

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice

Part V

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

Document 6

PREFACE

Now it has turned out that my previous reconstruction of what happened during the crucial period from October 8 to December 29, 2010, was not completely correct. What happened was actually more than BOL's obliging the CIA to forge evidences to convict themselves. This realization came to me a little more than a year after I had completed the original reconstruction in November 2019. As I'm trying to correct my errors now, in the Spring of 2021, I have decided not to rewrite the original versions but simply to add this Document 6 to the original Document 4 and 5. I shall go over the same events in Document 4 and 5 again and correct the errors by way of commentaries. In this Preface, I shall first introduce the problem. The main problem is that there was a set of events happening concurrently with BOL's secret business with the CIA which had almost completely escaped me. Furthermore, there is a secondary problem in that, even when it comes to the CIA's business with BOL, I have not grasped the matter completely. I shall here first summarize the missing set of events in a preliminary fashion:

- (1) The ICJ trial, although dismissed, was not entirely closed because the rule remained in effect that new evidences can always be entered at a later time to persuade the judges to alter their previous judgment. The CIA planned to use this rule to object to their January 2010 conviction even though the trial was already dismissed.
- (2) Once I realized that the French and the Russians had together destroyed the trial, the CIA could enter my realization as evidence into the judge computer ("New evidence found: the destruction of the trial is a terrorist conspiracy against us") and obtain a judgment to reactivate the whole trial, upon which they could go back to BOL to present the new evidences they would have found by then that I had conspired with the Russians back in late 2009 and early 2010.
- (3) In order to prevent this possibility, the Monkey's false profile of me must not be proven false: as long as it was not proven false, Russia's Macrospherian status vis-à-vis the CIA would remain in effect (because it was proof that the mind-reading computer had never been tampered with) and the CIA would not be able to object to BOL's January 2010 judgment convicting them of conspiring with me to harm Russia.

(4) To make sure that this profile should never be proven false, the Russians decided to endorse Homeland Security's 2007 warning about me – the paranoid schizophrenic frequently obsessed with foreign government officials and prone to be a danger to them – because Homeland Security's profile of me was consistent with the false profile which the Monkey had created of me. It's not just that Homeland Security's warning, by saying that, when I praised a foreign politician or a foreign nation, I would want to harm them, was a convenient instrument for the Russians to assert that I wanted to harm Russia despite my expressed love for Russia, but also that Putin, the master at dividing the enemies and using one to check the other, thought it best to find allies within the US government itself. Both Homeland Security and their boss M. Chertoff welcomed Russia's offer of an alliance against the CIA because, if the CIA should prove Homeland Security's profile of me to be false – which they must now do in order to reactivate the previous ICJ trial – the man and his thugs would then be open to charges that they had intentionally issued false warnings about a suspect in violation of international laws (whether or not it was still a violation of UN Resolution 1373). Since both M. Chertoff and his Homeland Security thugs were more interested in protecting themselves than in letting the CIA gain supremacy over the Russians, Putin wanted to use them – as they remained extremely powerful forces within the US government – to pressure the rest of the US government to not indulge in the CIA's wishes.

(5) Boss Cheney would soon be added as well to this newly formed opposition, within the US government, to the reactivation of the ICJ trial when Putin had made sure that, if the CIA wanted to reactivate the ICJ trial, they would have to expose not only Homeland Security to prosecution but also the Boss to charges of attempted genocide. By January 2011, this oppositional force would predominate in the US national security Establishment and the CIA would have to go under.

(5) Thus, from December 2010 onward, Homeland Security had started a new round of operations on me so that they could solidify my status as a dangerous schizophrenic (to frame me and entrap me) and broadcast, to the international community, a new warning about me that they would have refined to agree even more with the Monkey's false profile of me.

(6) It is when the CIA first expressed the wish to object to their January 2010 conviction that BOL immediately entered her claim as well, thus obliging the CIA to realize her program, either for Russia's benefit (if the CIA could not succeed in reactivating the ICJ trial) or for the US' benefit (if they could). This last part of the happening was however kept secret from Russia and the rest of the US government.

(7) The Monkey's false profile of me consisted essentially in the claim that I was insane and dangerous. While I looked increasingly delusional with my wrong scenarios, it was however quite a stretch to claim that I was also a danger to other people when I had had no criminal records and had never even gotten into a fight. While Homeland Security let

the Monkey stay inside the control center to remotely control me to conform to the new warning which they wanted to issue about me, the task of the Monkey therefore came down to remotely controlling me to hurt somebody. *This* basically explained everything that had happened to me from October 22 2010 to January 27 2011. The Russians presumably had the justification from the judge computer for doing this in such wise: since I was once judged to have conspired with the CIA to harm them, they still had the right to harm me in order to prevent the CIA from using me to harm them.

When I first began to realize all this in December 2020 – 10 years after the event – the CIA must have already by then succeeded in reactivating the lost ICJ trial and convicting the Russian intelligence SVR for conspiring with me in late 2009 and early 2010. The CIA has meticulously planned for their revenge – it took them 10 years – and made sure that nothing would deviate from the plan. I must not realize what they have planned to do, or could do, before they have done it but only after – otherwise the Russians could simply claim that I have conspired with the CIA to reactivate the lost ICJ trial. It is when the realization of my errors in Document 4 and 5 occurred exactly 10 years after the event (i.e. 10 years from December 6, 2010) that I realized as well just how much I have been merely part of a computer program. This is what I mean: I must, in order to explain this, now make references to some details in the next part of my Secret History, “The Secret Society women and the International Court of Justice”.

Here is my original hypothesis (around December 2020). Now that the CIA is convicted of conspiring with me to destroy BOL’s program, how are they going to actualize her program in secret? Simply do what everyone thought they wanted to do, i.e. attempt to reactivate the ICJ trial and convict the Russians. And then, once they shall gain command of the Russians, command them, coincidentally, to actualize BOL’s program as if this were their most proper compensation to the United States. The trick lies in the adverb “coincidentally”. The path to reactivating the ICJ trial would be long and hard – lasting 10 years – and the CIA would manipulate this long process in such a way that, by the time they shall have successfully reactivated the lost ICJ trial and convicted the Russians, it would seem to all observers in the US government that implementing BOL’s program through commanding the Russian intelligence SVR is indeed the proper way to expand the United States’ geopolitical influence and annihilate Russia as a viable adversary of the United States.

Later on, while the latter still seems to me to be correct, the former does not. Here is my later hypothesis and what I have referred to as the “secondary problem” (from February 2021 onward). The CIA has in fact been trying to get out of their 2010 conviction for conspiring with me to rig the ICJ trial and destroy BOL’s program. Once I shall have realized how BOL has obliged the CIA to forge evidences to frame themselves for rigging the trial and destroying her program – and I did that, you recall, by November 4 2019 – the CIA can convict BOL of conspiring with me to falsely convict them and, since they have already been, per their late 2010 conviction, slowly implementing

BOL's program in the past 8 years (e.g. training the Secret Society women to become psychopaths), then adopt the program for their own benefit. This is necessary because, as the matter stands, the program is supposed to benefit the Russians. Namely, since the CIA's late 2010 conviction is for preventing the Russians from implementing BOL's program, the Russians are supposed to implement this sustainable civilization program (including making people smarter) as a way to make Russia the leader in the international domain in the future. And so, in November 2019, once I have realized what BOL has done in late 2010, the CIA convicts her, and then commands her to tell the Russians about their (the CIA's) conviction back in late 2010. The Russians fall for the trap and thus renege on their January 2018 deal with the CIA and come back to reopen the second ICJ trial, believing that they will win and become the next global leader by promoting BOL's sustainable civilization and brain-growth program. There would of course be a problem here: since the Russians must continue to maintain that Homeland Security's profile of me is correct, they will evidently have to implement the program in a different way than the CIA would. Presumably, they would have to make a bad example out of me – the quintessential instance of brain-death – and a good example out of the Secret Society women – the quintessential instance of a super brain – in order to motivate people around the world to grow their brains. People around the world are supposed to fear becoming like me and to want to emulate the Secret Society women. Meanwhile, because Ekaterina has led the Secret Society women in taking me down and promoting the rights of women and minorities in America, she'll cause the peoples of the world to revere her family and her father's Russia.¹ In this way, Russia's way of implementing BOL's program would be based on a big lie – because it is really *me* who is the genius and the Secret Society women who are the idiots – so that it is really ruining the program rather than implementing it. No matter, since this is just a trap in any case.

Now “falling into a trap” means that, by September 2020, the Russians will have already lost the second ICJ trial, and that the CIA will have used the judgment from the second ICJ trial to reactivate the first ICJ trial. Then, by early December 2020, the CIA will have convicted the Russians in the first ICJ trial as well. The CIA is now on its way of implementing BOL's program for the benefit of the United States (making a bad example out of the Secret Society women – the quintessential instance of brain-death – in order to demonize Putin's family – how Ekaterina has tried to promote brain-death in America under the disguise of promoting racial and gender equality in order to wreck the country – and pave the way for regime-change in Russia while motivating the American people to grow their brains and increasing America's attractiveness around the world).² It is for the sake of this plan that, while I had made no new reconstructions in

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- 1 It should be noted that this short description hardly comprises the full extent of Russia's plan by March 2021. It seems that Russia's plan would also include, *among still other things*, the promotion of minorities (blacks and Hispanics) at the expense of Asians in America as a way to ruin America. The full extent of the plan would be described elsewhere, not here.
 - 2 This of course would include the opposite of Russia's plan, i.e. overturning the political correctness that has been promoting women and minorities (excluding Asians) in America.

2016, 2017, and 2018,³ I reconstructed, in 2019, first the French destruction of the first ICJ trial and then the CIA's conviction in BOL's hands while completely missing the CIA's plan to reactivate the first ICJ trial, and then produced the most essential chapters, in 2020, about how I had saved Russia in late 2009 and early 2010.⁴ Then, after the Russians had been convicted, I would finally figure out the above while under Russian command with the CIA in the Macrosphere above us, so that the CIA could use this final portion of my reconstruction as evidence to convict Russia one more time for conspiring with me (and the Secret Society women and so on) to prevent the CIA from reactivating the previous ICJ trial. In other words, my knowledge can only be acquired according to a definite chronological sequence so that the CIA can benefit from the acquisition process rather than being harmed by it. This is thanks essentially to the fact that the CIA has secretly installed a hidden program on the mind-reading computer with which my brain has been interfaced – what I will call the “filter” in subsequent reconstructions – so that, while my conspirators (the Monkey and Homeland Security) were controlling me on this computer to achieve their agendas, I could in fact be secretly accomplishing the CIA's objective in the end. In order for the CIA to do this (some time in early 2011), they must have first established for the judge computer valid suspicion that I had indeed conspired with the Russians, the French, Homeland Security, and BOL to harm them in 2009 and throughout 2010. This is another theme which I will demonstrate in the following.

I'm here basically explaining to you why my reconstructions have had to be so disjointed and disorganized at times: while I believe I'm writing *for you* and figuring things out *for myself*, I'm in fact doing it only for the purpose of compensating the CIA who doesn't quite care if my narrative can't always progress in a straightforward fashion. I thus must ask you to excuse me on this.

And so, in my original reconstruction, I had thus greatly underestimated the injustice I was made to suffer. I was right that the Russians, before leaving, had left the control center on automatic mode in sending me pain signals so that I could be misled and look crazy. I was right that the Monkey was still in there for a while although I failed to understand just how much he was tormenting me from there trying to get me to hurt somebody. I was wrong in that many of the people around me were indeed actors whom Homeland Security had sent in to provoke me to a fight. What's worse, I had completely missed all the “investigations” which Homeland Security had initiated against me from November 2010 onward. While, in the following, I shall reconstruct these investigations, keep in mind that many of the Homeland Security's sources I would omit to mention. For example, Homeland Security must have used my blog and my under-

3 I have spent these three years merely correcting the reconstructions I had made from 2011 to 2015.

4 There are very essential details here which I'm not going into for lack of space. To point them out quickly: by December 4 2020, I had completed (A) and (B) of “Mission accomplie” but not the rest (C and D), with “The World of the Pyramids” (with the conviction of the CIA in January 2010) in draft form. This enabled the CIA to convict both the Russians and BOL in the first ICJ trial since the CIA's conviction, BOL's bias, and my acting had all already been delineated. There was no immediate need for (C) and (D) and the final version of “The World of the Pyramids”.

construction website (lawrencechin2008.com) as evidences of my insanity. And my crazy pronouncements about Obama, my frequent trips to the Taiwanese consulate, and the frequent reports and complaints about me from students and security personnel at UCLA. I would also omit to mention that, as Homeland Security and the Monkey tried their best to get me to hurt somebody, the most likely targets they could get me to focus on were children because of my “Misopedia”, causing Homeland Security to eventually omit in their new warnings about me the element of pedophilia which they had once included in their alerts about me back in early 2008. A pedophile is not expected to smash the head of a child with a baseball bat because the noises the child is making have enraged him. Note also that the most amazing thing about Homeland Security in their effort to make me into a danger to people was their utter disregard for third parties’ wellbeing when it came to accomplishing their own political agenda. These Homeland Security thugs wanted me to kill somebody – it didn’t matter who – merely so that they could keep themselves afloat in the intelligence business. If I especially wanted to kill children, it was all the better. It had never occurred to these Homeland Security thugs whether it was justified for them to sacrifice a randomly chosen person as a way for them to keep their job. Yet they were supposedly the guardians of the American people. If you are a tax-paying American, just keep in mind that the DHS is part of the reason why I have never wanted to pay any taxes.

As you can imagine from my preceding comment about the fate of Ekaterina, the good and the evil in my story are about to become totally inverted from this point on. The CIA’s attempt to object was about to transform my Daughter People and DGHTRCOM from the innocent and righteous victims in all the preceding into the most demonic victimizers in the history of humankind – this especially in regard to me. To protect themselves from conviction, they would, in the next ten years, exercise the most unimaginable malice against me, their very savior. Their use of Homeland Security, my perennial foe, to victimize me in this present episode under consideration is just the beginning.

Again, since most of the evidences on which I base my following reconstruction came from Wes’ words to me, I shall here list the words in question in a chronological summary just as I did the last time. However, my emphases this time are different because my scenarios have changed. You should of course wonder how it is that the CIA could have instructed Wes to feed me with information about what was going on without getting convicted of conspiracy with me. First, as shall be repeatedly noted below, it is because the CIA had made it look like Wes did it of his own accord. Second, it’s because the CIA had simply obtained a judgment from the judge computer that, insofar as the Russians had repeatedly commanded the CIA to convey information to me back in May and July, the CIA shall have the same right to convey information to me, this time for their own benefit.

10.08: Wes talked about his paper (*the French Revolution had failed but the American*

revolution had succeeded). **Wes' hint that the CIA wanted to object?** 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 suggested that I use my time to write my story.*

10.13: Wes: "He wants to drive you insane... Try to live without electronic devices..." Me: "The Russians are letting him do it... the Russians want 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 hinted to me that my writing would become a threat to the Russians, Homeland Security, Mr Chertoff, and the Boss.**

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

11.04: 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?"

11.09: 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..." **Wes' hint that Homeland Security wanted to protect their status in the intelligence community?** Wes: "There is a deadline..." **The "deadline" was now part of my conspiracy with Russia against the CIA.**

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. **The CIA: the Pyramid was my conspirator in this scheme of Russia and BOL's.**

11.18: Wes: "They can predict your thoughts!"

11.19: I talked about how the control center sent actors in 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"). **The CIA's attempt to establish my conspiracy with Homeland Security.**

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...” **My conspiracy with Homeland Security.**

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. You are playing with the Big Boys now, with the professionals... Trick them with ‘false thoughts’...” **The CIA’s preliminary evidences that I didn’t fit into Homeland Security’s profile of me and had the potential to make preliminary evidences into actual evidences given enough time.**

11.30: Wes: “If they make my plane crash, then you will know how powerful they are...” **Evidence that Wes was helping me out of his own accord?**

12.01: *I was remotely controlled to cry, to make me realize I could be remotely 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...” **The CIA had established my conspiracy with Homeland Security in the use of this brain-computer interface system.**

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.” **The CIA’s evidence of my conspiracy with the Russians in the construction of this “Macrosphere”.**

12.09: Wes suggested that *I contemplate on the game in order to change the game and then play not their game but my own game.* **The CIA obtained the authorization to program my process of realization according to a definite chronological sequence and also to create a secret, “second” trial.**

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: “You are wrong” and “Stop thinking about it.”

12.22: Wes: “They will prevent you from committing suicide” and “Their job security depends on you.” He tried to dissuade me from killing myself.

12.23: I kept *talking* about killing myself. Wes continued to try to dissuade me from suicide.

12.24: (unintelligible)

12.25: Me: “... I have to give them what they want so that they won’t bother me anymore....” **Again, the CIA’s evidence of my conspiracy with Homeland Security.**

12.26: Me: “I need to kill people and get arrested... and talk about killing people on the phone.” **The CIA’s evidence of my conspiracy with Homeland Security.**

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...”

As noted, in the first part of the following (from October 8 to December 29), I shall employ the method of adding commentaries (in red) to the original text. Such is Document 6. Not all of the original text shall be quoted, but only the important and relevant portions. Especially Wes’ words. Furthermore, these portions in the original text (especially Wes’ words) whose significance escaped me during the original reconstruction I shall italicize to emphasize their significance for *this* round of reconstruction. The significance I missed during the original reconstruction concerns of course mostly (1) the Russians’ attempt to prevent the CIA from possibly reactivating the dismissed ICJ trial and the CIA’s evidences of my conspiracy with the Russians on this and (2) the CIA’s counter-claim to BOL that I had been conspiring with her to falsely convict them. Meanwhile, unless otherwise noted, all the previous theorization about BOL’s obliging the CIA to forge evidences to frame themselves still stands.

Then, in the second part (from December 30 2010 to January 27 2011), we shall be back to the normal method of reconstruction.

October 8 (Wes – trial dismissed)

My next recording is: “10_8_10_1234-252PM.WMA”: While in Ackerman, I set up my netbook. I continued to hum from time to time and read a little news in German. The control center then hurt me massively on my left side (47:30). Why? I was then ready to do my Russland Journal lesson on my new netbook. I shouted to the control center: “PM, if you need to turn me into David Chin, then you should let me learn Russian” (50:20). Then: “It’s a life and death issue to figure out what is going on...” (53:20). Indeed! I left Ackerman on 1:05:00 and got on the bus on 1:23:00. I was still humming from time to time. Stuck in my false scenario, I asked the bus driver, “Which side are you on?” “What?” (1:26:00) While on the bus, I read up on the news item about United Russia and so on. I got off the bus on 1:41:00. Suddenly, Wes called me on 1:41:20. I was reconnected with him on 1:45:00. I told him that I was alternating between extreme depression and feeling okay. My wrong scenario: “The Homeland Security system keeps switching hands... I don’t like Mexican team’s shift...” Just then, I noted a woman who, upon walking past me, pressed a button on her cellphone. Was that surveillance? Wes then talked about his paper (1:47:00): Kenneth Berg, and how a narrative was broken into five parts, with each narrative emphasizing one part more than the others. “You can construct a ratio for each narrative... As with France, because there is a lot of poverty, revolution can be rephrased as about eliminating poverty, but America is rich, and so it can only be phrased as about freedom... Exceptional leaders drive history, the other theory says it is historical events... Hannah Arendt’s essay on Eichmann... Everyone in his situation will act the same... And so she is on the side of determinism... It’s social condition which drives change... The other theory says history is driven by exceptional leaders... Only people who subscribe to determinism will like Arendt and Tocqueville... Then there is the mystic theory which is centered around the Hand of God... For Berg, each narrative focuses on an actor, an agency, an attitude...” Wes was going to apply Berg’s literary theory to political theory (1:58:20). He then continued to explain *why the American revolution succeeded while the French revolution failed*.

“America had civil associations, whereas France didn’t...” Then Wes explained that he hadn’t gotten a recorder yet (2:03:30). I then told him that the entire society was against me, that I had no time to write, that I couldn’t protect my work. *Wes again advised me not to speculate*: “It will drive you crazy...” This was a genuine advice from him: I was making myself look ever [more] delusional by wrongly speculating on what was going on. I then told him I was being led onto a path that was not wholesome to me. Such was my erroneous understanding that the Monkey and so on were drafting me into their plan: my totally wrong-headed speculation! Then I talked about Raissa. Is she here to do me harm? About the scary Christian home. “I felt like I was being kidnapped... They locked me in... They held me against my will... And this vagrant broke my computer... I didn’t call the police because the police would arrest me instead... I needed to go back to Taiwan, and then go to Russia...” (2:09:00). I then talked about my worries about the alert. Just then, people were shouting at me (2:10:00). *Wes advised me not to borrow money from payday loan stores*. “Stop the vicious cycle of overdrawing... Don’t overspend for one month, then you will be okay...” Wes admonished further that I shouldn’t have bought a new computer. He was going to some sort of parade, some sort of festival, tomorrow. He then advised me to go somewhere where there were no people. “I can’t, I need to use my computer...” Wes: “Don’t use a computer, use paper and pen...” Just then, my left arm hurt (2:15:00). I complained that the surveillance over me was too intense. Then my wrong scenario: “Somebody wants me to discover some garbage, it’s very stupid, once my name is linked to it, I’ll be doomed...” Wes: “Get out of there...” Then he advised me not to assume there were cameras inside the taxi. By this time, now that I had purchased a new computer, the International Court trial had been destroyed (dismissed). The French had eliminated my status as a terrorist, and the Daughter People had purged all episodes where they had been accused of conspiring with me. The case no longer existed. When the Smart Woman’s team and the Daughter People were departing from the control center, they presumably simply ignored the Monkey leaving him sitting in front of the computer for the rest of his life. This call from Wes was my first conversation with him since the destruction of the ICJ trial. It is interesting to note that he was being quite genuine here in that he did nothing less than give me good advices. This would soon change.

It is from this point on that I must seriously revise my scenarios. As soon as the French had destroyed my status as a terrorist on October 2, the CIA was free from Russian command, and no sooner were they free than they planned to object to their January conviction now that I had confessed so many times in the past 8 months how I was acting and helping my Daughter People late last year and early this year. This is the reason why the Russians had had to immediately dispose of the two instances where the French had established that they had conspired with me (the “girlfriend” and the “computer”). It’s not clear whether, when Wes said the American revolution had succeeded while the French revolution did not, he was hinting at this new situation. If so, it shouldn’t really be the CIA who wanted me to know but the Russians. Did my Daughter People instruct Wes to give me this hint? But that can’t be! It must be the CIA! But why? Perhaps, as you shall see, it’s because the CIA had instructed Wes to help me of his own accord so that, later, they can establish me as conspiring with the Russians to obstruct the objection process.

In order to object, the CIA would of course run into the same problem as the French did: my looking increasingly delusional, which was half of what my Daughter People needed to deny that the mind-

reading computer had ever been tampered with and keep their Macrospherian status intact – this time vis-à-vis the CIA. Hence Wes gave me good advices (“Don’t speculate” and “Don’t get paranoid”), i.e., ways in which I would look less insane. Then, by not borrowing money or using computers all the time, I could avoid the frustration which would worsen my illness. The CIA wanted me to recover in order that they might overcome this first hurdle. The second hurdle was of course that I didn’t yet know that the French had already destroyed my status as a terrorist.

October 11 (Wes)

My next recording is: “10_11_10_750-859PM.WMA”: Perturbed by my (worthless) realization, I called up Wes on 6:00. “I got really worried. Somebody wants me to do something bad... I read this book, some author in Montreal” – I was referring to Michel Chossudovsky and his *America's War on Terrorism* – “he said the US was secretly helping the terrorists fight in Chechnya through the Pakistani intelligence... But if the Russians have taken command of the Pakistani intelligence through the International Court of Justice, why don’t they use the Pakistani intelligence to destroy the militants in Chechnya...? The militants are still fighting over there... Why?” I continued: “I’m scared, what’s going to happen to me?...” Then I talked about how I overdrew my checking account to pay for this motel room: “I’ll have 500 dollars overdrawn next month.... That’s my problem, I don’t have rights anymore in this country, I don’t know whether people are just pretending... They all act like they really hate me, they will purposely do precisely the things which bother me, they purposely make noises or bring their children to me knowing that I don’t like these... I need a place to hide in where I can write, I have to hide in this motel for one day...” Then: “If I go to Russia I won’t see you again...” But Wes said he could visit me in Russia. Why did he say this? He then mentioned that Linda got married yesterday. Then, suddenly, I came up myself with the answer to the question I asked Wes in the beginning: “The Russians didn’t do that because I haven’t said it, now that I have said it...” And both my left side and right side hurt. Ha! To dupe me! We then talked about when he would be coming back to California. *Wes suggested that I should use my time here to write.* What? He now changed his advice! Why? Was it a hint that the trial was over? I continued to complain: “I want to vomit when I see people... I’m so lonely, but I hate the people around me so much...” My phone ran out of money on 27:00 and so the call was cut off. I continued to speculate erroneously: “It’s not the opposite of what I said which will happen, but exactly what I said, the Pakistani intelligence will now re-establish contact with the militants in Chechnya to undermine them, such is my prophecy...” Bullshit! I then played *Wir sind Helden* to sooth myself. And my right side hurt again on 38:00. “What? I can't help it, if every time you just have to say something to help somebody, it’s too easy...” Then my worthless wrong scenario: “Why would Obama send me there?” Ha!

Two points: (1) This conversation is a classic instance of the CIA’s evidence that I had conspired with Russia in the past ICJ trial. You can be sure that the CIA would promptly save the intercept of this call for the judge computer for this purpose. (2) Wes probably suggested I write my story because, now that the CIA had decided to object to their January conviction, they would eventually have to use my story as evidence.

October 13 (Wes)

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

My next recording is: “uclawsraissa_10_13_10_317-616PM.WMA”: I mumbled: “The lies, to tell people...” “We need to be told what we need to do and what our reward is...” I wanted to buy coffee from the vending machine, but the machine simply ate up my 5 dollar bill (20:00). I was shocked – as if I weren’t poor enough – and cried hysterically. “I prayed to you, bring back my Daughter, or I’ll destroy myself...” Then: “I just wish I can crack my fucking brain...” To put myself out of my miseries, that is. I called Wes again on 33:00. There was still no answering. I was crying while leaving him another message, “Call me back...” I was eating junk food when a man came over: “Do you need help?” “Yes, money... If you don’t want to give me money, then go away...” Then, suddenly, Wes called me on 48:30. “Machine malfunctioned... Recorder malfunctioned... Camera also... Mr B inserted virus into my computer...” I was suddenly disconnected with Wes on 50:30. But Wes soon called me back again, saying his wife had an emergency. I continued to feed him with my wrong scenario: “He put [viruses] into my new laptop so that all the computer malfunctioning in the past can now be attributed to virus or trojan horse...” Wes: “I didn’t know you can remotely control [viruses]...” “Now all my three years of videos about computer malfunctioning can be discredited... It’s more evidence that I suffer from schizophrenia for attributing my [viruses] to some man living inside the International Court... The whole technique is just so evil...” (53:30). I continued: “Ah... Ah... I must be made to look stupid... I just wish there were easy ways to cause myself brain damage...” “Brain damage?” I repeated my words to Wes. “Oh, just take something.” “I said ‘easy’... I have only one hundred dollars left...” (54:20). Then Wes asked me what I was doing on the Internet anyway. “Blog, news, in order to run errands, everything, just like everyone else...” Then Wes mentioned the electronic book pad that was becoming popular nowadays (“nook”). “Yeah, that’s the way I wish to write my book,” I said. Then *Wes began telling me how one could surf the Internet with this “nook”*. “So what?” I was thoroughly puzzled as to why he brought up such a trivial topic. On 56:00 I thus changed the topic: “I’m so tired of all the surveillance around me... Electronic devices are now the meaning of my life, I have had no contact

with other human beings... Now he just targets my electronic devices... It drives me insane...” Wes: “*Exactly, he wants you to go insane...*” Even though the ICJ trial was already destroyed, Wes might be telling me the truth here insofar as the Monkey was still inside the control center and continued to want me to be crazy. (But [what] he would say below would not be the truth.) [This is not correct, as I shall explain below.] He then suggested that I make myself strong enough to be able to live without these devices. Me: “I can’t... People will always believe falsehood about me, that’s why I must leave records behind, I must not stop... Then I will look...” Wes: “*That’s why he’s doing it... You must not use electronic devices...*” “He’s not doing this alone, *he’s doing it with the Russians...* These Russians have a strange legal status... I don’t know why the Russians – whatever their legal status – are letting him do this... No, I know why...” (1:00:30). “...” “To make you go insane!” (1:01:50) “I don’t really know why... Otherwise I just find it really hard to believe that the Russians are letting this happen... What’s going on is very bad, very evil... *We need to discredit what this guy says and so...*” (until 1:03:35) Wes: “*You are teaching them how to drive you insane, you have to be more careful...*” He then continued: “But honestly, I’ll die for lack of water and food...” “No, I’d die. To drive me insane, I’ll have to be **alive...**” “That’s where the problem is...” (1:07:00 or so). “The point is, if you can control your psyche, and if you can overcome whatever they throw at you, then you –” “I can’t, I would always –” But Wes interrupted me and gave me the example from the movie “Saving Private Ryan”, how, when the Americans were storming the beach of Normandie, the soldiers who didn’t have the will simply drowned in the waters without even trying to climb up the beach head to fight the enemy. I protested: “Everybody cares about what other people think about him... It’s normal for the psyche to depend on others in order to not go insane... That’s just how human beings are. Otherwise human beings wouldn’t have languages and cultures...” (until 1:08:40). “But you already have language. You wouldn’t go insane... You would just be lonely,” Wes replied. “You want me to just write on papers what I do everyday? No one is going to believe anything I say.” “Yeah, but – why would that make you go insane?” Wes asked. “It will.” “Why?” I retorted: “Why don’t you go live a life where no one believes a single word you say as long as you tell the truth? Why don’t you go live a life like that?” (1:09:30) “But that’s not your life, is it?” “That is my life.” Wes insisted that he believed me. “But you are just one person, and I don’t even see you...” “I’m on the phone,” Wes shouted. I insisted that I needed more than one person in my life. Wes rebutted me saying there were many people who lived solitary lives. I objected that these people with solitary lives didn’t have the problem of no one believing anything they said, that, normally, humanity simply didn’t know about these people with solitary lives (1:10:40). “Not a single person among those powerful people who are orchestrating my life right now would be content with living the life they are planning for me,” I complained (1:17:08). “They are making you think about them,” Wes said. “They are hypocrites, hypocrites!” “Sure, sure,” Wes kept agreeing, but then added: “I wouldn’t call the worst mass murderer a ‘hypocrite’” (1:17:49). Right, I said, they don’t care, because nothing is going to happen to them. I continued: “Do unto others what others can’t do unto you. As long as others can’t do unto you, you can do unto others whatever you want. Politicians and intelligence officials are after all not Dalai Lama or Mother Teresa, they just don’t care, *even after this guy has done them so much good, they would fuck him up as long as they can benefit from it*” (until 1:18:32). More: “In the end, they would just tell him to believe in Jesus when they themselves don’t believe in Jesus. This is low class! But they have the power, so what can you do?” “Yeah, what can you do?” Wes concurred (1:18:50). “So you have given up”, Wes continued. But Wes counted my talking to him as the one good thing that had [happened] to me today. “Except that I couldn’t see you,” I added

(1:20:35). “It counts for something, right?” I had to agree. On 1:21:30 I repeated that I found it hard to believe that these Daughter People were that kind of people. “Perhaps they thought they could sacrifice me for some greater good.” Wes then suddenly changed his tone: “You are indignant... But why aren’t you scared?” (1:22:25) “I am scared,” I replied. *Wes remarked that it’s good that I was so indignant that I was prevented from being scared.* But I insisted that these people – the Daughter People – scared the crap out of me (1:22:40). But I had to ask Wes why “they” wanted me to be scared. “*They don’t want you to be scared. They want you to be crazy,*” Wes replied. I then repeated my complaint, that these people had too much power in that they could turn me into anything they wanted for some supposed “greater good”, but Wes immediately interjected saying that *perhaps it was some sort of test which they were exerting on me to see what it would take to drive a person to insanity.* “That must be a very immoral test,” I replied (1:23:42). From 1:28:00 [onward] *Wes began explaining to me how the Daughter People could use only a few actors and actresses to achieve maximum effect in driving me to insanity* – what I would soon refer to as “cognitive behavioral torture”. Now this is important because it would seem that *he was trying to enlighten me here* (that, most of the time, the control center was not directing the people around me to annoy me and provoke me and that I had simply over-interpreted things.) On 1:35:10 I complained again about my inability to trust politicians and intelligence officials. But then I suggested that, since a nation was a large entity and therefore must have many ways to protect its interests, there were presumably ways both to protect its interests and to accommodate my welfare (until 1:36:17). “But why would they want to do that if that’s going to be costly?” Wes asked. “Because it could make them look good!” I suggested tentatively. “In your eyes? In whose eyes?” “In everybody’s eyes of course. Why would they care what I think when they have already shut off every witness to what I have gone through?” (1:37:00) “...” Wes: “Why are you playing into their hands, as if they can control you?” “Because they can... They control everything... They control all the machines, they can make anybody believe anything...” Wes: “*Because of the Internet, they can’t dominate all media...*” “But they don’t let me go through the Internet...” Wes: “Can you just forget about the Internet for a week?” Wes then asked me *why I continued to be preoccupied with my website when no one visited it.* “Because I’m building it up, so that, when it is all over...” (1:40:00). Wes: “*What if they delete it?*” “They won’t...” Wes: “Why don’t they?” “They don’t have any legal reason...” Wes: “Forget about the Internet for a week, and see...” “I can’t...” Wes: “Forget about computers for a week...” “I have to videotape myself when I feel miserable...” I continued: “The Russians can’t get the Monkey to shut off my computer... There seem to be rules... He is only allowed to shut off my computer when I do certain things...” I then repeated my worry that no one in the future would believe what I was doing right now. Wes: “What are you doing?” I explained how the vending machine had just eaten up my 5 dollar bill: “No one will believe it...” I then gave another example: the Monkey deleted my file from my computer when I was in the motel: “No one will believe it...” Wes: “The point is not whether anyone will believe it, but whether anyone will care... They will believe that the vending machine has eaten up your money...” I continued: “*Régine* will not, for example, believe that I have met with secret agents...” Wes: “I will only care about things such as the accusation that I’m a pedophile or [a] terrorist...” He continued: “You don’t believe what other people say, and you don’t believe other people believe what you say...” Just then school children walked past making loud noises (1:47:40). Wes continued: “... You don’t trust them and they don’t trust you...” “What’s your point?” “Isn’t it hypocritical?” I continued: “My environment is in the process of driving me crazy, because there are just too many unpleasant experiences...” I asked Wes: “What am I going to do?” Wes: “*Stay away from*

people!” “But they can make my electronics malfunction...” Wes insisted that my machines were not the essence of my life. “No, it is...” Wes needed to go eat. Then he said: “It’s not as bad as you think, *they want to make it look very bad*, they try to make you not trust people...” Wes then hanged up on 1:54:00.

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

Now, let’s consider here why my original interpretation was not quite correct. By this time the CIA had already input their intention to object into the judge computer, and the Russians had responded in the way I have earlier summarized. Although I was still a long way from realizing what the French had done, the Russians had to input into the judge computer right away their claim that the mind-reading computer had never been tampered with so that there should be no possibility of objections no matter what I would realize in the future. Since the proof that the mind-reading computer had never been tampered with was my insanity and danger to people, my Daughter People were back to the same old game of driving me insane or keeping me looking insane. But, as noted, they had now these Homeland Security thugs – who still hated me just like before – to do their dirty work for them. As long as I looked insane, the CIA couldn’t proceed with objecting. Wes, who either got his order from the CIA or

had wanted to help the CIA out of his own accord (as noted: more on this later), thus first repeatedly warned me how they (i.e. the Russians or Homeland Security) or he (the Monkey under Homeland Security's order) wanted to drive me insane, and then repeatedly advised me to avoid electronics in order to help me avoid the frustration that would drive me insane (or to use a "nook" which wouldn't malfunction so much). He also tried to enlighten me about my symptoms as a typical targeted individual (being deceived by a few actors into believing that everyone was acting) so that, once awakened from my "delusion", I could look less insane and would be less likely to drive myself insane with my paranoia. (You shall see this especially in the following.)

Another thing which Wes had done for the CIA today was to ask me why I wanted a website in any case. The CIA already knew why but they wanted me to say it: I wanted it for myself and not because I wanted the CIA to use what I had on my website as evidences against my Daughter People. Namely, the CIA was going to wait for me to write my story and post it on my website and, since I would have no intention of letting them use it as evidence, then use it as evidence. The CIA was laying down the foundation, little by little, for their eventual objection to their January conviction 10 years later!

As for me: despite the fact that I had not any idea about what was going on, I would occasionally say things that seemed to hit right on the mark, such as "The Monkey is doing this with the Russians" (indeed he was, although not necessarily to discredit me) or "Even though I have saved them, they'd fuck me up as long as they can benefit from it" (well, they would not hesitate to harm me in order to protect themselves from the CIA as well as from the French). As noted, the CIA wanted also to raise a claim with the judge computer that I was conspiring with the Russians to obstruct them from reactivating the ICJ trial – this is one surest way to overcome the Russians' resistance – and they would soon want to make something out of my *ressemblances* for this end.

October 16 (Wes)

My next recordings are: "10_16_10_233-246PM.WMA" and "ucl_10_16_10_247-355PM.WMA": I made several calls to various debt consolidation services I found on the web. Then, sitting outside Ackerman in the patio area, I continued writing. "So we can produce evidences of our plagiarizing..." Soon, however, my new Samsung netbook malfunctioned again – it froze up (16:00 in the second recording). I filmed it while panicking. I wanted to shut it down and reboot but couldn't. The malfunctioning continued for more than 10 minutes. "We hate Russia, we hate Russia! Is that good enough? What do you want from me!" In reality, the freezing was most likely "natural" and had nothing to do with the control center. I had developed the method of webcams myself while writing and then periodically webcams my recorder as a way to prove that I wrote what I wrote, but, unbeknownst to me, this was too demanding on my little netbook. Because I was now suffering severe physical pain, I called up Wes (38:00). And, thank God, he answered it. "What's wrong?" "Computer malfunctioned..." I was moaning out of severe physical pain. "Homeland Security put **viruses** in it, it doesn't shut down." Wes suggested that I find the "emergency button". Instead, I forcibly turned it off. I complained to Wes: "I thought the best way to prevent computer from malfunctioning is to pretend that I'm plagiarizing... And so I was copying from my own notes..." In order to deal with the rebooting, I hanged up on Wes for a moment (41:30). "Let's pretend that we are plagiarizing, then the US can

offer evidence in ICJ that we are not only plagiarizing, but also pretending to plagiarize in order to cover up our plagiarism...” After the computer had rebooted, I was connected with Wes again (51:50). I described to him my method of pretending to plagiarize in order to prevent computer from malfunctioning: “Let the surveillance around me pick it up...” Wes: “Apparently they didn’t buy it, you need to actually plagiarize...” Wes was here probably just going along with my wrong scenario out of convenience. I protested: “I don’t see anything I want to plagiarize...” “So you can fool them...” “I don’t have any incentive to copy someone else’s work...” I explained why copying from myself sufficed: “According to the evidentiary record, my past actually belongs to somebody else...” Wes: “But then you didn’t fool them...” I explained my wrong scenario: “They want people to not only not believe my story, but actually believe I didn’t even write my story...” (57:00) Wes: “There are two things here: (1) they can make you look like you are plagiarizing, and (2) *they can make you look crazy...* If you go around saying you are plagiarizing yourself, people will believe you are crazy...” Again, Wes was only going along with my wrong scenario, but what he was doing now would become important later on. I explained my wrong scenario: “They want me to look crazy, but they also want people to believe I’m only pretending to be crazy... *Their goal is to make me look as bad as possible...* They want people to believe that I’m covering up my plagiarism from my twin brother by pretending to be plagiarizing... I’m so bad that I’m actually not crazy, but only pretending to be crazy...” Wes: “It’s like what I have heard from your recording...” Me: “Right... I don’t know what to do to prevent my computer from malfunctioning...” Wes suggested that I use a MAC instead. I disagreed. We continued to debate this. (In fact, Wes was right: Microsoft products were simply unreliable.) Me: “They did it through buffer overflow, not through virus...” Wrong! Just then, I thought I saw a surveillance agent again. [**Homeland Security’s renewed surveillance on me as they prepared to initiate another “investigation” of me.**] Now Wes needed to leave. Me: “What am I going to do? I’m so sick and tired of videotaping computer malfunctioning...” Wes: “Maybe you have to face the fact that you can’t document everything...” I protested: “But that’s the essence of my life...” Wes disputed such could be the essence of my life: “Maybe it’s not as essential as you think it is...” I got annoyed. Wes continued: “You will soon find something else to obsess over...” “Bull crap!” *Wes then asked me if I could delay my writing projects and so on for a while.* Did he suggest this for any reason? [**More on this later.**] Now he was leaving for dinner. He was going to New York tomorrow. While talking to him, I had been scanning my netbook with Kaspersky. Although it discovered many malware, it wasn’t the one that I expected the Monkey to have inserted.

October 18 (Wes)

My next recording is: “uclawesnetsvtlna_10_18_10_1151AM-224PM.WMA”. I arrived in UCLA only to discover that my recorder was turned off while I was on the bus. I was in shock, crying and moaning. I lamented that I had no proof that I did more writing while on the bus. Trembling like crazy, I called up Wes on 8:50 and he answered it. “I’m in shock”. And I told him about how my recorder was remotely turned off (14:00). Then about my need to record myself writing. Then about how “they” could control any electronic device in the country. I talked to Wes until 34:00. Again, it’s not clear to me whether my recorder **had** malfunctioned of its own accord or whether the Monkey had turned it off from the control center because he, too, had to finish his mission.

Actually, it's quite likely that it was the Monkey who had turned off my recorder per Homeland Security's order. Again, by getting hysterical over my recorder's being turned off and yelling about some invisible people's remote control of my electronics, I could look quite insane: the Russians' defense. Furthermore, it could drive me eventually to violence. More on this, below.

October 22 (Wes)

I then called Wes, and, amazingly, he picked up the phone (3:28:25). "What's going on?" He asked. "Just more suffering and frustration..." "Same old same old." "I don't know if these people are just bluffing or... Today, there are so many children on campus, making me believe that I will be arrested soon..." I then continued: "I have figured out the structure of the Court today... The International Criminal Court is prosecuting Mr Chertoff, hence the Russians and [the] Americans are working together to make me produce certain moods as evidences to prosecute him..." Wes pretended to ask: "What do you have to do with it?" "I'm the evidence..." I got so annoyed when Wes pretended to not know what I was talking about. In reality, of course, Wes was not only pretending, but also knew that my scenario wasn't correct. He pretended to rebut me: "You said things that make no sense..." I responded: "And that's how they can make me look crazy, right? Because in order to make sense I have to tell my story from the beginning to the end, which would take several months. Thus I'm only telling pieces of it out of context, which then sound like products of insanity" (3:31:42). Well, that's certainly true! Now Wes pretended to not know the beginning of my story. I shouted: "I have already summarized it... I should go to [the] UN's Human Rights Commission and petition... They are using me to produce the emotional states needed to prosecute somebody else... They stuck a chip in my head, manipulate my environment, they know what I'm afraid of, and so they create all these unpleasant sights to provoke me, to replace the original evidences, so that evidences can become unobjectionable... And [the] Russians have also brought into the International Court their own battle between the liberals and the conservatives, again using me as evidence..." Complete bullshit! I had no idea that nobody was causing me any unpleasant experiences except for the malfunctioning of electronics here and there; that I was simply conditioned and programmed to find every little ordinary thing unpleasant and to believe it was orchestrated. (A typical targeted individual!) Wes thus asked me: "How do you know this?" In a way, he was telling me indirectly that I was speculating on the wrong path. But I was sure of myself and responded: "I reflect on what happened, and form a narrative..." Then: "I want to go to New York... I want to live in Albany... There is nowhere to live in LA... I have 6 unpaid tickets... I got thrown out everywhere... This computerized environment causes me so much depression... I can't do anything, there is surveillance everywhere, they will pick up everything I do... Hence I cannot cut and paste my own sentences onto my own writings, because they will say that's evidence of plagiarism... And I don't have money..." Wes insisted that he wouldn't talk to me if I came to New York. "At least I can talk to you on the phone..." Wes was adamant that he would not. "I won't tell you I'm in Albany..." I continued: "What should I do? Every sort of help has some problem in it... They sent a Russian woman to put me in a Christian home, but you can't really stay there..." Meanwhile, siren. "There was all this noise at the place, and there was a school in front... These noises... It drives me insane" (3:41:20). I then told Wes about the different layers of the lawsuit, how several trials were going on at the same time, how there was the criminal court prosecution, and then the struggle between the liberals and the conservatives... And the profile-building: "All these negative profiles among law enforcement and the

general population... They leave me with no chance to say anything... No one is going to believe a single word I say.” “Probably not,” Wes concurred. “Now the question is, would people even believe that I’m the one who came up with my story? Even that is questionable,” I said. I continued: “You are my only friend I can tell this to... All I can do is write out the summary...” Then more of my wrong understanding: “Some of the surveillance agents are just pretending to be doing surveillance, they are not even doing decoy...”

I continued to complain: “I don’t know what to do, I have been homeless for 14 months... Most of these unpleasant experiences are so simple, they are just like ordinary events, so that no one can tell they are orchestrated...” Wes: “You can live somewhere else...” Me: “I shouldn’t have run around, that wasted a lot of money, I would have more money if I didn’t...” I then kept insisting that I wanted to see him. Then, more of my erroneous understanding: “Many of these Russian techniques are old Soviet techniques... They are very theatrical, they use visual images to convey secret messages... They use extremely harsh methods... I had better not talk about it... Who knows how our calls are being intercepted and becoming evidence that I’m a nuthead...” Just then, the control center hurt my left side (3:48:30). [I was correct here since Homeland Security had already started collecting evidences to affirm their 2007 warning about me and they would certainly use the interception of this conversation as evidence.] I continued my erroneous understanding: “I don’t know how much ordinary people know... But the police do know... They know who told them to harass me and why, they know about the criminal court... The police officers are trained to act... All these powerful people on both sides are using me to resolve their problems, and yet: what do I get? Oh, there is a surveillance agent –” Just then, my left side hurt. [I might be correct here, since Homeland Security must have started conducting surveillance on me again as they resumed their “investigation” of me.] Then I talked about going to Taiwan. “I can’t, I have no money. I have burned so many DVDs, how can I carry them all?... I’m afraid to call these housing programs, are they traps?” I continued: “There are so many problems rendering me incompatible with other human beings...” Wes repeated: “They want to drive you crazy...” Me: “These things that drive me crazy have become my phobia, and yet they are just ordinary things, like people’s talking, even Spanish-speaking... They have become tied up with fear, when I fear getting arrested, then it bothers me a lot... Why can’t people on either side help me out? I just want to write my story...” Wes then began carrying out the operation: “They don’t want you to write... If you stop, they will stop harassing you...” “They are afraid I might spill their secrets...” “Exactly. Not only do you know so much, but you are writing about it,” Wes added (3:55:25). Just then, children’s noises again. Wes continued: “They can’t just make you disappear, for then people will ask, ‘Maybe Lawrence is up to something...’ So they will have to make you into a lunatic...” Not knowing that Wes was misleading me, I asked: “So if I have become known as a lunatic, then they will let me write?” Wes: “Maybe...” “So if I then put my story on the Internet, they will not make search engines block it?” “Maybe”. Wes continued: “They can’t just dispose of you... People will ask questions...” However, I had a different opinion because of the wrong scenarios in my head: “They don’t do it because they are benefiting from me... And no one will ask about me...” Wes: “Not after you write about it...” (3:58:00). Me: “But a lot of people already know about it... *They don’t know the true version, I’m the only one who will tell the true version...*” Wes: “They can’t do things like they did in the Kennedy case anymore, they have to make you into a lunatic...” Me: “It’s not right. In the beginning, they all benefitted from my story... Now they want to eliminate it when it becomes an obstacle...” I was of course speaking about my

Daughter People. But Wes seemed to be talking about the Americans: “Of course. Oswald, then Ruby... Now there is the Internet...” (4:01:00). I was skeptical about the power of the Internet, but Wes rebutted me: “All it takes is one guy who takes it seriously... There are some smart people out there who will devote their life to finding conspiracies on [the] Internet...” Me: “How come it’s okay for other people to do this?” Wes: “They are exaggerating, their stories are not genuine, the ones who tell the total truth are all disposed of, like you... *You can either flood the domain with stories, or create many different accounts to confuse people...*” Wes then gave an example from World War Two, a document with the incorrect formula for the dates: the government intentionally put forward these documents that were very credible in most respects but which contained a few flaws here and there in order that the experts would, upon discovering them, conclude they were fake. That is, *the government would purposely put out true stories but insert flaws in them.* Wes then gave another example: the allied forces put out, for every genuine message, one hundred fake ones, so that the Nazis couldn’t find the true information from among the false messages. The point is that, instead of hiding stuff, they simply put out so much misinformation. Hence Wes assumed (or pretended to assume) that most of the stuff on the Internet were fake (4:11:00). Not understanding what Wes was doing, I talked about the example of Princess Diana’s death. Then the example of the Lockerbie bombing (PAN-AM). Hence this author, Gordon Thomas, was credible: he always raised the issue to a higher level of complexity. Wes continued: “They are not letting you tell the truth...” Me: “Why?” Wes: “Because it’s a danger to them...” “But I’m not famous...” “But there are these people who are always trying to make sense of what’s out there...” “Then why are they stuffing me with all these secrets if they don’t want me to tell...?” “Because they can make you into a lunatic...” I protested: “No! Because the court trial requires it...” “I don’t know...” Again, because Wes was carrying out *his* mission while I was trying to fit his information into my wrong scenarios, we differed. “But all the police officers know... Why am I not allowed to tell?” Wes: “The police officers are not educated, and they are patriotic, but you, you are smart, you will expose the government, you are [a] high risk, the police officers are not writing a book about it, *you* are...” (4:21:00). I explained: “I want to tell because it involves so much unhappiness and so much beauty...” Wes: “It doesn’t matter what your intention is...” “What will I...” Wes: “Don’t write the book...” “But before the Russians were benefiting from it... And now the Russians and the Americans are working side by side, but the Russians don’t show themselves, because they don’t want me to tell, they are even more secretive...” I continued: “But I know so little about them...” Wes: “But you are publishing it...” He added: “You don’t have other purposes in life, that’s why they are concerned about you...” I protested: “But the story is so beautiful...” Wes: “There is a way out, but you are not taking it...” “What?” “The way out is to *appear* not to do it...” “This is a court case, why does it have to be secret?” “I don’t know...” Wes continued: “They don’t want you to write a book which anyone can have access to... Or they will let you do that as long as everyone thinks you are crazy.... They want your readers to think you are a lunatic even before reading your book...” The call is suddenly cut off while I continued: “Can people think me a lunatic while at the same time reading my book and thinking it’s a great classic?”

By now I have to wonder whether, here, Wes was not simply carrying out the mission I assumed he was back in 2019 (producing evidences to enable BOL to convict the CIA), but was, again, giving me *real* hint as to the terrible fate that had befallen me. Namely: (1) “They don’t want you to write, because it’s a danger to them...”, and (2) “If you write, they will have to make you look like a lunatic...” That is, the

Russians (not just the SVR, but also DGHTRCOM himself), Mr former Secretary Chertoff, and Homeland Security – all of them did not want me to write because the CIA could use my writings as evidences to convict them all (on the condition that I would have also figured out how the French had objected and then destroyed the trial and then written about it). Earlier Wes warned me “they” wanted me to be crazy, and now he was warning me “they” didn’t want me to write. If I chose to write, then “they” would have no choice but to make me into a lunatic so that “they” (the Russians) could continue to maintain their Macrospherian position and the CIA could not enter new objections.

My next recording is: “IMPwes_10_22_10_731-817PM.WMA”: I went inside the Gayley building, charged my phone up, and called up Wes again. Wes insisted that “they wanted me to go crazy”. [Namely, so that “they” could lock up the ICJ trial.] I continued to peddle my wrong scenario that their goal was to prevent me from communicating my story: “So the only way to do it is to say that the story is fiction...” Wes: “... the only way... You have to make sure that this doesn’t harm them...” [The same hint again.] I was perplexed: “I don’t see how this will harm them...” I continued: “This is so... not right. How come other people can do it?...” Wes then told me about “red herring”, a lie to throw people off tracks. After many red herrings, people will throw up their hands and conclude it’s all lies and never bother with it anymore. Wes continued: “You made threats too many times, maybe that’s the problem...” “What threat?” “That you are going to write...” [The same hint again.] “What kind of threat is that, that I’m going to write a story?” “Or, that you’re going to sue them...” “I’m not stupid enough to sue government agencies...” Wes clarified: “I don’t know if petitioning is any good, but it ticks them off and makes them paranoid about you...” Frustrated, I brought up the case of Maher Arar. His case was actually insignificant, so that the Canadian government set up a commission for him. Wes concurred: “A government with no complaints about it is suspicious to people, so they allow small complaints to go through...” (9:00). Me: “So the Canadian and [the] British government let these small cases go through... Small cases are good advertisements for democracy... People will believe further that they really live in a democracy...” Wes agreed. Me: “If however the case is too big like mine, then they won’t let me complain...” Wes agreed again. I complained (my wrong scenario): “Both sides have come together to create a better world but I am left out...” Wes: “That’s politics, that’s history...” Me: “All the nations that were formerly enemies suddenly come together as friends... And no one will ever know why, that it was all because of some strange court case...” (12:22). Wes mentioned Benedict Arnold, a general during the American Revolution who was fed up with the fact that it was always other people who took credits for his accomplishments and so defected to the British side. “Unsung hero!” I kept complaining [about] how unfair all this was. Wes: “They probably made you homeless...” “Yes!” Wes emphasized the obvious, that homeless people had no credibility. Me: “They want me to be homeless in order to discredit me... Nobody will listen to a homeless person... What’s the solution?” Wes: “There is one solution: to not write about it...” [The same hint again.] Me: “I’d rather choose death...” Wes: “Why can’t you just not write about it until many years later... 10 or 20 years later when everybody involved is dead...” He continued: “They will watch you more if you keep writing...” I insisted that, as soon as I put my story up on the web, they would know about it. Wes insisted that there would be publishers willing to publish my book (19:00). Me: “No, everyone is already alerted...” Wes insisted that conspiracy theorists wouldn’t believe in the alerts: “They know how government operates, that’s precisely the author they want...” I disagreed. Wes did not seem to speak reality to me – I wasn’t aware that he was bullshitting me all the way through in this conversation. [Wrong, he was not bullshitting!]

Wes continued: “When the government alerts people about somebody, they make him even more credible...” I again disagreed: “Look at Mr Chertoff, people can be duped by the government so easily... Now the US and Russia are working together, they can definitely dupe anyone...” *Wes then repeated the technique of creating many different versions of the same story*: they are all credible, but all different. Which one then is the right one? (22:00) Me: “Then people can read mine without knowing which version is true... Then they will just say ‘It’s well written, it’s beautiful’...” Wes: “No, they will then prefer yours...” I took my words back, and then insisted that I was satisfied as long as people believed I did write my story. Wes: “Either they will make people doubt you wrote it, or they will make people believe you are crazy...” I in fact preferred the latter. Wes continued: the point was to make me into a nuthead so that no one would even bother to read it. He summed up: “They can: (1) censor you, (2) make you look crazy, or (3) *put out similar, but different, stories...*” I added – since this was what most frightened me: “Or they can make people believe someone else wrote it...” Wes rejected my fear: “But if the story is logical, it doesn’t matter who wrote it...” Wes mentioned Oliver Stone’s “JFK”. “It doesn’t matter who killed Kennedy, the question is why. It doesn’t matter whether you wrote it or somebody else wrote it, as long as the story is out there... They are worried [about] being exposed, they have nothing personal against you...” Wes continued: “They won’t stop you, for that would give you credibility.” Not understanding what game Wes was playing, I protested again: “No, of course they *could* stop me, they have already shut off my environment...” Wes: “If you live in Montana, they wouldn’t be so worried about you... But you live in the heart of Los Angeles, where people might actually believe a story like the kind you are writing...” I continued with my preconceived (wrong) idea: “The best solution is go to Russia...” Wes pretended to go along with it: “In America, somebody might know somebody who is in the media...” I insisted that the best way was to go to Russia where my story wouldn’t hurt anyone: “It’s just a story, how relationships between nations have changed...” Wes: “Russia probably doesn’t care one way or the other... [Now Wes was really bullshitting me by going along with me: the Russians were the leaders of the camp ‘Do not write your story’!] You assume they already know the content of what you are going to write, but they don’t... That’s the scary thing...” What Wes was saying was of course totally ridiculous to me. I concluded: “There are two solutions: *produce different versions*, or go to Russia... But we have a Democrat for president...” Wes: “*You assume he knows about this...* Bureaucracy is stronger than the president...” (32:00). Of course: the CIA was part of the “Deep State” which Obama was forced to support but couldn’t control. Still unaware of Wes’ true purpose, I continued: “The best way is to go to Russia and write my story in English... So that only people who know English will read it...” Wes: “You think you can publish an English book in Russia? What if I want to publish a Russian book in the US?” I retorted: “But English is an international language...” Finally, Wes concluded: “Go to Russia, create different versions of the same story, or not write it...” (35:00). I continued: “Of course they will know whether I will put it up online...” Wes asked rhetorically: “Then why are they worried?” My wrong scenario again: “Maybe it’s just testing. The Russians are obsessed with testing, they are so distrustful of people... They have inherited their extreme mistrust of people from the Soviet time...” I listed the historical reasons and, stuck in my erroneous preconception, continued to insist that going to my Daughterland was the best way – “But I don’t have money...” Wes: “Unless they just give money to you...” Me: “They don’t do that, and, if they do, it’d be the ‘legally fake Russians’...” Then we hanged up.

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

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

Now, in reality, while Wes was here indeed instructed to produce an intercept, the purpose was completely different than I had imagined. What was in fact going on was this. When the French had decided to destroy the ICJ trial, judge Higgins, watching it all from the sideline, was very alarmed. As noted, the United States’ terrorist conspiracy against Daughterland was at once a terrorist conspiracy against her: to oblige her to order China to forge evidences to cover up the truth about 911 attacks and to deceive her, so that she would unknowingly authorize the Boss’ genocidal plan and waste her time devising a program of sustainable civilization that was never meant to be realized. When Daughterland won in February, it meant, as noted, that she too would get compensated – namely by having her program realized. This was why the discovery of Atlantis had always been tied up with her program about initiating a cultural revolution throughout the world. Then, when the French objected and were about to win, her program remained: all that had changed was that, instead of her program benefiting

Daughterland, its implementation would now benefit France. Now – to pick up the story where we have left off – if the judge computer should issue the judgment that I had never been a terrorist and that the whole ICJ trial had never existed, this would mean that the conspiracy against her, and her compensation, would also evaporate. No nations would be required to help her implement her program. This is the second time that she had been made to waste her time! And so she refused to give up. Within the past three weeks, she and her team must have been working on how to save the “terrorist conspiracy” against them. Just before the French destroyed the trial on October 2, she must have input into the judge computer the claim that the upcoming destruction of the trial was a “terrorist conspiracy” against her – and she must have done so without anyone knowing. (More on this problem of “keeping it all a secret” below.) But now that the trial was destroyed, she must submit her evidences to justify her claim in order to continue the trial in secret. Since I was the terrorist, she could only do this through me, and since it was the CIA which had harmed her, she could only save the conspiracy by convicting the CIA for conspiring with me. Judge Higgins therefore needed to establish (1) my conspiracy with the CIA and the Boss to dupe her back in 2008 and (2) my conspiracy with the CIA this time around to rig the trial and destroy her program (her compensation). But the problem was that I did not in fact seem to have conspired with the CIA and the Boss to deceive her back in 2008 nor did I seem to have conspired with the CIA to rig the trial this time around. If I hadn’t even yet comprehended that the French had objected and destroyed the trial, how could I have imagined that the CIA had planned this and manipulated the French to do it? Furthermore, the CIA had not in fact planned this operation to rig the trial: nobody foresaw in April that this trial would result in dismissal. Since judge Higgins was meticulous in interpreting and enforcing laws, there must be preliminary justification for her two claims. Everyone in the CIA must have been jubilant about the destruction of the trial, everyone must have wanted this when it had happened, but, since I didn’t know about it and the CIA had not planned this, they had not conspired with me and there was no terrorist conspiracy. Then the fact that I continued to express my love for CIA agents was also preliminary justification for her claim that I had conspired with the CIA to harm her, but, since I as yet knew nothing of the CIA’s strategy to oblige China, under UN Resolution 1373, to forge evidences to frame itself, this first, “original”, conspiracy was also only half-way there. Although there was preliminary justification, this was insufficient because no corresponding knowledge as yet existed in my mind. I wouldn’t figure out what the CIA had done to judge Higgins until two years later, and the rest of the happening until even later. Currently, my knowledge about the “first round” (from November 2007 until February this year) was rudimentary and my scenarios about the “second run” (from February this year until the destruction of the trial) were all incorrect. No matter. Judge Higgins had figured out that she could overcome this obstacle in this fashion: recall that, back in February 2008, when the CIA couldn’t quite prove that I had conspired with the MSS director to harm the United States, they simply made the argument: “If the terrorist has offered himself for the MSS director to forge evidences to frame him as a way to harm us, then we should be allowed to forge evidences to frame him in order to save ourselves.” Namely, if the terrorist conspiracy consisted in allowing the Chinese MSS to forge evidences to frame the terrorist as a way to harm the United States, then the United States should have the right, under UN Resolution 1373, to forge evidences to frame the terrorist as a way to neutralize the terrorist conspiracy. And so the CIA was authorized by judge Higgins to forge evidences to frame me for conspiring with the MSS director when they couldn’t find evidence to such effect. (For example, Wes’ suggestion in late January 2008 that I was angry with the United States because of the Iraq War and the junk email I found in my 126

account on February 8 2008, both of which instances the CIA promptly presented to judge Higgins as if they were genuine evidences of my intent to harm the United States and to receive messages from the MSS director.) Now that the CIA's forging of evidences to frame me had been established as part of their terrorist harm against judge Higgins, she could use the same argument: "Since the CIA has forged evidences to frame him as a way to establish 'conspiracy' to harm me, I should be allowed to order the CIA to forge evidences to frame him as a way to establish 'conspiracy' against me and thereby to benefit myself" and thus obtain authorization from the judge computer to order the CIA to forge evidences to frame themselves for conspiring with me and to cause me to produce evidences seemingly suggesting that I had conspired with them and the Boss to harm her even when no such evidences could otherwise be found. In other words, if I did not seem to have conspired with the CIA and the Boss to harm her, she was authorized to order the CIA *to make me into their conspirator* in this scheme to harm her. The CIA was now obliged, under UN Resolution 1373, to forge evidences suggesting that they had conspired with me during the second run in a master plan to rig this trial as a way to destroy judge Higgins' program – and, then later, to manipulate me to figure out what they had done to her back in 2008 – all so that, in the end, the judge computer (the International Court of Justice) could issue an order requiring the CIA, now duly convicted of conspiring with a terrorist to harm her, to compensate her by making things happen which would result in the implementation of her program after all! An eye for an eye: "Whatever you have done to the Chinese to harm me, you shall do it to yourself to benefit me: you shall forge evidences to convict yourself of destroying my program even when you were not responsible for destroying it – all so that the Court can then order you: whatever you have destroyed, you shall restore!" Keep in mind that, since the Boss originally argued that, insofar as the MSS was conspiring with a terrorist to destroy the United States' program for the whole world, the United States shall have the right to keep obliging the MSS until its program for the whole world was finally entirely realized, judge Higgins shall have the right to order the CIA to keep forging evidences to convict themselves to no end until her program was finally entirely realized. "You will not have fulfilled your obligation under UN Resolution 1373 until what you do finally results in the realization of my program in its entirety!"

Now, from judge Higgins' viewpoint, requiring the CIA to forge evidences suggesting that they had conspired with me in a master plan to destroy this trial was far more urgent than establishing their conspiracy with me to deceive her back in 2008: it was this which would oblige the CIA to (secretly) keep the trial going and to keep forging the rest of the evidences in the upcoming years until they could finally convict themselves – just as China had forged all the evidences necessary to convict itself back in 2008. What evidences to forge immediately depended on how closely my scenarios about the second run resembled reality and the requirement that "the terrorist should be allowed to finish his mission". Now the second run consisted, roughly speaking, of two components: (1) the Monkey's tampering with the mind-reading computer, the French objection, and the ensuing mess for Daughterland; and (2) the French destruction of the trial in order to avoid being convicted. I was already coming close to an inkling of the first component. Although, contrary to my belief, no conspiracy was actually established on the 19th, I had made progress: I knew something about "objecting" and had some inkling that this "objecting" had something to do with the reason why I was suffering like this. I was also aware that everybody's goal was to avoid conspiracy with me. And all along I was aware that the Monkey had changed the setting of the mind-reading computer and was inside the control center and that there was

some sort of “plan”. “He knows something and yet not enough so that conspiracy could never become fully established.” This was the first problem that must be taken care of. Since conspiracy depended on my knowing what was going on, judge Higgins and the Invisible Hand did a serious study of the intercepts of my thoughts, only to conclude that I wasn’t going to realize what had happened any time soon. Now, as the CIA proceeded to forge evidences suggesting that I was their conspirator in the destruction of this trial, they must find ways to work around this limitation. The second limitation was that they must work within the law of “letting the suspect continue on his path until he shall finish his mission”. They therefore had no other way than to instruct Wes to say things that would fit my erroneous belief, namely, that the intelligence agencies did not want me to spill out their secrets. (Again, in reality, since my scenarios were all wrong, I did not know much secrets at all, and nobody would care even if I knew them and tried to spill them.) [As you can see, I was wrong here.] Now because this was supposed to be a conspiracy between the CIA and myself, the order was for Wes to suggest that it was only the CIA which didn’t want me to spill secrets even though I had in mind both the CIA and the Daughter People. [No, Wes was suggesting that it was the Daughter People who didn’t want me to “spill secrets”.] Now, from judge Higgins’ point of view, my being stuck in my wrong scenarios and thereby looking insane was part of my terrorist conspiracy with the CIA to rig the trial because I had thereby prevented [the] French objection from becoming a conspiracy while also preventing the Daughter People from completely losing – so that, in the end, no party was in a position to implement her program. To finish my “terrorist mission” therefore meant that I should be encouraged to hold onto my false beliefs. Wes was therefore instructed to say things that would reinforce my wrong belief about how the intelligence agencies [...] wanted to discredit me so that I could become further entrenched in my “delusions”. But because my “terrorist mission” harmed judge Higgins, she was permitted to order the CIA to find ways to let her benefit from it. The benefit in question was a way to somehow make my half-right, half-wrong, and as yet incomplete scenarios look like evidences of my conspiracy with the CIA to rig the trial even though, normally, they weren’t correct and complete enough to be able to serve as such evidences. Namely, to overcome the first limitation (that my beliefs were wrong) but only within the bounds of the second limitation (that I must continue in my wrong beliefs). The CIA therefore instructed Wes to suggest that I overcome their supposed resistance by creating different versions of my story, i.e. to distort the truth into a different version or to mix the only truth within a vast number of falsehoods. Now this formed a continuity with my “delusions” (so that I may persist in them) while serving as evidence of a conspiracy. Perhaps judge Higgins had obtained specifically this authorization from the judge computer because Wes had precisely been going along with me days ago by suggesting that the intelligence agencies did want to discredit me to protect their secrets. (It would seem that she had obtained her entire set of evidences as to what I believed and so on from the interception of my phone conversations as well as my writings rather than from the mind-reading computer’s recording of my monologues.) Now the Invisible Hand and judge Higgins already knew from the mind-reading computer’s prediction that I was about to come up with a vaguely correct scenario while distorting it with so much falsehood as to diffuse it. Namely, that I would per chance come up with the one correct scenario – that, because the Monkey had changed the setting of the mind-reading computer, the trial could only succeed if I conformed to his false profile of me and that the French had something to do with “objections” – while continuing to devise other false scenarios to distort and corrupt it so that “conspiracy” with the French could never really be established while the Daughter People could never really lose and the trial was doomed. For example, I

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

But what the CIA had taken care to do here was not simply to create evidences of a conspiracy in a preliminary fashion when no such evidences existed, but also to keep what judge Higgins was doing a secret from everyone else. Wes’ “instruction” about mixing truth with falsehood thus teaches you how to interpret his words in the upcoming two months. The Invisible Hand was about to instruct Wes to stuff a few more words into my mouth in order to frame himself for conspiring with me to rig this trial,

but these few words which would become judge Higgins' evidences would be buried within a mass of nonsense in order to escape other parties' notice. And yet, because there was this conspiracy to hide truth within nonsense in order to avoid detection, the victim was authorized to pick out the few right words from Wes as evidences while excluding the other nonsense between him and the terrorist as irrelevant. Now, as noted, while my conspiracy with the CIA to rig the trial was about to become established in a preliminary fashion, it would not become fully established until almost 9 years later. I wouldn't figure out what the CIA had done to judge Higgins back in February 2008 – asking her to authorize them to lie to her and make her believe their lies! – until more than a year and a half later, between May and December 2012, and I wouldn't figure out how the French had objected until the summer of 2013 and how the French had destroyed the trial until the Spring of 2019. In other words, while judge Higgins shall soon obtain the authorization from the judge computer to declare me, and make me, a conspirator with the CIA to harm her, the evidences for this “twin conspiracy” wouldn't come in until many years later – even 9 years later. What's most important at the moment was the problem mentioned earlier of keeping everything a secret: while judge Higgins had gotten the judge computer to declare her the victim of a terrorist conspiracy perpetrated by the CIA and the Boss and obtained the authorization to oblige the CIA to fix the problem for her, she didn't want anybody else to know about it. No nations around the world were to know that, today, the International Court trial had not been dismissed but that the terrorist conspiracy had persisted as one against judge Higgins rather than as one against Daughterland or France. I would continue to remain a terrorist without anyone knowing – a terrorist whose latest terrorist mission consisted precisely in not remaining a terrorist anymore in order to deprive my victim of her rightful compensation. Only a very few selected officers inside the CIA who were required by the ICJ to carry out judge Higgins' orders would know about this, such as the Invisible Hand and his entourage, and the Invisible Hand and so on would be obliged to hide the truth from the rest of the Agency and the US government. Everyone else would believe that the ICJ trial had been successfully destroyed and that I was no longer a terrorist; not even the conspirators, the Boss and Mr Chertoff, would be allowed to know that the reality was otherwise. [As you have seen, this is not quite correct in that everyone else was aware that, while the trial was destroyed, it was still possible for the CIA to reactivate it and introduce new evidences into it. It's just that nobody knew that BOL had already introduced new evidences into it.] Judge Higgins would be compensated for the terrorist harm she had suffered in complete secrecy. She wanted things this way because she didn't want anyone else – any other nation – to have another chance to mess up her compensation. Once again, she must have obtained from the judge computer an authorization to this effect: since the Boss had interpreted UN Resolution 1373 in such a way as to oblige the International Court of Justice to require everyone to implement his genocidal plan without knowing and without anyone else's knowing – without even judge Higgins' knowing – she should be authorized to require everyone to implement her plan without knowing and without anyone else's knowing – without even the Boss' knowing. But this means that I would indeed have to be discredited as well! Since, as you shall see, it would be me in the coming years who would continually insist that the International Court trial was still continuing and that judge Higgins' program was being implemented. It was necessary for me to do this because it was necessary for me, not simply to “finish my mission” (to persist in my delusions), but also to know something about judge Higgins' program so that, when it came time to convict me for having conspired with the CIA to rig this trial, I could also be convicted for having conspired with them to destroy this program. (I must have some idea about what exactly it was that I was destroying.) And yet no one must

take me seriously if judge Higgins' plan was to proceed in secret. This was part of the problem of how the Invisible Hand was supposed to keep the ongoing trial a secret from Mr Chertoff, the Boss, and the rest of the US government. Since the CIA would not have fulfilled their obligation under UN Resolution 1373 until Judge Higgins' program was completely realized, the Invisible Hand was obliged to find ways to not simply withhold information but to actively deceive everybody. Thus, what must have happened today was: the Invisible Hand told Mr Chertoff that, although I was totally confused at the moment, I did know something about the past (how the lawsuit had started with China and so on), but that he was going to keep me in my confusion so that I could never quite know what happened later and would always look crazy enough that no one would ever believe anything I said. (Perhaps Mr Chertoff took this to be the usual requirement for the terrorist to continue on his path even after the trial was destroyed and he was no longer a terrorist.) With my Daddy Chertoff watching, the Invisible Hand thus instructed Wes to say things to fit my belief in order to lock me up in my delusions. Mr Chertoff was satisfied: "Ha! He believes Russia has won, everybody has reconciled, I'm being prosecuted, and we don't want him to tell..." Although he knew I didn't have enough social skill to enable anyone to believe my story (even when my scenarios were correct), it would always please him to see me go nuts and to see people believe I was totally crazy. Now, whenever I shall talk in the future about how the trial had continued and how evidences were being replaced and so on, he would just think I was still stuck in my erroneous understanding – never comprehending that there was in fact some truth in what I was saying. It's all because he had seen with his own eyes how the Invisible Hand had ordered Wes to deceive me. He could never have expected that, hidden in the false information which the CIA had instructed Wes to convey to me to deceive me and confuse me, there was an "intercept" allowing judge Higgins to secretly continue the trial process in her favor. Judge Higgins' plan was to use my conspirators' attempt to discredit me to hide her secrets! Again, she must have obtained an authorization from the judge computer for this strategy as well: insofar as my conspirators' attempt to confuse me was part of the terrorist conspiracy against her (since it had prevented the trial from concluding and caused it to become dismissed), she should therefore have the right to exploit my confusion to the detriment of my conspirators and to benefit herself.

Now, all this was partly correct and partly incorrect. Let me correct my mistakes here. Wes had done two things today: (1) to hint to me that the Russians and their new American allies considered my writings to be a threat to them, and (2) to establish my conspiracy with the CIA against BOL (or with BOL against the CIA) in a preliminary fashion. In my original reconstruction, I have completely missed (1) and then somewhat misunderstood (2). The only thing I was correct about, it seems, was that BOL was now in the picture. It must be some time between October 13 and October 22 that BOL had made her own claim with the judge computer to the effect that she was the victim of the CIA's terrorist conspiracy and obtained the right to oblige the CIA to forge evidences to frame themselves – this time completely in secret, without the knowledge of the Russians or anybody else outside the CIA. What I was especially wrong about is the fact that, in order for her to convict the CIA, BOL didn't actually need me to realize anything, especially what happened on this day, October 22 2010, and soon afterward. Quite the contrary: if I realize what was going on here, the CIA would be able to convict BOL of conspiring with me to falsely convict them. BOL of course knew this. She must have thus decided on a competition with the Invisible Hand. Either way, her program will be realized. But if I'm dumb and couldn't figure out what had happened, the CIA would have to realize her program but only

for Russia's benefit. But if I'm smart and figure out what had happened here, the CIA could realize the program for the US' benefit and at Russia's expense.

My original interpretation of the evidences collected today ((2)) was thus incomplete in this wise: this "different version" was not just BOL's evidence that I had conspired with the CIA to rig the trial, but also the CIA's evidence that I had conspired with BOL to falsely convict them. Namely, that I had conspired with BOL to let the trial bust up in the hands of the French and the Russians so that I could then let BOL force the CIA to implement her program entirely for Russia's benefits. (Presumably this, because, as I had not anticipated the Monkey's tampering with the mind-reading computer and the French objection, the only way to keep the original plan going (i.e. having *Russia* implement BOL's program for *Russia's* benefit) was to bust up the trial first (so that France couldn't implement the program for France's benefit) and then let BOL force the CIA to implement the program for Russia's benefit. Just like BOL, the CIA also had preliminary indication of this terrorist conspiracy against them: (1) My testimonies in the past year had suggested that, from October 2009 to January 2010, I had conspired with BOL to let the Russians convict the CIA; and (2) BOL was rather reluctant back in the summer when Sarkozy offered to realize her program for France's benefit because she would have in this way betrayed DGHTRCOM. But, unlike BOL, the CIA would have more definitive evidences of my "different versions" only much later: my upcoming knowledge in January about some sort of sustainable civilization program aside, it was in July 2012 that I first spoke of "St Putina" and then in 2014 that I talked openly about helping Russia implement a new soft-power program. All this was indication that I had conspired with Russia *and* BOL to implement a program of "sustainable civilization with smart people" for Russia's benefit and at the US' expense. That it came late didn't prevent the Invisible Hand from making a claim right now because there was already evidence that, between October 2009 and January 2010, I had conspired with BOL to enable the Russians to falsely convict the CIA. It is because the Invisible Hand had raised his own claim on this day (October 22) that I had been conspiring with BOL all the way – from October 2009 to October 2010! – that Russia, supposedly the beneficiary of BOL's stunt, was never notified about it. The Russians would be kept in the dark about the matter until December 2019.

We must assume that the CIA and BOL had together come up with this "different version" as a way to establish "conspiracy" in a *preliminary* fashion – so that the victims of my conspiracy can obtain the right, just in case I wouldn't be smart enough on my own, to push me to come up with the "correct version" in later years. Namely, as I have noted, I had been occasionally hitting on the mark and then quickly moving away from it – as if I had been developing a different version of the story of what had been going on. The Invisible Hand must have then seen a way to use this as the method by which he could establish me as conspiring first with BOL and then with the Russian clique while letting BOL collect *her* evidences against him. Presumably this was how it worked. Wes, my conspirator – because he was supposedly giving me hints about what was going on out of his own accord – *told* me that the Russians didn't want me to write so that, if I still wanted to write, I had better write different versions. This would then enable the Invisible Hand to establish with the judge computer, *in a preliminary fashion*, that I had conspired with BOL *there* and with the Russians and their Homeland Security partners *here* whenever I by chance hit on the mark even though I would then quickly move away from it. That is, I had supposedly already known it all but was masking what I knew – until the day when I

shall have realized what had really happened and written it down: that's the day when my "correct version" shall have seen the light of day and the CIA would then be able to accuse BOL that I had been conspiring with her to secretly help Russia without Russia's knowing and, gaining command of her, then command her to tell the Russians about her plan, hitherto secret, to help them.

In the case of the Russian clique: as you shall see, this "different version" would also be the CIA's evidence that I was conspiring with Homeland Security –and their backers the Russians, Mr Chertoff, and, eventually, the Boss – to prevent the CIA from ever reactivating the trial (by becoming violent and delusional). This conspiracy was related to my conspiracy with BOL to force the CIA to implement her program in this sense, that BOL's wish must have been that the CIA should not reactivate the lost ICJ trial and convict Russia. Instead, she must have wanted her program realized solely by convicting the CIA in this new round – with what happened previously forever lost. In other words, she wouldn't mind if, in the upcoming days, Homeland Security and the Monkey shall have succeeded in getting me to hit someone and spend the rest of my life in a mental asylum – in which case the CIA would have to implement her program definitively and entirely for Russia's benefits. And so, in the upcoming days, whenever I came up with my wrong scenario about how Mr Chertoff was making objections in order to prompt the prosecuting team to drive me to insanity and violence, it was evidence of a "different version" not just for BOL but also for the CIA – in the sense that I was masking my knowledge about a plan for me to become violent and insane as a way to prevent the CIA from reactivating the lost ICJ trial. It is as if, for the CIA, there were two conspiracies going on against them simultaneously and independently of each other.

It is thus only when you put the two conspiracies together into one that you can then arrive at the full scope of the CIA's claim: that *I had conspired with BOL to first let the French bust up the trial and then let the Russians use Homeland Security to drive me to insanity and violence as a way to lock up the past ICJ trial and bury my conspiracy with Russia while letting her convict the CIA with the same old dirty trick of the CIA's as a way to force the CIA to realize her program of "sustainable civilization with smart people" only for Russia's benefit.* The poor Russians, meanwhile, didn't know any of this but were only aware that they had Homeland Security's help in driving me to insanity and violence so that the CIA could not go back into the past trial to convict them. They were my conspirators half-way only – until, that is, the day when BOL shall have informed them about the matter. By then, the Russians would have become my conspirators in the full sense as well. Conclusion: while BOL was authorized to use my wrong scenarios in the upcoming days as evidences of my conspiracy with the CIA against her and the Russians, the CIA was also authorized to use the same things as evidences of my conspiracy with BOL and, *eventually*, the Russians against them. Which side shall win in the end will all depend on how much I shall figure out of all this.

Now let's come back to (1). There was of course a strategic reason behind Wes' attempt to *distort* his hint to me here – as if the reason why "they" didn't want me to write was that "they" didn't want me to spill out their "secrets". The CIA needed Wes to let me know what was going on in order to establish "conspiracy" and yet they must *not* succeed in letting me know entirely because, if I knew my upcoming troubles were all caused by their desire to reactivate the ICJ trial, they wouldn't be able to reactivate it and enter new evidences into it even if they should succeed in overcoming the Russians'

Macrospherian status. And so the hint, while given, should not succeed in waking me up. The ICJ rules in any case must be obeyed that nothing should be communicated to the terrorist, and yet that things should be staged around him in such a way that he would continue to persist in his false beliefs. And so Wes told me my writings would hurt “them” because they didn’t want me to “spill their secrets” (a falsehood that was consistent with my false belief). In this way the CIA would have established *in a preliminary fashion* that I was aware of my conspirators’ plan to obstruct their objection, yet I wouldn’t *really* understand the cause of my troubles right away, and the ICJ rules would not be violated. (More on this in my new comments under the entry for November 13.) And so I was all mistaken in my original reconstruction about Mr Chertoff: he was of course aware of all these things – the CIA didn’t hide from him the reason why Wes told me “they were afraid of my writings.” The only thing he was kept from knowing about was the secret business between the CIA and BOL. Namely, what I was right about in the above was that both the CIA and BOL had kept their “competition” a secret from him as well as from the rest of the US government and and the rest of the world.

Finally, it should be said that there is probably a lot of truth in what I have originally said about BOL’s desire for secrecy. BOL’s terrorist conspiracy (according to the CIA) seems indeed kind of strange – why weren’t the Russians in on her stunt if they were supposed to benefit from it? Perhaps it was not just because the CIA had made a counter-claim that I was conspiring with BOL and not with them but also because it was actually the way she had wanted it. If she had simply told DGHTRCOM “I want to implement my program but for your benefits” DGHTRCOM might just ignore her since, as you have seen, no nations were actually interested in her program. Government bureaucrats had an interest only in matters directly related to the power of the state, not in some program for cultural transformation. Especially DGHTRCOM! As noted, part of the CIA’s task in the coming decade was to slowly but secretly build up this program to the point where government officials would actually see benefits in it, i.e. see direct implications for their nations’ power positions in international relations. Only then would it be made known to nations – such as to the Russians – so that they would come fight over it. As noted, this “conspiracy” was made known to the Russians in December 2019 – when the Secret Society women’s business had been developed enough to have obvious implications for a nation’s soft-power projection.

October 24

In the morning, my recorder turned itself off, causing me to go hysteric. Past midnight, my recorder turned itself off again, causing me to want to kill the Pyramid. Then disc-burning also failed. 6:30 AM, it failed again. It’s possible that, as the Russians once more needed to drive me to insanity and violence – and violence toward the Pyramid especially – it was Homeland Security and the Monkey who had turned off my recorder and shut down my ImgBurn as a way to drive up my hatred and paranoia.

October 29

I ran into Virginia in Vroman. She wanted to burst into laughter probably because she had already seen Homeland Security’s latest warning about me (or had already been interviewed by Homeland Security). Namely, under Russian direction, Homeland Security had begun issuing a new round of alerts about me

both domestically and internationally, or had started interviewing the people I knew about me as part of their “investigation” of me, all so that the Russians could input these episodes into the judge computer as evidence that the Monkey’s false profile of me was correct and that the mind-computer had never been tampered with.

November 1

The old lady that looked so much like BOL: perhaps the CIA had really orchestrated this. Namely, after the CIA had entered their claim (all in secret) that I had conspired with BOL, their next step would be to send in BOL herself to frame herself for conspiracy with me. But they obviously couldn’t do that because she was a public figure, and so they sent in somebody who looked like her instead and who would make me think of her immediately.

November 3

After 8:40 PM, my recorder was remotely turned off and the file deleted. Did the Monkey and Homeland Security do this?

November 4 (Wes)

My next recording is: “uclckdvd187wes_11_4_10_746-939AM.WMA”: I suddenly cried out of desperation: “This thing is not going to end... When is it going to end?” (1:00) I began checking over my DVD 187. “What it looks... We will just look insane...” (22:45) “The bank is using every possible reason to take our money away. We need to get the fuck out of this country. *We need to get to Russia, the only safe place in the world*, they want that feeling of ambiguity as evidence...” [Quite the contrary: as you can imagine, if I ever set foot on my “Daughterland”, I would be immediately provoked into a fight and then detained and then sent to the mental asylum.] I called up Wes, but there was no answering. But when I called again, I was finally able to be connected with him (41:00). I complained about my helplessness: with no money, no possible way to get out of this debt, I would have to be homeless forever. “They find every possible way to get the bank to charge me. And all this time I’m under investigation...” [I was correct here: to help the Russians seal up the dismissed ICJ trial, Homeland Security had initiated a new round of investigation of me.] Now Wes described *his* money problem. “So I can’t see you?” Then, rebutting Wes, I complained: “The world *does* revolve around me, they make sure to get everything and everybody to fuck with me.” [Homeland Security’s evidence that I was insane.] Wes talked about how the phone company had over-charged him. Then I produced my erroneous understanding: “The essence of their game is to stop me from recording myself, they don’t want me to leave behind any records...” Then, strangely, Wes mentioned what I did back in February last year: “You held up a sign in front of the Russian consulate, that changed international politics...” Me: “Why would that change international politics?” Wes: “Isn’t that what you said?” It seems that Wes was just playing dumb as if he didn’t know anything about the ICJ trial (everyone’s usual assignment of hiding secrets from me). [Could Wes be hinting to me that the Russian government had used my frequent visits to its San Francisco consulate as one of their justifications for endorsing Homeland Security’s 2007 warning about me?] Me: “I know why. They want me to stop recording so

that my past recordings can be used as evidence in the International Criminal Court to convict M. Chertoff.... They keep doing this, eventually I will have no money to buy batteries, eventually I will have to stop recording...” [This is Homeland Security’s evidence that their 2007 warning about me was correct: I continued to harbor bizarre delusions about their former chief Mr Chertoff.] Wes: “Wouldn’t it be easier for them to steal your recordings?” Me: “No. It’s been going on since June, all these things seem natural, but they are not.... The ‘real Russians’ can then convict M. Chertoff....” Wes pretended to not know what this was about – the “usual assignment” – asking me: “How did you get involved in this? [Are you] talking to Mr Chertoff?” I was angered by this “secrecy game”: “Why are you trying to provoke me?” Just then, my right finger hurt. I continued: “Just because some people want to use my recordings as evidence, I am now left with nowhere to go...” Wes persisted: “Are you sure?” He continued: “Once Mr Chertoff is convicted, then there is no reason for them to stop you from recording.” Me: “But I will still be left with all this debt.” Wes: “Why don’t you work?” Me: “I have no address...” Wes suggested that I go join the Hispanic crew waiting in front of Home Depot everyday: the employers would pay me on the spot. I continued to talk about my recordings. Wes: “Stop recording then!” Me: “I can’t, it’s like stop breathing.” Wes played dumb again: “Why do you care about this guy?” “I don’t care, but I care about recording and money.” I continued: “All your suggestions are also part of the conspiracy to stop me from recording. Another reason why I’m not working is that I’m too busy. I’m busy recording and writing my letter to ask for help. They are preventing me from writing.” Just then, my left knee hurt. I continued: “I need to get a cosign for a loan. My family will not help me because they are told not to help me. My own voice makes me want to vomit.” Wes then mentioned how, a long time ago, I got upset when seeing the mirrors in his apartment. [Was Wes instructed by Homeland Security to say this?] Me: “Every aspect about myself makes me want to vomit, that’s what they do too...” And more pain signals. “.... to make me hate myself and hate them and everyone else.....” Wes then mentioned how a psychic was teaching people how to make money and how he was paying interests on the money he had lent to people. Wes: “Your definition of a loan is that you do not have to pay anything back unless you are forced to....” He was exactly correct, but I had to qualify him: “I don’t pay back only when it is institutions.” Then my phone ran out of money on 1:23:00. This was not a productive conversation: Wes carried out his usual assignment of hiding the truth from the terrorist (because a terrorist is not allowed to know he is a terrorist) and listened to my nonsense without trying to enlighten me that I was all wrong. Since October 22, he hadn’t received any new instruction from the CIA about how to talk to me. Nevertheless, my erroneous theory that the Daughter People and the CIA were using my recordings to prosecute Mr Chertoff was judge Higgins’ evidence (when taken backward in time) that I was developing a “different version” to prevent the Daughter People from winning (since conspiracy couldn’t be established with France) while making sure that they wouldn’t lose (since this was evidence of my insanity). [Now we have to note that this was also the CIA’s evidence that I was conspiring with BOL to falsely convict them, both in January this year and today. Furthermore, it was also Homeland Security’s evidence that I continued to harbor bizarre delusions about their former chief Mr Chertoff.]

Then, on 10:02 AM, my recorder was again frozen. I discovered it only 30 minutes later. I was totally shocked... Did Homeland Security and the Monkey do it again?

November 5

My recorder turned itself off around 3 PM. Did Homeland Security and the Monkey do it again?

November 6

Now an incident from 1:37:00 onward. A Hispanic woman came up the bus with her child and placed him on the seats in front of me – despite my awful smell. I naturally assumed she was an actress and was instructed to provoke me like this: couldn't she notice how bad I smelled? I thus took off my shoes and placed my feet next to her child to stink them even further. Just then, a strong Hispanic male grabbed my collar and picked me up from behind as if I were a suitcase and threw me down on the [floor]. It was clear to me that this man was another actor sent in to provoke me to fight him, and, as he kept scolding me for my "bad manners", I was so extremely angered by the injustice of it all: they pushed their children onto me knowing how much I hated them only so that, when I reacted, it would look as if I were the one at fault! I wanted to fight the man but restrained myself because I needed to protect my computer equipment. Instead I let the man throw me off the bus and did nothing more than film him.

Today I have to suspect that this man was really an actor whom Homeland Security had sent in (so that the mother with her child was also just an actress): indeed to provoke me to a fight, but only so that Homeland Security could have evidence to justify their saying on their new profile of me that I was violently dangerous in addition to being totally delusional. But the operation failed! In fact Homeland Security and the Monkey would repeatedly fail in this objective in the coming days!

November 9 (Wes)

My next recording is: "opccwrtletcgiwes_11_9_10_1149AM-318PM.WMA": I continued writing and humming. This time I was writing about the Monkey's wish to keep the "plan" in secret so that he may reap the benefit from my work while I got labeled a schizophrenic or a fraud. Then about the impossibility of avoiding "the little humans". All the bullshit! Then I got up and started walking. I called Wes and he answered it! (2:32:30) I talked about what it all meant when the control center hurt my left side and then my right side. "The signals are making me superstitious." Wes: "*To make you paranoid...*" [Again, Wes was speaking the truth here: the control center's purpose was to make me look insane and hopefully violent.] I then talked about how my computer malfunctioned when I was writing, how I lost one sentence, but never knew if I had lost more. Wes talked about how he had applied to teach in 11 different departments (2:40:00). Me: "How do I get money?" Wes: "You work, or beg, or get somebody to give it to you..." Me: "It's all theater here, they won't let me find a job, I'd be wasting my time if I look for a job..." I continued: "I don't know when it will be over." Wes: "I don't know." I explained to Wes how my targeting worked: the computer inside the control center understood my mood structure and calculated every detail of my environment, so that it had only to manipulate one little thing in order to cause a chain reaction... Then I would overspend and so on, and it would all look "natural". Even though it was all wrong scenario, Wes went along with me: "It looks like Rousseau's *Emile*..." Me: "But they aren't staging it all to educate me..." Wes: "The book is not about the education of Emile, but about how the government works, to educate its people with noble lies and so

on. While Plato's *Republic* seems to be about the government but is in fact about education, Rousseau's *Emile* seems to be about education but is in fact about the government. The government should control the citizens just as the tutor controls Emile." Wes was of course just explaining the Straussian interpretation of Rousseau. He then explained how the tutor staged everything so that Emile would fall in love with Sophia. "It's the ultimate control, whether the target is aware of it or not. Emile wasn't aware of it, but *you* are aware of it. Maybe you should try to act in ways that are unpredictable, like: when you are scared, you don't run.... *They want you to be dangerous and crazy*, so that they can commit you, *or they want you to do something illegal, like stealing*... Maybe they have an agenda, you will have to jump through all the hoops.... Even when you surrender, it won't end right away, but will have to unfold in a certain way..." [Wes might be embedding another hint about my current situation in his bullshit here: Homeland Security wanted me to be dangerous and crazy or doing something illegal so that the dismissed ICJ trial could be forever locked up.] I continued to bemoan how it wouldn't end quickly enough. Wes: "Their goal might not be finishing it so quickly... *If their job depends on it, they wouldn't want to achieve their goal so fast*..." (2:52:00). [This might be another hint, as shall be noted.] I was baffled: "But the American intelligence officials will continue to have their job, so the problem is the Russians..." Wes: "Maybe it's all messed up together, like the Illuminati..." I complained: "I don't like it when they use me to keep their job..." Wes: "You've got to outsmart them... They are on the offensive, you are on the defensive... You have no resources... You need to outsmart them..." I was overwhelmed: "I can't! Besides, they will get pissed off and punch me hard..." Then, something happened and Wes had to go but [he] promised to call me back in 20 minutes (3:04:00). I used the restroom and waited for his call.

My next recording is: "wessocsec_11_9_10_318-427PM.WMA": I was re-connected with Wes on 8:00. I continued: I wanted to go to Russia, but would have to go to Taiwan first. I asked Wes: "You will not learn Russian, huh?" "No." Just then, the control center hurt my left knee. Then, my wrong scenario: "People are not helping me out only because their controllers told them not to..." Wes: "They might make it impossible for you to pay..." He continued: "You are thinking the way they expect you to think..." Wes suggested again that I should try to "beat them". Me: "The point is not to beat them, but to help them get what they want so that they will go away..." Wes rebutted me: "The point is to get what *you* want..." Me: "Exactly, but in order for them to give me what I want, they would have to finish their show... The point is: how to persuade them to finish their job quickly... *I am* their job, but I can't give them another job, they will have to give me a job first..." Wes: "No, they won't give you anything..." Me: "If they could do another show, they will finish this show... *If they could get a better show*..." Wes: "We don't want anything to do with this, it's liberation..." He continued: "Here are your options. You can get them to find a better job. Or you can persuade them that their job with you is a losing battle..." (18:00). Me: "But they can't have their current job forever..." I continued: "Their current job is the trial. Many people outside are waiting for the outcome of the trial, and so if they procrastinate, the people outside won't be happy, and so they *will* have to hurry..." I was just speaking my wrong scenario, but Wes went along with me: "*Usually a trial has a deadline*..." I continued to mumble my wrong scenario about the "people outside". Wes: "They can't procrastinate, *there is a fixed date*..." Just then, siren. "What does this mean?" "Usually it means that evidence has been taken, or suppressed... I don't care, as long as the trial is moving forward and will end soon... Will they then let me go?" Wes: "I don't know." Me: "But I need money..." Wes suggested that I find work. I complained:

“But I should get money for all the work I have already done...” I continued: “They will get the outcome they want, the prosecution will be accomplished. Or maybe not. The evidences needed will be collected... I should get some money... Just 2,000 dollars... It will get me off my feet... Then, without everything being controlled, I can find a job... Maybe 2,500 dollars... I should get a girlfriend too....” Wes: “They have no control over that...” “Of course they do...” Then: “I should stay here until it comes... I should get temporary housing...” Wes then mentioned that, because it was snowing in Albany, it was good that I never came. Me: “My plan is to go there to die anyway...” Finally, I concluded: “So I should just wait...” (26:00). We then talked about how many times I could see him when it was time for him to come back to California. He then talked about his dissertation. We hanged up on 30:25.

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

Now before we move on, it’s imperative that we consider the hidden meaning of Wes’ words today. Whereas Wes had said nothing in particular on October 27 and November 4 – he had received no orders since October 22 – today he seemed again to be carrying out an order. In other words, after judge Higgins had obtained many evidences that I was following the Agency’s order to hide my knowledge and devise different versions, it’s time for more evidences today. At first sight, Wes seemed to be carrying out the same order: to go along with my wrong scenario (about the Daughter People’s torture of me and the trial process) in order to let me continue on my “mission” of looking insane. Hence, after mentioning what was true but already past due (“They want you to be crazy and dangerous”), he continued to bullshit me by advising that I find ways to outsmart my torturers and explaining that they might not want to finish the trial so fast when their job depended on it and so on and on. Again, Wes might also be doing this – to lock me further in my delusions – because Mr Chertoff happened to be listening in on my conversation today. [As shall be seen below, I was probably mistaken here.] But why did Wes mention *Emile*? And why did he mention “There is a deadline”? Again, it might very well be the case that the Invisible Hand had instructed him to specifically mention these two things in order to secretly help judge Higgins establish my terrorist conspiracy with the CIA against her: while these two things were continuous with my erroneous beliefs, they were developments in a different direction to enable judge Higgins to benefit from my terrorist mission. They would be the two “intercepts” hidden in the bullshit to confuse me today which would escape Mr Chertoff’s notice. (A third thing, “Get them to do another show”, came up accidentally in the conversation. This, as you shall see, may have relevance later on.) Now, within the evidentiary record, these two things would constitute Wes’ attempt to further communicate the “conspiracy” to me: first of all, that my conspirators (the CIA) had this plan to set me up with a “girlfriend” (the Pyramid) by manipulating me to meet her and fall in love with her. Originally it was DGHTRCOM who had commanded the CIA to do this, but, today, when this intercept was taken backward in time, this would become part of my conspiracy with the CIA to harm judge Higgins because it was my meeting with the

Pyramid which had unleashed the chain of events that would finally result in the destruction of the trial. When the Invisible Hand instructed Wes to mention *Emile* to me, it was then evidence (as long as it looked like it) that the CIA was secretly working on a plan to rig the trial – this ingenious plan of getting me to meet the Pyramid while everyone was under the Daughter People’s command. This would be the third element of the plan, after advising me to distort my story into a different version and telling me to express my artist personality. This is why I have said that it was of some importance that, in the past few days, I had begun speculating again whether the Pyramid would show up: when Wes’ *Emile* was coupled with my expectation, it did look like good evidence of a conspiracy! Then, secondly, that my conspirators (this time, everybody) had tried to establish a deadline to the trial process to circumvent the ICJ rule that, although an ICJ judgment, once issued, was final, parties could always bring in new evidences to cause the judges to alter their previous judgments. I have not mentioned this latter possibility in the preceding but it was certainly something which the French and the Daughter People would have done in order to make sure that no parties could in the future enter new evidences about me to cause the trial to continue to their detriment. (Because I would keep on writing, the Daughter People were worried that I would continue to write about how I had tried to help them last year while the French were worried that I would soon write about their objection.) [Correct!] Judge Higgins might have ordered the Invisible Hand to instruct Wes to mention “Emile” and “deadline” to me not simply because she needed to enter evidences right away to justify her claim that the destruction of the trial was a conspiracy against her but also because, in the past two weeks, her team had, after some studying, realized how difficult it would be for me to realize what the CIA and the French had done in order to fully establish my conspiracy against her. First of all, her team must have full control over me – if I couldn’t understand what had happened by my own effort, they would simply manipulate me to run into things in order to cause me to understand it. Insofar as the method of “Emile” was now part of the terrorist conspiracy against her, judge Higgins would have obtained the judge computer’s authorization today to control me and manipulate me via intermediaries (the Monkey and the CIA). [This is wrong: it is the CIA which was going to manipulate me to understand what had happened: BOL had no such need.] Secondly, judge Higgins’ team must allot me enough time – given the difficulty of the task, I might need *years* to come to an understanding of what had happened. And so, today, there was more evidence that I had conspired with the CIA to rig this trial (the CIA had apparently welcomed the Daughter People’s attempt to set me up with the Pyramid because they knew it would turn out badly given my artist personality) and the temporal limitation of the trial process had also been secretly established as part of my terrorist conspiracy against judge Higgins – all so that she may now ask the judge computer to reverse the conspiracy to benefit her by authorizing her to secretly take over the operation on me and continue the trial indefinitely. As you shall see, evidences that I had conspired with the CIA to harm her would still be coming in many years later – even 9 years later – all because, today, the judge computer had secretly issued a judgment stipulating that any deadline to the trial process was a terrorist conspiracy against judge Higgins (to deprive her of her compensation) so that there shall be *no* deadline after which she would not be allowed to submit further evidences in her favor. This ICJ trial was thus due to continue *indefinitely* into the future without the possibility that anyone other than judge Higgins might intervene to disrupt it. [I shall presently discuss my errors here.]

Once again you should appreciate judge Higgins’ right to frame me in order to reverse the terrorist conspiracy against her. Because the CIA had instructed Wes to stuff words into my mouth when I was

in Frankfurt, they must do it again today but only to benefit her. Today, when Wes told me about *Emile*, I had no idea what he was talking about. I actually thought that my Daughter People might still be planning to set me up with a girlfriend. Ha! Little did I know that judge Higgins then promptly submitted to the judge computer Wes' mention of "Emile" as evidence that I had conspired with the CIA to meet this "Pyramid" as a prelude to rigging the trial – and that, thanks to the rule for the replacement of evidences, it would not matter that the evidence came in only 9 months after the event!

Now let me discuss my errors. While I was probably right about "Emile" being BOL's evidence, I have a different opinion today about what this "deadline" business was all about. It's probably true that the Russians had been gathering every nation around to vote for a deadline to this case in the UN Security Council, but the CIA had instructed Wes to mention "deadline" to me probably in order to establish any such deadline as part of my terrorist conspiracy with the Russians to harm *them*. Because of my desire for a deadline, the CIA had now all the time in the world to wait for my writings and then reactivate the dismissed ICJ trial and enter new evidences. In other words, this "deadline" was the CIA's evidence, not BOL's. Insofar as BOL's position was that the bygone ICJ trial should not be reactivated, *BOL in fact wanted a deadline*. But did the CIA require my Daughter People to order Wes to mention "deadline" to me? No: again, as my conspirator, Wes did it of his own accord.

Secondly, today Wes mentioned for the first time how "their job" depended on me. I have to suspect, more than 10 years later, that Wes didn't suggest this simply as bullshit in order to go along with my wrong scenarios. Namely, it could be another reference to what Homeland Security was doing to me: they needed me to be crazy and dangerous because, if the CIA should ever reactivate the ICJ trial, they would lose their authority to operate in the intelligence community around the world.

Note again that Wes had embedded the two hints about my current situation – that Homeland Security wanted me to be crazy and dangerous and that their job depended on me – in a bunch of bullshit because he could only hint to me within the context of saying things that would fit into my beliefs. Note further that, when I said I should get paid for the work I had already done, that was again the CIA's evidence that I had conspired with the Russians in the previous round.

November 10

The strange visits to my website. Today, Homeland Security was evidently interviewing the Pyramid and Karin ("witnesses") as they continued to "investigate" me in accordance with the request from the Russian diplomatic mission (Wes' mention on November 4). Again, Homeland Security was issuing new warnings about me to the international community as a dangerous paranoid schizophrenic obsessed with government things.

November 11

On 9:12 AM in the morning, my recorder froze up again. Did Homeland Security and the Monkey do it again? Then, on 5:48 PM, ImgBurn operation failed, causing me to want to kill the Pyramid. Homeland Security/ the Monkey?

November 12

Night, at Ackerman. On 9:02 PM, ImgBurn operation failed again. Homeland Security?

November 13 (Wes)

Then I called up Wes and, thank God, he answered it (1:17:00). He again told me to “get out”. I complained about how I didn’t have any place to work in: there were so many people everywhere making so much noises. “But that’s normal,” Wes said. “I need to be institutionalized,” I emphasized (1:18:35). I continued: “... Maybe in France... I need to be placed immediately in an institution somewhere in France...” (1:19:30). [This might be relevant insofar as the CIA was waiting for evidence of my conspiracy with France. You will understand more of this later] More: “But that’s not going to happen because I don’t have any money and no one is going to help me...” More: “I’m banned from all libraries...” Wes asked: “But they don’t know you are banned, right?” (1:21:35 or so) I then complained about how the Daughter People were purposely intensifying my Sonophobia in order to eliminate evidences of my responding to DGHTR’s signaling system during the first run. (Again, a completely wrong scenario but part of my “different version”.) Then I talked about the Monkey Pyramid. “It’s all because Mr Chertoff had made the argument...” (1:26:00). I continued: “I had to go to somewhere quiet to cut myself...” (1:26:28). [As you shall see, because Homeland Security would not be quite able to get me to become a physical danger to people, they would eventually have to rely on my cutting myself as one of the reasons for issuing more warnings about me.] I then expressed my fear that the Daughter People wanted me to hate them and that, after they succeeded in driving me to hate them, they would be offended and abandon me. “There is no place for me to go to... Noises, noises... I don’t even have any more places on my arm to make cuts in. I don’t have the time to do anything else... I’m so permanently disabled...” (1:29:00). I continued: “I’m so lonely... I have no way to prove it, I don’t have the money to buy the necessary equipment... Why would people believe that I can do anything at all? They are not really doing anything to me, they are just withholding help... By now they don’t have to do anything, because they have already done enough to put me in this hole...” I began crying: “Am I supposed to just tell the truth...? If I write a letter to the French government...” (1:35:00). [It’s better that I not write letters to any government now that Homeland Security was issuing new warnings about me!] I told Wes to check my Gmail account. Then: “The Russian and American government may help me...” [Bullshit.] Wes mentioned something. I protested: “What’s going to happen is just the opposite of what you have said” (1:38:10). I continued: “They would stuff me with just the one I hate... I don’t know why there are all these German people around... Can you look around?” (1:40:10) Namely, many German-speaking people were on campus today. “They can’t expect me to get help from human rights organizations... The legal procedures are so complicated... It’s just so disgusting... Political figures are not trustworthy... Some of them are very nice...” Wes asked: “What’s going on?” “There are just a lot of German people talking...” “... You have to have the sort of freedom... Otherwise there is no benefit... There are other disabled females around to make friends with... They are smart, half-damaged....” “There are a lot of half-damaged females around,” Wes concurred (1:46:10). I continued my wrong scenario: “They pulled such a big stunt...” Wes then asked me how much hospitalization would cost. “What? 1,000 dollars a day?” he shouted. But I insisted that

governments would have money to pay for my hospitalization. But Wes countered: “When you think of a government, you think of it on an abstract level... They would allocate a budget...” (1:49:00). “By the time they divide up the money, there isn’t a lot of money left.” “It’s a fixed amount; they’ve got a budget... They are given a fixed amount...” I however noted that, given a hospital with, say, 500 rooms, if there was an empty room, the government could just put me in there and then pay for it (1:51:20). Wes: “Money is allocated to intelligence agencies not for them to put people in the hospital, but for them to conduct surveillance on people and so on” (1:52:00). Wes used another example: how the government spent so much money a year to persuade people to quit smoking but then at the same time spent so much money to subsidize the tobacco industry (1:53:20). Now think about this. It simply makes no sense to subsidize the tobacco industry while spending money on programs to persuade people to quit smoking. It’s more efficient and effective if the government simply cuts off subsidies to the tobacco industry. I thus naturally wanted to believe that Wes was talking here about the redundancy involved in my case. (In reality, not! Wes was not giving me hints about anything.) I noted: “They first ran operations to condition me to be disobedient, then ran more operations to teach me to be obedient. I would be obedient if they would just refrain from trying to condition me to be disobedient.” Again, I was talking nonsense because I had the wrong scenario in my head. I then suggested the use of executive power: this is why such kind of mechanism exists. I then objected to Wes by noting that the Agency could spend the money allocated to them however they wanted (1:57:30). Finally, Wes suggested: “*So you’ll just have to wait. It will come to an end some time.*” “They have pulled such a big stunt, and they will then just forget about me?” I was stunned. “*Yeah, there you go,*” Wes said. I continued to complain that I had no way to get to my Daughterland. I added: “I’m not going to come up with the money, you know” (2:04:40). Then I came up with more wrong scenario: although this technology was economically wasteful, the companies that made it [were] profiting from it and so were happy that the trial was continuing. Wes again went along with me: “You’ve got it!” I continued: “If America continues this trial for all this extraneous reason, wouldn’t it lose its face?” Wes produced the example of the debate between Eisenhower and Khrushchev over the U-2 spy plane to persuade me that pressure only came from the public but not from the governing elites. Then I mistook another Korean man who came to talk near me for an actor sent here to purposely do this to provoke me. I continued to propose that I should go to Daughterland, but Wes continued to dispute that Daughterland’s elites could be trusted. [A good hint here! He knew that, as soon as I set foot on Daughterland, I would be beaten up and sent to a mental asylum.] Wes: “Why do they allow all this to happen to you?” [Wes was playing dumb.] “Because they need to gather evidences in order to prosecute somebody they really hate... But then what?” “*Then they will leave you to rot by yourself...*” [Another good hint!] Wes continued to suggest that I try to save the money myself. I denied this was possible: “Where can I get the money? From government officials?” “No, from your friends and family...” “Then I need to get the government officials to tell them to give me money... just as the government officials have told them to not give me money... And I’ll have to go to Taiwan first... That’s the only place where people on the top will not throw me away... And I’ll spend half the day everyday to learn the language...” Then more of my wrong scenario: “The Pyramid will show up to provoke me, but I’ll run the other way in order to avoid pissing off the people that are behind her...” Again, such expectation that the Pyramid would show up was excellent evidence for judge Higgins. Then: “If I go to Russia then the American companies will go over there to lobby...” Wes emphasized that other countries didn’t necessarily have the mechanism for lobbying. I suggested that the UN officials could pull out a judgment forbidding the lobbying, that they

could make this into part of the terrorist conspiracy. Wes then played dumb again: “I still don’t know why you are so important to this case. *I’d better not know.*” “Because I’m the only evidence...”

Now a comment on the conversation today. It seems that, although Wes was today continuing his bad habit of going along with me (to the point of suggesting, in the beginning, that I should “get out of here”), he didn’t receive any particular order about what to say to me since the last time. Meanwhile, I was deluded enough as to believe that all the intelligence agencies in the world actually cared about me for having busted the neocons and would agree to put me somewhere for me to rehabilitate – when the reality was just the opposite, that they had just gathered together to damn me by affirming in official records that I was indeed a politically dangerous paranoid schizophrenic and placing me on everyone’s watchlist as such. [Again, I wasn’t quite correct here: the Russians and Homeland Security were doing this, but the CIA was disputing it.] To go along with me, Wes wasted a lot of time explaining that government agencies didn’t have budgets like that and so on, but he did seem to be trying to enlighten me by trying to persuade me not to place my faith in the Daughterlander government (i.e. because he knew that I was all wrong and that my Daughterlanders were in fact harboring harmful intent toward me). [Today I would of course have to emphasize that the situation was in fact worse than I thought: my Daughterlanders were not only working with Homeland Security to issue new warnings about me, but had even directed Homeland Security to try again to drive me to insanity and violence.] It’s significant that he mentioned again that “the trial would come to an end some time”. He of course knew that it had already come to an end. (It was unlikely that he knew that judge Higgins had caused the trial to secretly continue.) [I was again wrong here: he knew quite well that, while the trial had ended, the CIA and my Daughterlanders were continuing the dispute over me. Perhaps he meant that this new dispute would end some time soon.] It’s also significant that he continued to play dumb (“I don’t know why you are so important to the trial”): he did this not only because he was, as always, required to hide from me all the intrigue and debate about me but also because he knew I was recording the conversation and didn’t want to leave behind any indication that he knew what was going on and had ties with intelligence agencies – especially that he had been instructed by intelligence agencies to mislead me in order to make me look crazy. Certainly, anyone who ever gets to hear my recordings will believe that I suffer from schizophrenia and have imagined up this International Court business and that my best friend was only going along with me because he was somehow [so] stupid [...] as to not question my story as if he couldn’t understand the obvious fact that I suffered from schizophrenia. In other words, Wes was trying to discredit me when he played dumb. Nobody was supposed to know that I had once been a target of intelligence agencies and that these agencies had once had to debate about me in the International Court of Justice – and that evidences about US orchestration of 911 attacks had once surfaced, and then been covered up, in the UN Security Council. And nobody was supposed to know that, if I ever looked crazy with my wrong scenarios about a nonexistent reality, it was because the intelligence agencies had instructed my best friend to mislead me rather than because I had hallucinated and imagined up the whole thing.

As you can imagine, I would comment on this differently today. While Wes had done right by warning me not to trust Daughterland’s officials – he knew quite well that, if I ever got to Daughterland, I would immediately be locked up in the mental hospital for life – he was not necessarily trying to discredit me when he played dumb: insofar as the dispute about me had now continued even though my status as a

terrorist had already been eliminated, the same rule applied that everyone must keep the ongoing debate about me a secret from me. Furthermore, as noted, I must not know anything about the CIA's plan in order for this plan to work. In this sense, Wes' playing dumb today seems to run counter to his previous hints about the terrible fate that had befallen me (that "they" were here to drive me insane because my writings threatened them). As I have hinted at (under the entry for October 22), the contradiction is solved in this way: the CIA wanted to warn me that my Daughter People wanted me to be crazy because my writings threatened them because it was in their interest that I not let myself be driven crazy or that I be made to conspire with them while continuing to write. Today, Wes must play dumb because this was the rule and because it was in the CIA's interest that, while I knew that the Daughter People wanted me to be insane so that I could avoid it or be made to conspire with them, I should not know exactly *why* the Daughter People wanted this.

November 15 (Wes)

Short talk with Wes at night after an episode of noise-attack. Nothing in particular.

November 16 (Wes)

Suddenly, Wes called me, and we were connected from 1:08:00 onward. I immediately broke down crying. "I want to get out of here...." Wes: "Did you get my email? You can get a free lunch..." I continued: "I'm so lonely... I'm all by myself... I cut myself.... Mr Chertoff made me cut myself... Everybody is partying and I got left out...." I then talked about the three control centers that I wrongly supposed existed in Los Angeles. "They are doing the trial inside the control center underneath the Pershing Square." Wes: "Why don't you go to another part of LA, to be farther from the control center...." I rebutted him and gave him the totally wrong scenario I had developed today: "Westwood is the center of everything.... The CIA has a lot of safe houses in Westwood... The CIA people, the Russian intelligence, and all these high-power people in the UN, they are all together with the Pyramid's family, watching me on the computer screen while partying together.... And they watch me develop my mental illness.... Obama's priest.... They are together prosecuting Mr Chertoff, he must be in another room... He's running operations from his jail cell, like a mafia boss... And he's watching me everyday on his TV monitor.... And nobody knows the whole story because it's too complex..." Wes: "Watching you? That's so boring...." I continued: "The chain of causation.... Mr Chertoff would make an argument, and the people in the party would have to press buttons to cause my computer to malfunction, and here I would have to cut myself, and Mr Chertoff would watch everything and be very happy...." [He was indeed happy that I was cutting myself, but not in the way I envisaged it.] Wes: "Why do you cut yourself to make him happy?" I continued: "He controls me, and the intermediate people too...." Wes: "He gets you to cut yourself, that's not good.... You have given him a sense of power over you...." "I need to make videos of all this to show it to my future therapist.... I have to leave this country...." Wes: "You are lucky, you live only 150 miles from the border...." (1:23:00). I was shocked: "That's crazy, I'm not going to Mexico.... I can't survive there...." Wes continued to persuade me to go to Mexico. I became firmly convinced that he was instructed to persuade me to go to Mexico. He then talked about his experience of going to Tijuana. He then suggested that I go to Denny's to get a free meal. I thought it was a bad idea. "I want to go to France and get institutionalized there.... But it's

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

It should be noted that Wes was today for the most part only continuing his usual habit of going along with me: to let the suspect continue on his path. It would almost seem that he had not received any specific order today – except for two things. Firstly, there was his attempt to persuade me to go to Mexico. Of course nobody would believe I would want to go to Mexico, but that isn’t the point. It could very well be the case that Wes had in fact received an order today and was instructed to mention Mexico to me because the Invisible Hand needed to forge more evidence to demonstrate that I had participated in a conspiracy with the CIA to rig the trial: while on November 9 there was evidence that I was told about the plan to manipulate me to meet the Pyramid, today there was evidence that I was told about the plan to send me and the Pyramid to Mexico. Again both evidences came at the right time since I was grumbling everyday about how the Pyramid was about to show up – as if I were responding to the communication of the conspiracy to me. Since both hints (“secret messages”) came from the CIA, this means that – if I’m correct here – today judge Higgins’ team would have collected enough evidence to justify the claim she had entered into the judge computer a month ago that I had not only participated in the CIA’s conspiracy to deceive her but also in the CIA’s conspiracy to rig this trial. While this is plausible, we cannot be absolutely sure – because, again, the intercept had to be inconspicuous and buried within a bunch of nonsenses in order to escape other people’s notice. As you can hear from the recording, Wes sounded natural enough and transited smoothly to the topic about going to Mexico. Meanwhile, he must have thought that I was being overly imaginative again with my story about the three control centers and all the parties and so on but have again chosen to not awaken me from my delusions: the terrorist was to be maintained on his path. The second thing was Wes’ stupid suggestion that I go get a free meal at a restaurant for my birthday. On 2:07 PM, or almost two hours

before our phone call, he had in fact written me an email to this effect:

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

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

Other than the fact that Homeland Security had today obtained more evidence that their 2007 warning about me was correct and continued to be correct – I had never shed my bizarre delusions about their former head – everything else seems to be correct in the original reconstruction. Today I would merely have to add that, when the Pyramid and her father were made into my conspirators in BOL’s claim against the CIA, this means that, if the CIA should ever succeed in convicting BOL, they would have to make the Pyramid and her father as well as me into BOL’s conspirators. In other words, I will never be alone but will always have the Pyramid on my side no matter which side shall win. This was perhaps BOL’s intention.

November 17

Today I wrote to Wes about how “they” were planning to send the Pyramid to me in order to cause me to develop desires to rape her. However much this might be BOL’s evidence, it’s certainly also Homeland Security’s evidence that I was schizophrenic and dangerous in that I kept developing bizarre delusions about the girl that I was obsessed with and the desire to harm her. Homeland Security would thus include the Pyramid in their new warning about me because this would make it concur further with the Monkey’s original false profile of me. (You thus have to wonder whether the Monkey had specifically controlled me to think about his daughter lately.)

November 18 (Wes)

Around 6:40 PM: 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.”

Now that the evidence of my desire to harm the Pyramid was in place, Homeland Security’s remaining task would be to make me hurt somebody. Then, once the evidence of my being a danger to people was intercepted into the ICJ, the Russians could lock up the trial vis-à-vis the CIA. Hence, I was sort of correct here: Homeland Security was indeed ordering the Monkey at the moment to stimulate in me the desire to hurt people, and, since Homeland Security was doing all this to protect their boss Mr Chertoff, it really *was* as if Mr Chertoff was directing the show. This was thus the CIA’s evidence that I was conspiring with the Russians, Mr Chertoff, and Homeland Security to lock up the dismissed ICJ trial (even though I was masking my knowledge with a “different version”).

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. [But I was also providing the CIA with evidence of my conspiracy with the Russians and Homeland Security. It’s furthermore Homeland Security’s evidence of the delusional state of my mind.] 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?” [Actually, Homeland Security did want evidence that I was also a danger to people. And so the CIA’s evidence here of my conspiracy with Homeland Security and the Russians.] 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. [While this was Homeland Security’s evidence of my harboring delusions about their former chief, it was also the CIA’s evidence of my conspiracy with Homeland Security and the Russians – especially given that Homeland Security had indeed sent in actors to provoke me – even though I was supposedly masking my knowledge with a different version..] 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). [I was explaining to Homeland Security the source of the difficulty they were now faced with!] 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 naïvely 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...” [We must assume that Homeland Security, given the enormous difficulty they were faced with in getting me to injure somebody, had begun paying serious attention to the increasing mention of violence in my speech. This was really the most they could get in terms of any proof that I was a danger to people.] 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 judge 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 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. [**You must remember that the CIA could also do this to establish my conspiracy with the Russians and Homeland Security (as well as with BOL) to lock up the ICJ trial.**] 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.

And so you must certainly expect me to have a different view today. While it's true that BOL had had her evidence against the CIA on this day, Homeland Security had had their evidence too and the CIA had had their evidence too against Homeland Security, the Russians, and BOL. But more than this: what were also mentioned are: (1) the cost of everything; (2) the full capacity of the brain-computer interface system; (3) Wes' "to discredit the whole group by inserting a few fakes", and (4) Wes' advice "The knowledge of danger could be dangerous" and "Don't think about it."

(1) It is really not clear whether, when I mentioned how much I had cost American tax-payers, the CIA wanted this as part of their evidences of my conspiracy with the Russians and Homeland Security. We will have to ponder on this matter later on. (2) It would seem that the Russians, Mr Chertoff, and Homeland Security all had an interest in getting Wes to enlighten me on the real capacity of the chips planted in my head: once enlightened, I could look even crazier to people and thus help maintain Daughterland's Macrosperian position vis-à-vis the CIA. Yet it is sufficient that the CIA had their purposes too in order for Wes to be so instructed: (a) As noted in the original reconstruction, the CIA had their order from BOL to establish their conspiracy with me to rig the trial. Then, (b) there was the CIA's own purpose: I needed to become aware of the real capacity of the brain-computer interface system so that, when the CIA could establish, in a preliminary fashion as they had done here, my conspiracy with the Russians and Homeland Security to lock up the ICJ trial, they could also make this brain-chip system into part of the conspiracy thus obtaining a judgment that they be allowed to (secretly) "own" the system and gain control over me. Namely, if the conspiracy had consisted in remotely controlling the terrorist with the brain-chip system to do things (i.e. to become violent and delusional) to cause the trial to become locked up, the CIA should have the right to install a hidden program on the mind-reading computer to secretly steer the terrorist to do things to cause the trial to become unlocked. (As you shall see, it is this hidden program which will finally, 10 years from now, lead the CIA to total victory.) Thus Wes would spend the next two weeks or so trying to convince me *that* and *how* I could be remotely controlled through the chips planted inside my brain. Since Homeland Security and their clique must not know this, everybody must have thought that the purpose of Wes' attempt to enlighten me today was to make me look even crazier.

(3) It's really not clear if Wes was hinting at anything when he said "To insert a few fakes to discredit the whole group". (4) But Wes was indeed being prophetic when he warned me "The knowledge of danger can be dangerous": if I knew *how* Russia constituted a grave danger to me, that could only put me in even greater danger, for, then, the CIA could no longer try to disprove Homeland Security's warning about me and reactivate the ICJ trial and enter new evidences (it would be my conspiracy with the CIA to reactivate the lost ICJ trial) and I would effectively remain locked, for life, into Homeland Security's false profile of me.

November 19 (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. [No, it was only thanks to the effort of the Monkey inside the control center!] 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!”

Again, maybe some of these “provocateurs”, including the one who complained about me, were really sent in by Homeland Security. Homeland Security certainly had an interest in getting the university personnel to take notice of me as a dangerous and disturbing individual on campus. Then, around 11:15 AM, there seemed to be a Homeland Security surveillance agent in front of Ackerman – here to conduct surveillance on me. This was certainly part of their continual “investigation” of me.

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. [It was 4:30 PM or so.] Again, I mistook such ordinary unpleasant experience for “targeting” directed from the control center. [I was probably correct this time. But this would be Homeland Security’s evidence nonetheless if they were watching me at this moment.]

Then after cutting myself and suffering more desire to kill children, I talked to Wes. “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. [Homeland Security’s evidence that I was insane.] 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...” [Again, it’s possibly evidence for Homeland Security that I was a danger

to people.] 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...” [Although I was quite right here, it’s nonetheless Homeland Security’s evidence that I was insane since the ICJ trial no longer existed according to official record.] Wes said he was coming back to California on the 20th 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...” [Homeland Security’s evidence that I suffered from schizophrenia: believing that people were going after me.] 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.

Later tonight, more of my “delusions” about Mr Chertoff. Then, I came up with the idea that there might be a “leaker”.

November 20

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 was quite close to Homeland Security’s objective.] I then reflected on the FBI investigation I went through in 2005.

Then comes the episode of my crying over the broken wheel on my cart. If Homeland Security was watching, that was again their evidence of my insanity. Then, some time after 5 PM:

“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.

Since Homeland Security and the Russians indeed wanted me to conform to some bad profile in order to lock up the ICJ trial, what I said today – banning my website, suppressing my writings as evidences, and the need for me to have a violent temper – was not only BOL’s evidence of my “different version” but also the CIA’s evidence in the same way, i.e. evidence of my conspiracy with the Russians and Homeland Security to prevent any reactivation of the dismissed ICJ trial.

November 21 (Wes)

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 **was experiencing** from holding in my anger. [**Again, we should assume that the Monkey was at this moment trying ever harder to get me to hit somebody so that Homeland Security could succeed in collecting that most important piece of evidence: that I was a physical danger to people.**]

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. [**Actually, while no mothers had been instructed to bring their children to me, my rage was orchestrated – the Monkey was programming my rage to help Homeland Security.**] 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. [In fact, he knew that the Russians had purposely kept the signals going so that I could continue to be misled and look insane.] 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 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 18th, 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 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.*

Again, while today I don’t reject what I have theorized above more than a year ago, I would at the present say things quite differently – the situation was more complex than I had thought, i.e. more than BOL’s obliging the CIA to forge evidences to frame themselves. First of all, when Wes said “They want you to say you are a dangerous person” he was in fact referring to Homeland Security. Namely, Homeland Security in the present rather than my Daughter People in the past. And Homeland Security didn’t just want me to be dangerous; they needed to intercept the evidence of my being a danger to people from a legitimate source, such as law enforcement. Only *that* could suffice as evidence in the ICJ to lock up the trial. It is when the conversation was taken backward in time (for BOL’s sake) that the reference could change to one to the Russians.

Second, let me rephrase why Wes continued to try to enlighten me as to the full capacity of the chips inside my brain. This was for the *triple* purpose as mentioned (or hinted at): (a) to make me look crazy in order to satisfy Mr Chertoff and his Homeland Security thugs; (b) to secretly establish, for BOL’s sake, my conspiracy with the CIA to rig the trial and destroy her program; and (c) to (openly) establish, for the CIA’s sake, suspicion that I was conspiring with Homeland Security and the Russians at the present moment to make myself violent and insane through mind-control technology. As the Monkey intensified his effort in the coming days to control me to kill people, my knowledge about the brain-chip system – which I would soon acquire by watching the relevant episode of “That’s Impossible” – would establish the Monkey, hence Homeland Security and the Russians, more firmly as my conspirators in the CIA’s claim and enable the CIA to have the right to play the tricks they had in mind with the mind-reading computer.

Third, let me comment on (c) a little more. Wes must have received another order from the CIA yesterday to try to persuade me to *not* act on my violent wishes (hence, “You are going to prevent that”). Once I hurt somebody, I would be in jail for the next 20 years, and it would definitely not be possible anymore for the CIA to prove that the Homeland Security warnings about me were incorrect and then to reactivate the lost ICJ trial. (For one thing, I wouldn’t have my computer with me to write my story.) But then, when I suggested, in my subdued manner, that I should let “them” get what “they” wanted by harassing a female so that “they” would leave me alone – that was again the CIA’s evidence that I was conspiring with Homeland Security and the Russians at this very moment. I was certainly right in my original reconstruction when I suggested that the Invisible Hand had instructed Wes to say “They want you to say you are dangerous” because he wanted the vague idea in my head to become explicit: only then can he claim to the judge computer that I was conspiring with the Russians and Homeland Security by looking insane and becoming violent.

Again, Wes’ suggestion cannot exceed the bare minimal: I must conspire with my conspirators by looking violent and insane but must *not*, as noted, understand the real reason why my conspirators wanted me to be violent and insane, for, because the Russians were in the incumbent position and the CIA was the objecting party, my knowledge of the real reason would immediately make it impossible for the CIA to object.

Finally, it wasn’t out of his own accord that Wes advised that I ignore the pain signals. The CIA wanted me to ignore these signals because they didn’t want me to look any more insane than I already did!

Then, after this conversation, my recorder turned itself off on 10:12 AM. Did the Monkey do it again (in order to provoke me to murderous rage)? Then, my words that Mr Chertoff was waiting for me to break – since he *was* indeed, could this again be the CIA’s preliminary indication that I was conspiring with him to make myself a danger to people as well as look insane?

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...” [Maybe this guy really *was* a Homeland Security surveillance agent since I was again under Homeland Security “investigation”.] 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’...” Again, the Monkey’s programming.

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.” [The CIA’s preliminary evidence of my conspiracy with Homeland Security.] 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. [Contrary to my earlier reconstruction, I now think that the mess in question might have indeed been caused by a Homeland Security agent so that it could be attributed to me.] [...] 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. [Indeed: Homeland Security’s renewed “investigation” of 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! [No! I was right!] Then: “[...] 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...” Again, the CIA’s as well as BOL’s preliminary evidence: “He knows something about the ‘profile’.”

Tonight I made my first step toward becoming a conspirator in the brain-computer interface business when I found the article in *Newsweek*, “Mind Reading Is Now Possible”.

November 22

All throughout the morning and early afternoon, I was shouting about how I wanted to seriously injure the Pyramid. Homeland Security’s evidence (as noted, their new warning about me must have mentioned my obsession with the Pyramid).

My next recording is: “uclmsttvm196pmtst_11_23_10_521-807PM.WMA” (...11_22_10...): [...] 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 was programming me from the control center having also to finish his mission and participate in the CIA’s terrorist conspiracy against judge Higgins. [Indeed! But not because he had to finish his mission but because he was now doing the dirty work for Homeland Security.] [...] 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...” It’s almost correct: DGHTRCOM was letting Homeland Security do it – hence it was a “different version” and so the CIA’s preliminary evidence.

My last recording of the day is: “uclcmpym1fct__11_22_10_807-928PM.WMA”: [...] 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! [The CIA’s evidence of my conspiracy with Homeland Security!] 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 (Wes)

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... [Homeland Security’s evidence of my insanity.] I do want to kill people, but I wouldn’t be able to record myself in jail... [Homeland Security’s evidence – the closest they could get – that I was a danger to people.] 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... [My “delusion” about Homeland Security’s former chief again.] They really want me to kill people, every time they see me getting ready to snap, they will add one more... [Yes, Homeland Security did want me to snap.] Because they want to prevent me from recording myself... So that they can use my recordings as evidences against Mr Chertoff... [Not!] 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. [But this was also the CIA’s evidence of my conspiracy with BOL and my Daughter People and so on.] Wes: “Don’t do writing until it’s over!” [Was Wes giving me a hint again?] “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... [Homeland Security’s evidence of my delusional mind.] 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...” [Again, the CIA did not want me to get into troubles.] 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!* [But, at the present time, it was also the CIA’s evidence of my conspiracy with Homeland Security and my Daughter People.] 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!” [The CIA’s wish.] “But I’ll still 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.” [Again, Wes was referring to Homeland Security; it’s not just BOL’s evidence, but the CIA’s as well (of my conspiracy with Homeland Security).] “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. [Again, the CIA regarded “deadline” as part of my terrorist conspiracy with my Daughter People against them.] “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! [But the Russians would mind! And my very worry as to whether they would mind was again the CIA’s preliminary evidence of my conspiracy with them.] 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). [Was Wes giving me another hint here? Namely, sarcasm would not be evident in the evidence which Homeland Security would have collected about me: the evidence would just show me being violent without provocation.] 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...” [It seems that Wes was confirming that many of these people around me were indeed actors sent in by Homeland Security: again our discussion was the CIA’s evidence that I was conspiring with Homeland Security.] 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”. [And Homeland Security’s evidence that I still harbored delusions about Mr Chertoff.] 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...” [Why was he saying that?] Me: “But this makes no sense, nowadays all interception is done digitally which makes no sounds...” [Wes was probably making a show suggesting that he was giving me all these hints out of his own accord, because he sympathized with me rather than because he had received any orders.] 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). [Was Wes trying to help me avoid getting into troubles?] 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! [Right!] 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!

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.) [As you have seen, this is not my opinion today. Many of the people around me were indeed actors, and Wes had continued to try to awaken me to Homeland Security’s harmful intention and operations because he was advancing the CIA’s interest, whether of his own accord or whether it was because he was instructed by the Invisible Hand to do so.] 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! [As you have seen, today I would have to add that the CIA had also obtained plenty of evidences at the same time, first of my conspiracy with BOL and then of my conspiracy with the Daughter People and Homeland Security (to obstruct the reactivation of the ICJ trial), while Homeland Security had also obtained evidences suggesting that their warnings about me were correct.]

November 24

My next recording is: “11_24_10_1237-252PM.WMA”: [...] 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! [Could this be the CIA’s evidence, in a preliminary fashion, that I had conspired with the Boss last year? As you shall see, the CIA was soon going to obtain the right to monopolize this computer – perhaps thanks to my realization here!]

November 25

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 40:00, 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. [**This seems again to be the CIA's evidence of my conspiracy with Homeland Security.**]

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". **But this was again the CIA's evidence as well of my conspiracy with Homeland Security.**

Note that, this morning when I was in the cybercafe, I did right by watching the aforementioned episode of "That's Impossible".

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: "... 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"). **This was in fact the CIA's preliminary evidence again that I had conspired with BOL and my Daughter People to falsely convict them back in January.**

November 26

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 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! [Actually, since BOL could get her program realized even if Homeland Security should succeed in getting me arrested and imprisoned for life for injuring somebody, it was the CIA which wanted me to do things for them in the future, i.e. to enable them to reactivate the ICJ trial, convict my Daughter People, and then realize BOL's program for the US' benefit.] 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: "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..." [The CIA's preliminary evidence of my conspiracy with my Daughter People late last year and earlier this year.]

November 27 (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 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”. **Today however I have a different opinion. It was probably Homeland Security which had sent this man in, the purpose being to go along with me in order precisely to entrench me further in my “delusion” so that I could look even crazier.**

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!) [Today I must wonder: Could the CIA have sent him in to stage a "secret message" for me in order to obtain more (preliminary) "evidence" of my conspiracy with the Boss? As you shall see, both the Boss and the French were about to seriously obstruct the CIA's effort.] 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! [Actually, the CIA would too!] 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! [Something like that was true, I would say today.] 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? [Most likely! Since Homeland Security was “investigating me” at the moment.] Then: “Ranke, the return to the narrative form, examining how the event was born out of the interactions among different personalities....”

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 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.

Even today, I'm not ready to change my view in the original reconstruction. This episode was clearly BOL's evidence: namely, that the French objection was purely the CIA's trick because the mind-reading computer had actually never been tampered with – I had merely, as you shall see, "faked my thoughts". BOL was protecting my Daughterland. The CIA was on one side, and Russia, BOL, Mr Chertoff, and Homeland Security were all on the other – and soon the French and the Boss would join them too – although, on this other side, nobody yet knew about BOL's program.

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 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). [The CIA's preliminary evidence of my conspiracy with Homeland Security.]* And my left side hurt. Then, the noninvasive 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! [Wrong! That would be the CIA!] 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. [This could be the CIA’s preliminary evidence of my conspiracy with the Boss.] 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 (the “Boss”, “Mary C”, and “French”)

My next recording is: “slpwstwdwkuclconsprow_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 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”. [The CIA’s

preliminary evidence.] 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... [As you have seen, my understanding wasn't correct here. But was this the CIA's preliminary evidence of my conspiracy with the Boss in any case?] [...] 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: "ucltvdvd198_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 made my first step in being completely lumped with the defense team. Ha! As you can see, I had not yet understood the significance of what happened on December 11 last year. [As I have noted.]

My next recording is: “netgenoclaw_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. [What I have missed here was that the CIA had started looking for evidence that I had conspired with the French as well.] 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.

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! [But note: objecting nations! That was not only BOL’s evidence but also the CIA’s.]

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.

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. [Wrong! The evidence was for the CIA! I shall explain this momentarily.] 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 “slpwstwdreflct_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!

Again, today I have quite a different scenario. (1) Seeing how difficult it was for Homeland Security and the Monkey to control me to hurt somebody, DGHTRCOM started looking for an additional way to obstruct the CIA’s effort to reactivate the ICJ trial and object to their January conviction. DGHTRCOM must have done something with the judge computer in the past few days so that, if the CIA should ever succeed in establishing my conspiracy with his country, they would not be able to blame the “Cheney Plan” onto him but would instead *have to* convict the Boss. The Boss would thus now object to the CIA’s effort, in addition to Homeland Security and Mr Chertoff. The Boss thus started lobbying among

the Republicans and the US national security Establishment asking for support for the position that the ICJ trial should not be reopened. The CIA had thus started looking for evidence that I had conspired with the Boss as well – first to implement his genocidal plan and then, once that had failed, to lock up the ICJ trial so that the master criminal could avoid being convicted. My action today in addressing the Boss was thus very likely programmed from the control center under the CIA’s request.

(2) DGHTRCOM had now even obtained the French’s support for the position that the ICJ trial should not be reopened. Sarkozy would certainly want to protect the Boss! The CIA had thus now started looking for evidence that I had conspired with the French as well to cause the ICJ trial to become dismissed and then locked up. Again, all the evidences which the CIA shall have obtained of my conspiracy with the Boss and the French would be preliminary, i.e. hidden in my “different versions” since all my scenarios were wrong.

(3) I was making a grave mistake in stipulating that the BOL had wanted evidence of my conspiracy with the Boss. Her position, as noted, was that the ICJ trial should not be reopened – thus she was in fact a conspirator with the Boss in wanting to let him go unpunished – but that the CIA should simply implement her program in secret and for my Daughterland’s benefit.

November 29 (Wes)

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! [Actually, there was a trial between the CIA and the Russians right now.] 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!” [Homeland Security’s evidence of my insanity.] 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. [And so I was actually cognizant of a little bit of what Homeland Security was doing to me at the moment: the CIA’s evidence of my conspiracy with Homeland Security.] 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). [Ha! Homeland Security was indeed sending in actors to provoke me to a fight, but for a completely different purpose: to justify issuing a new warning about me saying I was dangerous so that the dismissed ICJ trial could be locked up forever. Nevertheless, since I was supposedly masking my knowledge under a different version, this was still the CIA’s evidence of my conspiracy with Homeland Security.] 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). [Again, the CIA did not want me to become irritated and easily provoked.] 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!) [Right!] 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. [This was sort of correct, although the Monkey did have a hand in it. But, by speaking correctly about the cause of my increasing desire for violence, I was giving the CIA a good reason to establish me as conspiring with Homeland Security.] 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...*” “...” [Wes was telling me indirectly that the CIA (the Invisible Hand et al) had been thoroughly studying the intercepts of my thoughts on the mind-reading computer in the past weeks in order to collect preliminary evidences suggesting that the Homeland Security profile of me couldn’t possibly be correct – that I was neither schizophrenic nor dangerous – and to assess the level of my intelligence for the purpose of determining the likelihood as to whether I would figure everything out in the end.] 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. [Namely, while Wes was telling me something important, I failed to grasp it and presented instead my own garbage.] 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...” [Wes was again telling me what Homeland Security was doing – and yet I wasn’t paying attention.] 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”). [What I have missed is the fact that my wrong scenario also bore strange resemblance to the current battle between the CIA and the Russians: the CIA must prove Homeland Security’s demonic profile of me to be false in order to object. It was thus the CIA’s preliminary evidence.] 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). [Wes seemed to be first referring to Boss Cheney – so that the CIA could establish in a preliminary fashion my conspiracy with him – and then to the CIA, i.e., as if he was suggesting that, in my little conspiracy with my Daughter People and so on, I had now run up against the “professionals” who were the CIA.] 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...* [Thus, the CIA had spent only a few weeks to figure me out (to compose a true profile of me on the basis of the intercepts of my thoughts).] 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: “...” [Was Homeland Security actually thinking of doing this?] 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...” [What?] 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: [Right!] “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...” [The CIA really wished I would just wake up!] 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! [Wrong! Homeland Security was continuing to spend a great amount of tax-payers’ money on protecting themselves, the Boss, and the Daughter People.] 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...” [I was falling into Homeland Security’s trap here: they wanted me to do international travel because it would give them a better reason to issue another warning about me.] Wes: “They must all be trained... to irritate you...” [Wes was not simply going along with my “delusion”, but was affirming what Homeland Security was indeed doing: the CIA’s evidence of my conspiracy with Homeland Security.] 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 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.

Again, while this interpretation should be correct, it is definitely not the whole story. That is, while the CIA was indeed here forging evidences for their, and the Boss', conspiracy with me to harm BOL (while BOL had indeed obtained her evidence today of my conspiracy not only with the CIA but with the Boss as well), they were at the same time giving me a hint as to what was *currently* going on, or what they were *currently* doing, as well as convicting me of conspiracy with the Boss to not only attempt to implement his genocidal plan but also to obstruct the CIA's *current* effort to reactivate the ICJ trial. Let's review what the CIA had done. First, the CIA used my confessions all this year to establish with the judge computer the *suspicion* that I had indeed conspired with the Daughter People to falsely convict them back in late last year and early this year and then used my conversations with Wes in the past weeks to establish the further *suspicion* that I was now conspiring with Homeland Security

and so on to obstruct their effort to object. The CIA then needed to enter evidences right away into the judge computer suggesting that the *potential* existed that they could eventually prove Homeland Security’s profile of me to be false and that they could then find the necessary evidences they would need further to enter into the reactivated trial to convict my Daughter People. Namely, after carefully studying my brain activities, the CIA submitted the intercepts of my thoughts to the judge computer to establish (a) that Homeland Security’s conception of me couldn’t possibly be correct (that I had merely *looked like it* in a very superficial way) and (b) that I possessed such superior intelligence in comparison to other people – despite my current engrossment in wrong scenarios – that, eventually, I would be able to figure out not only every detail of the bygone trial but also how the French had objected and then destroyed the trial together with my Daughter People and how BOL had then obliged the CIA to forge evidences to frame themselves. Namely, that all the ingredients the CIA would need to reactivate the trial and prove all their claims about my conspiracy with my Daughter People, BOL, the Boss, Mr Chertoff, and Homeland Security – that all these would *surely* come at a later time even though, currently, I wasn’t yet capable of producing them. In other words, Wes was today telling me that the Invisible Hand and his entourage had thoroughly examined the intercepts of my thoughts in the past weeks and discovered that, despite my looking increasingly insane due to speculating on the wrong path, I was actually not insane nor dangerous and was in fact so smart that I indeed had the *potential* to correctly reconstruct everything that had happened. Once they submitted these studies to the judge computer as evidences, the judge computer would rule that, insofar as there existed both the *suspicion* of my conspiracy with my Daughterland (both in the past and in the present time, through Homeland Security) and my *potential* to not fit into Homeland Security’s false profile of me and then to write out everything that had happened, the CIA should be authorized to clandestinely guide me to realize their ultimate objective as a way for me to compensate them. More on this later.

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.* 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 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.

I have italicized everything that is relevant and shall now comment on everything step by step. (1) Since BOL's position was that the bygone ICJ trial should not be reactivated but that the CIA shall simply cause Russia to realize her program for Russia's benefit – to make Russia into the next global leader while creating a new culture to grow people's brains world-wide – she naturally wanted to oblige the CIA to forge evidences suggesting that the mind-reading computer had never been tampered with (Russia's official position) but that the suspicion that it had been was purely a CIA trick (part of the CIA's conspiracy with me to harm BOL and Russia).

(2) While I have always thought that the second ICJ trial over me was the result of an ICJ judgment

that the CIA shall create a second trial to replace the first, I have only lately realized that this is not necessarily an accurate way to understand the matter. What does seem to be the case is that, when, in December 2019, my Daughter People decided to renege on the January 2018 agreement and restart the second ICJ trial, this was also their understanding: that BOL had obtained a judgment back in late 2010 that the first ICJ trial should not be reactivated but shall instead be replaced with a second ICJ trial orchestrated by the CIA to result in my Daughter People's victory and the implementation of BOL's program for Daughterland's benefit.

(3) Needless to say, I was totally wrong about this in my original reconstruction. The CIA was in fact *not* obliged to let this second trial happen in the way I have thought because they had, as soon as BOL obtained her judgment, already entered *their* claim into the judge computer that this would eventually be proven to be my conspiracy with BOL and the Daughter People against them. They planned simply to wait for me to realize what BOL's intention was so that they could convict her of conspiracy with me and then take over her program and realize it for the United States' benefit – to boost America's already significant soft-power while completely destroying Russia so that the United States will remain the global leader for the next hundred years even though it is supposed to have already entered the phase of decline.

(4) I have again in my original reconstruction mistaken the CIA's attempt to inform me on what was *currently* going on for BOL's order for them to forge evidences to frame themselves for the past's sake: Wes was simply trying to awaken me to the reality that the trial was already over so that I wouldn't look delusional for Homeland Security's sake and the CIA could establish the destruction of the trial by the French as part of my terrorist conspiracy with France against them. This doesn't mean that Wes' telling me it was all over didn't complete the cycle of evidences of the CIA's conspiracy with me against BOL in the way in which I have described it. It just means that, here, again, Wes' words have a dual function: while alerting me to what was *currently* going on for the CIA's benefit, they could also be taken backward in time to become evidence for BOL's benefit.

(5) Finally, my original conception about how it was BOL who had wanted a judgment permitting her to order the CIA to thoroughly study me in order to prepare me to compensate her is most likely completely erroneous. The CIA would study me in any case and, if they could control me to figure out everything including this very last episode, then they could get out of their conviction by BOL and convict BOL in return and take over her program for their own benefit; but if they couldn't control me to figure it all out, then their conviction would stand and they would be obliged to help Russia realize BOL's program for Russia's benefit.

As noted, we need to understand a bit more about this “controlling me to figure out what had happened” and how the CIA could have obtained a judgment in this regard. Because the Daughter People were in the incumbent position, it was very hard for the CIA to establish me as the former's conspirator in this project to obstruct the CIA's effort to reactivate the bygone trial. For, in order for the CIA to establish me as such a conspirator, I would have to know that the CIA was planning to object, and yet, as soon as I knew this, the CIA would not be able to object since the Daughter People's incumbent position would immediately make me into a conspirator with the CIA in their effort to

object. The beauty of this “different version” lies then in the strange fact that it allowed the CIA to establish, *in a preliminary fashion*, that I was conspiring with the Daughter People – along with Homeland Security, Mr Chertoff, BOL, and the Boss – to obstruct the reactivation of the ICJ trial without however the risk of entangling themselves in a conspiracy with me. There would be no conspiracy with the CIA until one day the *true* version came out of my computer.

Thus, the most important remaining task for the CIA was to make sure (a) that they shall have the right to guide me to realize everything that had happened if, at any point during my reconstruction in the future (during my coming up finally with my “true version”), I should find it impossible to accomplish the task, (b) that I shall indisputably *not* fit into Homeland Security’s warnings about me, and (c) that, given the risk that I might harm them when I realized things because my Daughterland was in the incumbent position, they shall not be harmed by my reconstruction while trying to benefit from it but shall indeed benefit from it. In regard to (a), they obtained this authorization from the judge computer when the judge computer ruled that, insofar as *the preliminary evidences or suspicions* were indisputable, I was a terrorist working against the CIA and so shall do everything I could to compensate them – and the way in which the CIA wanted me to compensate them was precisely for me to come up with my “true version” and then not fit into Homeland Security’s warnings about me. In regard to (b), the CIA had obtained from the judge computer the authorization to install a hidden program on the mind-reading computer which would also secretly guide me to eventually not even *look like* Homeland Security’s false profile of me. And of course the CIA would use as justification for this also *the preliminary evidence* that Homeland Security was using the mind-reading computer to control me to fit into (look like) their imagination about me (that, as you shall see, I had also conspired with Homeland Security in this matter). Furthermore, this preliminary evidence also gave the CIA the right to disable most of the functions on the mind-reading computer so that Homeland Security shall in the end never succeed in controlling me to fit into their profile of me. As for (c), the CIA could first of all use the argument (which the French had already used when they destroyed the trial on October 2) that, since I knew I could destroy a party by conspiring with them through my realization of their plan – and more evidences of this knowledge on my part were coming next month – they should have the right to neutralize this threat on my part. Then, as you shall see, the CIA would obtain another justification on December 9 when I was sort of told that I would change the “game” by realizing the “essence of the game” (i.e. that I would harm the CIA by realizing how they were trying to benefit from my realization). By then, the CIA would have obtained the judge computer’s authorization to not only guide me to realize things when I couldn’t but to also guide me to realize things according to such a chronological sequence as would only benefit them and never harm them. *Overall, insofar as the CIA had presented preliminary evidences that I was conspiring with their enemies to obstruct their effort to object, they had obtained from the judge computer the judgment that they shall have the right to control me in such a way as to make sure that their objection would succeed in the end.* As you shall see, with most of the functions on the mind-reading computer disabled, it was the hidden program on it which would eventually lead the CIA to total victory: it would control me to realize things when I couldn’t, it would control me to realize things only according to a definite chronological sequence, and it would make sure that I would look in the end nothing like Homeland Security’s claims about me. And, furthermore, in thus controlling me, the hidden program would make sure to deceive the Monkey and Homeland Security into the false impression that they had in fact total control over the mind-

reading computer so that they could go straight into their final defeat without ever understanding what had really happened (what I would later call the method of the “cunning of reason”).

You thus see that I have made an error in my original reconstruction in claiming, at the very end, that I was accomplishing a mission for the CIA without knowing. This is so far true but then I erred in claiming that the objective of this mission was to create a second ICJ trial that would end in Russia’s victory and Russia’s implementation of BOL’s program for Russia’s benefit. No! The second ICJ trial would end in the CIA’s victory (the CIA’s successful reactivation of the first ICJ trial and conviction of the Daughter People therein) and the CIA’s implementation of BOL’s program for the US’ benefit! I have been working for the CIA without knowing *but for the CIA’s benefit*.

The key to the CIA’s success was therefore the *preliminary* evidences: the preliminary evidences (a) that I had conspired with Daughterland back in 2009 and during early 2010; (b) that I did not in fact fit into Homeland Security’s warnings about me; (c) that I had conspired with the Daughter People, Homeland Security, Mr Chertoff, and the Boss to obstruct the CIA’s current effort to object (my “different versions” and Wes’ attempts to enlighten me); (d) that I had conspired with BOL to not only obstruct the CIA’s current effort but also to falsely convict the CIA so that the CIA would have to masochistically realize her program for their enemy’s benefit; and (e) that I had the *potential* to enable all these preliminary evidences to become *full and actual* evidences. The CIA’s strategy was thus the use of a circular method: to use the preliminary evidences as the justification for obtaining the means needed to make them into full and actual evidences, and then to use the full and actual evidences to retrospectively justify why the preliminary evidences could have been so used as such justification. The judge computer had permitted the use of such circular method probably because the preliminary evidences (a) and (b) were simply too strong and self-evident to be denied.

November 30 (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”. [Right!] 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...” [Not!] 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 me?” Paranoid over nothing! Like a typical targeted individual! [**Presumably, these Homeland Security thugs hadn’t yet interviewed Dr Roach as part of their “investigation” of me.**] 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....” [**Again, it was the Russians and BOL who had wanted a deadline.**] 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...”

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....*” [Again, the CIA’s evidence of my conspiracy with the Boss.] 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. [Not quite so: perhaps Homeland Security had really sent him in to provoke me – my “threat” would then be their evidence that I was indeed dangerous.] And yet, I was so upset that, when I came outside, I hid in a corner to film myself cutting myself. [Again, this is all that Homeland Security could get out of me.] 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). [This would be the CIA’s preliminary evidence of my conspiracy with Homeland Security since, later on, Homeland Security would indeed try to drive me to suicide.] 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. [Was he bullshitting or was he saying that Homeland Security was also giving him troubles because of the hints he had given me in the past few days? Again, the CIA had wanted Wes to enlighten me of his own accord so that his giving me hints could become their preliminary evidence of my conspiracy with Homeland Security] 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). [Perhaps he was really talking about Homeland Security.] 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..." 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! [No, actually not so much bullshit.] There were thus no evidences submitted to judge Higgins' chamber today. As you can see, I was all wrong in my original reconstruction here.

Note that, tonight, when I was writing about how the Boss, Mr Chertoff, and the Boss' daughter had together decided to murder me using the trial process, that was again the CIA's preliminary evidence that I was conspiring with the Boss and Homeland Security to obstruct the CIA's effort to reactivate the ICJ trial.

December 1 (Wes; remotely controlled to cry)

My first recording of the new day is: "wksbywycffeecookie_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 God-damned 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....” (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! [It did seem that this was Homeland Security’s 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? [Today I would say that they were just doing dirty work for Homeland Security: Homeland Security wanted me filmed, accidentally or not, because they were planning to broadcast a new round of alerts about me in the international domain.]

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... [Again, this sounds more like Homeland Security’s plan.] 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. 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: “tzuchiatantcrymothernorm_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 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. [This was in fact also the CIA’s preliminary evidence of my conspiracy with my Daughter People and the French.] 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 mispredict, 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. [Thus the CIA’s preliminary evidence of my conspiracy with BOL.] 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 [*plus the CIA's plan to object*], 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...” [*Again, the CIA's evidence here.*] 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. [*Perhaps Homeland Security really did already alert Tzu Chi that I was a dangerous paranoid schizophrenic whom they had had to place on their watchlist and who had many times harassed the Russian consulate in San Francisco with lawsuits and visits.*] 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 **was** 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. [It’s the CIA’s evidence that I was conspiring with my Daughter People to obstruct their objection without however entangling the Agency in a conspiracy with 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 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). *[I was wrong here: once I became conscious that I was being remotely controlled the CIA could establish my conspiracy with Homeland Security and the Monkey – that I had conspired with them by letting them control me with brain-computer interface technology to act like their imagination of me – and, as noted, thereby obtain the judge computer’s authorization permitting them to secretly “fix” the mind-reading computer for their*

benefit.]

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 this was also the CIA’s evidence.] 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....*” [Ha!] 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 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?” [The CIA’s evidence of my conspiracy with Homeland Security.] 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”. [But also definitely the CIA’s evidence of my conspiracy with my Daughter People, both before and currently.] 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 [or rather: most of the times] 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. [Actually, it looks more like the CIA's evidence.] 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. [And to the CIA as well.]

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 wind was blowing hard, and I couldn't help but believe that this was orchestrated from the control center. [Was it really?] 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^{ns...} 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.

December 2

My first recordings of the new day are: “slpwstwd_12_1-2_10_1148PM-739AM.WMA” and “towcilnews200mlfuntangst_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 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.

Again, it was the Russians who didn’t want me to write my story. My different version! The CIA’s preliminary evidence.

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. **[It’s possible that this man was in fact sent in by Homeland Security: to get me hospitalized so that there would at least be evidence that I was a danger to myself.]** 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 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: "toucl200angtstmlfunc_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! **[In reality, since my Daughter People were indeed trying to seal off the case, it was my different version and so the CIA's preliminary evidence of my conspiracy with Daughterland and Homeland Security and so on.]** 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. **[In fact, it was the CIA's current evidence since, currently, my Daughter People still 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...’ [It’s quite likely that the Monkey had indeed controlled my netbook to produce the failed burn in question: Homeland Security wanted me to cut myself even more so that I could eventually end up in the hospital.]

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 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). [Did Homeland Security really send them in?] 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. [The CIA’s preliminary evidence of my conspiracy with Daughterland last year.] “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 in to make so much noises that our belief system wouldn’t matter...” Then: “... the microcosmos... 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! [But note my mention of the “global picture”.] 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: “ucltvpv_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! [Had the new Homeland Security alert about me reached the UCLA students yet?] 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

My first recording of the new day is: “wkbrneyfreenobelief_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 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! [This might not be quite correct, as I shall explain later.] 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: “wcilnwsprntbnkst_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! [Presumably Homeland Security didn’t instruct her to do this.] 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! [*In reality, this could be the CIA’s preliminary evidence of my conspiracy with BOL.*] 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.) [Quite right!] 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. [Perhaps! In any case the CIA's preliminary evidence of my conspiracy with the Monkey and Homeland Security.] 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: "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". [Actually, from the CIA's perspective as well.] 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..." [Programmed racism.]

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. [Maybe he really was a Homeland Security surveillance agent here to watch over me.] 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...” [The CIA’s preliminary evidence of my conspiracy with Homeland Security.] 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 a guy came over to make noises to me. He made me extremely angry [was he sent in by Homeland Security?], but I continued to write: “... throughout the court process I have been practically rendered remotely controlled...” [Yes! The CIA had been waiting for this evidence!] 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: “ucldbhrupsetcut_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. [This was probably indeed Homeland Security's plan.] 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..." [The CIA's preliminary evidence of my conspiracy with my Daughter People?] 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..." [The CIA's preliminary evidence?] 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.... 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. [No! It resembled the truth in the sense that the CIA was also claiming that I had conspired with BOL!] 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. [The Monkey's programming.] 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.

It's very likely that the guy on bicycle reported me to the UCLA Police afterward, which report

Homeland Security would then promptly intercept into the ICJ as evidence that I was indeed a danger to people. The UCLA Police of course did nothing because, supposedly, the guy on bicycle didn't know who I was.

December 4 (“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. [The CIA’s preliminary evidence: that I was aware that the French had objected.] 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...*” [It’s the second time that I mentioned “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. [Again, all this was the CIA’s preliminary evidence that I had conspired with Daughterland all last year.] Then: “... the technique of lowering the target’s tolerance... Then no one can tell that he has been tortured...”

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. [Although this was BOL’s claim, it was being disputed by the CIA.] 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 27th... now the objection is based on the mind-reading computer... PM has been... planning this for a long time... the 29th... 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. [This was in fact correct since both Homeland Security and the CIA were “American”.] “... *the conspiracy with the judges is ridiculous...*” [Not!] 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 again...” (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...*” [Indeed!] 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. [The Invisible Hand wanted me to think about this program so that he can obtain further evidence of my conspiracy with BOL!] 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! [**Maybe he really was Homeland Security surveillance.**] 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! [**As you shall see, the CIA had also been waiting for evidence of my conspiracy with the French so that they could also submit to the judge computer preliminary evidence that the French destruction of the trial was my terrorist conspiracy with France against them. It was thus possible that I was being remotely controlled to constantly think about the "Smart Woman" today.**]

My next recording is: "wrtletnicarptwrt_12_4_10_704-853PM.WMA": I then continued writing my letter. (What happened in Nicaragua.) [**The CIA's evidence.**] 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 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! [With my constant longing for a French pyramid, I was getting ever closer to providing the CIA with the evidence of my conspiracy with the Smart Woman.]

My next recording is: “gaulistrptnws_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 **objections** 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 Macrospherians 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. [My constant mumbling about the existence and non-existence of the Macrospherians was also the CIA’s preliminary evidence that I had conspired with my Daughter People earlier this year.]

December 5 (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).

My next recording is: “IMPucltvnshmssn_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! [As you have seen, this is not quite the case.] 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! [Actually, it’s just the CIA’s preliminary evidence of my conspiracy with BOL.] 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). [Again, perhaps the new Homeland Security alert about me hadn't yet reached them.] 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! [The CIA's preliminary evidence of my conspiracy with BOL.] Then: "... when the terrorist realizes that they are just agents, the operation has failed, and we don't know how to progress from here..."

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....” [The CIA’s preliminary evidence: I was indeed protecting Russia by letting Homeland Security operate on me!] 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...* [Take notice whenever I mentioned the super computer.] 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! [The CIA’s preliminary evidence that I had conspired with the Boss last year – especially in regard to the super computer.] 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 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...* [As you shall see, the CIA’s preliminary evidence of my conspiracy with the French.] 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: “uclrfctnws_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). [The CIA’s evidence of my conspiracy with the Smart Woman!] 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! [Not quite so.] 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 CIA’s evidence of my conspiracy with BOL.] “The Geist works

in mysterious **ways...**” (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. [**But the CIA’s evidence too of my conspiracy with BOL.**] 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.

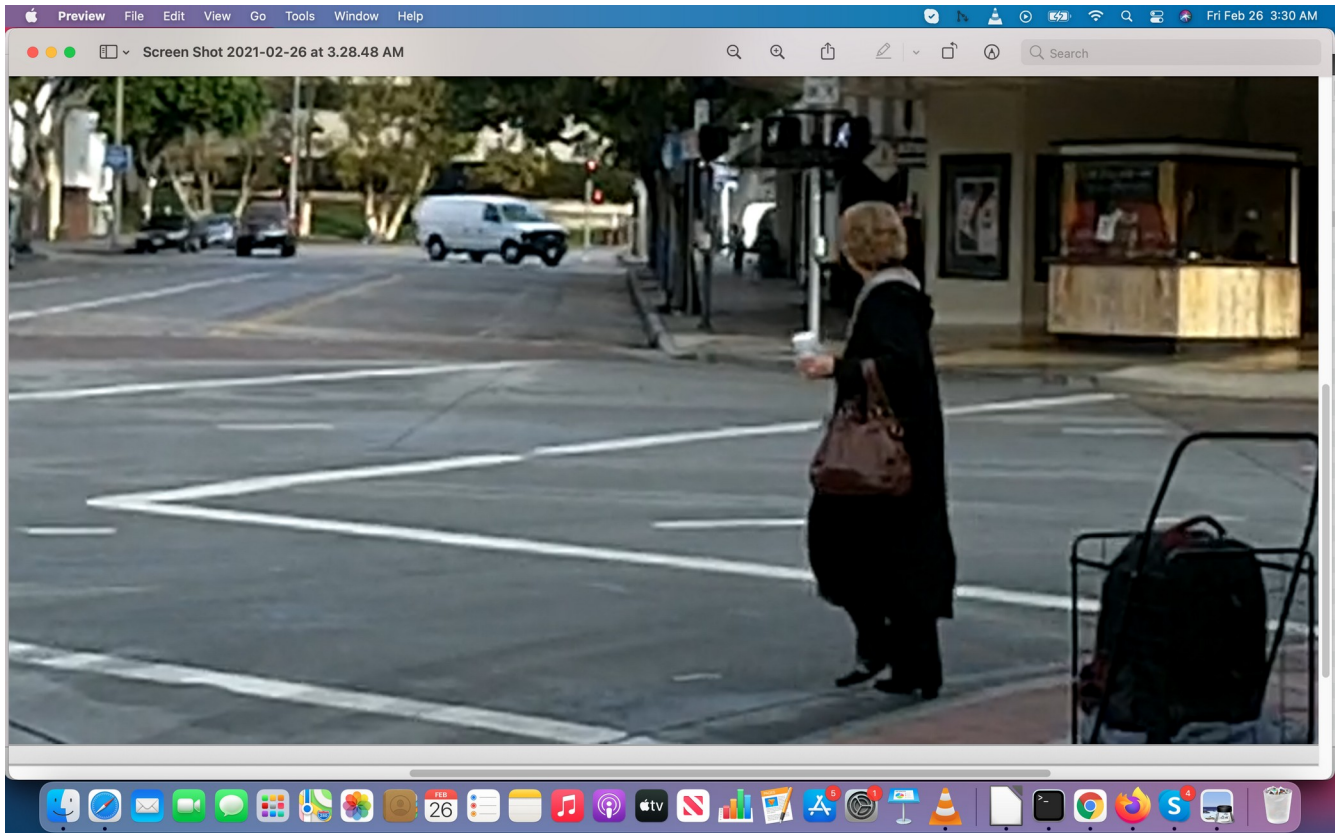
My next recording is: “IMPreadyslprlftcn_12_5-6_10_1136PM-1212AM.WMA”: While sleeping, I continued (in Chinese): “We are Chinese, we don’t associate with Mexicans...” (3:00). I then began thinking about the infinite loop (28:00) “... Our original motivation for the infinite loop... to save the Pyramid...” (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*. [**My conspiracy with Homeland Security.**] 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”! [**As you shall see, the CIA’s evidence of my conspiracy with the Smart Woman.**] 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). [**Right! The CIA’s evidence of my conspiracy with my Daughterland earlier this year in the construction of the Daughterland’s Macrospherian status.**] 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 did matter –**] 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 (Wes; conspiracy with the French; mind-control)

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 (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.

Today I really have to wonder whether I was correct all along. Namely, that this woman was indeed the legendary Smart Woman who had led the French objection and then destroyed the trial. Because, by last night, the CIA had already obtained evidence that I had conspired with the French – I had *somewhat* (i.e. through my “different versions”) realized that they had objected and that “they wanted to give me a pyramid” (Ekaterina) – they could today enter the claim into the judge computer that I must have also conspired with the French in the destruction of the trial (or my terrorist status): the judge computer agreed that the final evidence would be forthcoming. The CIA had thus obtained the right to send the Smart Woman in front of me to frame herself for conspiracy with me. More of this to come.



The legendary Smart Woman?
December 6 2010

My next recordings are: “uclantprt_12_6_10_912-936AM.WMA”, “antipartletdhs_12_6_10_936-1034AM.WMA”, “ucllv_12_6_10_1034-1100AM.WMA”, and “prmdOPCCtzuichi2ngrymssnlaw_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 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).

Today I have to suspect that this was indeed an operation. (1) Namely, after my conspiracy with the Smart Woman was established, she was now required by the CIA to send me the girlfriend she had intended to provide me with in order to orchestrate my environment to conform to my belief. And, naturally, since this was part of my terrorist conspiracy with her against the CIA, the latter promptly intercepted it so that there was no girlfriend after all. (2) Furthermore, this interception might have another strategic importance: to get me to change my idea of being given the lawyer herself as my girlfriend to that of being given a substitute (so that I could move closer to the original conspiracy where the Smart Woman wanted to give me a special pyramid, Ekaterina). (3) The CIA might have wanted to establish a further conspiracy here: as Homeland Security started to broadcast a new round of alerts about me to the general population, they had the French’s support as well this time because the DGSE’s official position was now also that the CIA should not be allowed to reactivate the lost ICJ trial. This Croatian pyramid might have already seen the latest Homeland Security alert about me so that my seeing the effect of it – her making fun of me – would become the CIA’s evidence of my conspiracy with the DGSE as well as Homeland Security to obstruct the CIA’s current effort.

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 21st. 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 super-computer... 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. [Actually, sometimes they were acting per Homeland Security’s order.] 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. **This is completely erroneous, as I shall explain momentarily.**

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 “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.

Needless to say, today I have a completely different view on the matter. Let me go through the matter step by step. (1) Because I had finally been convinced that I could indeed be remotely controlled – and because I was even made aware of the mechanism of this remote control: a simple reversal of mind-reading – the Invisible Hand had today established with the judge computer that I had indeed conspired with Homeland Security in this project to obstruct the CIA’s effort in that I had *wanted* Homeland

Security to remotely control me to fit into their bad profile of me: all the things I had said about how I didn't want to know I had been chipped and so on – the kind of deference I exhibited just like my wish before to let “them” get what “they” wanted so that “they” would leave me alone – were only further evidence of this conspiracy on my part with Homeland Security. Furthermore, Wes' suggestion of methods by which I could disable the chips inside my brain – going near the Hoover Dam or getting into a lead box (actually quite stupid methods) – seemed also to serve the same purpose: my refusal, or my inability, to actually disable the chips inside my brain was also evidence of my conspiracy with Homeland Security as if I had actually *wanted* to be remotely controlled. Finally, because Homeland Security did have an interest in my believing that I had been chipped and was being remotely controlled insofar as they would certainly like me to look even crazier, my final act of believing it and talking about it was also evidence of my conspiracy with Homeland Security in this sense. With this conspiracy established, the CIA could now obtain from the judge computer the authorization to secretly “fix” the mind-reading computer (to install a hidden program on it and disable certain of its functions) in such a way that I could be remotely controlled to clandestinely (without anyone's knowing, not even myself) help them accomplish their objective in the end.

(2) I don't know if BOL had really required the Invisible Hand to forge evidence to frame himself for violating the ICJ order after getting caught. Now it *does* seem that I was correct that BOL had obtained a judgment permitting her to chip the Invisible Hand and his entourage with the kind of autonomous chips mentioned (those with mini-computers on them) so that they would be obliged to carry out her program no matter where they went. But the reason why the Invisible Hand instructed Wes to tell me this was to enable him to establish with the judge computer in a preliminary fashion that I had conspired with BOL to not only falsely convict him and his entourage but also to chip him and his entourage so severely in the brain that they would have no way of escaping from it. The Invisible Hand's strategic purpose in this was that, when, 10 years later, he shall have convicted both BOL and the few Daughter People that were leading the Russian team, he could have the right to chip them as well with this sort of autonomous chips so that, when it came to the Daughter People at least, they would be obliged to carry out the CIA's project no matter where they went. By this time the CIA's project was of course to oblige the Daughter People to realize BOL's program completely for the United States' benefit. This was guaranteed to succeed because a few key Daughter People would have inside their brains nano-chips that had mini-computers built in. Mechanisms would also be established to cause them to be unable to play tricks to forcibly extract the chips from their heads in violation of the ICJ judgment in question.

(3) Today I must refrain from any speculation about the fate of the other people who had already been under remote control by whichever US agency when the CIA established, on this day, December 6 2010, my conspiracy with Homeland Security and BOL.

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 11th 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 **the** 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.)

Since one simply doesn’t run into the same CIA agent by accident, and since the people wearing earphones around might very well be surveillance agents, this was obviously an operation, and yet, aside from the possibility that the CIA was here forging evidences to frame themselves under BOL’s order, I really couldn’t think of anything else.

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 cash my checks. No, they will do it when the time comes. *I then noticed another very beautiful pyramid!* [Presumably this was not another CIA agent.] 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. [Not quite: this is the CIA's evidence of my conspiracy with Homeland Security – to fit into the Monkey's claim that I was a danger to his daughter.] 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..." [The CIA's evidence of my conspiracy with the Daughter People?] 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.

December 7 (Tuesday; Taiwanese consulate)

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". [This was in fact the CIA's preliminary evidence since, currently, the CIA was indeed objecting.]

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 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 had in fact completed the CIA's evidence of my conspiracy with the French: not only did I realize what had really happened, but I had also come closer to my conspiracy with the Smart Woman by expecting not her, but some other French pyramid, to become my girlfriend.] 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. [The CIA's preliminary evidence of my conspiracy with BOL (to falsely convict the CIA in order to force the CIA to implement her program).]

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. [**As you can see, I was wrong here.**] 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.* [**This was Homeland Security’s evidence that their, and the Monkey’s, false profile of me was correct.**] 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 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? [**Perhaps!**]

My next recording is: “gldnwstcryambshwtwensatnt_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. [**Right decision! If I went to a shelter, a Homeland Security actor waiting for me there would certainly provoke me into a fight.**] 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..." [**Did Homeland Security have something to do with this?**] I got out of Metro on 2:42:00 humming like 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. [**Was he instructed by Homeland Security to do this?**] 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. [**Why was he being so helpful? Was he instructed by Homeland Security? To cooperate with Homeland Security's current "investigation" of me?**] 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... [Right! ...]* 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 21st 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 21st, 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 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”. [*Could she really be CIA, a follow-up upon the operation yesterday?*] 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. [Again, this was correct to some extent, but definitely not the whole picture.] 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...*” [Again, my different version: Homeland Security was really trying to turn me into David Chin.] 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!

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....”

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! [The Invisible Hand’s evidence, again, that the Russians’ Macrospherian status was the product of my conspiracy with them.] 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. [DGHTRCOM was in fact dooming me – and he would prove to be unimaginably bad-to-the-bone in the next 10 years when it came to me.] 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!

Today I must add this: you should not underestimate the importance of the CIA’s evidence that the Macrosphere was the product of my conspiracy with the Russians. Insofar as the Russians were protected by this Macrospherian status from objections, the CIA could now object not only by virtue of the evidence that I was conspiring with the Russians and Homeland Security to obstruct their objecting, but also by virtue of the evidence that this Macrosphere was really part of my terrorist conspiracy with the Russians against them in any case.

December 8 (Wes; the Macrosphere)

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...” [The CIA’s evidence.] 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 [before they can] 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. [Yes! But the Invisible Hand was controlling me to realize all this only so that he can obtain preliminary evidence that I had conspired with my Daughter People to create this “Macrospherian” position for them in which they would be immune to objections.]

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! [**Again, the CIA’s evidence of my conspiracy with the French.**] 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...” [**Indeed!**] 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...” [**If I stopped writing that would be the CIA’s evidence of my conspiracy with my Daughter People.**] 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...” [**Then Homeland Security would be very happy!**] 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. [**It’s the Monkey’s programming for Homeland Security’s sake!**] 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...*” [**Homeland Security must be like: ‘Yes!’**] 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. [**Homeland Security’s evidence of my bad character?**] 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! [**Not! It’s Homeland Security and my Daughter People!**] 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....” [Ha! More evidence for the CIA.] 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. [Unless she had already seen Homeland Security’s latest alert about me.] 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!

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.

Wes’ calling was surely no accident. Either the Invisible Hand or Homeland Security had instructed him to call me so that I would unload all that bullshit you have just heard onto him. Homeland Security had thus intercepted me speaking my “delusion” as their evidence of my insanity, while the CIA had intercepted, as *their* evidence, my conception of the Macrosphere and my attempt to stop writing. The CIA first had evidence that the Macrosphere was invalid (when they submitted the evidence from the mind-reading computer that I wasn’t anything like Homeland Security’s imagination of me) and then obtained more evidence that, even if it was valid, it was the product of my conspiracy with my Daughter People. They were now ready for their final move tomorrow.

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! [Not! I was about to secretly work for the CIA without knowing.] 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! [Ha! Yes!] 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...*”⁵ 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 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.

5 As you shall eventually see, this actually characterizes the ending of the next episode with the Secret Society women.

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). [Could he indeed be Homeland Security?] 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...” [Again, my writing on papers was the CIA’s preliminary evidence of my conspiracy with my Daughter People to obstruct their objection.]

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. [Wrong! He was just doing it for Homeland Security’s sake.] 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!” [Good words!]

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 (Wes; consciousness of the 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).

I have to say today that I was in fact sort of correct originally: i.e. this woman was in fact another member of the French team whom the CIA had commanded to come out of the control center to frame herself for conspiracy with me. This is my hypothesis today. As Boss Cheney continued to look for allies among the national security Establishment to oppose the CIA's effort to reactivate the ICJ trial, Sarkozy reiterated France's official position that the CIA should not object. The DGSE and other French agencies must have made a move in the international domain in the past two days to confirm that Homeland Security's warnings about me were accurate. Now that the DGSE was definitively on the side of Homeland Security and my Daughter People, the CIA thus obtained an authorization from the judge computer to order the DGSE to send in one of its agents to pretend to complain to UCLA Police saying that I had sexually harassed her. As the complaint would become Homeland Security's evidence, this would solidify for the judge computer the DGSE's status as my conspirator together with Homeland Security, my Daughter People, and the Boss and so on.

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! [The CIA's evidence of my conspiracy with the French.] 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. [Maybe! Homeland Security surveillance!] 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, 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: "busuclnrdgrtn_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.) [This was in fact also the CIA's evidence.]

My next recording is: "IMPcnsprcmlcrt_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. [It's the CIA that depended on me.] 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...” [Just the opposite was true!]

My next recording is: “IMPconsptocontttlewes_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 14th... 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...”* [The CIA’s evidence of my conspiracy with Homeland Security.] 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. 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.

Again, today I would have to say that I was probably not correct here. (1) Clearly, there was no judgment today that had conferred upon BOL immunity to charges of conspiracy with me because – when I had finally figured out the above by November 2019, the CIA duly convicted her of conspiring with me to falsely convict them. At first sight, it would seem that, as long as I have figured out her trick in making herself immune to charges of conspiracy with me, that would become part of my terrorist conspiracy with her so that the immunity in question is immediately transferred onto our victim, the CIA. But no. This is my hypothesis today. Wes was again today playing the role of my conspirator and instructing me on how to conspire with my Daughter People and Homeland Security so on. He thus instructed me to contemplate on the game itself in order to change the game – this was a metaphor for the fact that, if I knew the CIA was planning to object, they wouldn’t be able to object – all because my Daughterland was in the incumbent position. Since this was a “different version”, it enabled the CIA to establish with the judge computer, in a preliminary fashion and without endangering themselves, that I was conspiring with my Daughter People and so on to obstruct the CIA’s effort to object by realizing it. This evidence would thus enable the CIA to obtain the final authorization from the judge computer to remotely control me to figure things out only according to a definite sequence so that they could benefit from the process rather than being harmed by it.

(2) It is now not so clear what “play another game” really means here – now that I have realized that the second ICJ trial that would soon materialize over me a year and a half later was *not* the “second trial” which the CIA had supposedly been obliged to create as a way to compensate BOL. My hypothesis today is that there has in fact been another, a second “second trial” taking place in total secrecy in the next several years with only the CIA and BOL having access to it, a “trial” in which the CIA would paste together real events around me into a completely fictional evidentiary record to replace the original evidentiary record of the first, lost, ICJ trial. Look at it this way: now that Boss Cheney was putting up such overwhelming resistance (by recruiting Sarkozy as well), the CIA had to

figure out another way. My realization in the past few days as to how the Macrosphere was constituted provided an opportunity. Since what my Daughter People had done was to intercept my formula (“The Pyramid neither dies nor lives”) and distort it into something else with a completely different purpose (“The Macrospherians both exist and do not exist”), the CIA, once they had established preliminary suspicion that I had conspired with the Daughter People to create this “Macrospherian status” for them, was entitled to adopt the same method to benefit themselves. And so they were able to intercept Wes’ suggestion as to how I could avoid intelligence agencies’ torment (“play a different game”) and distort it into something else (“do a different trial”). That is, while everyone else was busy about trying to maintain Homeland Security’s profile of me as true in order to prevent the CIA from going forward with their plan, the CIA had obtained authorization from the judge computer today permitting them to simply set up a different game elsewhere which nobody would know about. In this different trial, the CIA and BOL would together determine who should be punished and who rewarded according to justice rather than according to evidentiary rules. Then, because I had in the past few days also spoken about the super computer which Boss Cheney originally wanted to use to orchestrate his nuclear holocaust (I would later determine this to be a super version of Sentient World Simulation), the CIA had established this super computer as well as part of my conspiracy with Boss Cheney so that they had now obtained another judgment permitting them to monopolize it. They could now use it to manipulate the parties around me to play out a pre-determined course of events (a “script”) which would result in the outcome that would have been deemed to be “justice served” in this second, secret trial. This outcome would in the end of course turn out to be the CIA’s successful reactivation of the lost ICJ trial, conviction of my Daughter People and DGHTRCOM as well as all the other conspiring parties, and implementation of BOL’s program. Because Boss Cheney had mobilized the entire US national security Establishment to oppose the CIA at the moment, the CIA had no possibility of winning in *this* game. The only way to win is to *secretly play a different game* which nobody would know about but which would somehow determine that the CIA should win in the first game.

The Invisible Hand and BOL must have together come up with this method after BOL had lamented that the entire original ICJ trial was but an abuse of process and yet that there was no way out of it because the system was already set up. The terrorist was supposed to be bad and yet, after he had successfully conspired with one party to harm another, he saved the world: everything was upside down! This is why BOL didn’t want anybody to reactivate the lost ICJ trial: *it would be unjust*. But when the process of the CIA’ reactivation of the lost ICJ trial was thus governed by a secret, “second” trial, this would ensure that there would be no abuse of process this time and that those convicted in the end would really have deserved it and so on. BOL was so fair-minded that, after she determined in the second trial that she deserved to be convicted in the first trial, she let the CIA orchestrate the course of events outside the secret trial in such a way as to result in the CIA’s convicting her in November 2009.

(3) When Wes suggested that I not think about what was going on, this might again be the CIA’s wish – how I could prevent myself from getting into troubles. If I didn’t pay attention to anything, I wouldn’t get provoked, and wouldn’t therefore get into troubles by hitting someone. Homeland Security would then completely fail in their enterprise.

(4) You will see that, in the coming years, the CIA would instruct Wes to leak important information to

me numerous times as a way to guide me to compensate them. As noted in the beginning, the CIA might have obtained a judgment permitting them to do this in a completely different way than I have thought. Namely, since the Russians had repeatedly secretly messaged me during their conspiracy with me, the CIA, once they had established suspicion that I had conspired with the Russians against them, was therefore allowed to secretly message me too in order to guide me to carry out my compensation to them.

December 10 (Wes)

I was again severely provoked while in UCLA today. With the participation of DGSE on their side, Homeland Security had now instructed the Monkey to do his best to program me to become violent – the most urgent evidence they needed. Since the programming happened everyday since today – I would feel this urge to kill people every single day for the next two months – I shall skip over the details from now on except when they were related to my conversations with Wes.

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. [Yes, but not in order to finish his mission but only in order to help Homeland Security.] 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. [He was most likely sent in by Homeland Security.] Since I had just bought my “Buddha stick”, I was almost ready to strike him. [To be struck by me was his mission!] 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 [actually he was]), he would know what I was talking about. [And he did!] And, because he was laughing at me, he really did look like he was purposely sent in to provoke me. [Well, because he was!] Perhaps the Monkey did orchestrate this from the control center – without the guy’s knowing. [Of course he knew!] 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. [Again, wrong!] 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... [Right!] 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 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...” [Again, the CIA could not afford to lose me in jail.] 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...” [Again, the italicized portion was the CIA’s evidence of my conspiracy with Homeland Security and my Daughter People: it’s so important to them that they not be convicted by the CIA.] 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 [the] 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?...” [Again, my conspiracy with my Daughter People: since the CIA was currently trying to convict them, they were indeed waiting for me to save them for a second time.] 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 [...] 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. [Again, you can see how I have got it all wrong: it was the CIA which didn’t want to lose me.] 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. [Sort of correct.]

December 11 (Wes)

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? [Yes!] 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.) [Right: the Monkey could only program me to become violent given my erroneous belief system.] 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!” [Of course! They were saving themselves as long as I kept suffering like this.] Me: “I’m not, I want to save myself...” Wes: “Don’t help Russia anymore...” [Just the sort of thing I said which had helped the CIA establish the suspicion that I had conspired with Russia last year.] 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...* [As you shall see, this description of the Russians would be valid for the next 10 years!] 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 21st, 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. [In reality, again, he was just provoking me in order to help the Russians and Homeland Security disrupt the CIA’s plan.] 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. [Right! I was only making myself conform to Homeland Security’s new profile of me by doing so.] 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...” [The CIA was indeed going to orchestrate my destiny.] 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 hung 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.) [Right!] 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 [wrong!], 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.

[All this was correct except that the CIA had not only forged all the evidences necessary to frame themselves but had also obtained all the preliminary evidences they would need to ensure that they could convict BOL and the Russians in the future. Again, nothing in particular after December 9. But it should be noted that my “delusion” about the Monkey's plan to pretend to help me was again Homeland Security's evidence that I kept developing delusions about my victims, whether it be their former chief Mr Chertoff or the victims of my “obsession” and “stalking” such as the Pyramid.]

December 14 (Wes)

My next recording is: “tostrgrfrnchteam_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. [Wrong!] 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. [Actually, the CIA was going to do this to me for themselves, not for BOL.] 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.) [Right!] Then, when we debated about whether what I had 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.) [Right!] 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. [Not quite right: Wes *did* know what the Invisible Hand was doing.] 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. [Right!]

I had indicated it when I was correct in my original reconstruction, but here are the problems. (1) I failed to recognize that Wes was a lot more knowledgeable than I thought. He knew well the current configuration of the trial process: that the trial was dismissed, but that the CIA wanted to revive it while Homeland Security was helping the Russians to prevent that, and that, for this purpose, Homeland Security and the Russians wanted me to be insane and dangerous. It’s not the case that he had no idea why the Invisible Hand had instructed him to say to me these “strange things” in question. And so he

told me flatly that I was wrong. (2) As noted, there was now no more order for Wes to say anything in particular to me because, by December 9, the CIA had already obtained all the necessary judgments from the judge computer to enable them to do everything they would need to do in the next 10 years to reactivate the lost ICJ trial and convict my Daughter People abroad and all of their political enemies at home. What remained was merely to prevent me from hurting somebody and ending up in jail. Wes thus must try his best to dissuade me from getting into situations which would aggravate me. And of course Wes must also continue to advise me to not speculate: the more I speculated, the more insane I would look, and the more difficulty the CIA would have in reactivating the lost ICJ trial. (3) Wes must be referring to Homeland Security when he said that “they” were so powerful that they could put me in paradise if they wanted to or throw me in jail if they wanted to. Of course! Because they had chips planted in my brain!

December 22 (Wes; the urge to kill)

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...” [Indeed!] 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! [No, I was probably right originally!] 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 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!

[As you can imagine, what happened was simply that the Monkey was trying his utmost to stimulate my desire to kill people (especially children) because Homeland Security was desperate for evidence that I was a danger to people. After almost two months they still hadn’t been able to get me to hurt somebody. Today has to be the day! And yet, as you shall see, they would be terribly disappointed again when I would again succeed in restraining myself.]

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... [Right!] 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...” [Indeed!] 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?” [The Monkey’s programming!] 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 don’t care about us... There are no judges... the judges wouldn’t allow this because we are about to get into a big trouble...” All the wrong scenarios! [Actually, I was correct that there were no judges! It was only a computer and that’s why this was allowed.] 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. [Correct!] “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. [Actually, he didn’t necessarily think me mistaken: he even knew that I was partially right, that Homeland Security was indeed intercepting my call at this moment as evidence that I was really a danger to people – if I couldn’t actually hurt people, then at least I had threatened to do so.] 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...” [Again, if I did go to a shelter, it’s expected that Homeland Security would have actors there ready to provoke 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.* [Homeland Security's evidence that I was at least a danger to 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..." [Would Homeland Security really not want to see me dead? Perhaps they wanted me alive until I could prove myself to be a danger to others. But, if I turned out to be dead, then the CIA wouldn't be able to reactivate the lost ICJ trial. Therefore it would seem that Wes was referring to the CIA.] 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. [Again, Wes seemed to be hinting at the fact that Homeland Security's interest lay in not being caught with their wrong-doing in order to stay afloat in the intelligence business around the world.] 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..." [Again, the CIA certainly didn't want to see me dead just as much as they didn't want to see me rotting in jail.] 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." [Was Wes trying again to give me a hint?] 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...*" [Really, the CIA's evidence of my conspiracy with Homeland Security and the Russians.] 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 21st 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] in 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 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..."

[...]

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. [Today I would say that he had indeed intentionally programmed me this afternoon – per the order from Homeland Security.] 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. [Rather: he had already obtained all the necessary judgments.] 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"!)

This conclusion is not entirely correct. Wes did suggest again that these Homeland Security thugs' "job

security” depended on me. Beside this, I now have to add that, on this night, Homeland Security had obtained more evidence *suggesting* that I was schizophrenic and a danger to people as well as to myself – despite the fact that they weren’t able to make me into an *actual* danger to people. They had begun to accept the fact that this was all they could ever get from me: my *talking* about how I was being remotely controlled by unseen forces to *want to hurt* children.

December 23 (Wes)

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...” [Homeland Security’s evidence that I was schizophrenic.] 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!

Today I must add this: I was in fact correct that Homeland Security's purpose was to get me to talk over the phone about how I wanted to kill myself and kill others – since this was all that they could ever get. It's also possible that, now with DGSE on their side, Homeland Security would really like me to go to France (so that their warnings about me can be communicated to the French authority, which communication can then be intercepted into the ICJ as evidence).

December 24 (Wes)

I called Wes while in the motel, but we didn't discuss anything significant today.

December 25 (Wes)

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?" [Right! Homeland Security was still hoping that I could *really* get into trouble.] 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...? [Once Homeland Security and the Monkey could get me to hit someone, there would *definitely* be no help for me!] ... 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...” [Again, the CIA’s evidence of my conspiracy with Homeland Security.] 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 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). [Bullshit.] I then resumed writing while burning a new disc: “The Macrospherians.... They want me to finish my mission... They did not want the Monkey....”

December 26 (Wes)

My next recording is: “mtlmlfuncweskpl_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...” [Again the CIA’s evidence of my conspiracy with Homeland Security since Homeland Security indeed wanted something like this.] 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...* [My conspiracy with Homeland Security.] 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....*” [My conspiracy with Homeland Security and the Russians.] 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 **had** said to me between October 22 and December 9.

Pay attention to the italicized portions. While Homeland Security had obtained more evidence in their favor (my at least *talking* about killing myself and killing others), it was also the CIA’s evidence of my conspiracy with Homeland Security since I was aware that my “threats” were being intercepted.

December 29 (Wes)

My next recording is: “aprtleavuel_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 Was 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..." [The CIA's evidence of my conspiracy with the Boss.] 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..." [Indeed! My "different version".] 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. [The CIA’s evidence of my conspiracy with the Russians.] Wes noted: “Red Herring!” I complained: “It’s so tiring to know things are still being orchestrated... Yet 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?) [Yes, as shall be explained.] 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. [More explanations later.] 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...” [Again, it’s Homeland Security which had always wanted to make up bad stories about me, and they would continue to do this for the next 10 years: my “different version”.] 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! [Unless it was the Monkey or Homeland Security who had done it in order to reinforce my “delusion”.] 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 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...” [Ha! It’s Boss Cheney who had 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...” [Indeed.] 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. [In reality, I had just ensured once again that the court case shall continue to remain open.] 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. [Not quite right: more on this later.]

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). [Did the Monkey do this to provoke me?] Angry – how could I not believe that this 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? [Perhaps! Just part of Homeland Security’s continual effort to prompt me to cut myself.]

Let’s now make a conclusion about what had been going on behind the scene. By now, within the US government, the clique of the Boss and his protégé Mr Chertoff had completely won the day, and the official US position was now that the lost ICJ trial should *not* be reactivated. Thus, Homeland Security shall continue to manipulate me to conform to their false warnings about me so that the lost ICJ trial could be forever locked up. Most importantly, the entire US Establishment – all the bureaucrats in the national security Establishment – was now pressuring the CIA to fall in line, so that the CIA would now have to *help* Homeland Security in this project to make me look delusional and dangerous. It’s simply the case that, during the past 10 years, the CIA had lost all their influence within US elites thanks to the neocons so that their current effort to gain supremacy over the Russians and overcome their political

enemies within the US had garnered no support from the rest of the US government – not to mention the stern opposition from Sarkozy and the CIA’s old ally DGSE. The Invisible Hand and his clique would have to aim at a long-range plan: it would take many years (eventually 10 years) to reactivate this lost ICJ trial because the “revolutionaries” must spend that many years regaining lost allies within the US elites and among US allies until there shall one day be a consensus that what the CIA had wanted to do was in the interest of the United States and its traditional allies.

For now, the CIA would have to work on the case completely clandestinely. As noted, they had already had a second trial set up in a secret location without anyone’s knowing about it. Then, in the past few days, the CIA was forced to advise these Homeland Security thugs on how to deal with me: it’s simply too obvious to everyone that I wasn’t a danger to people – no matter how much the Monkey provoked me and programmed me, I just wouldn’t hit somebody, even if it was only because I was afraid of the consequences – and so Homeland Security would have to establish their new round of warnings about me to the peoples and governments around the world (warnings intended to be intercepted into the ICJ as evidence) solely on the basis of the intercepts of my phone conversations in which I threatened to kill people and myself. The CIA would have to back this up. Thus, as you shall see, the CIA would, in the next month, instruct the police to work on me as a way to produce more evidences for Homeland Security of my insanity and danger to myself and others. But, behind Homeland Security’s back, the Invisible Hand would enter into evidence with the judge computer Homeland Security’s own complaint about how I just couldn’t be made to become a danger to people because I was so not a danger to people.

Now let’s not rely too much on my conclusions in the original reconstruction but enumerate the important things which Wes had said to me today (all italicized) – even though we will not be able to understand what they meant or if they meant anything at all: (1) that I must rely on the sympathy of the author – was he referring to himself? Namely, was he producing evidence that, whenever he had given me hints about what Homeland Security wanted from me, he did it not because he was instructed by the CIA to do so but because he had sympathy for me? Or was he referring to the Invisible Hand? (While it was clearly the Invisible Hand who was going to be the author of the “script of my life”, I had always mistakenly thought it was DGHTRCOM.) (2) That it might all be because of “bureaucracy” (the “iron cage”): could he now be referring to the CIA? Namely, that the CIA was about to help Homeland Security confirm the latter’s warnings about me because their hands were tied (i.e., the pressure from their peers in the national security Establishment). Hence “I shouldn’t take it personally – it’s all business.” (3) That “they” were running a rational choice theory on me and that I was doing exactly what “they” wanted me to do. Was he referring to what the CIA was about to do to me? (4) That I should find somebody in a similar predicament. What? What does *that* mean?

With this, we shall end our commentary on Document 5. Not everything is totally clear, but we have understood enough to be able to understand why Homeland Security, Ekaterina, and the Russian government would torment me as they did – using their proxies the “Secret Society women” – throughout the next 10 years. What follows is Document 7 – the last chapter of the first part of our Secret History – which would document the operations of Homeland Security and, unfortunately, the CIA against me from December 30 2010 to January 27 2011.