I emphasized that, other than giving me money, my mother was always harming me because she couldn’t understand me. That was true! And I told Uncle Bai that he wasn’t really helping me when he kept telling me to go live with my mother. I left on 34:00 with Chinese newspapers in hand. (I needed to look at the apartment ads.) I continued: “... what we need is to want to be harmed by Russia so that they can get what they want, then there will be a match of intention... except that they have immunity... just say it.. but the Monkey is forging our thoughts, which will show that we are lying...” When I came to the bus stop, I said to a man whom I mistook for an actor: “Hey, actor, I want to hit you in the head so that Russia can get what it wants, but I’m afraid to do that because you are bigger than I, what do you say about that?” He ignored me. Like a typical targeted individual! I then rode the bus back to Westwood. On 1:06:00 I came inside Best Buy wanting to buy more RAM. I then walked out of the store mumbling about how all the people were told something about me. Wrong! I came inside UCLA and was getting my coffee from the vending machine on 1:44:00. I continued to mumble: “... she’s told... to please Russia or to please me... to please PM... please his boss... the more he frames himself... if he... the profile... changes it to something more serious... we are protecting MC, but from our perspective he’s already got enough crimes and we don’t need to sacrifice ourselves anymore... what is left is Mary C...”

My next recording is: “fnalucl\_12\_28\_10\_417-424PM.WMA”: Then: “... the Russians want to get Mary C, should we sacrifice ourselves to get Mary C? There is no deadline; either we get into trouble or Russia gets what it wants...” Then my recorder ran out of space.

My next recordings are: “uclangry\_12\_28\_10\_432-444PM.WMA”, “uclangry\_12\_28\_10\_444-606PM.WMA”, and “uclangry\_12\_28\_10\_606-642PM.WMA”: I came inside Ackerman and sat down at a table. I played Silbermond’s “Das Beste” repeatedly. Then I wrote down on my diary another false scenario to explain my current situation:

I figured out today that the White Mexican Monkey is continuing his mission of provoking me to get myself into trouble most likely out of his own free will in order to benefit PM’s Russia. In the domain of prosecution, when I shall end up becoming violent, this will not only add more crimes to Mr former Secretary, but Russia’s ultimate target is most likely Mary C, who, still yet middle-age, has a lot of time left to spend in jail when she gets convicted of using the International Criminal Court to

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run operations on me and to provoke me into finishing up my mission of becoming violent. To clarify, it will add more crimes to Mr former Secretary because the Monkey's false profile of me is almost indistinguishable from Mr former Secretary's false profile of David Chin. The confirmation of the Monkey's false profile of me could serve as conspiratorial evidence to free Mr former Secretary from most of his lies.

Fantasy land! Then: "It's all PM's fault. Why would a Chinese guy go to Mexico with the Pyramid? He thinks he is trying to thank me! He has fucked me up..." Then – it's not clear what had happened – I broke down crying and was angry again, and then moaned continually out of pain.

My next recording is: "uclfinaljudg\_12\_28\_10\_643-740PM.WMA": I then continued writing. Then, on 20:00, I left another message for Wes: "Wes it's an emergency, call me back..." Then: "The best way is to kill ourselves.... What if we get intercepted? Because the goal is for us to not record ourselves... We don't want the Russians to help us, they are so disgusting...." Then I filmed myself cutting myself. "I'm so lonely... We wish the conspiracy would fail, that would be conspiracy against Russia, then they can even admit we were helping them during the first round, that's why it's so important to them... In reality, it's not a big deal, the French are not monsters, it's PM's self-interest... Now our fate is dependent on these people's desire to become the leaders of the world.... What's the big deal about becoming a leader? Nobody can live my life... But everyone else can live a life even if they have lost the lawsuit, that's how selfish these people are... If you want to save the earth, it doesn't have to be you, it can be anybody, if you want to save the earth in order to have a good reputation, then you are a hypocrite... I just can't imagine that the French will want to recover part of the neocons' plan. So in the end, it's about the sphere of influence. Russia is not under threat the second time... I don't need to be part of this, because no nation is under threat... All of you guys owe me a big apology... Only the judges will agree with me.... This is America, why do all these European powers come to America to fight a court case?"

My next recording is: "uclvd214\_12\_28\_10\_743-930PM.WMA": I continued: "... it's the bureau... I just don't know why I have to be involved... I'm in America and all the people around are Americans..." Then, on 21:00, I decided to look up the apartment ads: "Perhaps it will be allowed..." I then played Silbermond repeatedly while burning a new disc. "The woman that offered herself to be videotaped... enrich or replace evidences..." (1:14:00). "... Why are European powers doing a trial in America...? If during the second run we wish that Russia would lose, that's reversing what happened in the first run... then Russian could admit it... by the rule of reverse beneficiary, Russia could keep the victory from the first run... it's all a trick..." (1:27:00) Then: "... America is destined to win because America is good with laws... so much lawsuits... Russia could speak about the first round as it is without getting into trouble... telling the truth is easier... there is a conspiracy to reverse the winning of the first round, in which case there is no need to replace evidences, then we are off the hook..." (1:36:00). Just more nonsense!

My next recording is: "ucl\_12\_28\_10\_931-1010PM.WMA": I continued: "... they test you, and you are so disgusted, and they will test you precisely because you don't want it, because the recruitment

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standard is to impose on you what you don't want... except this is America, why are they running a recruitment operation on American citizens...? ... ridiculous... It's just that we won't actually die, and so it's qualified as legal... this is very sick..." Then: "... if he has asthma, it's illegal to take away his oxygen tank, but it's not illegal to take away his recorder... provoking me to let me torture myself with my own thoughts... it's just noises... provoked into suicide... especially since his illness came from saving your fucking ass..." I then left Ackerman on 33:00. I continued to complain about how the Daughter People's recruitment method was too harsh. What an idiot!

My next recording is: "wstwdhmrghsabus\_12\_28\_10\_1010-1111PM.WMA": While walking, I continued to mumble: "... inconsistency... it's just so much cheaper.... He knows that the Russians want... illegal..." Then: "... they did it to themselves, it's their own fault..." Then, on 18:00, I came inside In-and-Out Burger to eat. When I left, I was still mumbling indistinctly.

My next recording is: "12\_28\_10\_1111-1117PM.WMA": I reflected: "... while eating our burger, we had this scenario in our mind that one day we will be interviewed... it *is* human rights abuse: if you know someone has schizophrenia and you flash these images at him even though these images would not bother anyone else... just to get him to kill people... you *are* responsible.... And during the second time it *is* their own fault... the human rights mechanism.... they are very feminine, always wanting to take control of everything, they feel very insecure..." Complete nonsense about the Daughter People. By now I had my ears plugged up and a towel wrapped around my head to protect me from noises. I came to my corner to get ready to sleep.

My next recordings are: "12\_28\_10\_1117-1119PM.WMA", "readyslpwstwd\_12\_28\_10\_1119-1139PM.WMA", "wstwdslprflctn\_12\_28-29\_10\_1144PM-102AM.WMA", and "wstwdslpreflctn\_12\_29\_10\_102-151AM.WMA": Then: "... we are very surprised that they would let the Monkey go inside the courthouse... the cause was PM... when they discovered the Monkey's intention, they couldn't just stop him, he's a Microspherian, he had to be allowed to finish his mission... and we never really wanted to go to Mexico, we just wanted a girlfriend..." I then masturbated with a video I shot of Mommy. Then more of my worthless reflection from 54:00 onward (in the third recording): "This Monkey... why didn't the judges do something about it...? There must be a plan for us to petition and to succeed... this bitch is so loyal to her father... she's unbelievable... MC might have joined the Monkey, to change the intercept of our belief about the deadline... the Monkey has purposely cooperated with the defendants... by making him the mole, the entire prosecuting team could be spared..."

### **December 29 (Wednesday; Wes)**

My first recording of the new day is: "wstwdslpwkprvkd\_12\_29\_10\_151-1038AM.WMA": I was awake from 8:22:00 onward. On 8:29:30 a man came to yell at me: "Wake up! You have to go!" I was shocked: "Do you really own this place? Or are you acting? What's the company?" Again, I assumed erroneously that he was an actor whom the control center had sent here to provoke me. Like a typical targeted individual! I got up and left.

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My next recording is: “wkprovkd12\_29\_10\_1039-1143AM.WMA”: I came to Ralphs to get my morning coffee and so on. On 9:30, when a woman made a sound near me, I told her angrily: “Don’t shout like that! You know I don’t like it...” Again, she in fact didn’t know: like a typical targeted individual. Then, on 13:00, I called up Wes’ home. His mother answered it and passed it onto him. Wes assured me he would come see me today. “I thought you won’t come see me until the trial is over...” He went along with me (out of habit): “Is the trial over?” Now he had to set up an Internet account for Alexandra and would call me when he was ready. He also suggested that he could drive me to places. “So where do you want to go?” “I don’t want to think about it right now because I don’t want them to read my thoughts... I will decide on random places...” We hanged up on 18:30. I then tried to videotape more strangers believing they were actors. But: “Oh, it’s a trap! A trick to lure us to videotape it, and that’s why we need to videotape it, for we need to videotape the trap as evidence...” I then videotaped more actors. Loud siren on 30:00. I then interrogated a man on the street on 33:00: “Where are you from? How much are you paid for standing here?” He claimed he was not paid, and I called him a “liar”. I told him to go back to tell his people that I’d sue them all. “And the people you work for are criminals...” Of course he had no idea what I was talking about: that’s your typical targeted individual! I kept on pushing my cart and rambling. I then came inside the pharmacy to buy cigarettes on 50:00 and there were children everywhere. I then continued to ramble while walking through the streets: “... to confirm the Monkey’s false profile... what kind of pedophile is it that is attracted to....? The story is so stupid... why would the Russian intelligence...? And it has to be passed around the world like it is an official record...”

My next recording is: “12\_29\_10\_1143-1148AM.WMA”: I continued indistinctly: “... the Microspherian official story... this retarded... a danger... forging recordings... in the Macrospherian official story the Monkey is probably a disciple of Mr Chertoff... it’s really hard for intelligence officials to believe the story...” I came to UCLA and, just then, children showed up, and so I quickly switched file.

My next recordings are: “buycigtoucl\_12\_29\_10\_1148AM-1210PM.WMA”, “uclrstrm\_12\_29\_10\_1210PM-1225PM.WMA”, and “ucltvrm\_12\_29\_10\_1225-1237PM.WMA”: I filmed the university out of amazement: there were children and fire trucks everywhere. “Why would a university look like this?” I asked one stranger: “You don’t think the set-up looks bizarre?” I then interrogated another stranger: “Where are you from?” But he wouldn’t respond. He was carrying a book in Arabic and so I persisted: “Just tell me, you are paid all this money...” Again, suspecting everyone like a typical targeted individual always does! I then filmed two more strangers: “Where are you from?” “Spain.” I then came inside Ackerman and used the restroom. I then sat down in the TV lounge and began reviewing my recordings.

My next recording is: “ver214callapart\_12\_29\_10\_1237-2PM.WMA”: I soon started looking at the apartment ads in the Chinese newspaper I fetched from Uncle Bai yesterday. “The cheapest is always near a school... Hmm...” Paranoia over nothing! I then called Wes on 33:00. We arranged to meet in front of UCLA. Then, from 40:00 onward, I began calling the numbers on the ads. Then, from 1:11:00 onward, I wrote down the following:

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I suddenly realized that it is most likely Mary C who has told the White Mexican Monkey to forge the intercepts of my belief about the deadline. In fact, it must be Mary C and the rest of the defendants who are currently working together with the Monkey to run all the operations on me: to continually provoke me to finish my mission of self-destruction (becoming violent), and the Monkey is cooperating with these defendants in order to repay his boss the (fake) PM. What has happened must be that the Macrospherian Russians have simply at some point during the establishment of the conspiracy stepped back and watched, having installed in place a filter (a computer program) to restrain the actions of the Monkey and the defendants, such that only those of their (the defendants' and the Monkey's) operations would be allowed... which might at the same time enrich or replace evidences from the first run in a way that would always be in the interest of the Macrospherian Russians. The Monkey and the defendants, although running operations on me out of their own free will, are most likely dictated in their actions by a 'script' (or a new 'script') that has been fed into the *Ordinateur* when the conspiracy in the International Criminal Court became established during late November.

This was mostly nonsense (it was merely my different version) except the notion about the "filter" which again bore strange resemblance to the truth: since December 9, the Invisible Hand had had to install a "filter" (a trojan program) on the computer inside the control center which would ensure that, whoever shall go in there in the future to gain control over me, the computer would guide him to accomplish the Macrospherian program under the disguise of guiding him to accomplish his own agenda. You will read about this later.

My next recording is: "aprtleavucl\_12\_29\_10\_207-245PM.WMA": After making a few more calls to set up appointments to visit the apartments later, I left Ackerman on 23:00. I was now waiting for Wes in front of UCLA. I continued: "... it's American practice, when you see somebody recording himself, bring you children to him and get the children to shout into his recorder...." Finally, Wes arrived.

My next recording is: "wesknkoaprtteahousebbynoise\_12\_29\_10\_245-747PM.WMA". Since Wes could take me to places, we decided to visit the apartments for rent. Wes and I were now examining the map to determine where one of the apartments was. I suggested that we go to Kinkos or WCIL to use the computers there to look up the direction. The apartment was in Rosemead. Suddenly, my hand hurt. I interpreted it for Wes: "I think it means 'Don't do it', which means I must do it..." And so we were going to Kinkos. I told Wes: "I feel so much better after talking to you, there is no consciousness of the control center... Is it the French who are inside the control center? *France has objected*... France and Italy... I don't know if they have really objected, I could have been fooled by the signals..." Well, France really did object! Then: "You should ask the Russians to pay you..." Then I talked about Raissa: "The last time, I was in the car of that Russian movie star, she was supposed to harm me..." Then I questioned Wes: "Were you really in Albany? Our calls are so coordinated..." Then I talked about my separation anxiety with my recorder. Wes *pretended* to ask: "How did they put chips into your brain?" Me: "When I was sleeping... That night in December 2009..." (Actually, it happened earlier.) Again, Wes was playing dumb so that, when you hear this recording, you will not think that he was recruited

by the CIA to work on me but would think that I had imagined up everything myself. We were inside Kinkos on 29:00. Soon after we sat down at a computer station, people came in to chat. I thus demonstrated to Wes: “Whenever I do something, someone will talk next to me, the timing really bothers me...” Suddenly, a pretty white female was pointing at me, and I pointed her out. Wes was alarmed. I then pointed to another guy: “He must know he has a chip inside his head...” Wrong! He had no chips inside his head! Then: “I want a lot of cash, but if they know what I want, they are gonna give me what I don’t want...” I continued: “This whole area is wired up, so that the chips planted in people’s head can receive signals, even all the leaves on the trees are remotely controlled, and all this, only to make me frustrated...” I continued to explain to Wes: “I used to believe that, when I saw women with dogs, that meant I would be recruited into this plan without being told so...” After looking up the direction in Kinkos, we came inside a Thai restaurant to eat, and Wes was kind enough to treat me. I suggested to him again: “Tell the people in the control center to pay you back...” (54:00). I then wanted to show Wes my New Letter of Petition. I called to cancel the first appointment I had made about the apartment (1:00:00). I then explained the Mini-Trial to Wes: “10 women who knew me were on the jury...” I then talked about Dr Guerrière. Then: “Did the control center want me to read passages from the Book of Revelation? For the neocon plan seems to have something to do with Biblical prophesy...” When I showed Wes my letter, I explained that I wanted to print it out in order to revise it on paper. Then: “You won’t make false reports about my story, would you?” Paranoia over nothing! We then talked about the teaching post that was open in Cal State Long Beach. I did it again: “Tell the control center to give you a job...” I then wanted to show Wes some samples from my video collection. Wes naturally had no interest in my videos of computer malfunctioning. I insisted on showing him the video in which I cried over how I broke my cart (November 19). I then described how I ran into Professor Carson several times, how she had been inside the control center, how the control center had changed place... (Wrong!) Wes mentioned C. Wright Mill. Then I talked about the chips inside the students’ brains. Wes tried to enlighten me: “*You might be mistaken, when the cars honk, it might not be because of you, when it rains, it might not be because of you...*” (1:20:00). This was golden! Again, when Wes had no particular orders as to what to say to me, he might choose not to go alone with me but instead to enlighten me that I was wrong. But I wasn’t persuaded; I insisted on my incorrect scenario: “There are three parties inside the control center, the prosecutor, the defense, and my own defense attorney... I want to go inside the control center, inside the courthouse...” Then: “I’ve got a message from the TV telling me how the neocons do things... The esoteric messages, the Bible code...” Ha! We then continued to discuss the neocons and the Straussians. We left the restaurant on 1:42:00. I told Wes about my desire to commit suicide and my wish to leave the US. “I’m so afraid the trial won’t be over until I get into trouble...” We were then in the car driving around and looking for the freeway entrance. I asked: “Is Bush really part of the Illuminati?” Just then, honking outside (1:48:00). I insisted to Wes that the control center was concurring. Wrong! Then: “It’s the Russians who have leaked these conspiracy theories.... Why did they do that? Why don’t they just say it themselves?” Completely wrong! I then psychoanalyzed my current psychological disorder: Because I was so lonely, everything was so provoking. I then called up Mr Zhang to inform him that I would meet him on 5:30 PM (1:56:00). I then explained to Wes how “intercept” worked: such incident used to be a “secret message” to indicate that the Russians were about to take over the resource in question, but now that I had been conditioned to such perception, I continued to think it meant something even when it no longer did. Wes noted: “Red Herring!” I complained: “It’s so tiring to know things are still being orchestrated... Yet



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I must know...” I then expressed my erroneous notion that the trial might be over on January 11.

Note that Wes confused Dr Guerrière with Gaurav on 2:17:00. We arrived at Mr Zhang’s address and looked at the room for rent. We were then in the car again. Wes: “There are not a lot of Hispanics in China either” (3:22:35). I commented to Wes: “The very act of telling you that I want to commit suicide tends to lessen my desire to commit suicide” (3:45:15). Wes began telling me about the movie “Stranger Than Fiction” (3:47:10). He commented: “Other people are driving the show. All you can do is hope for the sympathy of the author.” He then added: “It might be simply because of bureaucracy” (3:54:30). I went along: “I need someone to be so sympathetic...” Now what Wes had said here would have lasting impact on me – I was wrongly convinced that he was again leaking secrets to me. In reality, he was just concocting bullshit on the spur of the moment in order to go along with my wrong belief system. (Was he instructed to do this?) We were now circling about in Monterrey Park looking for a tea shop. Then Wes mentioned “rational choice theory”: “They are running a rational choice theory on you, all you have to do to resist is to be spontaneous...” I disputed: “It has nothing to do with ‘rational’ or ‘irrational’, they are just trying to replace evidences... I practiced delayed gratification....” Wes: “That’s why they can predict you...” I continued: “They will never succeed because I keep avoiding females, I know that no females will ever be nice to me until the trial is over...” Again, what Wes said here was complete garbage: he was simply trying to say things that were continuous with his previous scenario that intelligence agencies were tormenting me because they didn’t want me to tell their secrets. He might or might not have orders to say this to me; it was in any case of no significance since it was not the Invisible Hand forging evidence to frame me and himself. When we arrived at the tea house, I commented that this was the same place which Karin had chosen for her meetup one time. Indeed! Then I commented that the people in the control center used cellphone towers to relay the signals between the control center and the chips inside people’s heads. Then, lo and behold, there were children inside the tea house: “Every time you want to enjoy something, there will always be a child around...” Yet Wes didn’t agree to go to a bar instead. I continued: “My mood is dampened when I see babies... See, they place these babies in such a way that you will always hear the baby sounds, there is a chip planted inside the baby’s head...” Nonsense! Like a typical targeted individual! We ordered some deserts. I continued: “I need to live in a convalescence home... I need to record myself all the time in order to prove that I don’t like baby sounds... The purpose of the International Court is to make sure there are always baby sounds around me...” Wes: “It’s all coordinated, that’s exactly what they want you to do, and you are complaining about it, that’s their evidence...” He was simply going along with me here. Me: “They want me to record it...” Wes: “Don’t record!” Me: “Then they will make up stories about me...” Wes: “Move to the Mojave Desert...” I continued to hold fast onto my false scenario: “It makes you want to kill them, they are always there, because they always want to make up stories about you, they don’t want you to have evidences... It’s to enable the evidences that are already in the courthouse to become admissible, it’s a matter of controlling the evidences...” Wes pretended to dispute with me: “You can’t be a subject of debate all the time... Is it about Russia?” Me: “Yes...” I explained the distinction between the Microsphere and the Macrosphere. Suddenly, my phone rang (4:56:00). “Whenever I say something significant, my phone will ring, it’s another piece of evidence being admitted, evidence always in Russia’s favor...” Wrong! The phone’s ringing had nothing to do with what I had said! Then, I continued my wrong scenario: “The only way for me to never hear baby sounds is to close my case once and for all... It saddens me that every one of my recordings has baby

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sounds in it...” Wes however suggested that I reset my recorder so that it wouldn’t record high pitch noises.

My next recording is: “teahousewescar\_12\_29\_10\_747-930PM.WMA”: Wes then told me to use microphones to filter out the baby noises. I then told him about how “they” changed all the webpages I looked at, adding in spelling mistakes, in order to produce intercepts. I continued: “The best method is to move to Europe, where there are fewer babies; but if they want to screw up my recordings, they can just send someone to me carrying a baby... It’s so unfair, it’s all because they want to make up stories about me... They have an objective, to make up...” Wes *pretended* to agree with me: “Don’t take it personally, it’s all business...” But I whined: “Why do they have to do that?” Wes: “Because they have an objective...” Then he told me *I should find somebody else who was in a similar predicament*. I insisted that nobody else lived a life like this: it would cost the authority too much money. Wes mentioned the Illuminati. Then my wrong scenario: “Somebody in the Bush family has allied with the Russians...” Wes insisted that there were indeed other “pedophobes” around. He then mentioned a famous comedian who also hated children. Just then, the control center hurt me again. I continued: “The Russians don’t want evidences going counter to their story...” Then I expressed my worthless worry: “I find whites and Asians more attractive than blacks and Hispanics, and blacks more attractive than Hispanics...” Just then, my phone rang again. I commented again: “My phone always rings when I say something important...” Then: “This place is so enjoyable, and now I have to leave because of all this baby noises... I want to go back to the good old time, when nothing was orchestrated...” Then: “I gave out so much, only if they would pay me back...” We left the tea house and were walking around the neighborhood. We soon walked into a bookstore, and, stupid, I bought the DVD for the movie “The Message” – what a waste of my precious money, even though it was only 5 dollars. We then walked around a little more. I commented: “I have never seen so many children before...” By now we are leaving. “When is the trial going to end?” “I don’t know.” Unfortunately, more children were making noises behind me. We came inside our car and were driving back to downtown Los Angeles. I finished expressing my worry: “I hope the people inside the control center who are blacks wouldn’t get angry with me...” There were no black people inside the control center! We then talked about black people in general. Then about Jewish people. I commented: Jews are generally good people, but the bad Jews are so bad. Then: “The next time you will have to watch me using my computer...” I then kept talking about the earlier phase of the trial. Note that I commented that, here, in downtown, the bus would not simply pass me by without picking me up. I asked Wes: “Why should I go to Davis? What’s the advantage?” Then: “It’s hard to go to Russia, it’s too alien; Los Angeles is so disgusting, so boring...” Wes concurred: “You have to get out of here...” (1:26:00). I then disputed Wes’ suggestion from earlier: “If I get rid of the baby sounds, the Russians would consider me as working against them, they will punish me... It’s best to close this court case forever...” Bullshit! Just then, my arm hurt. And so Wes dropped me off in downtown on 1:32:00. I suggested while leaving him: “You should ask the winners of the lawsuit to give you money...” Again, because the Invisible Hand had already forged all the necessary evidences by December 9, Wes had no orders to say anything in particular to me today.

My next recording is: “buspassesmebymetrofrstrdcart\_12\_29\_10\_931-1051PM.WMA”: And so I waited by the bus stop. *Amazingly, bus 720 passed me by without picking me up* – as if to purposely contradict my earlier prediction and to frustrate me (10:00). Angry – how could I not believe that this

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was orchestrated from the control center? – I got on the Metro instead. When I saw a stranger wearing earphones, I couldn't help but become suspicious again and ask him: Is it an iPod? No, it was a phone. Music from a phone? Paranoia over nothing. I then got on the bus on Vermont Station, moaning in pain. Again, I mistook the violent shaking of the bus for remote control from the control center. I filmed as proof how my cart was as usual vacillating violently. Note how, when the bus suddenly braked, my cart swung itself violently to the front of the bus and flipped over. Its back broke apart again, causing me tremendous anger and adding greatly to my sense of frustration. When I got off the bus in Westwood on 1:06:00, I angrily kicked over trash cans on the street. Like a typical targeted individual!

My next recordings are: “wstwdwrtlet\_12\_29\_10\_1051-1103PM.WMA” and “savfilercrdroff\_12\_29\_10\_1107PM.WMA” (1107-1141PM): I settled down in my corner and continued to examine the wrong scenario I wrote down this afternoon. Then I continued to work on my letter. “... this argument of Mr Chertoff's would be increasingly countered by my unwillingness... especially during the month of December... to be destroyed... to bring down any of the defendants... including Mr B himself...” Then, when more people came around to make noises, I again mistook them for actors sent in by the control center. I filmed them. Then – more frustration – my recorder turned itself off on 11:41 PM. When I noticed it minutes later, I naturally assumed the Monkey had done it. Did the Monkey really do it?

My next recording is: “rcrdroff\_12\_29\_10\_1151-1152PM.WMA”: Shocked, I immediately recounted what I had said to myself when my recorder was turned off: “... when I packed my things up, I was speaking about how to protect my stuff...” Then: “Hold the recorder in your hand, do not leave it in the pocket, it will be remotely turned off...”

My next recording is: “purposeopwstwd\_12\_29\_10\_1152-1155PM.WMA”: Then more people came around – I was convinced – to get themselves recorded: “It's so disgusting! Why don't they buy a recorder themselves to record themselves... we feel so awful... we need to cut ourselves...” and a car was honking – as if the control center was encouraging me (2:30). Then I thought I got it: “... so the evidences will show that the Monkey has forced us to cut ourselves so that he can say we are dangerous and get in front of the computer...”

My next recording is: “cutselfoppurpose\_12\_29-30\_10\_1156PM-1209AM.WMA”: I was getting ready to cut myself but people were still talking loudly, tremendously disturbing me. I finally walked away, mumbling: “... MC sent in a mole, to slander us in exactly the same way, except a little worse... so that the prosecution will fail... so that, even if it succeeds, it will free him from most of his lies...” I would soon write in my diary:

Past midnight. Discovered that my recorder was remotely turned off again. I was prompted to cut myself to relieve the anxiety associated with the abyss of a half-hour of non-existence. Then I realized that the Macrospherian official story would have it that, during March this year, it has always been the Monkey who has been remotely turning off my recorder in order to force me to cut myself and thus to have a chance

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to argue that I was dangerous and then to get close to the thought-reading machine. This is how the defendants' mole was able to insinuate himself into the heart of the prosecuting team. In fact, it was Mr former Secretary who, once his trial has begun, has sent the Monkey into the prosecuting team, with the task of slandering me once again in almost exactly the same way as he himself has done during the first run. The conspiracy was then originally planned in such fashion: either to cause the prosecution to fail if the Monkey should fail to confirm his false profile of me; if he should succeed – if the prosecution should succeed, that is, – Mr former Secretary would still be exonerated from most of his lies.

Further elaboration of my “different version”! In reality, the evidences in judge Higgins' chamber now showed that it was the CIA which had sent the Monkey to the Daughter People as a mole tasked with a mission to ruin their victory!

### CONCLUSIONS

“I have not only changed into a bigot in the past few years but have also discovered many surprising things about myself. One thing that I have discovered is that I'm actually a very famous person – without my knowing. Without my knowing, I have many fans – tens of thousands of them – who have created a secret Facebook group devoted to me. I then tried to discover the reason why I'm famous. My investigation revealed that it is because I'm some sort of terrorist, a very special kind, an insane misogynist terrorist serial stalker who also impersonates and plagiarizes and hacks computers, and my fans are composed of my victims and their helpers from around the world working together to neutralize me. I then tried to uncover who my victims are and how I have stalked them or terrorized them, and I discovered that my victims include several very famous women in other countries. I then discovered other surprising things about myself. I discovered that I'm also a secret agent, but actually a secret secret agent, because it's so secret that not only nobody knows about it, I myself didn't even know about it. Apparently, without my knowing, I have been accomplishing my mission. The purpose of the control center is apparently to enable me to accomplish my mission without my knowing. I then tried to investigate what my mission is, and I discovered that one of my missions is precisely to become this insane misogynist terrorist serial stalker and so on so that my fans, in cooperation with the Department of Homeland Security, can go after me. (My other mission is apparently to become a bigot.) If you can help me further uncover all these secrets about myself, please let me know. I need to discover who I really am and what I'm really doing so that I can write about it in my autobiography.”

– My message to Valentine (Parkman),  
September 5 2019

“No, no; el hombre tiene una misión de claridad sobre la tierra. Esta misión no le ha

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sidó revelada por un Dios ni le es impuesta desde fuera por nadie ni por nada. La lleva dentro de sí, es la raíz misma de su constitución.”

Ortega y Gasset  
*Meditaciones del Quijote*  
12. La luz como imperativo

And so I have got to the origins of the misfortune which I would suffer in the next five years – why is it that, between 2012 and 2016, I would have to suffer severe and chronic physical pain in order to be motivated to commit crimes (after cutting up my whole body) and enable a group of women vigilantes and a Homeland Security team to go after me as a “terrorist” – why is it that, in these subsequent years, I would have to be reduced to a robot remotely controlled, without any free will, to accomplish another person’s purpose (to become a terrorist anew) and become a person that I was not (a bigot): it’s all because I was secretly framed and convicted as a “terrorist” in late 2010 in the International Court of Justice – all without my knowing as well as other people’s – and thereby required to secretly compensate my victim – again without my knowing as well as other people’s.

As noted, this is how it works: the CIA was obliged to recreate a ICJ trial which would result in a judgment requiring the implementation of judge Higgins’ program because they were convicted of conspiring with a bunch of terrorists to destroy a ICJ trial along with the judgment requiring the implementation of her program. Anyone who had supposedly participated in the CIA’s conspiracy to destroy this ICJ trial must compensate the victim by (unknowingly) participating in the CIA’s task of recreating another ICJ trial in the subsequent years. This really explains all that had happened in the coming years: both the Pyramid and I would have to interact in such a way that, with the involvement of Homeland Security and the CIA, a second ICJ trial would come about in which I, along with the Pyramid and her new friends (the “Secret Society women”), would once again become the subject of debate – whether I was a terrorist and, if so, what kind of a terrorist. Since my terrorist harm in late 2010 consisted in not remaining a terrorist in order to deprive the victim of my terrorism of her proper compensation, from late 2013 onward I would have to become a terrorist again in order to set going a second ICJ trial which shall result in a judgment awarding my original victim what she had originally wanted. (The Pyramid, along with her new friends, would also have to become “terrorists”.) Because the CIA had supposedly destroyed Russia’s victory in 2010 along with the chance for judge Higgins to implement her program, they would have to act in such a way that the second ICJ trial would eventually involve Russia and result in Russia’s victory along with Russia’s determination to implement judge Higgins’ program this time. Because the CIA must restore whatever was destroyed, the course of events that characterized the second ICJ trial would bear remarkable similarity to the original course of events which was destroyed. This would cause me to assume that the purpose of the second ICJ trial was the replacement of evidences for the first ICJ trial. It’s never been clear to me whether I’m correct or mistaken. A striking feature of the second ICJ trial which I can’t explain is the seeming fact that, whatever I had simply imagined but didn’t actually happen during the first ICJ trial, the CIA would make sure that it would happen during the second ICJ trial. For example, while nobody had actually impersonated me during the summer of 2010 – the Russians were simply creating signs in an effort to drive up my paranoia – the “Secret Society women” and their Homeland Security helpers

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would constantly send volunteers around to impersonate me throughout the course of the second ICJ trial. While nobody had actually plagiarized me during the summer of 2010 in order to make me look like I had plagiarized, one of the Secret Society women's most important objective was to make me look like I had plagiarized. I can continue to list examples. Maybe there really *was* replacement of evidences. Perhaps it's something like this: since I had been caught coming up with wrong scenarios ("different versions") in order to hide my knowledge and prevent conspiracy (with the French) from becoming established, the "Macrospherians" had the right to neutralize my terrorist threat by ordering the CIA to orchestrate events that would conform to my wrong scenarios and which, when taken backward in time, could become evidences enabling my conspiracy to become established.

As the story for my first International Court of Justice trial has come to an end, I should comment thusly on what you have read so far: You must note that, while there are frequent mistakes in details, these mistakes do not necessarily invalidate the whole framework. For example, the intercept that was produced on June 24, 2010, the episode with the Weird Man, was most likely actually replacement of evidence (replacing the episodes about the "aliens" on December 11, 2009). Another example is that I have grossly exaggerated the actions of the control center – to the point of portraying my world as if *everyone* around me was being remotely controlled – in my two chapters "Ying and Yang", with the unfortunate result that I have frequently mistaken people for communicating "secret messages" to me when they weren't. A third example is my mistaken conception about the episode of brain chips: there wasn't an additional type of chips for artificially inducing schizophrenia, but simply one kind of chips which, when they acted as transmitters, enabled the target's thoughts to be read but which, when they acted as receivers, enabled him to be remotely controlled (the kind with which I was implanted). Yet a fourth example is my erroneous scenario that judge Higgins herself had been chipped. (She wasn't.) And so on and on. But these errors did not substantially damage the basic outline of the narrative which was more or less correct (the lawsuit with China and Russia, the chipping of the MSS director, the Monkey's tampering with the mind-reading computer, France's objection, and so on).

What's more disturbing are the series of errors which populate my subsequent writings about what has exactly happened in this International Court trial, especially during the crucial episodes at the end of 2010. As I have noted: "As time passes and the author has access to more information on the basis of which to make better inferences, his understanding of the confidential course of the ICJ trial inevitably improves, so that, the later a chapter is composed, the more accurate is its description."<sup>32</sup> You can in fact trace the evolution of my understanding of this ICJ trial, from the least accurate versions to the more accurate ones, by reading through the various summaries I have composed according to their chronological order. Nevertheless, wrong understandings (such as the erroneous conception that Russia had won the trial in late 2010 or that the "Macrospherians" consisted of any one other than members of judge Higgins' team) crop up here and there without my having the time and the resources to correct them. This is especially the case in my writings about the subsequent periods (e.g. the misconception about Russia's winning or who the Macrospherians were in the two "Poisonous Friends" chapters). Similarly, because this original ICJ trial was secretly continuing even when the second ICJ trial which the CIA was obliged to create to replace it was already under way, many of the strange things which Wes would say to me in 2014 and 2015 (and perhaps even later) – namely, when the second ICJ trial

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32 From the Notice in "My experience with implantable microchips".

was in full swing – were in fact simply part of the Invisible Hand’s continual effort to forge evidences to frame himself for the original ICJ trial. I could only have recognized this some of the times while completely missing it at other times. As my later more correct understandings are overlaid on top of earlier less correct understandings, this has created the unfortunate situation that my “Secret History” is at times inconsistent and self-contradictory. *The story seems to be many different versions mixed together.* Only a most versed investigative journalist will have enough experience in recognizing that, when I’m right at one point, it doesn’t mean that I’m right all the time and that, when I’m wrong at one point, it doesn’t mean that my whole story is wrong and should be dismissed in its entirety. Like a typical conspiracy theory, my story is *truth mixed with errors and falsehoods*, and it is the task of the most experienced investigative journalist to fish out the former from among the latter. In a sense, the errors I have made are necessary since part of my “mission” – as is defined on October 22 2010 – has been to devise a multiple number of “different versions” so that any ordinary reader who has paid attention to me would get confused and assume I have nothing but nonsense to share and thus overlook the important truth which I do speak. In other words, I have accomplished my mission without ever intending so, simply as a matter of necessity – that, when one starts on a task, one makes many errors and that only at the end of the journey does one come to a better grasp of the matter at hand. *To have accomplished my mission without ever intending so:* such is the power of the chips inside my brain and the computer with which my brain has been interfaced.

This leads me to two conclusions: first, that I’m in fact a secret agent without my knowing and, second, that a story such as mine, like all profound truths, is not supposed to be accessible to everyone indiscriminately – namely, that I in fact have an interest as well in confusing the general public and keeping what happened to me a secret from them.

In the next 9 years, I would be a secret agent bent on accomplishing my mission without knowing – without knowing that I had a mission at all and without anyone’s knowing that I was accomplishing anything at all. Namely, my mission of letting first the Monkey, and then a certain “Homeland Security CO chief”, control me to provoke the Secret Society women and become a terrorist in order to engender a second trial about me in the International Court of Justice that would result in Russia’s victory and decision to implement the “Macrospherian program”. As I embarked on my path to self-destruction, only gradually did I realize that I was in fact accomplishing a mission that had been unbeknownst to me assigned to me. And only gradually did I understand that, for the CIA, this was in fact nothing new: since the early days of MK-ULTRA, the CIA had been from time to time experimenting with ways to make people into secret agents and send them on missions without their knowing at all. In the 1960s and 1970s, the method which the CIA typically employed was hypnosis. One famous example was Sirhan Sirhan, the man whom the CIA hypnotized and sent out to take the fall for the assassination of Robert Kennedy without his knowing.<sup>33</sup> Today, such as in my case, because the technology is so much more advanced, this is easily done with the chips implanted in the brain of the supposed “secret agent”.<sup>34</sup> This is why judge Higgins was so bent on taking over the brain-chip system to which I was subject: she could then order the CIA to simply remotely control me to

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33 In November 2018, Al-Jazeera broadcast an excellent documentary on Sirhan Sirhan, “Who killed Robert Kennedy” by Bahiya Namour, which concurs with the “conspiracy theory” that he was hypnotized for the assignment to shoot at Robert Kennedy (even though, in the end, it was somebody else who fired the fatal shots).

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accomplish my mission for her.

When I had realized that I had a mission assigned to me unbeknownst to me, I naturally wanted to know what it was. It might seem easy to figure out what my mission was after the fact – just look at what I had done: whatever I had in fact accomplished must be the mission that was supposedly assigned to me. When I look back, in late 2019, at what I have accomplished in the past 8 years, what I *seem* to have accomplished is to have provoked a group of women and their Homeland Security partners to try to make me into a terrorist – a misogynist terrorist stalker – for the purpose of conferring meaning upon their lives. And yet I could never be entirely sure – I have only the vaguest idea about what I have actually accomplished – because, first of all, these women have kept their operations a strict secret from me and, secondly, according to US modus operandi, a terrorist is not allowed to know that he is a terrorist and why he is a terrorist – even when tens of thousands of people around the world already know – so that, when I write to the Department of Homeland Security to ask them to explain to me why I am a terrorist, they simply reply that they can neither confirm nor deny that I am indeed a terrorist. I am only vaguely sure that, today, if you have access to terrorist databases (such as the Terrorist Screening Database), you will see me listed as a terrorist – although the CIA has already changed my status from a “misogynist terrorist stalker” to “fond of using my fake terrorist status to harm nation-states”: what I have started out as! I can only take comfort in the fact that, in the past 9 years, the Pyramid – the leading figure of the group of women in question – has also been accomplishing a mission without knowing – the mission of making me into a terrorist and instigating a second International Court of Justice trial about me so that, in the end, there will be a Russian victory and Russian decision to implement judge Higgins’ program. And, unlike me, she has no idea!

Second, as for the necessity of keeping my story out of the view of the vulgar masses, I have learned it principally from reading Leo Strauss’ *Persecution and the Art of Writing* as well as his *Thoughts on Machiavelli*. Strauss has taught us that philosophers before modern time have carefully concealed the truth in their writings out of a sense of responsibility for their society – because truth, when it is commonly known, will cause society to collapse – as well as a desire to not be persecuted (since the common people can’t handle the truth). Here are two most important passages from *Persecution*:

What attitude people adopt toward freedom of public discussion, depends decisively on what they think about popular education and its limits. Generally speaking, premodern philosophers were more timid in this respect than modern philosophers. After about the middle of the seventeenth century an ever increasing number of heterodox philosophers who had suffered from persecution published their books not only to communicate their thoughts but also because they desired to contribute to the abolition of persecution as such. They believed that suppression of free inquiry, and of publication of the results of free inquiry, was accidental, an outcome of the faulty construction of the body politic, and that the kingdom of general darkness could be replaced by the republic of universal light. They looked forward to a time when, as a result of the progress of popular education, practically complete freedom of speech

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34 If the targeted individuals still talk constantly about “trauma-based mind-control” today, it is because they aren’t educated enough to keep up with the latest technological advances.



would be possible, or – to exaggerate for purposes of clarification – to a time when no one would suffer any harm from hearing any truth. They concealed their views only far enough to protect themselves as well as possible from persecution; had they been more subtle than that, they would have defeated their purpose, which was to enlighten an ever-increasing number of people who were not potential philosophers. It is therefore comparatively easy to read between the lines of their books. The attitude of an earlier type of writers was fundamentally different. They believed that the gulf separating ‘the wise’ and ‘the vulgar’ was a basic fact of human nature which could not be influenced by any progress of popular education: philosophy, or science, was essentially a privilege of ‘the few’. They were convinced that philosophy as such was suspect to, and hated by, the majority of men. Even if they had had nothing to fear from any particular political quarter, those who started from that assumption would have been driven to the conclusion that public communication of the philosophic or scientific truth was impossible or undesirable, not only for the time being but for all times. They must conceal their opinions from all but philosophers, either by limiting themselves to oral instruction of a carefully selected group of pupils, or by writing about the most important subject by means of ‘brief indication’.<sup>35</sup>

But how can a man perform the miracle of speaking in a publication to a minority, while being silent to the majority of his readers? The fact which makes this literature possible can be expressed in the axiom that thoughtless men are careless readers, and only thoughtful men are careful readers. Therefore an author who wishes to address only thoughtful men has but to write in such a way that only a very careful reader can detect the meaning of his book.<sup>36</sup>

The natural gulf between the “wise” and the “vulgar” has also been an experience among the great philosophers in the East. Recall that even Buddha spoke profound truth only to his most selected followers while peddling a vulgar truth to the commoners.<sup>37</sup> That profound truth *is* necessarily inaccessible to the vulgar masses – not simply *should be* so – is even implied in Laozi’s dictum: “When the commoners hear the Dao, if they don’t laugh, it does not suffice as the Dao.”<sup>38</sup> My long experience with the common people has convinced me that the premodern philosophers were correct on this point. Insofar as this insight applies not simply to philosophic and scientific truth but also to politics, I must prevent the vulgar masses from accessing my story about the intelligence agencies and write in such a way that the vulgar, insofar as they are thoughtless people and careless readers, will let what I’m saying

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35 Ibid., p. 33 – 35.

36 Ibid., p. 25.

37 See, for example, Maurice Walshe’s introduction to his translation of *Dīgha Nikāya* (Boston: Wisdom Publication, 1987), p. 31: “An important and often overlooked aspect of the Buddhist teaching concerns the levels of truth, failure to appreciate which has led to many errors... Very often the Buddha talks in the Suttas in terms of conventional or relative truth (*sammuti-* or *vohāra-sacca*), according to which people and things exist just as they appear to the naive understanding. Elsewhere, however, when addressing an audience capable of appreciating his meaning, he speaks in terms of ultimate truth (*paramattha-sacca*), according to which ‘existence is a mere process of physical and mental phenomena within which, or beyond which, no real ego-entity nor any abiding substance can ever be found’...”

38 上士聞道，勤而行之；中士聞道，若存若亡；下士聞道，大笑之。不笑不足以為道。

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simply fly over their head. Now Ortega y Gasset – one of my favorite philosophers of all time – has commented on the problem in yet another way in *Meditaciones del Quijote*:

Existen cosas que, puestas de manifiesto, sucumben o pierden su valor y, en cambio, ocultas o preteridas llegan a su plenitud. Hay quien alcanzaría la plena expansión de sí mismo ocupando un lugar secundario y el afán de situarse en primer plano aniquila toda su virtud.

Algunos hombres se niegan a reconocer la profundidad de algo porque exigen de lo profundo que se manifieste como lo superficial. No aceptando que haya varias especies de claridad, se atienen exclusivamente a la peculiar claridad de las superficies. No advierten que es a lo profundo esencial el ocultarse detrás de la superficie y presentarse solo al través de ella, latiendo bajo ella.

Esto acontece cuando se pide a lo profundo que se presente de la misma manera que lo superficial. No; hay cosas que presentan de sí mismas lo estrictamente necesario para que nos percatemos de que ellas están detrás ocultas....

Es esta una perogrullada, más no del todo inútil. Porque aún hay gentes las cuales exigen que les hagamos ver todo tan claro como ven esta naranja delante de sus ojos....<sup>39</sup>

My story should not be permitted to stay on the superficial level and be accessible to all not simply because of the Straussian fear that it will harm social order and invite persecution but also because of the Daoist and Ortegian fear that it will lose its vigor when it is so visible to everyone indiscriminately. As you have seen – assuming you are not one of the vulgar masses but one of the few intelligent readers to whom I entrust this story – I bear the greatest similarity to Richard Case Nagell (whose story is told in Dick Russell’s *The Man Who Knew Too Much*)<sup>40</sup>: it’s not simply that, on the synchronic axis, I appear so insane and my story seems so crazy that you can never be sure whether this story about the intelligence agencies and an International Court of Justice trial is true or not – just as investigators have had such difficult time in figuring out whether Nagell was simply insane or whether he was really clandestinely working for both the CIA and the KGB at the same time: such ambiguity is in the nature of the intelligence business. It’s also that, on a diachronic axis, I have progressed from intelligence agencies’ slandering me as insane in order to cover up their secrets to becoming really insane later on as if the intelligence agencies weren’t lying about me before that<sup>41</sup> – and it took me 9 years to sort out when I was insane and when I was not and present the real picture to you – after, like Nagell, I had already tried to discredit myself. If you are one of the vulgar masses, you would browse through my words, as Strauss has described, rather carelessly – assuming you haven’t been warded off by the masses of insignificant, boring details – and conclude that I must be crazy and that nothing I say has

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39 Meditacion 2. Profundidad y Superficie.

40 Carrol and Graf, 1992, 2003.

41 This corresponds to my passage from being a *true* targeted individual to being a typical, i.e. *fake*, targeted individual. You should listen to the recording of my conversation with my old doctor Deborah W on January 6 2011.

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any reality in it. You would have then proven that you are one of those shallow intellects which make up the vulgar masses. In my life I have learned the valuable lesson that, whenever people point to me and call me “crazy” on the basis of a few words I have uttered (such as the three letters C. I. A.), that is the surest indication that they are idiots rather than that I am really crazy. (And these idiots will surely quote me here as proof that I also suffer from grandiose thinking.) That people have been unable to judge me correctly used to frustrate me, until I have realized that the truth I carry with me is so profound that it will severely harm social order and lose all its vigor were it to lie openly on the surface for everyone, idiots as well as geniuses, to see indiscriminately. Just as in the case of Strauss’ philosophers, that I’m crazy is my exoteric message; that there was once a secret International Court of Justice trial about me and that the CIA was secretly convicted therein is my esoteric message. Without my attempting to engage in any art of writing to hide my story, the fact that it is so crazy on the surface already makes it hidden of its own accord. If this is not sufficient, the masses of boring details and the mixing of errors with truth can serve as additional protection making sure that I’m preserving my profound truth for only a very select few – the diligent and intelligent investigators who have the intelligence, and are willing to spend the effort, to extract truth from among falsehoods.

Comprehension of my story by the vulgar masses will harm social order not only in the sense that, if people in the Western world know what their government bureaucracies are really about, society will collapse, but also in the sense that the compensation which the CIA would soon have to make to judge Higgins and the Russians will have to be kept secret in order to be effective. Our world is about to go through drastic changes through a series of events and the common people must believe that it’s all “natural”, accidental, rather than that it’s in fact secretly orchestrated by intelligence agencies from behind the scene. My story must be kept largely out of the view of the vulgar masses in order to maintain its vigor not only in the sense that, before I shall have achieved any reputation, the shallow minds are wont to call me “insane” after merely browsing through a few inessential details (such as my mistake that the control center was communicating “secret messages” to me through TV programs) while the large body of important facts completely escape them as incomprehensible, but also in the sense that, after I shall have achieved any reputation, the participation of the intellectually inferior masses in expert domains, as I have commented elsewhere, will inevitably destroy these domains. The recent degradation of “conspiracy theories” as they gain increasingly wider audience is the best proof of this, and I do not want my story to suffer the same fate when, one day, its truthfulness shall have been verified by a few diligent and intelligent investigators. My hope is that, as a few vulgar minds will inevitably get hold of my words and dismiss me as “insane”, this exoteric front will prevent the rest of the general public from wanting to look into my story and connect it with the events they witness in the world but that, meanwhile, a few diligent and intelligent investigators will have been so spurred by the events in the world as to want to look into my writings more carefully and thus discover my esoteric side – all without being able to convince the general public that I have in fact something important to say.

A last note. In the episodes which shall follow I will refer to judge Higgins either by her nickname the “British Old Lady” or simply as the “Macrospherian”. Keep in mind once again that, when it comes to the latter, I didn’t use the designation correctly. The *Macrospherian order* did not actually include the CIA, the Russian intelligence service (the Daughter People), or DGHTRCOM. There was but the CIA

and its conspirators (including me) compensating the “British Old Lady”.

## APPENDIX

### 1.

#### **The Arab Spring**

Pourtant, les médias ont présenté les révoltes arabes comme des mouvements entièrement spontanés. Cependant, en s'appuyant sur des centaines de sources, Ahmed Bensaada révèle aujourd'hui que des activistes ont été formés, financés et encadrés par des organismes étasuniens d'exportation de la démocratie, aidés par les géants du Net (Facebook, Google, Youtube, Twitter, etc.) et ce, des années avant que les révoltes arabes n'éclatent.

Ahmed Bensaada,

*Arabesque:*

*Enquête sur le rôle des Etats-Unis dans les révoltes arabes*<sup>42</sup>

At this time, while I was struggling with homelessness, stuck in my “delusions”, and continuing my life as a typical targeted individual, turmoil had begun to engulf the Arab world: the Arab Spring. Given the turmoil's temporal proximity to the dismissal of my ICJ trial, the question naturally arises as to whether it was related to me. Namely, did the CIA, now that they were completely free (although a few members of the clandestine service were secretly convicted in the Macrospherian secret chamber), set about orchestrating the turmoil just as the Chinese MSS, as soon as they were free, began dismantling the spy network which the Agency had put in place in China in the past two years? The turmoil was set in motion when a certain young Mohamed Bouazizi set himself on fire on December 17.

To get a notion about the subject matter, I first consulted the two chapters on the Arab Spring and the Libya bombing in Catherine Nay's *L'impétueux* (“Le printemps arabe” and “Le chef de guerre”). Again, Nay is a mainstream journalist and toes the line of “official narrative” by portraying the Arab Spring as a spontaneous uprising, unforeseen by Western governments, of the masses of freedom-loving people who were fed up with the authoritarian regimes throughout the Arab world. This is of course complete garbage, merely Western governments' war propaganda. I then came across an excellent ARTE documentary, “A qui profite le printemps arabe?”, which finally portrays the Arab Spring not as a spontaneous uprising but details the role which Saudi Arabia and Qatar have played in instigating the turmoil in order to create an axis of radical Islam across the Arab world that would help protect the Gulf monarchies. I also read the excellent chapter on the Libya bombing in Daniele Ganser's *Illegale Kriege: Wie die NATO-Länder die UNO sabotieren*.<sup>43</sup> Here Ganser does describe the US-NATO military and disinformation campaign to achieve regime-change in Libya during February and March 2011 – there was no spontaneous uprising followed by brutal repression by a sadistic dictator but everything was planned in Washington DC and Paris. But Ganser did not go into the rest of the Arab Spring and was not concerned with what happened before the uprising.

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42 Editions ANEP, 2016.

43 Orell Füssli Verlag, 2016.

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The most comprehensive investigations into the Arab Spring which might answer my question are provided by Ahmed Bensaada.<sup>44</sup> Since early 2011 Bensaada has been investigating how the Arab Spring was not a spontaneous uprising against dictators such as it was portrayed in mainstream media but a campaign planned and orchestrated by the United States to remove regimes in the Arab world that were hostile to US interests. He published his first investigation, *Arabesque américaine*, in March 2011, while the turmoil had just started. Then, as he continued to enlarge his investigation, he published a revised version in December 2012, *La face cachée des révolutions arabes*. Finally, in 2016, he published his final statement on the matter, *Arabesque: Enquête sur le rôle des Etats-Unis dans les révoltes arabes*. I have read his final version. There he lists several dozen famous young activists who played a decisive role in the initiation of the revolt in their respective countries and traces out their career to demonstrate that they were practically agents of the US State Department (and, in some cases, the CIA) – making the Arab Spring truly a US imperialist campaign for regime-change throughout the Arab world on a par with the color revolutions which the United States had carried out in former Soviet republics in the preceding years. According to Bensaada’s investigation, the State Department had been seeking out young activists in the various Arab countries and cultivating them since early 2000s, but especially since 2006, in preparation for the next wave of color revolutions – this time in the Arab world.

I must recommend that you read this book in the context of my story about the International Court trial over me because it is an indispensable supplement to my “The Cheney Plan”. He covers many aspects and players of the US regime-change campaign which I have failed to account for in my “The Cheney Plan”. Bensaada first introduces the notion of “color revolutions” – how the CIA and the State Department, working through NGOs, fostered youth democratic movements in hostile nations to accomplish regime-change. With this you are familiar from my “The Cheney Plan”. But Bensaada then cites the specific example of Gene Sharp and his Albert Einstein Institution along with his popularizer the CIA agent Robert Helvey, their success with OPTOR, and the founding of CANVAS with Srdja Popovic – all of which I have not detailed in my “The Cheney Plan”. Bensaada then introduces the mechanisms by which the US promotes regime-changing color revolutions overseas: first, organizations (the USAID, the National Endowment for Democracy, the Freedom House, and the Open Society Institute; and also the International Republican Institute and the National Democratic Institute for International Affairs). Then – here lies his specific novelty in comparison to my “The Cheney Plan” – he emphasizes the role which the State Department had recruited the multinational Internet companies to play in the US campaign. When the State Department had identified the young activists to support in the regions, it would send them to training sessions where it would invite these tech companies to train them as to how to use the popular social media platforms to mobilize and organize the masses for protests. Bensaada repeatedly emphasizes the importance of the new Internet technology to US regime-change plans since all the protests had started off with a cry on social media platforms. For this reason Hillary Clinton had repeatedly emphasized the importance of Internet freedom in nations that were not “democratic”. Bensaada describes in some details the State Department’s funding and sponsoring of TOR and Commotion. The State Department also instructed tech companies to help the activists *during* protests. In case the activists, although Internet-savvy, did not quite understand how

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44 His website is at: <http://www.ahmedbensaada.com/>.

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to lead the masses on the streets, the State Department would also send them to train with the Serbian veterans from CANVAS. The State Department even set them up with film organizations to train them on how to film protests in progress and upload the videos during turmoils so that mainstream media companies could get hold of them. All this occurred in 2009 and 2010. The State Department and its NGO allies had thus been training the activists on how to initiate a revolution several years before these youngsters initiated the Arab Spring. Bensaada's book is about

*une grande collusion entre Google (et les géants du Net), l'administration américaine, les organismes étasuniens d'exportation de la démocratie, et les cyberactivistes arabes.*

From Bensaada's exposition, you can tell that the US State Department and the CIA had been looking into regime-change in the Arab world since around 2006, namely, shortly after the disaster in Iraq had somewhat discredited Cheney's radical approach (direct military occupation) and revived the CIA's more moderate approach (regime-change through color revolutions ("promoting democracy around the world")). Then the specific plan for regime-change using young democratic activists was decided upon in 2008. While my trial was in full gear – while the Russians were commanding the CIA in Ukraine and slaughtering the French in the International Court of Justice in January 2010 – Hillary Clinton was still working on this Arab plan (she was still meeting with young activists from the Arab world). Then, suddenly, on October 22, 2010, the order was issued to go ahead with the massive regime-change plan. This is merely 14 days after the dismissal of my ICJ trial. Coincidence? Or was it related? Perhaps it is the case that, shortly after my ICJ trial was destroyed, the CIA and the State Department had gathered together and decided that, in retribution for Russia's keeping Ukraine, the governments in the Arab world shall fall (especially the Russia-friendly Gaddafi and al-Assad). The opportunity didn't come until Bouazizi's self-immolation on December 17. Certainly his act was not orchestrated by the State Department, but the young activists who then initiated the protests in his name starting from Sidi Bouzid *were* acting on US orders. This is how the Arab Spring could have been related to my trial in the International Court of Justice. The support which Saudi Arabia and Qatar offered to the Islamic parties then came later.

## APPENDIX

### 2.

#### **What about Viktor Bout?**

A last remaining question is this. Now that my International Court of Justice trial was officially dismissed, what about Viktor Bout? Just as many people who had seen the forged documents proving that the MSS director was behind 911 attacks were left to persist in their delusions, the US government would continue to hold Viktor Bout on the ground of the official (public) charges against him – even though the underlying charges relating to 911 attacks had already evaporated. In November 2010, or soon after my ICJ trial was dismissed, Bout was extradited from Thailand to the Southern District of New York. The United States had decided to continue business as usual. On November 2, 2011, Bout was convicted in New York of selling weapons to FARC.<sup>45</sup> The United States then continued to hold

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45 See US DOJ release, November 2 2011.

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him in federal prison despite continual requests from the Russian Foreign Ministry that he be released. (At least the Russian government's official position on him had changed.) Bout's wife continued to find ways to bail him out. In November 2016, Bout returned to a federal appeals court to ask for a new trial, but the appeal was rejected.<sup>46</sup> Bout's family then asked President Trump for a pardon.<sup>47</sup> But no. Then, in September 2019, the Russian government offered to exchange up to 15 US citizens serving sentences in Russia for Bout but the United States rejected the offer.

And yet on August 28, 2013, Khalezov wrote me an email claiming that his friend had tried to visit Bout in prison but discovered that Bout was secretly released. Why did he lie to me like that? As I was in the final stage of composing this chapter, I wrote to him asking him to clarify the matter (October 13 2019). I included this statement:

I also have an opinion to share with you. I have always thought that you had a Russian or Chinese handler who instructed you to share your 911 Third Truth back in 2008 and that they never explained to you why they wanted you to advertise this strange story. If I have misunderstood you, please pardon me. It's just that, if I am correct about you, you certainly will never admit it. I just hope that, in case I'm correct, you might want to find out why they wanted you to advertise this Third Truth, for it certainly is quite pathetic to do something the purpose of which you have no idea about.

He never replied me. Of course! He absolutely didn't want people to know that he was a disinformation agent here to dupe everyone (especially Daniel Estulin)! You recall that my theory was that, back in March 2008, as China and Russia were lining up to help the United States cover up the truth about 911 attacks, Boss Cheney instructed the MSS to recruit Khalezov to reveal to the public the fact that the United States had in fact devised more than one official story about 911 attacks and then to leak out fragments from the new official story which would blame 911 attacks on the MSS director. You recall that Boss Cheney instructed the MSS to instruct Khalezov to mix his fragments of truth with conspiracy theory mumble-jumble about the Freemasons and so on in order to make it fit into the popular conspiracy theory genre. You recall the purpose of all this: Boss Cheney would then order the MSS to pretend to be caught leaking such dangerous secrets to the general public so that the world would believe that the MSS director was so bad that, after he instructed Al-Quaeda to attack the United States with mini-nukes on 911, he then orchestrated the 911 Truth movement to blame the attacks on the United States itself. Khalezov was supposedly an instrument in this deception. And yet he never had any idea and never bothered to wonder why his Chinese handler had instructed him to leak his Third Truth. Then, in October 2013, he seemed to have instructed – as you shall see – a certain “Robert Coleman” to write me in an attempt to lure me to divulge something about my ICJ trial. It seems that, at this point, he had finally begun to wonder why he was required to make up this Third Truth and to ponder that, perhaps, this guy with this story about an International Court of Justice trial really *was* the key to the mystery. But, since I never replied to this “Robert Coleman”, he didn't learn anything from me. What a dupe!

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46 Nicole Hong, *The Wall Street Journal*, October 30 2016.

47 Andrew Blake, *The Washington Times*, November 22 2016.