

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

### **Part V**

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

##### **Document 7**

##### RESUME

The following reconstructs the final portion of the first International Court of Justice trial over me, from December 30, 2010, to January 27, 2011. Most of the actions occurred in the week from December 31 to January 6, when Homeland Security, now with the help of the CIA, obtained further evidences that they had always been correct about me in their warnings about me and thus definitively locked up the dismissed ICJ trial – for the time being. There would be nothing ingenious from January 7 to 26, except for Homeland Security’s continual effort to provoke me to hit somebody and my self-destructive wandering to Las Vegas and the Los Angeles International Airport to enable Homeland Security to raise the level of their alert about me. The storyline has now basically reverted back to “Government’s Investigation of a Schizophrenic”. Meanwhile, throughout this period, the CIA continued to secretly collect evidences from me for the secret, second trial they had started running with BOL. Then, on January 27, under pressure from the rest of the national security Establishment, the CIA ran a joint operation with Homeland Security to get me hospitalized so as to produce (almost) the final evidence needed to lock up the ICJ trial while secretly preparing me for what lay ahead. With that, the first part of this great story “The Secret History of the International Court of Justice” shall be concluded.

While you will probably want to complain again that there are too much worthless details in the following reconstruction – again, this is because it is first of all a reconstruction, not a simple narrative, and secondly a diary of a *typical* “targeted individual” – I have to remind you that what seems to be worthless at the time might not be so worthless in the future. This is especially the case when it comes to my constant wrong scenarios. Although I frequently only describe them in a laconic fashion – because they were not correct guesses – many of them might become true in the future (for example, the tripartite structure of the trial with the Macrospherians hovering above with their immunity and the Microspherians battling one another below as the prosecuting team and the defense team, or the invitation of audience to the trial process) when the CIA shall have successfully reactivated the dismissed ICJ trial. You should therefore pay attention when I mumbled such bullshit, if not in the reconstruction then at least in the recordings.

## **December 30 (Thursday)**

My next recording is: “touclmanychildrn\_12\_30\_10\_758-948AM.WMA”: I got up on 21:00 and walked a long way to UCLA. On 39:00, I was **filming** something. On 54:00, I was getting coffee from the vending machine. I sat down at a table. From 1:35:00 onward I was on the move again. I came inside the underground parking lot to work. I continued to moan in pain.

My next recording is: “uclwrtsuppl\_12\_30\_10\_948-1014AM.WMA”: I continued to write:

The operation to provoke me with constant doses of frustration continues because this is what will keep the White Mexican Monkey aligned with the defendants in their common harmful intent [toward me].

I then continued to write. There was honking on 16:00, causing me physical pain.

My next recording is: “wrtsuppl\_12\_30\_10\_1015-1038AM.WMA”: I continued to write: “This is why the Russian intelligence is helping the CIA to reform its recruitment methods...” Again, complete bullshit. I then left the underground parking lot.

My next recording is: “smbus\_12\_30\_10\_1039-1131AM.WMA”: I walked back to Westwood Village and, on 15:00, got on the Santa Monica Blue Bus. “... slow motion...” On 47:00, somebody was talking loudly on the bus, causing me distress. On 52:30 I got off the bus.

My next recording is: “macrostory7segmnts\_12\_30\_10\_1129-1158AM.WMA”: I just got off the bus, my ears still plugged up. As I was pushing my cart to OPCC, I started on my new false scenario: “... the Microspherian official story... the next trial... it’s the Microspherian official story which will be used... there is then the Macrospherian official story...” – and so on and on. On 11:00, I was in OPCC getting my free lunch. “We don’t know what Mary C did, but the Russians are very into her, they want to get her.” Ha! Just the opposite of reality! Mary C’s father had just got on board with my beloved Daughter People and DGHTRCOM!

My next recording is: “opccmary\_12\_30\_10\_1158AM-1233PM.WMA”: I was now pushing my cart to the Promenade. On 10:00, I asked someone where to buy ear plugs. On 13:30, I ran into Giselle, the Israelite pyramid selling sandals that I met on December 8. I asked her: “Who are you talking to?” “My boss.” Then I explained my ear plugs to her. And then how too many people were trying to provoke me. She explained that her husband was an artist, a photographer, that he was an American, a Catholic. And how they met and so on. They lived in Venice Beach. Then she answered another phone call and I left her on 20:00. As I walked on pushing my cart, I continued to hum: “... so many children, it’s unbelievable...” On 28:00 I got on the bus to go back to UCLA. I mumbled about how disgusting the passengers were. I blasted MIA to cover up other people’s noises.

My next recording is: “smmall\_12\_30\_10\_1234-119PM.WMA”: I was again webcasting the violent shaking of the bus to demonstrate that this must have been orchestrated from the control center. Plus

operations! As I would later write on my diary:

On the 720 bus. I was videotaping the frustrating shaking of my “Pushy Cart”:  
“Capture\_20101230\_7.wmv”. Note that, on 9:50 or so in the video, a very beautiful black hair pyramid – middle-aged just the way I like pyramids – came onto the bus to sit across from me. On 12:00 or so, a Hispanic woman carrying her baby – followed by many other ugly “actors and actresses” – came onto the bus. My webcam missed it because I was naturally afraid to videotape babies. My wrong scenario: “But the point of the operation was for me to masturbate with the video of the black hair pyramid so that I may actually commit the crime of pedophilia as a way for the Macrospherians to convict Mary C and Mr former Secretary of intentionally causing pedophilia to occur.” I noticed the point of the operation immediately, and so said on the end of the video that I would not do so because it was disgusting to use me to commit imaginary crimes as a way to convict the defendants in the Microsphere. Babies, now seated in the back of the bus, could immediately be heard shouting when the loud music I was playing came to a halt and I had to replay it (13:57). As for the rest of the video, because I had to play the music so loud to blot out the noises from the babies, you will not be able to feel the violent shaking of the cart when you cannot hear the noises from the shaking.

Again, the shaking of the bus was not orchestrated and there was no operation on the bus. On 33:30, I got off the bus in front of Ackerman. I kept talking about someone going to jail. (Mary C?) On 44:30 I was getting coffee from the vending machine again.

My next recording is: “uclcallaprtwrtlsntncebbynsangry\_12\_30\_10\_119-305PM.WMA”. I was also eating my snacks. From 10:00 onward, I was reviewing the recordings on my newest disc in Ackerman’s patio. I filmed myself with my DVD-213-CP. I started verifying it. “We are reviewing a recording in which we are reviewing a recording... there is nothing we can do... it’s better to make noises because a lot of children are around...” I got suspicious again when the verification process was too slow. Then, on 28:00: “... we’re under surveillance, it’s so disgusting...” Again, I failed to understand why Homeland Security was putting me under surveillance again. Now I was reviewing the recording of my call with Wes yesterday. On 41:00, the surveillance agent left. On 53:30, I called up the first apartment advertisement I collected yesterday. No answering. I left a message: “Tony, I can visit the room today.” On 1:04:00, I called up the second advertisement. It turned out that I had already called this man yesterday. I told him I’d call him again on 3:30 PM. On 1:08:00, the third advertisement. No answering, and I left a message. On 1:11:00, the fourth advertisement. I told him I’d call him back around 5 or 6 PM. On 1:17:00, I was connected with Mr Zhang from yesterday. Now the room was already taken. “We’re just wasting our time, there is no way that we’ll be allowed to rent a room.” Indeed! Then I began writing the one sentence in question on 1:35:00: “... the Macrospherians....” Immediately, baby noises (1:36:20), and I hummed loudly. I was again getting very angry. Meanwhile, a helicopter was flying above me, and more noises from people. “Sadistic!” I got into an outburst on 1:37:37 and started throwing things. Then, on 1:39:30, a lady with the room for rent called me back. I got even angrier because I didn’t know how to answer the phone. I called her back: the room was 400 per month and in a new neighborhood with no buses around. I said I’d look up the

map and call her back. Now even the strong wind was making me angry. Then, suddenly, a black guy on skateboard was coming over and I turned on my camcorder. I was convinced he was an actor.

My next recording is: “hitthngsucltoprklot\_12\_30\_10\_306-318PM.WMA”: So this disgusting black guy came over to ask me why I was **filming** him. He then asked me for a cigarette. Obviously here to provoke me, so it seemed to me. I merely continued to film him and he called me “bitch”. When he was gone I kept hitting the trash can and everything else with my “Buddha stick” out of anger. By 9:00 I was walking away. By 11:40, I was all quiet in my new corner. It’s really unclear whether this black guy was indeed sent in by Homeland Security to provoke me into a fight (which would mean that Homeland Security still hadn’t given up collecting that crucial piece of evidence – that I was a danger to people).

My next recording is: “uclangryhitcar\_12\_30\_10\_325-350PM.WMA”: I got up and started walking. By 12:00 I had come down to the underground parking lot. I was going to work here again.

My next recording is: “wrtsuppluclprklot\_12\_30\_10\_350-511PM.WMA”: I was still reviewing my recording. Suddenly, on 24:00, angry outburst: “Why do I have to be a criminal?... it’s a requirement... how many times do we have to say we regret saving these fucking Russians?... *it’s required that we hit somebody*... just leave my computer alone, leave me alone... kept nagging me, ‘Kill me’... how much hatred do we have to have for Americans?... the hatred is so intense that we can’t concentrate on doing anything... can I just not kill people? No, that’s not good enough...” Right! Except that it was Homeland Security which had required that I hit somebody. (What about hating Americans?) I then continued to transcribe my recording. On 4:55 PM, my netbook malfunctioned: the double icons once more.

My next recording is: “215isobrnuclprklotsht\_12\_30\_10\_514-734PM.WMA”: I cried out of despair, and then quieted down. I started burning my disc. On 53:00, the disc was burned. On 59:00, I defecated in a corner. Ha! On 1:05:00, I was out. On 1:06:30, I called Wes’ home. His mother said he was not home. She said further that Wes had sent an email to me. I asked her to ask him to call me back because “it’s an emergency.” “If the defendants want us to kill people, we *will* kill people, but we will have to stop recording, and so we won’t, that’s the obstacle...” By 1:14:00 I had come back down into the parking lot to verify my disc. “The Monkey is doing all this and the Russians and the Americans just stand back.” Not quite so! On 1:34:00, I was writing. And then reviewing one of my latest recordings: “... maybe it’s better to record the baby sounds so that we will at least have proof as to why we’ve got upset...” Siren on 2:12:00.

My next recording is: “wesnothomchck215wrtpcartohit\_12\_30\_10\_734-1002PM.WMA”: I was still reviewing my recording. I was then writing about the violent shaking of the bus. And then about how the car was parked there for me to hit (31:00). I then continued to review the video and write about the supposed operation. (You have just seen my speculation above.) On 1:27:00, the recording of my conversation with Wes. I was also burning a new disc (1:39:30). “... a conspiracy to get us to stop recording. There is no way that we’ll do that. Forget it! I wish I were the defendants in the trial, then I’d have so much power, I could even remotely control people to kill each other...” Then, more bullshit

about the “script” on 1:59:00. On 2:19:00, more bullshit about the replacement of evidences (how the Russians wanted evidences of my motivation). Then, how I must admit it when other people falsely accused me of something (when they said I had three eyes!).

My next recording is: “toinouthitthingsucl\_12\_30\_10\_1006-1120PM.WMA”: I was still in the underground parking lot. On 9:00, I was out. On 15:40, I was **filming** this “actor”: “Turn around!” (He was most likely no actor at all.) On 16:50, I **filmed** myself breaking a window glass with my Buddha stick: “It’s not bullet-proof, you can actually break it!” Homeland Security would certainly like what I just did: it’s almost evidence that I was a danger to people. Then: “... everyday it’s being fucking remotely controlled... getting provoked, breaking more things...” Then I noticed a surveillance camera on the top of the roof, and I **filmed** it. I kept breaking things with my Buddha stick along the way. People saw me and yelled at me. “Nice acting!” She yelled back: “What’s the point of that?” “The point is for you to see! To give you a chance to act! Maybe I can sue you later...” Again, I was mistaking them for actors and actresses. On 35:00, I was in In-and-Out. Suddenly: “... this man offers his cart for me to videotape, and so I must videotape it (i.e., I must videotape his offering his cart for me to videotape). The law requires you to break the law and also to be a victim...” I continued to curse my DGHTRCOM in anger: “... 忘恩負義的東西... he lets this be done to me... no wonder that he would call the Monkey his ‘friend’ ... he might have obtained his evidence, but he deserves to be hated... he’s the one who has put all these baby noises into my recordings...” Ha! I was in fact all correct about DGHTRCOM here: he made the mistake (the Mini-Trial) but wouldn’t take responsibility for it but instead had me pay for it (getting Homeland Security to dispose of me even though I had saved him). On 1:04:00, I came out.

My next recording is: “wstwdmtchintentn\_12\_31\_10\_1110-1128PM.WMA” (...12\_30\_10...): While pushing my cart, I continued my wrong scenario: “The Macrospherians installed a filter in the Microsphere and said: ‘You can run operations to destroy this guy as long as it produces evidences’... and they don’t care if the evidences are going to doom them and benefit the Macrospherian Russians...” I then went on and on about how sadistic the Macrospherians were. “... *it is possible that the Monkey has voluntarily installed the filter...* to finish his mission...” As you have seen, it was the CIA who had just days ago obtained the judge computer’s authorization to install a “filter” on the mind-reading computer (although presumably they hadn’t done it yet). Then: “... the earlier car was for us to hit... so disgusting is this theater... it’s possible that PM has said: ‘I want to save this guy’, and the Monkey would then say, ‘I’ll do it’...” Again, DGHTROM had actually decided to damn me! Then a man came near me to talk, and I yelled so loudly and shouted: “Fuck you!” Then: “... the match of intention... is not to match the intention... the match is on the meta-level...” I then came to my usual corner in front of the abandoned restaurant on Westwood Blvd.

My next recording is: “consprmoleslpciti\_12\_30-31\_10\_1128PM-841AM.WMA”:<sup>1</sup> I was now ready to sleep. I suddenly realized that the Monkey could voluntarily install the aforementioned filter to benefit the Macrospherian Russians without the latter’s worries for objections because, insofar as the conspiracy in the Microsphere had been actuated through a mole, the rule of reverse beneficiary would allow the Macrospherian Russians to benefit from the conspiracy against them also through a mole now

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1 Reviewed from 9:01:00 onward.

working in the reverse direction. Again, pure nonsense: it was the CIA which had wanted to install a filter on the mind-reading computer so that they could benefit from the Monkey's remote control of me rather than being harmed by it. And so I slept quietly. By 9:03:00, I was awake. Then the manager of the building showed up. I asked him: "Are you really the manager or are you an actor?" (9:06:30) Nonsense! He was real!

### **December 31 (Friday; Wes; the CIA's first operation?)**

My next recording is: "wkcititoucl\_12\_31\_10\_841-915AM.WMA": While walking through Westwood, I saw the Old Man walking past and I promptly **filmed** him.<sup>2</sup> I was mystified: isn't he supposed to be remotely controlled? (I didn't know that I wasn't quite correct about him back in April.) When I came inside UCLA I continued: "... Angelica shoes... they don't bother me anymore..." Then I shouted at a stranger: "Don't take pictures of me..." And: "He's trying to provoke me..." And so I started **filming** him.<sup>3</sup> He yelled at me: "Stop taping me, you fucking queer..." "You are provoking me, you know I'll sue you, right?..." Again, I wrongly assumed he was an actor. He continued: "Stop recording me..." "Who taught you to use the word 'record'..." I got suspicious because so many people lately were using the word "record" instead of "videotape". Then: "... they are like Karate experts, I don't fight because I wouldn't win..."

We must however wonder whether this guy was taking pictures of me for Homeland Security: since Homeland Security had to obtain evidence showing that every one of the lies they had ever invented about me was true and accurate, they would naturally need evidences showing me to be really not myself but a twin brother of myself. (Thus, the picture would be altered to become evidence suggesting that I didn't quite look like myself.) More on this later.

My next recording is: "915suplphnmbr\_12\_31\_10\_956-1035AM.WMA": I was now outside Ackerman. I called Wes, and he answered it. "Yesterday, I was so provoked... I can't look for an apartment... Can you find a convalescence home for me saying I have schizophrenia? But I need to use my computer and my recorder..." I hanged up on 3:15. "... *just say we have schizophrenia... that's what everyone wants to hear... we'll sue them later... in America, a genius is required to be mentally confused...*" Yes, just admit it! That's how the CIA could have established my conspiracy with Homeland Security! I was then writing (about my wrong scenarios).

My next recording is: "toopccclsdprmnade\_12\_31\_10\_1035AM-108PM.WMA": I continued: "... the only trustworthy person is DGHTR..." Not! On 3:30, I was at the ATM. Then I kept on walking. I answered the phone on 6:00, but there was nobody there. On 7:00, I called back: it's Wes' mother. Wes had left for Knott's Berry Farm. I asked her to tell him to check his emails later because I wanted to write an email to him. Then I kept on walking. On 17:30, siren. On 25:30, I got on the bus. I continued to mumble indistinctly about something (36:00). On 38:00, a man was talking loudly on the bus. On 59:00, when the bus came to Santa Monica, I commented on the noise-making man. I immediately got off the bus and was pushing my cart to OPCC. I **filmed** more "actors" (or so I thought). From 1:08:00

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2 See "100\_0031.MOV".

3 See "100\_0034.MOV". As shall be noted, this guy was most likely a Homeland Security agent.



onward, somebody seemed to be arguing with me. “There is something wrong with these people!” On 1:19:00, I was mumbling indistinctly again. I asked someone on the street: “Sir, do you like acting?” He was certainly no actor! On 1:21:00, I shouted at another person: “Hey actor! Give me some fries! You are getting rich off me!” “No!” And I moved on. On 1:24:00 I concluded (after much bullshit): “He is not really working out his plan.” Then, in OPCC on 1:24:30. On 1:27:00, I called somebody on a payphone. (It’s not clear who I was calling.) As I moved on: “I gave all these people a job...” Indeed! Homeland Security was going to keep their job thanks to me! Then, on 1:35:00, I said to another stranger: “Hey actor! Can I have some? Don’t say you are the police...” Just mistaking more strangers for actors. Siren on 1:41:00. I then mumbled more about these “actors”, and then about how disgusting Spanish was. “They want to provoke me because they know I wouldn’t like it...” On 1:46:00, I got on the bus. More: “... it’s completely sealed off, not a single thing is...” On 2:01:00, more mumbling. On 2:07:30, I was reading something in French.<sup>4</sup> On 2:13:00 I got off the bus in UCLA. On 2:16:00, I was mumbling about how to confront actors. Again: “... the opposite world, where the victims are the perpetrators... this is a university and hence it’s full of children... run run run... you can get yourself recorded... I can’t hear because I have ear plugs on... I can’t even know what I’m recording...” On 2:22:00, I shouted at two parents with children: “Pedophiles! Kindergarten! ... how much does all this cost?” When I came inside the Ackerman bookstore, children were again everywhere, and I had to **film** it: “I’ve never seen UCLA like this...” I was buying earphones. I then asked the cashier why there were so many children around: it’s the game again! “I never know basketball games can attract so many children” (2:25:50). Then I asked him more – wrongly assuming him to be an actor and therefore to know everything about me: “How about you live my life and I live your life? How would you like to be remotely controlled? You all look like boxers... how did they find you guys?” Of course he had no idea what I was talking about. I then went upstairs to buy food. Again, so many children.

My next recording is: “ucltvm915chld215cpver\_12\_31\_10\_108-230PM.WMA”: I was now in Ackerman’s TV lounge. From 6:00 onward, I started typing,

... operation turned into... with the objective of making me hate myself... aggressive and profanity-prone... ugly... clearly the cause of pedophilia is genetics... the more you put children in front of someone...

Namely, how to make me into a “Misoped”. Then, from 20:00 onward, I was reviewing my recordings. I was also verifying DVD-215 while eating. Then, from 50:00 onward, I was transcribing the recording from September 15. On 58:00, I read something in French. The recording was of Radio Canada’s (French) news broadcast from September 15 (1:12:00).

My next recording is: “ucltvmrcrdrlpmodechldrn\_12\_31\_10\_230-248PM.WMA”: I continued: “... the bitch walks away! Thank God! We’ll definitely sue her... she was here to get us angry...” Probably not. I was still reviewing the same recording. I was then reading the manual for my Olympus recorder. (In French too.) Now I had decided to implement Wes’ suggestion and record myself in LP mode from now on in order to avoid recording children’s noises. As you shall see, a bad mistake.

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4 What exactly would Homeland Security say about my Francophonic ability?

My next recording is: “[leavuclbus2provkdbkrkdwnybr\\_12\\_31\\_10\\_305-708PM.WMA](#)”. The following was thus recorded in LP mode. I continued to mumble about how angry the provocation made me. I had by now left Ackerman and was walking on the street. More families: “... pedophile families! Fucking bitch! ... remote controlled... everything...” Then I kept on mumbling indistinctly about something. Siren on 17:50. Then more of what I thought were actors. “... there are just so many operations... DGHTR must be working full-time... how can he absorb all these operations?” Well, in fact, not so many operations, but just a little bit from Homeland Security. Then, on 36:30, I got on bus 2. I named my files. I was mumbling again on 49:00 (something about how to provoke me). On 59:00 I seemed to be working on my New Letter of Petition. Now, three girls sitting behind me who looked so much like CIA began chatting loudly. On 1:03:00, you can hear them laughing in such a shrieking manner: “... that laughter bothers me so much... it makes me so angry...” And I yelled to another Hispanic woman with a child: “... you fucking pedophile...” And I was bothered again by her Spanish-talking. On 1:12:00, I blasted Silbermond to cover up the noises. On 1:14:00, the girls behind me were laughing loudly again. I turned around and yelled at them: “You know that’s going to bother me, so shut up!” On 1:24:30, more Silbermond. On 1:29:30, I was mumbling bitterly about the girls sitting behind me, how I wanted to sue them: “... they are here working for...” On 1:47:00, MIA. On 1:51:00: “I’ve got so angry that I want to kill people so much!” I yelled at the girls again: “I’ll fucking kill you... you get paid all this money but I’ll fucking sue you... and kill you... pain...” And I shouted something like “This is how you repay me after I’ve saved your fucking life...” (1:54:20). That is to say, I really thought they were CIA. (Keep in mind that, at the time, I didn’t yet know that I had never really saved the CIA.) Now I had got so angry that even my head hurt. Then my final argument with one of these three “Mommylikes” behind me (2:07:50): “... you know that by talking so loudly you can provoke me to kill people and that’s why you’re doing that...” Right! As I would write later tonight about this episode:

I somehow felt the need to confront them because ignoring them would reveal my embarrassing weakness and create injustice by letting the provocateurs get away – once again, I was developing resistance toward not being provoked.

The question is of course whether these three girls were really CIA agents. If so, it’s the first operation which the CIA was now obliged to run on me after caving in to the political pressure from above. Namely, now that, thanks to the Boss’ effort, the whole national security Establishment in the US had reached the consensus that the CIA should not reactivate the ICJ trial resulting in the conviction of the Boss, everyone ordered the CIA to cooperate with Homeland Security. Since Homeland Security had been sending actors to me to make noises knowing that I could then be provoked into wanting to kill people, the Invisible Hand thus sent in three girls to do the same as a way to demonstrate to the rest of the national security Establishment that they were indeed subservient to the Boss’ favorite servants (Homeland Security). When I threatened to kill the girls, that was intercepted into the ICJ as evidence that I was indeed a danger to people and that the mind-reading computer had never been tampered with. (Recall that getting me to say I wanted to kill people was all that was possible for now.) It is however expected that the Invisible Hand would then secretly, without anyone’s knowing, enter the episode into the judge computer in the second, secret trial as evidence that the Agency was forced to participate in the Boss’ evil schemes – this was the first evidence of such kind, and the Invisible Hand would enter



more such evidences in the coming days so that, in the secret, second trial, there would eventually be a judgment that the CIA was never guilty of any part of the Boss' genocidal plan (including my victimization) since they were only forced to participate in it. As said, the CIA was pretending to cooperate with Homeland Security in the short run while secretly planning on revenge for the long run, and the Invisible Hand knew already that, no matter how much his girls should provoke me today, I wouldn't actually kill anybody afterward (since, if I ever did kill people, his entire plan would be subverted).

On 2:12:00, I got off the bus in downtown. I came inside the cybercafe on Broadway on 2:22:00. "The keyboard doesn't work" (2:24:20). I was on Youtube while uploading my recordings. Again, even though I was homeless because I was bankrupt, I was dumb enough to waste more money on cybercafe (when I could have used my own netbook). Now, music videos. First, Annie Villeneuve (2:27:10). Then I broke down in tears again because of the noises around (2:29:35). I broke down in tears again on 2:52:00. Siren on 3:11:30. Just then, MIA's "Sonne". On 3:16:15, MIA's "Hungriges Herz". It seems however to be sung by a group of underage people. There was no image of any sort and, as the music was soothing, I didn't pay attention to this fact. But I would later think that it was another trap: devised to produce more evidence of my pedophilia. (Wrong!) I played this video repeatedly. When the siren started outside and I got up wanting to pay for another hour, I accidentally dropped my netbook onto the ground (3:22:00). Again, I kept on frustrating myself, seemingly doing so under remote control. On 3:27:00, MIA's "Deineswegen". Then, MIA's "Verfolger" (3:31:30). Then more of MIA. By 3:56:00 I was all done with music and uploading files and was talking with the owner and so on.

My next recording is: "tobus20wstwd\_12\_31\_10\_708\_741PM.WMA". Again, this was recorded in LP mode. I was again telling the people around not to shout. On 8:30, somebody tried to talk to me. "I have my ears plugged, so I can't hear you." On 20:30, I walked up to a woman who I assumed was an actress: "... you have to share with me some of your pay... you get paid for my suffering..." She had of course no idea what I was talking about and argued with me. "All these provocations... it makes us less dangerous..." Indeed!

My next recording is: "bus20towstwd\_12\_31\_10\_741-821PM.WMA": Again, this was recorded in LP mode. I was now on bus 20 going back to Westwood. Siren on 1:50. On 7:30, the Hispanic man sitting next to me was talking loudly on his cellphone. "Don't talk too loud!" "Why?" "Because I'm very sick." Then I was quiet throughout the rest of the bus ride. Then I was mumbling about something toward the end of the recording.

My next recording is: "uclplceharassdavidchn\_12\_31\_10\_825-946PM.WMA: Again, this was recorded in LP mode. I was still on the bus. I was off the bus in Westwood and pushing my cart through the street by 8:00. On 13:00, I was mumbling about something. On 17:00, siren, and I mumbled something about how I couldn't videotape something. On 21:00, I was in CVS Pharmacy buying cigarettes. I instructed the cashier not to say "Have a nice day": "... because I have been tortured..." I was out on 24:30. "... they *want* to be recorded, and so we'll record them in order to have evidence that they *want* to be recorded..." Then, I saw a terribly attractive woman by the bus stop and asked her: "Why are you standing there for me to see?" "I'm waiting for the bus." "Why are you all dressed up beautiful like

that? Who dressed you up?” “I did.” “Okay I’m not getting anywhere,” and so I left her alone (26:30). She was no actress! On 29:50, siren. On 33:30, I was again mumbling. As I came near UCLA, I was convinced that the police cars were there to videotape me. On 40:30, I was mumbling something about the Monkey again. On 43:00, I said to somebody: “Are you waiting for me?” He asked me something. And then: “No, I’m waiting for the bus.” I continued to mumble while walking away: “... 忘恩負義的東西 ... 以怨報德...” I was evidently talking about DGHTRCOM again and – right on! Then, when I walked into UCLA, another police officer stopped me (51:40): “... ever been arrested? Where are you headed to? Do you know the address?” I told him I was going to the UCLA Medical Center. “You are on campus property... you can’t be on campus... Do you have ID? Do you have anything on you that can hurt people?” I was stupefied because I didn’t do anything illegal! But he explained: “I’m stopping you because you ran against the signal...” I was shocked because what he meant was the red hand sign even though it was green light. And he continued to interrogate me. “What’s your name? What’s your DOB?” Now, fearing that I might be taken away for warrants (for unpaid tickets), *I gave him my brother’s date of birth*. And I had to wait for him to verify my identity. “If the information is wrong, you’re going to jail.” And when I told him I had my passport with me, he wanted to see it. “All this acting really gets on my nerve.” And so I asked him: “Do you like acting?” “I don’t act.” Then, on 1:01:20, he let me go. I said to him sarcastically: “I know we all have to produce evidences but thank you.” And I continued on about this for a while as I walked away: “... he’s like, ‘Larry, what’s your name?’ Everybody is pretending to be confused... Why are they doing that? In order to frustrate me... stupidity is provocation” – or rather, as I would soon write, “stupidity provokes” (1:03:40). On 1:14:30, I settled down in the parking lot area behind Deborah’s office building. On 1:20:00 I started examining the new recordings in LP mode. I was shocked: they sounded so bad like those from my old Sony recorder!

At this point, let us comment on what had just happened. We have to wonder whether the police action on me tonight was another CIA operation. Recall that, back in November 2007, Mr Chertoff ordered his Homeland Security thugs to broadcast another warning about me specifying that I was born on my brother’s birthday and so was his twin brother. Now that the CIA was forced to cooperate with Homeland Security and affirm that everything which Homeland Security had ever said about me was correct, the Invisible Hand thus ordered the police to intercept me to check my date of birth – after reading from the mind-reading computer the prediction that I would give out my brother’s date of birth for fear of getting arrested. Thus, just like the picture taken of me this morning showing me not looking quite like myself, the police communication about my date of birth tonight was surely intercepted into the ICJ to confirm that Homeland Security’s warnings about me were again correct so that the judge computer would continue to issue judgments that no objections were possible against my Daughter People. Ha!

My next recording is: “chcklpexamevidchldnoise\_12\_31\_10\_949-1123PM.WMA”: As I examined the new recordings, I expressed my regret: “... you are right, it didn’t record baby noises, but it didn’t record anything else either... the problem is that we *do* want to record these noises *as evidences*... and now there is no evidence... it’s a trap! Wes’ suggestion is not good at all...” I thus wrote down my important observation (22:00) that the noises made by the provocateurs, though provoking and disturbing me *at the time*, did not disturb me when I reexamined them in the recordings. In fact, I

would be upset if these noises were not well recorded, because there would then be no evidence of the provocations. “Whether the noises are disturbing or provoking depends on my perspective. Once I change my perspective to that of the examination of evidence, the noises will no longer disturb me. The only problem is the noises from babies. These will disturb me even when I hear them in the recordings.” This observation would also be important for you if you really want to understand “Sonophobia”. I then expressed my hope that babies shall never be used again in clandestine operations (23:05). Then my incorrect guess about the first run (27:20). “I have just produced evidence that I was [during the first run] Lawrence Chin pretending to be David Chin pretending to be Lawrence Chin – I have produced it out of concern for my own safety” (28:10). Wrong! Then I was writing about my final moments with the three Mommylike pyramids earlier (31:25). (This was quoted above.) I then continued on about how it was now worse because, when noises bothered me, they weren’t even recorded. Massive siren on 45:30. Again on 1:00:30. “... two sets of evidences, evidences in the first run, and then...” (1:10:00). By now I was done with the examination of the recordings. On 1:12:00 I was pushing my cart through Westwood Village. “The evidence of our enjoying homelessness is also obtained when these apartment owners call and we don’t call back...” Bullshit. I got water from Starbucks. On 1:16:40, I **filmed** something as proof that every file, as long as it was important, would have baby noises in it. And I shouted at the teenager: “You are a pedophile, but you are not old enough to be prosecuted, it’s too bad!” I was again very angry and, on 1:20:00, was hitting things with my “Buddha stick”. “I wish I were still 17 so that I can rape a 40 year-old woman and cause her to be convicted of pedophilia... these people, seeing me with a recorder, would immediately come to shout into it...” I cursed this and that continually and then mumbled about how much I hated this and that. On 1:26:00, I seemed to be cutting myself in my corner. From 1:32:00 onward, I played the music from my recordings.

My next recording is: “cutselfnoiseattackcry\_12\_31\_10\_1124-1156PM.WMA”: I was telling more noise-making “actresses” (or so I thought) to shut up (6:11). Then I cut myself on my arm again (7:20). I moaned loudly out of pain, which made me feel better. I was then crying so sadly. My mood had shifted again from anger to infantile helplessness (13:00).

### **January 1 2011 (Saturday: Wes; “schizophrenia”)**

My next recording is: “touclprklot\_1\_1\_10\_835-856AM.WMA”: As soon as I was awake, I started my monologue: “... the chips in my brain are causing me to forget things... presumably the story is that... the Monkey is trying to cause me to become immobilized... wheelchair... so that he can use me as a fountain of ideas for him...” Nonsense. While walking into UCLA, I continued to mumble indistinctly. On 14:00, more parents with their children, and I **filmed** them. I came inside the underground parking lot in the middle of UCLA continuing to ramble about how it was legal to videotape all the actors around me.

My next recording is: “uclprklot214cpwrt\_1\_1\_10\_856-1118AM.WMA”: Then I seemed to be talking about DGHTRCOM: “... he will destroy me, to avoid the objections... and then he will save me... the Monkey does it because the Russians want it...” All wrong! Both DGHTRCOM and the Monkey would simply destroy me, period. I then continued to write my petition letter. On 51:00 I left a message

for Wes, “Call me back...” My new disc was also successfully burned. I would soon note down my thoughts this morning on my diary:

I came to suspect increasingly that my provocation and breakdown by other people’s loud talking near me have actually been caused by the chips inside my head – the reaction or illness has been remotely induced. That’s the only way to explain why sometimes the noises were so devastating to me and sometimes had little effect.

Correct! My next recording is: “[leavucligmanplcedetain\\_1\\_1\\_11\\_1118AM-138PM.WMA](#)”. I was still working in the underground parking lot. By 11:00 I was out and pushing my cart. Then, on 14:00, some stranger walked past with his wife and kid and called me a “freak”. I assumed he was an actor and had brought his kid to me to make me into a pedophile, and so I shouted back at him: “Yeah, what kind of freak show is that? You fucking pedophile...” And I threw my cigarette butt at him, and the butt landed on the back of his head. His wife shouted back: “Hey, buddy, be careful, we’ll call the police...” On 18:30 I called up Wes, and he answered it. I was again terribly frustrated because I didn’t know how to use my phone. I explained to Wes: “... just the same thing... people are trying to provoke me with their noises... I know... they want me to kill people... restraining myself is causing me so much pain... the enormous pain I feel from the noises is actually remotely controlled... then 280 dollars disappeared from my account... even if I have saved up enough money, money will just disappear for no reason...” Now the police showed up on 21:00 – three police cars! The “actor” did call the police on me! The officers asked me for my ID. “Weapons? Anything sharp on you? Somebody said you threw a cigarette on his kid.” I was amazed: “No.” The officer: “Why would somebody say that?” Well, that’s a false report, which convinced me further that the man was an actor sent in to provoke me and to cause me to be arrested. (I was probably not far from the truth here.) The officers handcuffed me and then interrogated me as to why I was on campus. “Where do you stay?” “Nowhere. I know I’m a very bad person, but I didn’t throw any cigarette on any kid.” And I added, totally annoyed: “You are going to take me in... and delete my files...” The officer: “Why do you say that? Have you ever been arrested?” “I have never been arrested... it’s because I can predict the future.” Ha! He asked: “What’s your immediate future?” Me: “You’ll put me in that car, take me to the station... prevent me from using my computer and my electronics...” “How often do you come to the campus? ... What’s in your bag on your chest? ... This family said you were following them and videotaping them with your cellphone and when they told you to stop you threw a cigarette at them...” Then the other officer: “Do you have any medical problems?” And the other: “*How long have you been crazy? Have you been treated for your mental problem?*” I insisted that the man wasn’t telling the truth. They then interrogated me as to whether I took medication and so on. I mentioned I was going to Edelman. “What for? Depression? *Did they say anything about your schizophrenia?* They did say that, right?” It was now all clear to me that this was the purpose of this operation: “If you want me to admit that...” Right! Then the officer asked me: “Whose blood is it that is on your pants?” I cried: “Oh my God! I just want to use my computer! What’s wrong with that?” “Where is your computer?” I shouted: “Are you done with the TV show? What kind of game are you playing?” And they denied that it was a “game”. And they continued to interrogate me as to whether I had schizophrenia. And so they did put me in their car (35:30). Then, suddenly, on 41:00, the officer told me I could go to Edelman by myself to get my medication instead of being taken to jail. Amazing! But they did take away my “Buddha stick”. And they were all gone by

44:00. I couldn't help but exclaim: "Our arrest was intercepted!" I was now walking away from UCLA – I definitely should not hang out here after what happened. Then: "Okay, there is now evidence that I have schizophrenia... from official police records..." Correct! This was the purpose of the operation! Then, on 53:00, I called Wes, but there was no answering. I left a message: "Call me back, don't play game..." Then, on 54:00, I was buying batteries and so on in CVS Pharmacy. Almost 26 dollars! On 1:08:00, I was on Culver City bus 6. On 1:19:30, I got off the bus. More bullshit, with the conclusion: "So the prosecution *is* going to succeed..." On 1:22:00, I was in 711 to get hot dogs. On 1:30:30, I was out. Then: "... a portrait of an ugly person is a pretty portrait, because of the act of representation... the change of perspective..." Good insight! Then, more bullshit: "... intelligence agencies are naturally stingy... the judges told everyone to share, and the Russians made the first move..." Yeah, right! Then, on 1:38:20, my phone rang, and I failed to answer it. On 1:40:40, I called Wes, but there was no answering (1:40:40). I called Wes again on 1:48:00 and this time he did answer it.

I recounted: "The police were going to arrest me but I guess it was intercepted and so I was let go." Wes: "I thought they thought you had a weapon..." Me: "... No, another guy showed up with a child..." Then I mentioned how I wanted to figure out where the 280 dollars had disappeared to. I continued: "He said I threw a cigarette on his kid's head... and three police cars came... they seemed to want to throw me into the hospital... it doesn't matter... 'they' just wanted to obtain the evidence... the guy who said I threw a cigarette on his kid was lying... the police called him again, and now he told the correct story... the police just kept on saying I have schizophrenia... after they put me in their car, they then let me go..." And I lamented again about how I couldn't stand everything being remotely controlled: "... even with the ear plugs and the towel, the noises still drove me to such anger... I got more aggravated because I couldn't get even... I find it hard to believe this because these people are so cruel... the act of driving me insane... and they just keep on doing it... the pain was so severe... but at other times the noises didn't bother me that much... even my emotions are remotely controlled..." Wes: "Why didn't you go to the appointment?" Me: "It seems like a trap... now I have only 860 dollars left... if the 280 dollars were not taken away... and if you gave me 200, then I would have 1300, enough for an apartment... one of the ads required you to sign a six-month lease, it really sounded like a trap..." Wes: "*Maybe they don't want you to get an apartment, they want you to be homeless so that they can harass you more.*" Me: "Yeah!" Well, it's obvious that Homeland Security didn't want me to have a home: Wes was warning me about Homeland Security again. Wes: "Then why would it be a trap?" We discussed this a little more, and then I lamented about how I couldn't become independent again. "The LP mode you suggested is not a good idea, it's also a trap... when people provoke me, if it's in LP mode, it sounds like... just echoes... can't hear anything... I might as well leave it on regular speed, then afterward at least I'll have evidence..." Wes: "Get out of there..." Me: "How?" Wes suggested again that I find an apartment. "Is that a trap?" And we continued to discuss apartments for a while. Then we discussed whether it was a good idea to sign a lease. Me: "... the apartment is orchestrated... it's so hopeless, everything is remotely controlled..." Wes: "... *maybe it's just one thing that is being remotely controlled, which is your belief that everything is being remotely controlled... that's much cheaper.*" Wes was trying to hint to me again, and yet I continued to insist that I was right. We then continued to discuss apartments. "According to my count, by tomorrow there will be only one more evidence left... but it would be too amazing if it will all end tomorrow..." Right! Finally, Wes and I decided that I should find the latest newspapers and buy professional ear plugs. Then Wes told me

he was going to Las Vegas tomorrow and coming back on Wednesday. I was shocked. Then he said he was going to Arizona with his family on Friday. Then, the week after, San Francisco. Then he had to meet 9 other people. “What am I staying here for then?” And we discussed whether I should go elsewhere. Can he see me anyhow? Then it was his mother’s birthday on Wednesday. I moaned. Wes: “You should think about where you need to go.” I talked about how I couldn’t fly far until it’s all over and how I really needed money. Wes suggested that I ask my cousin Cindy. “It’s a trap...” But he did convince me in the end. Wes: “... people who know you for a long time, they like you, somewhere... even when they are paid... *you can activate their sympathy...*” Why did Wes mention “sympathy” again? I continued to try to persuade him to see me on Thursday, even for just two hours. Then he suggested that I contact “Cynthia”, my therapist. “What? What does she want to do?” Wes: “Don’t let the environment control you.” I denied that this was possible: “... everything is remotely controlled, all I can do is reflect...” Wes said he would be home tonight, but for now, he had to do some shopping. I now told him I couldn’t be sure whether he was not lying. Wes: “... *when you fight with it, that causes problem...*” I said I would go along with it if it didn’t involve so much pain. Wes: “*I’m getting into trouble right now...*” (2:16:00). That again! Before he hanged up, he again reminded me to call Cindy. On 2:17:40, we hanged up.

Now let’s comment before we move on. What had just happened seemed to be the third CIA operation on me after their defeat among the national security Establishment. There was already evidence yesterday that I was a danger to people and a twin brother of myself, and so today the Invisible Hand sent in the police to intercept me and call me “schizophrenic”. (The man who called the police on me was thus most likely sent in by Homeland Security so that this was a CIA-DHS joint operation.) Again, the police communication would be intercepted into the ICJ to confirm that the Homeland Security warning about me as a schizophrenic was again correct so that the ICJ trial should remain locked up. It seems that the Invisible Hand had instructed the police not to arrest me in order to reinforce my wrong scenario (that the Macrospherians had “intercepted” the conspiracy) so that I could continue to look crazy. At least that’s what he would have told the rest of the Establishment and Homeland Security. This was thus the CIA’s trick to spare me and yet obey the order from above at the same time.

It was probably also part of the CIA’s new operation on me to instruct Wes to persuade me to call my cousin Cindy – Cindy must have already been instructed to say something to me or about me which would further confirm in the ICJ that Homeland Security’s warnings about me were correct. But, beside this, Wes tried to do me some good by warning me that Homeland Security wanted me to stay homeless and hinting to me that my belief about how everything was being remotely controlled was gross exaggeration of reality. But it remained a mystery why he mentioned again how I should try to excite people’s sympathy and how, by helping me, he would get himself into troubles: perhaps to continue to produce evidence that he had given me all the hints only out of his own accord.

My next recording is: “smemailreadasfchldnoseangry\_1\_1\_11\_138-244PM.WMA”: On 9:00 I got on the Santa Monica Blue Bus. On 19:00, a black woman was shouting inside the bus. “What’s this about?” (Did Homeland Security employ faulty surveillance to obtain further evidence of my violent temper tantrum?) On 26:00 I got off the bus. I kept on walking until, on 38:00, I came to OPCC. On 45:00, I was typing something out on my netbook. Then I was reading about Windows Media Audios



and so on (55:00). I became increasingly angry: "... it's so loud here... we are not able to concentrate at all... I don't understand... David Chin is supposed to be a fucking computer engineer..." I had again mistaken the noises for orchestrated. By 1:02:30, I had left. I was so angry. "We must learn about computers... it's absolutely essential... why doesn't the Monkey just say I don't eat?" On 1:05:00, I rested in a quiet corner.

My next recording is: "trturchpbuyearplg\_1\_1\_11\_257-429PM.WMA": I was now pushing my cart through the streets in Santa Monica, mumbling about how I needed to buy a new bat. Then I came inside a liquor store. I was so distraught that I wanted to vomit, and on top of that I suffered from severe headache. Siren on 7:30. When out, again: "We need to buy a new baseball bat... otherwise, this uncontrollable desire to kill people will have no outlet... it will kill us..." I was resting in a corner on 10:00. "... we need to get the chips pulled out... a perfectly okay human being is destroyed like this, with chips planted in his brain to make him want to kill people..." I ate my snacks. "I can't deal with the torture anymore... there is a chip in our head, and there is nothing we can do... our role in society is to be remotely controlled to become a killer... I have to kill people, just because the chips inside my brain are making me do it... but I don't want to kill people at all... that's what is causing so much pain..." Insofar as I was speaking the truth here – the Monkey was remotely controlling me to become a killer per Homeland Security's order – I was again providing the CIA with more evidence of my conspiracy with Homeland Security and my Daughter People. On 38:00 I was on the move again. "... it's strange that the police would want to detain you... it's such a torture..." I asked people where "A-Shop" was in order to buy ear plugs. And I bought them. When I tested them, I found that they weren't so useful at all (1:01:00). Then, on 1:04:00, somebody came to hustle me away: "He needs to park the car." I was then pushing my cart again. On 1:27:00, I came inside a department store briefly.

My next recording is: "bustowstwd\_1\_1\_11\_429-512PM.WMA": I was now on the bus. On 31:00 I got off the bus in Westwood mumbling about the "contradictions" in the operations: "... pretty soon we'll be in a wheelchair and can't certainly be a danger to people... a conspiracy for the conspiracy to... fail... or change... pretending to be David Chin pretending to be Lawrence Chin by using a fake passport..." On 42:00, I came inside Burger King to use the restroom.

My next recording is: "chnsenwsprrstrm\_1\_1\_11\_513-548PM.WMA": I was still in the restroom. By 13:00 I was out. I rested, and then was on the move. On 34:00, my confession again: "... back in April... impossible..."

My next recording is: "touclprklot\_1\_1\_11\_549-620PM.WMA": On 2:00, I was in CVS Pharmacy. Out on 8:00. On 28:00, I came inside the underground parking lot inside the UCLA campus.

My next recording is: "uclprklot\_1\_1\_11\_620-812PM.WMA": From 5:00 onward, I was reviewing my recordings and writing. On 1:06:00, my bullshit again. "Conspiracy to cause the prosecution to fail, then once busted, to cause it to succeed, to either destroy me, or make me unable to drag them all down... to make the Monkey's mission align with the defendants' objective... the work of the Monkey is just too impossible to reverse... to make the Monkey into a mole, so that his intention can align with that of the defendants... so that he can be busted..." Then, while burning my disc, I typed out the

following:

By 7:45 PM or so, it has become apparent that, as I am unlikely to fit into the Monkey's profile in a fully matching fashion, the conspiracy was originally planned with a backdoor – as the Macrospherian official story for the conspiracy in the International Criminal Court goes. Insofar as the original conspiracy for the prosecution to fail would have to change into a conspiracy for the prosecution to succeed in order for the mission of the Monkey to be aligned with the harmful intention of the defendants toward me once the latter should have lost their battle for themselves – remember that that's the only way for the Monkey to be labeled a 'mole': through an act of conspiracy or the alignment of intentions – and insofar as the conspirators would be conscious of their fate afterward – namely, being prosecuted by the Macrospherians for this additional conspiracy in the International Criminal Court – the defendants must have calculated in the beginning that their chance of being prosecuted all the way afterward would not be high given their knowledge of my nature: namely, how intense my psychological disorder about recording myself is and how important writing is to me. I'm simply not likely to really become a pedophile and really kill someone or really not write for a long period, let alone not using my computer for more than a day and not burning discs continually. Nor will I believe any gibberish ambiguous messages about anything. This must be why there are so many self-contradictory elements in the Monkey's mission: such as, the more he provokes me to kill, the more I will have to use my recorder and computer to store the documentaries of suffering and injustice and write about these – then the more unlikely I will be to actually kill for fear of the consequences. Now, insofar as the emotional damage to me is caused by the conflicting desires to not kill and to kill, I would just be left disabled afterward, weighed down by the vast number of operations to write and complain about.

My next recording is: “uclprklot\_1\_1\_11\_814-901PM.WMA” (...814-1001PM...): Implementing Wes' suggestion, I left a message for Cindy, “Please call me back.” I then called up another Chinese apartment ad (4:20). We discussed how smoking was not permitted in the room. I was then disconnected and so called the lady again. “No smoking is best.” And she asked me what I was doing for living. “Recovering from illness.” And we talked about the address and location of the place and the bus routes. I hunged up on 11:00. I then called another number. No one was home and I left a message. I then called a third number but couldn't connect. From 17:00 onward, I was working on my letter of petition. “Don't know how to write... the operations are just so many, so tiny...” On 42:00, I had successfully burned another disc, and I played the files on the disc. Then I muttered about how the neurons in my brain for “resistance” were being remotely activated. On 1:02:00, I called the same number again, but there was still no answering. By 1:44:00 I was done with reviewing the recordings and was packing up.

My next recording is: “leavuclweslvgasfriesnoiseattck\_1\_1\_11\_1005-1142PM.WMA”: By 6:00 I had left the underground parking lot. On 11:00, I muttered again about my remote control: “... that's only possible because a mood structure has already been built up... it would be amazing if some day this

will stop...” There was no “mood structure”! Then, on 21:00, I settled down in a corner to brush my teeth. Then I moved on. On 38:00, I came inside Denny’s to order snacks. Suddenly, my phone rang (39:47). It was Wes, and I called him back (41:49). I got my confirmation that Wes was really going to Las Vegas tomorrow. He got a hotel room for 24 dollars a day. “In Circus Circus?” I asked (44:55). Wes then mentioned “Stratosphere”, which “has the same deal... a little more expensive, like 30 dollars a night...” (45:05). But he mentioned: “... laptops will probably not be allowed... for the casinos would think that you are trying to calculate the odds...” (46:13). Wes then said something like “The casinos has cameras, and so they are not gonna allow the government to come in...” (47:35). “Oh C’mon,” I was quite irritated. Our conversation ends on 1:00:25. Wes didn’t say anything significant tonight – even though I would later stupidly assume his “Stratosphere” was some sort of “secret message”. I came back inside Denny’s and ordered fries to go. While waiting outside, I asked again a stranger, “Why do you have to talk so loud?” I had most likely mistaken him for an actor. I then asked for water repeatedly. Then: “... the 2.4 billion dollar disabled man...” Indeed! By 1:30:00 I was in my corner to get ready to sleep.

### **January 2 (Sunday; the Chinese students)**

My next recording is: “slpwestwdtrshcan\_1\_1-2\_11\_1142PM-918AM.WMA”: And so I slept.<sup>5</sup> By 9:14:00 I was awake. I got up and pushed my cart through the street. Some mumbling on 9:19:00. By 9:34:00, I was at the doughnut shop. I suddenly recalled I needed to go to Edelman.

My next recording is: “coffeetobusedlman\_1\_2\_11\_918-944AM.WMA”: I was still outside the doughnut shop in Westwood. “According to the evidentiary record, we never even flew to China... according to the Microspherian official story... the Chinese intelligence simply came over...” Not! I got on the Culver City bus 6 on 12:00 and got off on 22:00.

My next recording is: “sm\_1\_2\_11\_942-1159AM.WMA”: It seems that I ended up in Santa Monica. (What happened to Edelman?) I continued to push my cart through the streets. Siren on 8:50. I asked strangers (wrongly assuming they were actors): “How much did you guys get paid?” On 19:00, I was mumbling about my wrong scenario again (“... my environment...”). On 22:00, about how I had only cost the US government 2 billion dollars. Then, I commented on another woman: “Actress! She gets paid just to stand there! What an expensive trial... so you can’t just dismantle the system...” Not! Except that the Invisible Hand and BOL *really* couldn’t just dismantle the whole system but had to institute a second trial to go around it. On 34:00, I rested in a corner. Soon, a child’s noises. “... we are so immobilized, we couldn’t go find apartments... If the goal of the prosecution is to disable me, it’s a success!” Wrong! Siren on 38:30. Then, on 41:00, I was pushing my cart again. “Why should the Monkey be given the right to spend all this money of tax payers’?” Right! On 47:00, I got on bus 720. More wrong-headed speculations about the Monkey’s actions on 51:00. On 1:04:30, I got off the bus in Westwood. On 1:08:00, I ran into this group of Chinese students, two girls and a guy. The girls wanted to burst into laughter upon seeing me, while the guy was but a mean face. What’s going on? I asked the Chinese girls in Chinese: “Where do you guys come from?” “USC.” “China or Taiwan?” “China, Shandong.” And I continued to ask her why she kept on laughing: “What have you heard about me?”

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<sup>5</sup> Reviewed until 12:00, and then from 9:10:00 onward.

Good things or bad things?” And the guy asked me about my ear plugs. One of them was studying physics, the other geophysics, and the other material science. Then the girl asked me what happened to me. “I’m sick, and I was harmed by people” (被人害的). I kept on asking them why the guy was so mean-looking while the girls wanted to burst into laughter. All done by 1:12:30. On 1:16:00, I came inside in Samy’s Cameras.

We have to wonder whether these three Chinese students were behaving like this because they had already seen a new Homeland Security alert about me. If so, this means that Homeland Security had finally broadcast a new alert about me to both UCLA and USC students just as they had done back in 2007. (Perhaps Homeland Security had found the reason to do so after the police citing of me yesterday.) The grotesque profile of a schizophrenic who had developed all these delusions about the former head of Homeland Security and now about the Russian government and Russian intelligence – and this time Homeland Security had the full backing of the Russian diplomatic service. I was already totally discredited before I even started writing much of my story. (As you shall see, this shall be my fate throughout the next 10 years and more.) And of course the alert itself was intercepted into the ICJ to justify the lockup of the dismissed ICJ trial.

My next recording is: “smdisabled\_1\_2\_11\_12-117PM.WMA”: I was now looking for metal cases for my DVDs but didn’t find any. On 6:00, I was out. “He doesn’t want us to protect our DVDs. He doesn’t want us to... he will secretly put us in a wheelchair for us to philosophize only...” On 15:30, I was inside Burger King. I was reviewing my recording while eating. On 44:00, I left another message for Cindy: “Can you give me a call back?” Dumb! This is a trap! On 47:00, I called up another advertisement from the Chinese newspaper: “Do you have a room for rent?” By 58:00, the conversation was done. Then my desire to sue this Hispanic couple for “pedophilia”: “... Hispanics are so productive... with so many children... to frame people for pedophilia...” I was soon out, and siren on 1:03:00. On 1:14:00, I was inside Ackerman’s bookstore. Again, I was looking for cases for my DVDs.

My next recording is: “uclbkstrkamikmovmia\_1\_2\_11\_117-321PM.WMA”: Although I didn’t find what I was looking for, I bought something else. And I said to the cashier: “I’m very educated, it’s just that my environment doesn’t allow me to show it.” Ha! I didn’t understand that I was only confirming for everyone around me that Homeland Security’s warning about me was correct. On 12:00, I was on the bookstore’s demo computer. I got on Tudou and became engrossed in this Japanese movie about the Kamikaze pilots.<sup>6</sup> “It’s white-washing” (28:00). Then, people were talking next to me again: “... it’s noise-attack...” (36:00). And I lost the movie by accident. Instead, on 1:22:00, MIA. Then, Akina (1:55:00). On 2:01:00 I left the bookstore. I hid in a corner very upset: “All these people who have betrayed us... we will tell the doctor tomorrow...”

My next recording is: “uclbkstrdvsky\_1\_2\_11\_329-509PM.WMA”: I came back inside the Ackerman bookstore and started browsing through the computer books. A book on DVD-burning. On 25:00, Dostoevsky’s *Crime and Punishment*. On 46:00, another book on playing DVDs. I **filmed** the book and went back to *Crime and Punishment*. And my left arm hurt. On 1:06:50, I was leaving this corner. On 1:11:00, I picked up a French book. On 1:23:00, as the bookstore was closing, I left. On 1:32:00, I was

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6 The movie was “君のためこそ死に行く”.

in the underground parking lot.

My next recording is: “uclprklot216cpwrt\_1\_2\_11\_509-756pm.WMA”: I was still in the underground parking lot. I started playing my latest recordings. On 16:00, my conversation with Wes on October 22. On 32:00, my disc was successfully burned. On 39:30, a huge noise all of a sudden, and I felt so hurt. Sonophobia! I continued to transcribe one of my latest recordings. First, my suffering under noise-attacks. Then the video of the violent shaking of my cart on bus 720. Then, on 2:30:00, my conversation with Wes again. By 2:44:00 I was packing up.

My next recording is: “uclprklotwrthelplet\_1\_2\_11\_756-931PM.WMA”: I was still in the underground parking lot. I was now reviewing the recording from September 29 last year. Again, I was reviewing a recording in which I was reviewing a recording. (My time on the train on that day). And I kept on working on my letter of petition: “On the night of October 12, while I was surfing the Internet...” And I typed in the notes I had made on the Prisoners’ Game (58:00). Then I continued to transcribe my recording (“I have been chosen, so the Blue Fairy says, because of my inborn...”) and work on my letter of petition (serving the Pyramid on June 15).

My next recording is: “bus2frenchlundro\_1\_2\_11\_932-1126PM.WMA”: I was still in the underground parking lot. On 9:00, I was out. On 32:00, while pushing my cart, I was mumbling something about “translations”. On 40:00, when I was at the bus stop, I spoke French with two Francophone strangers. On 41:00, we all got on bus 2. As these two strangers were still speaking French in front of me, I talked to them in French also (48:00): were they French or what? Then I explained to them in French why I was **filming** the movement of my cart. (Again, it’s not clear what Homeland Security had made of my French-speaking.) Then, again: “... we don’t know whether the prosecution will succeed...” On 1:13:00, I got off the bus in the Silverlake area. On 1:19:00, I was in a liquor store to get my dinner. On 1:32:00, I brought my noodles outside to eat. On 1:47:00 I was at the laundromat: this was what I was here for.

My next recording is: “lundrowaitbusintlnoshregdmood\_1\_2-3\_11\_1139PM-255AM.WMA”: I was now waiting for my laundry in the laundromat. From 54:00 onward, I was reading the same news article in German (about Italy and Berlusconi). Then, on 1:04:00, a Chinese article on something going on in Russia. “... that... came first... the French came later...” (1:30:00). Then: “... so that you can do damage, even when you get caught...” On 2:06:00, I was checking out some program on my netbook. Then, reading something about computer matters. Then, I was done with laundry and out. On 2:24:00, I was in the liquor store to buy snacks. Then, out. I ate my snacks in a street corner. Then I continued on. Then I was freezing in my corner. Then: “... the Great Psychologist... the last time... has benefitted from these brain scan images... she has never been so close to the disease...” Nonsense. I kept on walking. On 3:15:00, I settled down in a corner, ready to sleep.

### **January 3 (Monday; Silbermond)**

My next recording is: “bus2brain\_1\_3\_11\_849-948AM.WMA”: I was already up and on the bus. I got off in Westwood on 41:00. I immediately got on the Culver City bus 6, and then got off on Olympic

The creation of autism, Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Eletronicachreia, and Misopedia, VII.  
Lawrence C. Chin  
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and Sepulveda on 54:00. I was going to Edelman. More: “There is a conspiracy... the Macrospherians... brain scan images...”

My next recording is: “edlmnodctrtoism\_1\_3\_11\_949-1139AM.WMA”: I bought food in 711 and was then eating in the parking lot (7:00). On 12:30, I was mumbling indistinctly about something. On 17:00, I was inside Edelman. I looked for Dr Roach but she was not in. On 26:00 I was out. I was terribly upset and, on 45:00, was moaning out of pain. (Did I cut myself?) On 48:00 I was reading my Greek New Testament (the Book of Revelation) while waiting for the bus: “... sending the letter to the 7 churches...” On 1:01:00 I got on the bus. “... mistakes, mistakes, nothing but mistakes...” (1:21:00). On 1:21:30 I got off the bus on Broadway in Santa Monica. I continued to mumble indistinctly about the “conspiracy” while pushing my cart. Then I seemed to be mumbling something about the judges’ being in the “highest control”.

My next recording is: “733tostrg\_1\_3\_11\_1140AM-1PM.WMA”: On 9:00, I was waiting for the bus. On 19:00 I got on bus 733. I was all quiet throughout the long ride. Siren on 27:20. On 1:19:00 I got off the bus in downtown. I was now going to my storage.

My next recording is: “fdmallprtchldrnanger\_1\_3\_11\_111-318PM.WMA”: I was now eating in a restaurant. More mumbling on 6:00. On 11:00, I was out. More mumbling on 15:00. I kept on pushing my cart. More mumbling on 24:00. And I went on and on. On 38:10, siren. On 41:30, I came inside the food mall. On 44:00, I played my recording of MIA. On 51:30, I called up the ad I had called yesterday. I wanted to visit the room tonight but she said it was already rented. On 55:30, I called up another ad and left a message. On 57:50, I called up the third ad. She said I could visit the room tonight and I took down the address. I said I would be coming on 7 PM. On 1:04:00, MIA again. Then, more people showed up in front of me with their children (1:09:20), but they soon left: “Mission accomplished, they are leaving now” (1:10:18). But then another Korean couple sat down at the table next to me, making me very uncomfortable. I continued to play MIA. Then: “The apartment is going to be a trap, otherwise there is no point in getting baby noises to appear in our recording of our conversations with the landlords...” (1:13:10). Thus had I decided to not check out the apartment tonight: I had no idea that I was sabotaging myself with my wrong scenarios. Then I kept humming from time to time while working on the configurations of my storage unit from before. On 1:46:20, again: “... people are purposely talking loudly in front of me...” On 1:56:00, a child can be heard crying. By 2:00:00, I was finally done and on the move, complaining: “... always baby sounds... how much baby sounds do we have to record?” I pushed my carts outside.

My next recording is: “leavstrgtocyber\_1\_3\_11\_318-456PM.WMA”: I was now in the storage facility. Again I got frustrated with the elevator and yelled angrily: “Hurry up!” On 7:00, I was in front of my unit. I webcamed myself while working on my things. I kept on complaining about how I had spent most of my time documenting how my environment had disabled me and getting angry (until 8:10). I then called Dr Roach but reached only her answering machine. Even though Dr Roach only learned Spanish as her second language, it was still disgusting to hear her speak it (until 3:42 in the [video](#), or 10:07 in the recording). Then I started doing my discs: DVD-214-CP, DVD-215-CP, and DVD-216-CP. I opened up the lockers (9:25 in the video and 16:04 in the recording). I put the aforementioned discs



into the spindle (until 13:58). Then the other spindle (24:00 in the recording): 164, 162, 163-CP, 161-CP, 164-CP... Then the next one: 110-CP, 91, 122 (?)... 170-CP (?), 171-CP, 172-CP, 170-CP... 146-CP (31:38)... 148, 147, 114 (34:20), 84, 90, 130, 131, 127 (35:30)... 119, 137, 120, 85, 56, 129... 116-88, 123, 168 (verification failed), 112, 168 (failed), 167, 166, 165, 115-2, 112b-CP (41:00)... On 1:07:50 I **filmed** myself closing my unit. More: “You are conditioned to be bad... the more you piss people off the more you get rewarded, and the more you show consideration of others the more you get punished...” It really did seem to be the case! (Because Homeland Security wanted me to be bad!) On 1:18:30, I was out. On 1:31:00 I laboriously got on the bus with my cart. On 1:36:00, I got off the bus.

My next recording is: “**cybrmlfunctdasbeste\_1\_3\_11\_456-714PM.WMA**”. I was now on Metro Blue Line. I arrived at 7<sup>th</sup> Street Metro station on 7:30. I came to the cybercafe on Broadway and, while uploading files to my website, started on the music videos on Youtube. (Again, a complete waste of my precious money.) On 39:20, MIA’s “Mausen”. On 43:50, MIA’s “Mein Freund”. By 46:00, MIA’s “Tanz der Moleküle”. Then I clicked on a clip from a movie in which MIA was featured singing “Hungriges Herz”. On 50:20, something unheard-of. Then another one on 55:00. On 1:00:00, Silbermond’s “Unendlich”. Then her “Durch die Nacht”. Around 1:15:00, another concert version of “Durch die Nacht”. Then a Hispanic man came in to talk loudly in Spanish – of course I assumed he was an actor sent in to provoke me (1:20:00). I had to play “Durch die Nacht” loudly to cover up his noises. On 1:27:10, I asked the owner if she had extended my time. 10 seconds later, honking outside. On 1:28:05, Silbermond’s “Das Beste”. Strangely, there was honking outside continually (1:28:28) as if the control center was encouraging me to listen to Silbermond. Again on 1:28:40. Now Silbermond (Stefanie Kloß) sang the song so beautifully in front of the audience that I couldn’t help but start sobbing. On 1:41:30, “Das Beste” again. I was now crying terribly. And again and again. By 2:02:00, after enormous expenditure of emotions, I was packing up. On 2:16:00 I got on the bus.

Today I have to suspect that maybe I was correct at the time – that the control center was indeed encouraging me to cry over Silbermond’s singing even though, at the time, I couldn’t understand why. The possible scenario I have in mind today is that the Invisible Hand, for some reason, wanted to collect more evidences from the mind-reading computer demonstrating that Homeland Security’s warnings about me were incorrect – perhaps in response to the new evidences which Homeland Security had entered into the judge computer in the past few days (especially those from police communications). My crying over Stefanie’s singing was caused by my extraordinary sentimentality vis-à-vis feminine beauty and was therefore evidence of something that was the exact opposite of this antisocial, misogynist, and violent monster with no appreciation of womanhood which Homeland Security had portrayed in their warnings about me. Again, the Invisible Hand would have entered his evidence without Homeland Security’s, or anyone’s, knowing.

My next recording is: “**bus720wstwdpzzahut\_1\_3\_11\_715-817PM.WMA**”: I was still on the 720 bus. On 18:30, I was mumbling about something. On 42:30, I got off the bus in Westwood. On 1:00:00, I was in a pizza store to eat.

My next recording is: “**cartbrkendsperate\_1\_3\_11\_824-922PM.WMA**”: I was still in the pizza store. On 21:00, I was out. While walking the street, I continued to moan: “... there is no way to go on

anymore... I'm sick and tired of talking to myself..." On 46:30, another anger outburst. "... the problem is that they are fucking reading my thoughts... you call this an 'intelligence operation'..." Then I seemed to be cutting myself in a corner. And then I started crying. Siren on 50:10. I continued to curse "them". "There was a time when we were *somebody*, but then we got this chip stuck in our head... and our environment is remotely controlled..." This would be an important theme throughout the rest of this final narrative: my perception of myself as some sort of amazing, agile, and ingenious "Bourne" able to maneuver through the best intelligence agencies in the world. This might be true when you compare me with other ordinary people, but it really *was* gross overestimation of myself and laughable when you consider the pathetic state to which I had been reduced – with all the stupid wrong scenarios in my mind about what was going on – even if I was correct that the reduction was unfair because I had been chipped in the brain.

My next recording is: "slpwstwd\_1\_3-4\_11\_922PM-917AM.WMA": I continued: "... after three years like this, we have lost the ability to connect with people... we have to die, it's torture..." I was now sleeping in my usual corner across the street from Denny's. "There are no real human beings..." And I continued to mutter how I needed to die. "... too lonely..." Then, on 12:30, a woman came to ask me something. "Shut the fuck up! Go away!" Then: "... we are being remotely controlled to be unable to cut ourselves so that our anger will go outward and we will hit somebody..." Did Homeland Security really plan it so? I then shouted at another stranger. "What the fuck is your problem?" (17:00) On 20:45, I shouted at more strangers, "Hey hey hey!" I was then moaning and crying. On 37:00, again.<sup>7</sup> Siren on 11:22:20. On 11:35:00 I woke up and turned on my netbook to do something. On 11:45:00: "... we've just realized that, during the first round, the Russians had recording devices here, there were no images, and that's why the Monkey was able to say DGHTR had forged all that..." I got up.

### **January 4 (Tuesday; Virginia)**

My next recording is: "wkbuycigcoffeecindy\_1\_4\_11\_918-1025AM.WMA": I was still pushing my cart through the street. I came to Ralphs to buy cigarettes and coffee. Again, baby's crying. I warned strangers not to talk too loud in front of me. I then came to the patio area and continued to mumble about how everyone was actor and actress and how I wanted to get out. On 35:00, I called Dr Roach and left a message: "Call me back, it's an emergency..." On 41:00 I called my cousin Cindy, and this time she answered it. "Can you find me a convalescence home *with the reason that I suffer from schizophrenia?* ... You don't want to try... should I just commit suicide?... I have no money..." Now Cindy got all angry and yelled about how she had no money too and how the bank was about to foreclose her house. "Why are you so angry? I don't even know if you are telling me the truth..." I was again falsely suspecting people to be acting when they weren't. I suggested that she move into an apartment instead, and we hanged up on 50:45. "I don't really know if she is only acting, and you can't say it because she will shout back at me... when Wes gave us money it really *was* his money... if it's decided that I have to be homeless, there is really no point... the Macrospherians have installed this machine to make everyone finish his or her mission... for the Monkey and the defendants to finish their mission... and align their intention... the mole has to work in the reverse direction in order to benefit the Macrospherians..." And there was a honk (1:01:30). I again wrongly believed it was the control

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<sup>7</sup> Reviewed until 43:00, and then from 11:08:00 onward.

center's confirmation. Now the question was of course: did Cindy rumor something bad about me after my call in order to enable Homeland Security to intercept more evidence against me?

My next recording is: "bus2bfamily\_1\_4\_11\_1040-1207PM.WMA" (...1040AM-1207PM...): I was now mumbling about how my documentaries would not appear in the Microspherian official story. "... they know the plan will work out because everyone is under remote control..." On 6:00 I got on the bus. "... replacing evidences in the Microspherian official story..." Then I mumbled something about the Empress Dowager. Then, about the episode with China: "They are legally dissolving it... I don't know why they can't just come together to dismiss the case..." My new wrong scenario! Then, about DGHTRCOM: "... he doesn't understand personality disorders... even though he's old... these people in power, sometimes they are nice, but they don't understand personality disorders... a father might not understand what his daughter is going through... he has to take her to a doctor... you have to be a doctor to understand it... if everyone can understand it, there won't be any doctors..." I was making two grave mistakes here: first of all, DGHTRCOM was not the sort of nice person I had imagined him – and would imagine him for almost the next 10 years – to be, and, secondly, most doctors nowadays don't understand personality disorders either. I continued: "I'm just crying out for help... the cart is purposely made to break apart in a few weeks... only a doctor can explain why he feels so awful, as if he had been tortured, even though nobody has laid hands on him... this environment is an 'anti-hospital'... to increase the patient's illness... so that the patients will eventually kill themselves with their own illness..." Nice insight! On 49:00, I was mumbling about how somebody (who?) got screwed. "They have to legally dissolve the China case because everything is governed by machines... how awful... there are no human factors... no sympathy... a neocon court... Look, SU-34!" At last I was right about the Court! Then: "... there is no child on the bus, what a miracle!" On 1:26:40, I got off the bus in downtown. "This cart is our biggest source of frustration." Right!

My next recording is: "buycartcybermlfunct\_1\_4\_11\_1208-142PM.WMA: I was now at Pershing Square. A man asked me about the bus line and I kept asking him where he was from (2:00). (I again thought him to be an actor.) I was then pushing my cart through the streets. I continued to mumble indistinctly: "... it's because our thoughts were being read..." (15:00). On 19:00, I was at a store to buy a new cart. 15 dollars! Siren on 21:20. On 23:30, I was again so upset that I wanted to cry. Then I mumbled about how I should not petition at the human rights court in Strasburg because that court only had jurisdiction over (Western) Europe. I then asked what I thought was an actress: "How old are you?" (27:30) And more **filming** of supposedly suspicious things. On 33:50 I was in front of the cybercafe on Broadway. I was ready to waste my money again! I checked my discs to determine which files I needed to upload. On 49:10, I was inside the cybercafe and asked for a computer station. Siren on 51:00. By 1:00:00 I had logged in. I was frustrated again because there was no Internet connection even though the FTP connection was working. The same for the other customers. "So the control center remotely shut off the Internet..." Finally, it was working on 1:10:00. "... the Monkey just wants to make sure this file can't be used as evidence..." Not! And more baby's crying on 1:11:00: "... so this file too..." Then the FTP connection broke up. On 1:17:30, I finally broke down crying. On 1:19:00 I left after telling the owner I'd come back later. "... we felt the desperation of... that part of our brain was not deactivated..." On 1:34:00, I came to the bank.

My next recording is: “[tobankdwntwn\\_1\\_4\\_11\\_142-152PM.WMA](#)”: I was still in the bank. I yelled at the banker rudely: “I’m mentally retarded, you have to show me!” Then, as I was busy with my things, a banker came to me, “Are you taking pictures of people?” “No.” “You can’t...” I dismissed her rudely: “Okay, get out of here, shut the fuck up!” By 6:30, I found Virginia’s number and called her up. I reached her voice-mail and left a message. “Hello, it’s Lawrence from 2007... I need serious help...” Then I was again frustrated because I didn’t know how to answer the call on my phone. It seemed to be Virginia calling me back. I left her another message telling her I didn’t know how to answer calls on my phone. Then my recorder turned itself off. Did the Monkey do it again? To frustrate me?

My next recording is: “[cybrmlfuncnt\\_1\\_4\\_11\\_201-422PM.WMA](#)”. I was now talking to Virginia on the phone: “Right now I’m in the bank arguing with them...” Virginia: “Is there anyone there to get you to the hospital where you will be safe?” Then she said: “... or go to Glendale...” She wanted to make sure that people could find me, and she was looking for somebody to take me to the hospital. Finally she suggested that I go to the UCLA Medical Center. She was now working for Pro-Care Hospice. Me: “... I need a doctor to refer me to a hospice...” We hanged up on 6:10.

Now this was the “Virginia” I met in late 2007 just before my China trip, if you recall. Out of desperation, I contacted her – after more than three years. I was, however, only falling into a trap. Virginia was certainly a nice person, but it would seem that, soon, Homeland Security would recruit her as an informant on this very dangerous and disturbed schizophrenic – me. Of course there was nothing to inform about, but Homeland Security would simply instruct Virginia to make suggestions to me to cause me to get into bad circumstances so that I would end up confirming that Homeland Security’s warnings about me were correct. As for Virginia herself, Homeland Security was of course no stranger: they had already once recruited her back in late 2007, if you recall.

I was then arguing with the banker about the check cashed. “What happened to the stop payment?” “It was ACH debit.” “Then you shouldn’t have charged me the 32 dollar fee!” On 14:00, my phone rang again. On 14:50, again. It was Virginia, and her friend said I should go to the emergency room at a hospital and get evaluated. We discussed which hospital, and then whether to go to a shelter. I told her I couldn’t be in the shelter because of my illness. And we discussed the option of a hospice, whether I could be put in there. Then, UCLA, or Harbor UCLA... We were done discussing on 23:00. I rested in the street corner. Then I moved on. On 58:00 I came back to the cybercafe. I started paying Silbermond’s “Das Beste” again on 1:02:00. Annoyed by the “noise attack”, I asked the Hispanic man near me to not talk so loud (1:06:20). “Can you quiet down?” I was almost shouting (1:07:05). Then Youtube was blocked, and I called up the owner (1:08:10). I could only play the same concert version of “Das Beste” (1:09:30) and the Torrance Transit website was also blocked. (I would need to take the Torrance Transit buses to get to Harbor UCLA.) I kept yelling at the noise-making man: “Can you guys quiet down? I beg you! I cannot hear anything here!” (1:19:00) I finally had to play the sample music from my netbook to block out the noises. I turned it off on 1:23:00, and he was still talking loudly. Did Homeland Security really send him in? Meanwhile, I was still uploading my files to my website. “There is not a single thing working here.” On 1:27:00, after more complaints about the Hispanic man, I played Silbermond’s interview. On 1:30:00, I was adding money to my phone. I was terribly upset because I kept yelling “Add money” but the software just couldn’t understand me. “We can’t use

machines... we need nurses to use machines for us..." (1:40:20). On 1:44:30, I was calling on the owner again: "The Internet is broken again! Can you come take a look?" Amazingly, on 1:48:00, the Internet came back. "It's a miracle! I'm allowed to use machines!" Then, more Silbermond. On 1:53:00 another man came to bother me. "Get out of here!" On 1:58:30 I added 15 more minutes. On 2:19:00, I was out. I told another Hispanic man to "shut the fuck up." "We need to buy another baseball bat!"

My next recording is: "bus20wstwd\_1\_4\_11\_422-656PM.WMA": I was now pushing my cart through the streets. I **filmed** another stranger who I assumed was an actor: "I want to sue you!" (10:00) On 16:00, I was in a store. On 18:00 I was out. I continued to mumble indistinctly: "... vast number of people employing their skill to... conspiracy to..." On 24:00 I rested by the bus stop. On 39:30, I got on the bus. I continued to mumble about how disgusting Spanish was. Racist! "If we ever have to be useful, the Macrospherians will purposely sabotage..." (49:00). And I shouted at the man who tried to grab my cart: "Hey! Fuck you mother-fucker..." Then: "... racist... a fucking drag on the fucking planet..." Hispanophobia! On 53:30, a woman came up the bus with her child, and the black woman warned them about me: "He's recording..." I shouted: "Yes, get the fuck back there!" On 56:00, I played Silbermond loudly to cover up the noises. A child was talking especially loudly. Then, I shouted at another stranger: "Actor! Be careful! That's a new cart!" (1:02:00) Then: "I hate this place, everybody is so rude, so ugly, and constantly bumps into my cart... and then they will be so nice to each other... actors and actresses..." Again, most of this was no acting. On 1:44:00, a French woman answered the phone in French. "... some sort of operation, very annoying..." Then I yelled at somebody again: "Don't touch my cart, you fucking actor! You've got paid to be rude to me, you fucking parasite!" (2:12:00) Probably not. On 2:13:30 I got off the bus in Westwood. On 2:18:00, I was in the AT&T store to add money to my phone. "There is nobody here to love, there are only actors and actresses... they are being remotely controlled like us... our thoughts have been read for a long time... our mood structure... in order for the intentions to align, they must know that Mary C would change her mind... her thoughts have been read for a long time... it's predicted that she would..." Nonsense.

My next recording is: "uchspthnoisecutslfvirgn\_1\_4\_11\_656-848PM.WMA": I followed Virginia's suggestion and came to UCLA Medical Center. I stayed here for a brief moment but then retreated due to terrible frustration. I came to Medical Center's cafeteria instead. I was in pain because I couldn't stand seeing all these people around me. I got pizzas (8:00). I yelled at somebody: "How disgusting is your Spanish! Why does the language have to exist?" Ha! On 18:00 I left a message for Virginia: "I wasn't successful in getting into the hospital because I'm no longer able to help myself." On 20:50, I left another message for her, telling her about how I didn't know how to get myself into the hospital because my illness was too severe. I asked her to find somebody to check me in. I ate. On 37:20, siren. On 39:00 I was done eating and smoking outside. On 46:00, I coined the term "Anthropophobia" to describe my current condition. On 50:00, I was in grave pain as I moved on. I wanted to use the restroom, but children's crying was everywhere (52:00). I pushed my cart through the campus. On 59:50, I yelled at the girl that was making loud noises: "If I have a baseball bat I'll really smash your fucking head, you purposely did that to me!" I was most likely mistaken here again. I moaned: "I'm going insane, I can't hear people talking!" On 1:06:00, I came down to the underground parking lot. Immediately, I set myself to cutting myself. On 1:14:00, I left another message for Virginia. Again, I told her about how I couldn't check myself into the hospital because of my severe fear of people. Then

I left another message for Virginia: “I’m not able to help myself anymore.” Then, I muttered bitterly: “I hate Russians, I hate Americans... they are manipulating me to hate them in order to save themselves...” Well, the Russians were sort of doing that. On 1:29:40, Virginia called me back, but I again didn’t know how to answer the call. On 1:31:40, again. On 1:32:40, we were connected. I wouldn’t tell her where I was because I didn’t want her to call the police on me. Now she suggested Mental Health Hotline. I explained that I didn’t need that, that I needed a room. I explained: “Maybe I shall wait until midnight and then go to the hospital.” “That’s an idea.” And she suggested that I go there to request isolation. I emphasized that I wasn’t a danger to others. Then my explanation: “The people I knew wouldn’t aggravate me because I have already a certain expectation about them, I don’t know how to explain this... It’s all in my mind, hence it’s mental illness... People know I suffer from mental illness, and so they purposely make fun of me to aggravate me...” And I explained how cutting myself relieved pain, and how I had developed my phobia toward people: I couldn’t control who I’d see and when I’d see the person. On 1:51:00, our conversation was done.

My next recording is: “uclprklothate\_1\_4\_11\_848-854PM.WMA”: I muttered bitterly: “I have been transformed from a person full of love to one full of hate... the money is so well spent...” Indeed!

My next recording is: “uclprklotwrtsuppl\_1\_4\_11\_854-919PM.WMA”: I then started working. I wrote out the title you see for Document 1 to 5: “The creation of Sonophobia...” And now I was working on my letter of petition: “... the conspiracy in the International Criminal Court is finally established... the Microspherian and the Macrospherian official stories... conspiracy to cause the prosecution to succeed...” All the nonsense.

My next recording is: “leavprklottoacknoise\_1\_4\_11\_919-1002PM.WMA”: I then muttered about how writing and cutting had made me feel better. By 6:00 I was leaving. When I came inside Ackerman and asked someone what time it would close, I got suspicious again: “Why do you act like that?” (10:00) From 13:00 onward, I typed out the below:

By 9:35 PM or so, as I was leaving the UCLA parking lot to go to Ackerman, I’ve come to realize another detail of [the Great Psychologist’s] Nazi [...] cognitive behavioral torture to transform me into the opposite of what I am so as to fit me into the White Mexican Monkey’s false profile of me: to get me to feel only hatred and disgust – corresponding to the Borderline Personality Disorder sufferer’s devaluation mode – when I am face to face with real people, and to restrict my need to love and admire – corresponding to the BPD sufferer’s idealization mode – only to images of women [...] in the media. That will make me look even more like an autistic sufferer who is a danger to others, insofar as I can only feel hatred and uncontrollable desire to kill people when they are constantly making loud noises to disturb me. The method of conditioning me to perpetually wanting to kill people is to have me believe that others are actors and actresses intentionally harming me with their loud noises – which belief of course happens to be true. But also, of course, through the method of remotely causing whichever machine I am using to malfunction so that I will want to take my frustration out on the human beings I see around me. The result is that I’ll live in constant pain



because my natural desire to love and idealize could never realize itself in the real world, but only in the world of representations.

Then, again about the noises around me: "... actors and actresses purposely set up there to disturb us..." And so I played Silbermond. "... in order to prevent us from writing..." I continued to write, reading out loud what I was writing. "We feel so much hatred toward this Psychologist, a Nazi doctor... we're gonna sue her... we hate people so much, they do nothing but make noises..." By 38:00 I left my corner. "... waiting for it to be over, and it'll never be over,... just replay..." Indeed!

My next recording is: "wrtsuppllet\_1\_4\_11\_1002-1047PM.WMA": I then came back to my table and continued to write. I was now working on my letter of petition again. And I hummed and played Silbermond whenever people started making noises around me.

My next recording is: "leavuclprvkd\_1\_4\_11\_1047-1137PM.WMA": I was still playing Silbermond. I was now troubled by tremendous anger again: "... remotely controlled to defect to the objecting nations... they betrayed me, and then remotely controlled me to make it look like I have betrayed them, the Russians and the Americans... the lawsuit between China and the US is erased... so much hypocrisy... we're getting more aggravated..." (8:00). Then: "... we have a right to know what exactly the objecting nations did... then they remotely controlled their enemies to destroy our files so that these can never enter into the ICJ as evidences... what do the objecting nations plan to do with us?" Again, nonsense. On 17:00, as I was leaving "..." the Doctor... her Hippocratic oath... you are violating your professional ethics..." On 25:00, I was mumbling indistinctly. Then, more people seemed to be provoking me (or so it seemed to me): "Mother fucker!" (39:00) On 42:00, somebody was angrily yelling at me for what had just happened, and I continued to film it all. "... the lawsuit between China and the US... controlling 'Mr First' to do bad things... so now they want him to control me to do bad things so that he can be prosecuted..." (48:30). Then I played Silbermond again.

Tonight I would sleep in a different corner in Westwood Village: in that corner behind the Chicago School. This was a particularly bad place because it was particularly dark at night. My next recording is: "1\_4-5\_11\_1123PM-1AM.WMA" (...1-237AM...): When I turned on the recorder again, it was 1 AM. I was again mumbling about killing the "Mexican": "... I might be destroyed, but..." And so I slept from 8:00 onward. More mumbling on 15:00: "... we don't have any anger toward..." Then again on 22:50: "... truth... promise..." Then, I was all quiet.<sup>8</sup>

### **January 5 (Wednesday; netbook burglarized; arrest; more provocation)**

As I have mentioned, I was sleeping in a very bad place this morning. This is because, as I would soon discover, Homeland Security had sent in an agent this morning to burglarize my netbook while I was sleeping. They had apparently extracted this diary from my netbook resulting in this document's reverting to a previous version. What exactly the agent did I do not know. It's merely evident that the police citing of me in the past few days had given Homeland Security legal grounds for elevating their "investigation" of me to a new level, such that they could now pretend to respond to my "threat" by

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8 Reviewed until 24:00.

burglarizing my netbook. It goes without saying that they would then falsify the evidences they had obtained from my netbook so that, when their “investigation” of me was intercepted into the ICJ as evidence, it would confirm the Monkey’s fantastic claims about my computer equipment and Homeland Security’s 2007 claim that I had merely plagiarized everything I wrote. And more of this to come later today.

My next recording is: “slpbackcgirrcdroff\_1\_5\_11\_518-1003AM.WMA”: I was awake by this time, unaware as yet of what disaster had befallen me. I was talking to myself on 16:00 or so. On 24:00, I hit my phone’s button to result in connecting up with my voice mail. I said something. More talking to myself on 40:30 or so. Then, more talking to myself on 1:11:45. Then I fell asleep again. Then I was awake from 4:32:00 onward.

My next recording is: “touclnoise\_1\_5\_11\_1006-1114AM.WMA”: I checked over my things to make sure nothing was missing. While pushing my cart to UCLA, I kept mumbling. On 35:00, I was getting coffee from the vending machine. By 1:03:00 I had settled down at a table and begun burning a new disc.

My next recording is: “dvd217ucl\_1\_5\_11\_1114-1155AM.WMA”: I was still burning DVD-217. The disc was burned successfully. I got up and departed. I came inside Ackerman. The operation was coming.

My next recording is: “policearrestvrgn\_1\_5\_11\_1155AM-427PM.WMA:<sup>9</sup> I was still working in Ackerman. I continued writing: “... nations objected...” On 12:00, my netbook malfunctioned and the paragraph I wrote just disappeared. Then, on 32:00, someone came to talk to me. I didn’t know it at the time, but this was a Homeland Security agent. Terrified that his noises would now taint this recording of my writing process, I shouted at him: “Get out of here!” He left. I got so angry that I broke down crying. On 1:03:30, the police showed up. I cried out: “I don’t want this theatrical game anymore...” I continued to beg them to let me put my things away. The police claimed that somebody reported that I was screaming at other students. As you can see, that Homeland Security agent had made a false report to the police – that was his mission. I told the police that the guy was just an actor. I was actually correct this time! When the officers started grabbing my netbook and putting my things away, I got really nervous: “... you’d better not delete any of my files...” One of the officers was actually quite careful in handling my netbook, which convinced me that he was indeed sent here to put up an act: since the Macrospherians or the prosecuting team were doing this because they needed this evidence of my arrest, they tried to make sure that I was not too unfairly treated and my writings were not damaged. (In reality, since this was another CIA-DHS joint operation, the police officer was probably instructed by the Invisible Hand to be careful with my computer.) By 1:17:00 they had put me in the police car. I told the officer that I had schizophrenia. Ha! After some talking, the officer told me: “See, you are rational right now...” Wow! He could actually be reasoned with! By 1:27:00, he had brought me into the UCLA Police Department. I was being arrested because I had unpaid tickets, he told me. I was terribly upset because the whole thing was clearly orchestrated. “So the purpose is that I have to have an arrest record?” “Yes.” “Why do I have to have an arrest record?” “Because that’s what we do.” Well,

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<sup>9</sup> This file is broken for a few seconds around 3:31:00.

it's Homeland Security which needed an arrest record from me at this moment – especially for creating disturbances at a university – so that they could elevate their warnings about me to the diplomatic missions around the world and have more evidence with which to seal up the dismissed ICJ trial – this time with the full backing from the entire national security Establishment – but it's really not clear whether this officer knew this or whether he was just going along with me. I asked him: "... you said you know something that I don't know which makes what happened to me not unfair. Are you talking about the past or the future?" I asked this because I was simply stupefied by the injustice I was made to suffer. He responded with a smile: "It's happening now" (2:20:30). See, it's *really* unclear whether he was just going along with me. He put me in isolation and then, on 3:24:00, barged in to tell me that I could now leave. I had accomplished my mission! He instructed me to not be on campus for 7 days. I walked out of the station with my things by 3:38:00. I came to Westwood Village and was again severely distressed by noises. On 4:10:00, I came to ISO to eat. Then I suffered another nervous breakdown, moaning and crying. On 4:16:00 I called up Virginia and told her that I got arrested and so couldn't go to the hospital. I explained that I couldn't get to Harbor UCLA because, as soon as I got onto the street, I would be troubled by noises. I cried: "I can't stand the noises..." Then: "... I'm supposed to be driven to suicide, that's the 'plan', and so if they put me in a car and take me to the hospital, then I wouldn't have to commit suicide..." Then: "I'm not supposed to get to the hospital..." Virginia convinced me to go to the hospital no matter what. We hunged up on 4:31:00. What I didn't know was that Homeland Security had more disasters in store for me tonight.

My next recording is: "1\_5\_11\_428-542PM.WMA": I left ISO on 3:00. On 9:00, I was mumbling again about how powerless I was and how somebody else had decided on all this. I got on the bus on 14:00. "This is torture... What is wrong with these people?" (until 30:55) That is, a bunch of people were again talking so loudly. "Shut up hey –" I finally yelled. "What is wrong with these people?" And they ignored me and continued their chatter. I yelled at them again: "If you fail to kill me I really would sue you..." (31:40). Now, huge laughter from them. I **videotaped** them instead (32:10). Could they really be Homeland Security?<sup>10</sup> On 1:10:30, I got off the bus.

My next recording is: "bus720\_1\_5\_11\_542-629PM.WMA": I was now looking for the bus 720 stop. On 13:00, not finding it, I came inside the Metro station. On 18:00, I was on the Metro train. I kept **filming** everyone around me. I was now in tremendous discomfort. On 23:00, I came to Union Station. On 29:50, I was in grave pain again, and I **filmed** myself. Moaning and panting, I broke down crying. Then I started screaming. I got to the information counter and kept yelling at the operator: "How to get to Harbor UCLA?" "550." "Where is 550?" And a woman came to ask me, "Are you okay?" Finally, another woman operator instructed me that I needed to take Torrance bus 1 outside across the street. I kept screaming as I pushed my cart there. On 41:30 I was yelling at people again: "Where to take Torrance bus 1?" A man agreed to take me there. On 43:30, crying and screaming, I was there.

My next recording is: "1\_5\_11\_637-641PM.WMA": I was now on the bus. People were again talking loudly and I struggled in grave pain. Finally I started crying hysterically. The bus driver came to me: "Are you okay?" He was now calling the base. "Bus driver, I need you to take me to the hospital." He came over: "I *will* take you to the hospital, but you must not stand up when I'm driving..." Then,

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10 They didn't seem to be Homeland Security, judging from the video (100\_0056.MOV).

strangely, my recorder turned itself off. Did Homeland Security and the Monkey do it? To provoke me just when I was already hysterical?

My next recording is: [“1\\_5\\_11\\_655-1038PM.WMA”](#): I was still on the bus. I told the bus driver I’d rather wait for the next bus, and so got off on 4:00. A man directed me to the right stop. On 21:30, the supervisor came over to talk to me about what happened on the bus earlier. He wanted to make sure that I’d cause no more disturbance. On 26:00, he asked me to promise I’d be quiet. Then he talked to his supervisor back at the base again. On 30:00, I was on the bus. I turned up my demo-music, but the bus driver immediately told me to turn it down. I explained: “People are talking.” But I did shut it down. And now the bus driver decided to throw me off the bus anyway. I begged: “I need to get to the hospital.” No. I was now crying hysterically and feeling tremendous pain: “Why are you doing this?” Namely, I wrongly assumed he was just an actor. On 35:30, I was off the bus frantically asking people where the bus stop was. I was now arguing with people, “I don’t want to get into the ambulance!” And I ran away. I shouted about how I was going to die while pushing my cart. Suddenly, I shouted at the top of my lungs out of the gravest pain. I cried continually. Somebody quickly came over and I shouted at him: “Get out of here!” (44:00) On 47:30, I called up Virginia and left a message while crying: “Help me! Call me back! Help me!” This was just the sort of crazy message which Homeland Security wanted: they would certainly instruct Virginia to report all this back to them afterward. By 51:30 I had calmed down and was looking for the bus stop. “I have been severely tortured...” And siren on 52:50: the ambulance was coming. I hid away and they didn’t see me. But, on 55:30, they did find me. The emergency technicians came to me: “You are alright? Need help?” I calmly explained: “I don’t need your help because I need to use my computers,” and I **filmed** them. Luckily, I got away. On 59:20, Virginia called me back, but, again, I couldn’t answer it because I didn’t know how. I called her back, but was only able to get to her voice-mail. I left a message: “I’m sorry, but I don’t know how to answer the call, just as I don’t have the ability to go to the hospital... so when I call you have to pick up...” Virginia immediately called me back but I wouldn’t even try to answer it. Finally, on 1:02:00, I was connected with her. I screamed about how I didn’t have the ability to do anything: “... I wish I could die... I have been tortured, I hope you can understand me...” And now I was further frustrated because I couldn’t understand what she was saying. She said she’d call me in 10 minutes when she got home (1:04:30). And so we hanged up and I ran toward the bus and got on mumbling about how I promised to die (1:05:30). On 1:16:00 I got off the bus. On 1:18:30, siren. On 1:21:30, Virginia called me back and I again didn’t know how to answer the call. Then again. Then, finally, when I called her back, I was connected with her (1:23:30). I yelled again about how I didn’t know how to answer the incoming calls. I screamed at her, wrongly assuming that she knew and was part of what was going on: “I promise I’d kill myself, is that good enough? Is that what you guys want?” Virginia was calm and asked me to pray. “What kind of fucking stupid advice is that?” And we were disconnected (1:25:00). On 1:26:50, I came inside a store, and Virginia kept calling me but I still didn’t know how to answer the call. I was now looking for an exacto knife, but none was sold here. I came inside another store and bumped into somebody. An argument ensued: “I thought she wanted me to do that!” And Virginia was still calling. “I hate the Russians so much, I wish I had a baseball bat and they’d come in front of me... fucking betrayed me... the fucking objecting nations... mother-fuckers, fucking cheaters... fucking remotely controlling me to produce fucking evidences... you should fucking die... now you want me to die...” (from 1:33:00 onward). Virginia was still calling, and I ignored it all. I pushed my cart through

the streets cursing how I wanted to “get them”. On 1:47:00, I waited at the bus stop mumbling about the same nonsense. On 1:49:30, I got on bus 4, but immediately got off to wait for bus 2. On 1:56:30 I got on bus 2. “... we have never had a single happy day in our life and now our life will be over soon...” On 2:28:30, I got off the bus in Silverlake. On 2:39:30, I came to a motel – I wanted to give myself a break given the “emergency” – but there was no room. On 2:46:00, I came inside another store moaning and panting. I asked a stranger where he was from believing he was an actor. I continued to moan out of grave pain. Finally, on 2:51:00, I broke down crying again. The employee came to me: “Anything we can help you with?” He kept asking me and I never responded. I bought the exacto knife that I needed and had to ask the cashier to open it for me. Another employee wanted to “help me”, and I told him: “You are so ugly that I don’t want to talk to you!” Ha! And he warned me not to cut myself in his store! I left on 2:55:00. I came out continuing to cry. Siren on 2:57:30. I was now in a corner to get ready to cut myself. Then, on 2:59:40, I was connected with Virginia again. I yelled at her again: “What do you want me to do?” And we hanged up again. I kept on crying – so sadly. On 3:01:30, another man came over: “What’s going on?” I begged him: “Show me how to use this phone!” Then I was connected with Virginia again – and I made sure to webcam myself talking to her on the phone. I shouted at her: “What am I gonna do? I can’t waste anymore time! I have to decide whether to live or to die... if I can’t use my computer, I’ll need to die!” And we argued about whether I should bother to live if I couldn’t use my computer. “I don’t want to live like an animal, I need to use my computer! I’ve done so much for everyone and I don’t even get a break!” On 3:05:30, more siren. Now Virginia wanted me to go to the hospital again, but I complained about how I wasn’t actually allowed to go there. And we kept arguing about it. Me: “I cannot be tortured anymore, I can’t!” Virginia: “Your life is important.” Me: “Why then are people doing this? They obviously want to drive me to suicide!” Virginia: “You are on this earth for a reason, and you shouldn’t die until you have finished what you are here to do.” Again, I wrongly suspected that Virginia was passing to me a secret message from the Macrospherians. Ha! Then I was yelling about how my environment was being remotely controlled. Now Virginia wanted me to go to a restaurant with promise to pay for my dinner, but instead I begged to see her tomorrow. After much wrangling, we agreed that I should call her tomorrow, and I hanged up (3:13:30). Then, the most shocking thing – when I turned around, I discovered that my cart wasn’t there anymore. It’s Homeland Security! Now I was hysterical again. Then I discovered that my webcam was never even turned on. Now somebody came over and I moved away, dragging my bag and my blanket. More siren on 3:30:30. I came to a different corner, and, on 3:31:00, a gangster came to scold me and shout profanity at me. Was he Homeland Security? On 3:34:00, I was on the move again. I came to a new corner and called up Virginia again on 3:38:30. I told her my cart was stolen and started yelling at her: “You guys want me dead, right? You guys want me to commit suicide tomorrow, right? What’s the plan?” Then I was yelling again about how I needed to use my computer. “What’s the point of making me so disabled? I’ll soon need somebody to feed me...” And I continued on about how I needed to kill myself. Then about how I constantly needed to cut myself, and, suddenly, my recorder was remotely turned off. Homeland Security!

Let’s summarize Homeland Security’s operation tonight. Again, you can be sure that it was Homeland Security which had sent in an agent to take my cart away while I wasn’t looking and that it was the Monkey who had then remotely turned off my recorder minutes later. Although, thanks to the latest police citing of me – and my “arrest” at a university this afternoon – Homeland Security had now

reasons to elevate their alert about me, they needed more. Seeing that I was driving myself to hysteria with people's talking on the bus and so on, they decided to add oil to fire. They liked the stuff that I was yelling to Virginia – since my words about how I wanted to hurt myself and others were all that they could get so far to prove that I was dangerous – and so they tried to provoke me even more – not just so that I would make even more “threats” to Virginia about how much I wanted to kill myself, but also so that I might per chance really get into a fight when they then sent in a gangster to scold me. While it was easy to obtain evidence that I was indeed the twin brother of myself or that I did suffer from schizophrenia, it was always difficult to obtain satisfactory evidence that I was dangerous. Homeland Security still hoped that they could get actions from me in addition to words. They had by now almost made sure that the dismissed ICJ trial could never be opened again. And if I really did kill myself tomorrow, then the trial would certainly be dead forever.

My next recording is: “1\_5\_11\_1045-1156PM.WMA”: I discovered that my recorder was remotely turned off and – anger upon anger. I turned on my recorder, moaned, moved around, and then called the taxi company, but my call was immediately cut off. Homeland Security and the Monkey again? I came inside a 711 and called the taxi company again. I yelled out my address: “5609 Sunset!” Then I moaned like crazy. On 15:30 my phone started ringing and I again didn't know how to answer it. I called 911: “I'm stranded, I don't know how to use my phone, I need a taxi!” The operator wanted my address, and I asked her to call a taxi for me, and she transferred me to the taxi company. I muttered bitterly: “Tomorrow we have to die... kill all the Russians, I hate Russians... God will look unfavorably upon the Russians...” Right! On 26:00, the taxi driver showed up. Then police officers also showed up. I told the taxi driver I wanted to get to Westwood. “It's 40 dollars.” I gave him some cash and promised I would use my debit card to pay the rest. He asked me: “Are you okay?” I replied angrily: “Why do you like to be remotely controlled? Just say nothing!” Ha! He was neither an actor nor remotely controlled! When we were in the car, he insisted that I gave him only 19 dollars while I was sure that I had given him 30. I was distraught again: “Okay, I'll let you rob me!” Then he said I gave him 26 dollars. I continued: “After you swipe my card will my account be frozen? Why do you want to rob me? Do you hate me?” And I insisted that he was lying. “Why are you doing this? Okay, just do it!” Finally I instructed him to just drop me off on Wilshire Blvd instead of taking me all the way to Westwood. Now the driver was angry and, on 44:00, he gave me back my money and threw me out. I shouted: “I gave you more than that! Call the police! You robbed me!” And massive siren on 45:30. After I got off, I asked the other people around to call a taxi for me: “I need to go to Wilshire and Santa Monica.” And so I was in a taxi again, and I gave the driver 35 dollars. More waste of my precious money! On 1:06:00, I got off. I jaywalked through the streets, causing all the drivers to honk at me. “If I kill myself and PM will be prosecuted for it, I'll really do it... I really hate this kind of... tomorrow will be the last day of our life... now we have to check to see how much recording we have lost...” Then I yelled at bystanders: “Don't hurt me and don't steal my things, I don't know how much they paid you...” Then: “I have never had a happy day in my life, and now everyone wants me dead just because I have saved their life...” Indeed!

My next recording is: “slpwkconsprwstwd\_1\_6\_11\_1159PM-841AM.WMA” (...1\_5-6\_11...): And so I did end up in Westwood, and I was now getting ready to sleep in my corner in Westwood Village. I repeated continually: “I just don't understand why these people want me dead so much!” Well, because



Homeland Security needed to seal up the dismissed ICJ trial! Then I shouted out to a stranger on 3:20: “Why do you guys want me dead? I’ll kill myself tomorrow but I just want to know... what did I do to you?” And I started reviewing the recording of my conversation with Virginia from earlier to figure out where it was cut off. I determined that I had lost 6 minutes. By 9:30, I was all done with reviewing. Then, on 12:30: “... because that guy talks too loud, I have to cut myself one more time...” Did I do it? On 24:30, I yelled at a guy and a girl: “Why do you guys want me dead?” “Nobody wants you dead!” “I hope you guys will be prosecuted after I die tomorrow.” “Okay!” On 31:50 I yelled at the people who were chatting loudly near me: “Just shut up! I’ll kill myself tomorrow! Let me have one night of quietude!” And I cried. And people continued to yell loudly completely oblivious of me. Again, this was probably not a Homeland Security operation. From 40:00 onward, I was quiet.<sup>11</sup> And so I slept.

From 7:02:00 onward, I was awake and mumbling my wrong scenarios again. “I just need to know something, because everyone is hiding the truth from me, all the leaks are incomprehensible, I only understand them months later... the conspiracy to hide from me who’s victimizing me... I just need to know a little bit, then everyone should fall under my command...” Ha! And, just then, an old lady was walking past. I shouted at her: “Hey, lady, finish your mission!” (7:05:00) Namely, as if she were part of the terrorist conspiracy *against me*. Strangely, she thereupon took something out of her bag and gave it to me: bananas and so on. I was so surprised by her response (ordinarily, people would just ignore me) that I actually believed I had hit on something. (In reality, the old lady was just going along with me for no particular reason.) “That means that the people who make noises will continue to make noises... it’s Alice in Wonderland... people have to follow the law, it’s so bizarre... they have to because the court orders it... So what should we do? We are supposed to call Virginia again, and she’ll call the ambulance... to take us to the hospital, and, just when we arrive, we’ll intercept it, and say ‘Take me to the courthouse’... and we’ll meet with the judges... and everyone shall fall under my command... I’ll then order that the courthouse shall be moved to Europe because I’m tired of being here, and that the pretty ones shall start stripping...” (from 7:12:00 onward). Ha! I actually really did believe in my own bullshit! “I will then write out my story for the courthouse and publish it... I should be able to intercept the conspiracy before I have become completely disabled... I need to delegate the task to others but will check in regularly to make sure it’s all done correctly... Who’s going to rule? I’m supposed to take command and the judges... to have a good lunch with the judges... the facility underneath Pershing Square is too comfortable... should be moved to a military base... environmental stimuli... the ambulance is so scary... scared to get help... the emergency technicians... PM... he’d better not piss me off too much... it’s all his fault...” Since I was, as you have seen, really the ultimate victim of the whole trial, what I said really did make sense to myself. By 7:34:00 I was walking about. On 7:37:00, I was in the doughnut shop. Then my continual mumbling from 7:39:00 onward. “... screw up the prosecution...” On 7:53:30, I moved on. “Our impression about PM is all built up from these bodily signals...” I had yet to understand that I was all wrong about DGHTRCOM. I was then in a corner: “What’s wrong with these people?” (8:00:00) “... clandestine operation involving the entire city... we are stuck in a conspiracy hole... it’s all up to the Macrospherians’ interests... are they going to let me take command? ... their interest is to have a good reputation... we are agnostic, Buddhist...” Then about how the civilian victims of Russian military operations in the Caucasus had petitioned the European Human Rights Court. Then about how the Macrospherians should let me tell my story since

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<sup>11</sup> Reviewed until 49:00, and then from 7:02:00 onward.

most people would not understand it. Then about how I saw everyone from the courthouse last December. (The CIA's evidence of my conspiracy with my Daughter People.) Then about how intelligence agencies were unfit to run a court case. On 8:24:50 I turned on my netbook. On 8:27:00 I called Wes and left a message: "Please call me back, it's an emergency..." Then, on 8:28:20, I was connected with Virginia. I first apologized for my rudeness last night, then talked about how ambulances scared me, and then asked her to get somebody to pick me up and take me to the hospital. I had no idea that, last night, Homeland Security must have instructed Virginia to report me back to Homeland Security or some other law enforcement authority pretending to express concern that I might be a danger to myself and others. Virginia: "But you have to think about your options. You can stay on the street for the rest of your life, or do something about it..." I had to explain to her how I didn't enjoy being on the street. Then I explained what I was doing on my computer everyday: compiling records about how people were provoking me. This must have only confirmed for her that Homeland Security's warning about me as a schizophrenic was correct. Now she wanted me to call my psychiatrist. She insisted that she couldn't help me when I wouldn't tell her where I was. She then instructed me to go to a hospital and announce my desire to be put into a nursing home: in that way I would be able to use my computer. We then discussed whether I could keep my computer while on a 5150 hold. On 8:41:20, the conversation was done.

### **January 6 (Thursday; thrown out of the hospital; Deborah)**

My next recording is: "vgniatouchosptl\_1\_6\_11\_842-926AM.WMA": I continued: "... suffering... I don't know how to hate..." I was now buying bandage in the store. I interrogated a stranger: "What did you do last night at home?" "... "Do you enjoy acting? Do you enjoy deception?..." (20:00) He was naturally dumbfounded. Then: "... laws have to be applied retrospectively... obviously, people are still expected to finish their mission... somehow the goddamn thing just continues... they are trying to train me... I don't think these people are obeying the laws... I should take command... he he, when I take command, the pretty ones... they are all sinners, stripping is like..." I was then laboriously looking for UCLA Medical Center's emergency room. I arrived on 38:00. The nurses were kind enough to carry my things for me. I now had to fill out a form.

My next recording is: "IMPtouchspitalconspr\_1\_6\_11\_926-1058AM.WMA": On 3:00, the nurse called me in. She asked me for the one reason why I was here. That put me on the spot – for I couldn't say that I really just needed a home: "... extreme weakness... just a cold... usually mental disorder... but I could function..." The nurse already thought that I was here for nothing in particular: "What do you wish to get from emergency today?" I was frustrated because she wouldn't let me finish explaining. Then I explained how I needed to be put into a convalescence home. The nurse did vital signs. On 11:00, nurse "Carol" came in to ask me what my problem was. "Feeling weak." "Anything else?" I really couldn't come up with a good answer: they were expecting physical illness and yet, again, I just wanted to be put into a convalescence home. "I just don't know what to do!" Then we talked about my previous visits for scabies. I explained: "... homelessness, completely disabled... robbed..." On 15:40, the nurse led me in. "Why would we want to improve the world at all if bad experience is supposed to be good for you? We'll just leave the world the way it is, then... it's obviously bullcrap..." (26:50). On 35:00, "Laura", a volunteer, came in to ask me if I wanted something. "I'm hungry." She would go ask

if she could get me crackers. Then she came back to tell me the doctor would have to talk to me first. “They just want to make sure that a piece of junk is delivered to the Macrospherians, disabled, unable to do anything...” (47:30). Then: “... to be put into a convalescence home... the problem is that the Macrospherians can’t even intercept it... it’d be harming... What are we gonna do?” (55:00) On 55:50, another nurse came in. “You have weakness, right?” And he told me to change into a gown and get ready to get my blood drawn. “That’s gonna hurt me.” He asked me what was going on. “... homeless... robbed... couldn’t go to a shelter... extreme sensitivity to noises... I need to use my computer constantly...” And I explained how Virginia told me to come here to get evaluated and ask the doctor about the option of being put into a convalescence home. He asked: “... schizophrenia? ... hallucinating?” There you go again! “If the Macrospherians follow the law, they’d have to join the Monkey in destroying us... how can a conspiracy be that well planned?” From 1:04:00 onward, I was examining my latest videos. On 1:09:30, this “Dr Lopez” came in. I laboriously explained everything again: “... muscle weakness... exhaustion... mental problem... robbed... couldn’t hear noises... I need to use my computers because of my disability...” She interrupted me to ask me if I suffered from schizophrenia. I was very irritated because she just wouldn’t listen to me: it’s really not clear whether the hospital had already received alerts about me from Homeland Security. And I explained how Virginia told me to come here to ask to be put into a convalescence home. She told me that a psychiatrist would talk to me, and repeatedly asked me if I heard noises that weren’t there. There you go again! Homeland Security’s evidence! On 1:18:00, I asked for something to eat. “We’re not a hotel,” and she left. And I then continued my nonsense about “conspiracy”. “I don’t like this Macrospherian project, using me to prosecute the Monkey and the defendants...” (1:25:00). Then: “... my intention and that of the Monkey don’t really match... I’m the victim of the conspiracy, and if the law works then I should take command of everybody... they are using the law to suppress the full application of the law... they have become dictators...”

My next recording is: “IMPhospitalconspr\_1\_6\_11\_1058AM-1221PM.WMA”: I was still in the hospital. I continued: “... the conspiracy to disable me... the Macrospherians will not intercept it... let it run forever... disable their ability to enforce the laws... but it’s a conspiracy only if it’s against the interests of the Macrospherians... do they have an interest in my not being disabled?” And I went on and on. “The defendants are trying to blackmail the Macrospherians... to forever simply do this guy... it’s truly a plan of revenge... a conspiracy for revenge... if the Macrospherians have immunity, then they can just intercept it... or maybe just let me take command, and I promise I’ll not command the pretty ones to strip...” I asked the nurse again for juice and crackers, but no. Then I was mumbling about the conspiracy again (19:00). “... they didn’t want me to realize how the conspiracy has changed... if there is a conspiracy to cause the whole thing to become a conspiracy, then the Macrospherians should be able to intercept it before it becomes a conspiracy... a conspiracy so well-planned...” On 31:00, the nurse came in wanting to ask me “demographic questions”. I requested juice and crackers again. Then I continued my worthless speculation, how the Macrospherians wanted the legal right to change the story and so on. From 40:00 onward, I quietly reviewed my videos. On 52:00 I complained to a nurse again: “... I’m dehydrated... need juice...” And I shouted: “Crackers please!” Then: “... commanding the pretty ones to strip, that’s the extent of my despotism, but that’s precisely what she doesn’t want to hear... I hope the Madam President can think about that...” (54:00). Bullshit! BOL never had such distaste for male sexual impropriety! Then: “I want to see how the conspiracy

against me is run... I'll *command* people to help me... men and women..." Finally, on 59:20, a nurse gave me water. I complained that I wanted juice. Angered, I told her how I wanted to go to the cafeteria to buy food since none was given me here but I was still not allowed. I suspected again that the people here were intentionally torturing me. On 1:06:00, another doctor came in, and he promised me some food. He asked me to explain why I was here. Again: "... homeless for two years... mental illness... sensitivity to noises... got robbed... need to use my computer to document things all the time, and so couldn't go to a shelter, or a mental hospital..." And how Virginia told me to come to the hospital to ask to be put into a convalescence home. Now the doctor denied he could do that. Instead, he was going to get a psychiatrist to evaluate me. I asked to use his phone to call Virginia. It was Dr "Marshal Morgan". He left, but at least now I had crackers to eat.

My next recording is: "hsptalkckdoutvigna\_1\_6\_11\_1227-438PM.WMA": I was still on the hospital bed. From 38:00 onward, I fell asleep. On 1:17:30, another doctor came in to see me. I explained my "mental illness" to him: "... I can't hear people's noises... I can't be on the street... I don't have money... I got sick and robbed... can't go to the shelters... the lady who ran the hospice... I asked her, and she told me to go to the emergency..." The doctor asked me what I thought was the reason why I was diagnosed with Schizoaffective Disorder. I explained how I at first believed people wanted to frame me for pedophilia by bringing their children to me, and how I later believed they were simply trying to provoke me. The doctor's questions clearly suggested that he thought me to be suffering from schizophrenia – exactly what Homeland Security had wanted. I asked: "So you are trying to figure out if I have paranoia?" "Yeah, exactly." Then he asked me when the last time was that I cut myself, and I described how cutting myself relieved pain. Then I discussed my past "obsessions with women". And then my depression. And then how I got this label "Schizoaffective" and how I got put on SSI. And I made my request for a convalescence home. By 2:03:00, the "interview" was done. On 2:09:00, I was out for a smoke. I continued to mumble my bullshit about how the conspiracy worked: "... forced to match it..." Then about how no help was possible. I was back inside on 2:18:00. On 2:22:00, I called Wes and left a message asking him to call me back. On 2:25:00 I left a message for Virginia: "... there is no convalescence home program..." On 2:37:30, the nurse came in to tell me they had board-and-care. Now I was frustrated because I needed a private room for myself. On 2:44:00, the nurse came in again asking me to sign for permission for them to bill Medi-Cal. I continued: "... so disabled... can't even get help... the cause of our illness is money... to create illness where no illness has existed... it's probably against the law for us to be helped... all the help has to come in the form of harm..." From 3:03:00 onward, I started reviewing my recording. (Silbermond.) On 3:03:50, it was time for my discharge. The nurse gave me a list of resources and was sending me back to Edelman because there was nothing they could do. My problem was that I was in the middle of burning a new disc! "... they chose just the right time to throw us out, just when we are burning a new disc... we shouldn't have filed the lawsuit... saving these goddamn Russians who have completely betrayed us..." Indeed! On 3:23:00, seeing that I was still here, the security guard came in to throw me out. Just then my disc had finished burning. I shouted at him angrily: "So this what I get for saving your life? The next time I'll make sure not do it! If I see you hanging over the cliff, I'll make sure to push you down instead." Amazingly, as if he was trying to provoke me: "Is that a threat?" And then more of that garbage from him. I shouted: "Shut up! Don't pretend to be retarded... you are not really suffering from mental confusion... you're just pretending... what has got into your head? What did I do to you such that you

give me this treatment?” In reality, he simply didn’t know that I was the “Son of Man” (and of course couldn’t have fathomed this given my ugliness) and wasn’t acting at all. (At the very most he would have merely seen Homeland Security’s warning about me as a dangerous schizophrenic.)

And so I left the hospital and, on 3:45:00, came inside the AT&T store to add money to my phone. I also changed my service to the 2 dollar per day plan. On 3:56:00, Virginia called me, but I again failed to pick up. Then I was connected with her. Strangely, she asked me for my last name. “Why? It’s not important. Just call me ‘Lawrence’!” She said she had talked to a social worker, who suggested that I walk into a county mental health center and call her at such and such number. “It will be 7 minutes.” I complained: “I don’t know whether you are trying to help me or harm me.” And I kept accusing her of being instructed to set up a trap for me. (There might be some truth in this.) I then explained how I was thrown off the bus yesterday: “Because they have planned it... they really didn’t want me to get to the hospital...” I emphasized how I was allowed to go to the hospital only in an ambulance. I was now practically yelling at Virginia: “... they want to make sure that I look mentally ill... you sent me to the hospital so that I could be kicked out...” In the end, Virginia did give me the numbers: “First, the mental health, 1-800-854-7111...” but I interrupted her and said I had to go because I needed to buy a new cart or else I might be completely disabled by my things. We hanged up on 4:11:00.

As you can imagine, Homeland Security had more good luck today. They were able to incorporate the hospital’s diagnosis of me as suffering from schizophrenia into their current “investigation” of me, plus the security guard’s report that I had threatened him with violence. These new “investigation results” would then be intercepted into the ICJ to confirm that the mind-reading computer had never been tampered with and that no objections to Russia’s victory were thus possible. It’s really not clear whether Virginia was instructed by Homeland Security to encourage me to walk into a hospital – i.e., because Homeland Security knew I would be kicked out and thus produce more favorable evidences for them. It’s even more likely that it was Homeland Security which had instructed Virginia to ask for my last name – to make it easier for her to report me to the relevant authority – and persuade me to connect up with the social worker in question – it would certainly be just another trap.

The next recording is lost. My next recording is: “720chldtorrnce1badfacediecry\_1\_6\_11\_525-739PM.WMA”: I was still on the bus. A Hispanic man was again talking loudly, and I warned him: “I’m gonna sue you if I survive this...” Then: “... they want to destroy our recording, with all this garbage Spanish... it’s good to use children to run operations... remotely controlled...” Then I was mumbling about Mr Chertoff again: “... crimes absolved...” On 17:00, as I was getting off the bus, I yelled at the other passenger: “Get out of my way, actor!” I was now in downtown. On 21:00, I **filmed** something. I asked the people: “What are you guys pointing to?” And they wouldn’t respond (24:00). On 26:00, I was buying a new cart. More of my precious money wasted thanks to Homeland Security! On 37:00, I was in a restaurant. By 40:00 I was out. On 46:00, I called Wes and left another message: “Call me back, it’s an emergency...” On 54:00, I was on the bus again. I was going to Harbor UCLA again. Again, I told a Hispanic woman to not talk too loud. I continued to mumble about my wrong scenarios, and the bus didn’t shake too much today. From 1:07:00 onward, Silbermond. I continued to mumble: “... everyone is so tough... has a shitty face... SLVK... to piss me off... to shut off my environment... surveillance agents... you have to live in America for a very long time in order to

notice that something is very wrong with my environment...” By 1:36:00, I had got off the bus. On 1:41:30, I came to Harbor UCLA. There were so many people around, and I got suspicious. I asked one person why there were so many people here today: “Is that normal?” On 1:54:00, I went to get something to eat first. I again assumed that all these people were actors sent in by the control center: “... that’s why they are so ugly...” I kept on walking: “I don’t know if I’ll be allowed to stay somewhere, it has to be allowed...” Then: “... I can’t live with actors and actresses anymore... it’s been three and a half years...” On 2:07:00, I was in a restaurant. Again, I asked the other people here not to talk too loud. They kept on talking, and I started feeling pain again. And so I took my food outside to eat. I was now in so much pain: “... I can’t go on anymore...”

My next recording is: “trnce1rcrdroff\_1\_6\_11\_739-909PM.WMA”: I was now screaming out of severe pain. I left another message for Wes: “Wes, call me back, it’s an emergency...” Then: “Oh, I have to die... Our recorder is shut off, there is nobody to talk to... There used to be a day when there were real people around us... enslavement... done, and then kill them... that’s the Macrospherians... these people are so bad... everyone wants me dead...” Then: “I don’t want to be lifted up... it’s so evil... control me to live out a ‘script’...” Indeed! And more people came around me to talk causing me tremendous pain. And especially a child’s noises. I continued to scream out of pain, and then broke down crying again. The owner came to warn me. Then another person came to ask me if I needed paramedics (25:00). On 27:30 I called up Deborah instead. I cried about how I couldn’t stand homelessness, how everyone was actor and actress, how “they” had taken away everything I had. Now I even suspected Deborah to be fake. *Amazingly, Deborah admitted that the intelligence agencies had made me crazy.* (Evidently, since I sounded so crazy right now and yet she knew that, in the past, the intelligence agencies had indeed gone after me and tried to make people believe I was crazy, she suspected that, after all these years, they had finally succeeded in making me *really* crazy.) I then talked about how the intelligence agencies were tormenting me and accused her of being remotely controlled or told to act. And yet she replied that she was not controlling me! I naturally assumed that she was remotely controlled to suffer mental confusion in order to provoke me and thus hanged up (41:00). (I had again failed to comprehend that mental confusion was simply the norm in this digital age.) I cried so sadly: “Nobody has his or her brain working anymore...” I yelled at the employees: “What happen to you people? Can you just stop acting?” I left the restaurant. I pushed my cart for a long distance. “The Macrospherians have made the evidentiary process so painful that the evidence has to die...” I got on the bus on 55:00: I had given up on Harbor UCLA. I told a passenger not to allow herself to be remotely controlled to stand up. Ha! Then the bus driver scolded me. “We are not allowed to talk to the actors... they don’t want us to influence the actors...” The bus driver talked on, which again caused me pain. I would later (January 8, as you shall see) write down the following in my diary:

[Called] Deborah on 8:15 PM. Deborah was obviously being remotely controlled by the Monkey or one of the defendants – perhaps even under the guidance of the anti-self of the Great Psychologist – to speak in such gibberish nonsense and in ways not corresponding to my words – as if she suffered from schizophrenia – in order to depress me to the point of [wanting] suicide by making me feel completely shut off in myself: another typical instance of ‘cognitive behavioral torture for Borderline Personality Disorder’. The technique has achieved its effect. I felt completely shut off in [my]



solitary confinement when everyone around me was being remotely controlled to be mentally confused. My loneliness was exacerbated to infinite proportion, and my desire to commit suicide was thus further reinforced. It seems that, while I am being remotely controlled (in a simulated fashion) to [want to] commit suicide, everyone else is [being] remotely controlled to persuade me not to die so as to produce the impression that it's all due to my own fault.

Bullshit. But of course Homeland Security did want me to kill myself – so that the CIA would never obtain the evidence they needed to reactivate the lost ICJ trial – even though they didn't instruct Deborah tonight and Deborah was merely mis-hearing me out of her own accord.

My next recording is: “[rcrdroffbuspassbycry\\_1\\_6\\_11\\_921-1048PM.WMA](#)”: I was still on the bus. “... there is no way to live like this...” Then I started yelling at the bus driver: “I want to get off the bus! Please don't torture me anymore! I promise I'll kill myself! Do you know who's directing you to do this? Cheney's daughter and a Mexican man...” Ha! I was making a fool out of myself again thanks to my wrong scenarios! I got off the bus on 1:30. I pushed my cart through the street. I was still mumbling my nonsense: “... there is no conspiracy... who's the one that shut off our recorder?” On 8:30, I said to a stranger: “... you are being remotely controlled...” Not! Then I talked to another woman: “That's a funny technique of torture! I said, 'You are put here for me to talk to you,' and you said, 'I've got enough, thank you.' Are you even conscious? Are they remotely controlling you or are you acting? You can't be that stupid, can you?” She replied: “I can't hear anything.” And I continued to accuse her of acting. Then, about the Monkey: “Maybe when I look at the street lamp he'd be forging the intercepts of my thoughts showing me having sexual feelings... we are just replacing evidences... to drive us insane with the evidentiary process so that we will commit suicide... always want us to die... it's the Macrospherians... We've got a piece of the defendants' real intention... the Boss and Mary C and so on – they all want us dead... and so are all these people too...” (18:30). In fact, it was just Homeland Security! “I don't want to die, but I'm remotely controlled to want to commit suicide... to use the law to commit murder, to use the court to kill people...” Yes, Homeland Security was indeed using the ICJ to attempt to murder me. On 23:00, the next bus came and, panicking, I yelled at the bus driver: “Don't pass me by!” And he did pass me by! I broke down crying hysterically: “I'll kill myself...” I kept on crying as I pushed my cart through the street. It's really not clear whether it was Homeland Security who had ordered the bus driver to ignore me as a way to provoke me again. (As you have seen, they always tried to add fuel to fire.) On 29:00, I came inside the Metro station. I broke down crying again because the gate was not wide enough for my cart. I was now crying hysterically. “All I want to do is to die...” I curled up in a corner: “I don't want to be tortured anymore!” Then, somehow, I managed to get through and, on 39:00, I was on the train. On 47:30 I broke down crying again: “Where am I?” On 48:30 I got off the train and cried hysterically: “That was a Red Line and then it changed!” Namely, the train turned out to be the Purple Line and now I was at Normandie and Wilshire. On 54:00, I was on the street level, and I kept **filming** myself. I came inside Starbucks to ask for water while crying like crazy. Then, while on the street: “I didn't know Obama is such a cruel person... Why did you keep extending the deadline? I can't live anymore... why don't you drop me a gun? Why do you hate me so much?” And I continued to cry. “... because that's the only way for you to get your criminals... the Russians came and restored everything, and now you all want me dead... Is it really so important to prosecute

these people to the fullest extent possible? What did that lesbian bitch do? There was a time when I would die for the Agency's women, but that's not good enough, and now you want me to hate them... I don't believe our president is like that... a perfectly good human being and you want to drive him insane... that's the point, right? You want me to hate this country... nobody would finish my story for me... I don't want to record other people anymore..." Only if I could understand that it was all just Homeland Security. By 1:23:00 I came to my usual corner by the exit of the underground parking lot. On 1:26:00, I was cutting myself.

My next recording is: "slpnrmdieprovkd\_1\_6-7\_11\_1055PM-859AM.WMA": I continued: "Everyday is like: we are not allowed to write our story, we have to kill ourselves..." I then kept on walking. After some wandering, on 7:00, I settled back down in my corner next to the exit of the underground parking lot. I muttered bitterly in Chinese: "... finally he's going to die, everybody is very happy..." (28:00). Indeed! Everyone in the national security Establishment, that is. Then: "... evidences have been produced, our usefulness has been exhausted, and we need to die..." Then I slept quietly.<sup>12</sup> On 9:44:50, I was awake, and recounted the dream I had just had. "We are supposed to die today... Is Mary C sacrificing herself to kill us, or are the Macrospherians sacrificing us to kill her? It must be the latter." Little did I know that more provocation was awaiting me. On 9:48:40, a security guard came to throw me out, saying something about this being the exit. I shouted at him: "5 minutes!" As I continued my speculation, he kept interrupting me, and so finally I just shouted at the top of my lungs: "Obviously the rest of the defendants have already committed a lot of murders..." The security guard just said, "The police are coming!" On 9:53:30 I turned on my netbook. On 9:56:20, somebody came again. I yelled at him: "Fuck you mother-fucker!" He yelled at me too: "Fuck off!" I shouted back: "Fuck you! Actor! You want me to die, and I'll die! Just stop bothering me, mother-fucker!" On 9:58:20, the security guard came back. "You guys want to kill me! I'll die! If you want me to die I'll kill myself!" And I left this corner. The security guard was probably not instructed by Homeland Security to harass me. (Namely, the incident was most likely "natural".)

### **January 7 (Friday; "finish my mission")**

My next recording is: "sunsetlunchvrgngodcry\_1\_7\_11\_859AM-113PM.WMA": I continued to curse and mumble about killing people. I was now getting coffee in a doughnut shop (6:00). I continued: "I don't really trust the President because he is not a psychologist... the only thing we have in common is that we are both minority..." I got on the bus on 26:00. I continued to mumble indistinctly: "... the Macrospherians will be vulnerable to objections..." After I got off the bus, I walked a long distance before lying down on the street to rest. I was now on Hollywood Blvd. I got up on 1:28:00 and started pushing my cart again. I was going to try again to give myself a break. On 1:29:00, I was in front of a motel. "Do you have a room? *I'm supposed to finish my mission...*" He asserted that there was no room. I continued to interrogate him: "Is that your mission? Is your mission giving me a room or not giving me a room?" He insisted that he had no rooms. "Then how am I supposed to finish my mission?" "You can find a room in other motels." Ha! I actually believed he knew what I was talking about and was thus going along with me. On 1:39:00 I came to a second motel. "I need to finish my mission, can I get a room?" No rooms here either. "You took a vow of secrecy so that you can't tell me? That's your

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<sup>12</sup> Reviewed until 58:00, and then from 9:31:00 onward.

mission, right? To frustrate me.” Of course she had no idea what I was talking about. Then, on 1:44:00, I came to a third motel: “I need to finish my mission, can I have a room?” “Yes.” She told me to come back on 1 PM. On 2:01:00, I took my rest in the street corner. “It’s 11 AM, we still have two hours in which to finish our mission.” That is, I was going to try out my theory that I was caught up in a terrorist conspiracy against *me*. On 2:07:00 I took out my razor blade and the car behind me was honking. Of course I thought it was the control center prompting me. I **filmed** myself getting ready to cut myself in the throat and then, just when I was about to cut, stopping myself. “Okay, I have intercepted myself.” I kept laughing. I called Wes on 2:09:00 and left a message: “Call me back...” Then I called Virginia on 2:10:00. “Can you take me to the courthouse?” I really believed Virginia would know what I was talking about. “I don’t know where the courthouse is...” She continued to insist she had no idea about Los Angeles. “You are playing pranks on me... You are supposed to confess...” She told me to overcome so that I could inspire people in the future! What? I had again the impression that she was conveying to me a “secret message” from the Macrospherians. (Perhaps she was instructed by Homeland Security to say this in order to further lock me up in my “delusion”.) I continued: “I can’t overcome... I’m too tired...” “When God is ready to use you, you...” She then continued to insist she didn’t know Los Angeles. I clarified: “It used to be in downtown LA, but I don’t know where the entrance is...” “It’s 312 North Spring Street.” “No, that’s the Appeals Court... you are playing pranks on me... I’m talking about the International Court house...” She had no idea what I was talking about (unless Homeland Security had already warned her that I had this “delusion” about the ICJ). I continued: “Everybody wants me to be homeless... I’m supposed to be driven to suicide...” And she told me she was also homeless and was living in her car at the moment. I found it hard to believe her. “It’s such a twilight zone.” And she continued to tell me about her situation. I was terribly disappointed: I wasn’t getting out of my blackhole after all – my “theory” was incorrect! We then discussed whether we can be roommates. We hanged up on 2:35:00. I complained about how everyone wanted to kill me and how it was all a conspiracy against *me*. “Sick! I’m the only one left behind, left to die... the defendants are so powerful, they can command the entire world to kill me...” On 3:02:00 I got up and moved on. On 3:19:00 I came inside a burger store, angry again because the cashier couldn’t hear me correctly. I broke down crying while eating on 3:34:00. More crying on 3:40:00. I stopped sobbing on 3:49:20. “We’ve got left behind... betrayed...”

My next recording is: “sunsetlunchcrybetrayal\_1\_7\_11\_113-313PM.WMA”: On 4:00, I came back to the motel, and now they did have a room, 69 dollars per night. I took it. On 10:40 I came inside my room. “I don’t have any interest in joining anything afterward.” I left the TV on the Chinese channel. I theorized that Mary C and so on must have acquired a new psychologist because the operation revealed such sophisticated knowledge of Borderline Personality Disorder (30:00). Bullshit! The supposed sophistication came entirely out of my own (wrong) interpretation! Now USS Ronald Reagan was on TV. On 1:16:00, I was in the shower. On 1:29:00, done. Chinese news on TV.

My next recording is: “mtl\_1\_7\_11\_322\_441PM.WMA”: I was now mumbling about how the Russian intelligence was even more incomprehensible than the Chinese intelligence when it came to “secret messages”: “... even more mentally devastating...” Then I was reviewing my recordings and writing. Then I was naming my files. “... it’s so unfair... just because the Monkey made up some stories about me, and now I’d have to fit into them and get thrown into the hospital...” (33:00). Indeed! Then the

recordings from yesterday. By 1:09:00, I shut down my computer.

My next recording is: “vermntbnkbuyfood\_1\_7\_11\_443-613PM.WMA”: On 12:00, I left my motel room to go buy food. I of course had my cart with me. Siren on 34:40. On 36:30, I was in the bank. On 1:01:00, I was in 711. Then I bought noodles at a Vietnamese restaurant. On 1:20:00, I was buying batteries and cigarettes at another shop. By 1:29:00 I had come back to my room.

My next recording is: “IMPmldfndntwn2ndsegmnt\_1\_7\_11\_613-910.WMA”: Again, my erroneous scenario about the deadline for this trial: “... will end on January 11...” On 4:30, I called Wes and left another message: “Call me back!” Then I was eating my noodles. On 16:00: “... we have decided not to go to the hospital... we are not gonna not use our computer for 7 months... we need to commit suicide... put into the hospital, just because the Russians want... months after month... just to kill ourselves... we don’t get to write anything... we spent all our time getting beaten up...” (33:0). Then I mumbled more nonsense about the “conspiracy” on 44:00. Then: “... the Microspherian official story... it’s so convenient, like children’s fairytales... I just need to know what is missing... why do I have to go to the hospital? I have already been there so many times... don’t know what’s going on... if I kill myself nobody will give a shit... just the Monkey’s getting prosecuted... what does Mary C really want? She wants us to die...” (50:00). No, it’s Homeland Security which wanted me to die! Then: “... in the Microspherian official story, there is no conspiracy, this guy is just a retard... and that we never acted... the Russians want to obtain a judgment against the defendants from the Microspherian official story of the first run... Mary C is just trying to stir up international conflicts as a way to impede the trial... the problem is China... we have to become the Macrospherians’ interest...” Then I was reviewing the recording of my conversation with Wes on the 29<sup>th</sup> last month (1:12:00). “Even though the Monkey and the defendants are in a conspiracy together, they are still arguing back and forth as if they were... that honk encouraging us to kill ourselves came from the defendants...” (1:26:00). Nonsense. Then, on 1:33:30: “... in the Microspherian official story of the first run, the lawsuit between China and the United States has never existed...” From 2:08:00 onward, I was writing about “cognitive behavioral torture”. Then, from 2:10:00 onward, I wrote down this note:

The words that have been turning around in my head all day long for several days now are, ‘The concept of the Agency has been sewn deeply into his identity in his psyche.’ And the feeling that fitting into the Monkey’s profile is an insult of tremendous proportion [is just a consequence of] this. Hence everything has been so vomit-inducing – the scenario of the retarded autistic dangerous animal who couldn’t even use the Internet. The very fact of fitting into the Monkey’s profile is provoking to the utmost degree.

Excellent psychoanalysis! This bizarre conception of myself as “CIA” was not just stupid and – bizarre, since I had in reality never saved the Agency but had merely handed them over to their perennial foes – but also an obstacle which the Invisible Hand would have to carefully go around in order to reactivate the dismissed ICJ trial. Then: “... we are an evolutionist, not a revolutionist... everything has to be built up a small piece at a time...”

My next recording is: “mtdvd219\_1\_7\_11\_913-1138PM.WMA”: I continued my psychoanalysis: “... our sense of time has been so shortened because we have been tortured...” From 10:00 onward, I was reviewing my recording from January 1 (my conversation with Wes). Then I was mumbling again about how impossible it was for me to fit into the Monkey’s profile. “... our computer... it just had to be the part that hurt the most...” And even children’s noises from TV bothered me. I continued to burn DVD-219 (two copies). I still suspected that maybe I wouldn’t have to go to the hospital. Not! When the second disc was being finalized, there was a slight jump (1:36:00). I got stupidly paranoid again and thus wrote down:

DVD-219. Finalization. Once again ImgBurn did not freeze on “0% – Finalizing”. There seems also to be a slight jump of percentage during the finalization process between 55 and 60 percent (10:58 PM).

What a waste of my time! I was then reviewing one of my latest recordings (my crying). I was then packing up and getting ready for sleep.

My last recording of the day is: “slpmtl\_1\_7-8\_11\_1138PM-804AM.WMA”: I was now sleeping.<sup>13</sup>

### **January 8 (Saturday)**

My next recording is: “buyfood\_1\_8\_11\_920-1001AM.WMA”: I was still in the motel room with the TV turned on. On 11:00 I was out to buy food. I came inside a restaurant to get something to go. While coming back, I was still mumbling my nonsense about the “conspiracy” and so on. On 36:00, I was at the motel’s office paying for another day. Because it was Saturday, it was more than 80 dollars. On 38:30, I was back in my room.

My next recording is: “mtlcallvrgnaetc\_1\_8\_11\_1001AM-1207PM.WMA”: I was still in my motel room. “I don’t know what kind of trial this is... torturing people with the evidentiary process, to drive him to suicide... and hiring a psychologist to torture people... my consciousness of somebody else’s consciousness of my consciousness has considerably altered my mood structure...” From 13:00 onward, I continued to review the recording of my conversation with Wes on January 1. “The Macrospherians no longer have to intercept anything... interception has become part of the conspiracy... now the defendants no longer have the right to take command of anybody... the Macrospherians are using me to strip the defendants of all their powers...” Bullshit. The recording was done by 49:00. I continued to mumble my bullshit about the trial. On 56:00, I called up my mother. She immediately scolded me: “I can’t help you, you are on your own...” And she hanged up on 57:50. I was stupefied: “Why did we get a left signal telling us to call our mother? It’s idiotic...” Ha! The Monkey was just trying to deceive me! (So that Homeland Security could intercept my mother’s bad opinion of me.) On 59:00, I left a message for Virginia: “Give me a call back.” Then, another message for Wes. On 1:01:20, Virginia called me back. I was again telling her about my homelessness. She elaborated: “... you want your freedom, but...” And I explained why I couldn’t get out of my homelessness: after a few days, I would feel compelled to take a break in a motel and thus spend all my

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<sup>13</sup> Reviewed until 14:00, and then from 8:21:00 onward.

money, so that the cause was that I couldn't last long enough to save up the money. Virginia then told me about other renting options, and I suggested again that she and I become roommates. "No..." She explained that she couldn't find anything for two people. Then I became suspicious of the weird computer noises on the phone. Me: "I'm afraid to go out... there are forces beyond my control that are pushing me into circumstances... to get me hospitalized... this environment is not natural... people are not responding to me... I'm completely immobilized and disabled because my environment doesn't allow me to..." I had no idea that I was merely confirming for Virginia Homeland Security's lie that I suffered from schizophrenia. And we talked about the places where she would like to rent: Northridge, Chatsworth, and Reseda. And she suggested that I find the apartment guy. We hanged up on 1:16:50. It seems that Virginia didn't receive any special order from Homeland Security this time. Then: "... the operation is so disabling that we now depend on the operation to survive... to recover... hence even if the Macrospherians develop an interest in us, they will have to let the interest go waste... the defendants are just upset... if they can't rule, then they'll just let the world go to waste... we can't succeed in American society because everything is about presentation... resume..." I was now playing my latest Youcam video where I was thrown off the bus. Then I was mumbling about what Russian pop-culture was like. "What do they think of Mommy's pop-culture?" And about how important pop-culture is because it's the most important thing to the masses. I just couldn't stop wasting my own time and energy! Now I was getting ready to go out again.

My next recording is: "utgetnwspprupsethmdpt\_1\_8\_11\_1207-1256PM.WMA": I continued my psychoanalysis: "... prolonged exposure to a remotely controlled environment has induced 'learned helplessness' in me..." And I continued on about this, how this led me to suicide: "... a very sophisticated cognitive-behavioral torture... Guantanamo Bay spread out over a longer time span..." On 12:00, I was out. "We are giving feedbacks to the defendants as to how to torture us." On 18:00, I was in a liquor store to obtain newspapers. On 24:50, at the liquor store again. I was looking at classifieds on apartments for rent in the newspapers. When a woman scolded me for blocking the way, I again assumed it was an operation and got very upset. I left on 33:30. "... completely dependent on the Monkey's working for the Macrospherians' interests..." Siren on 44:50.

My next recording is: "hmdptupset\_1\_8\_11\_1256-155PM.WMA": I was now on the street and continued to mumble about my need to commit suicide and how my life was not worth living. On 13:30, I was in Home Depot to look for the materials I would need to kill myself. "I can't relate to people because everyone is so ugly... Hey, actor! I'm looking for charcoal... I'm sorry, I can't hear you speak Spanish, it makes me want to commit suicide..." (19:00). Ha! And I asked him to get the charcoal for me. "And scotch tapes..." No, but there were duck tapes. By 30:00 I was out of Home Depot. As you shall see, I had just wasted more of my precious money! On 46:00, I was back in my motel room. From 58:00 onward, I was looking for my recorder everywhere. On 57:50, siren. I was getting frustrated again. Finally I found my recorder.

My next recording is: "mtlanaylzesuicidewish\_1\_8\_11\_155-318PM.WMA": I mumbled bitterly: "The Russians wanted to manipulate us to commit suicide, so that they can remain the secret commander of the world, so that the US-China relationship can never normalize..." I was sort of correct: they wanted me dead so that the CIA could never object. Then I mumbled about how I must commit suicide if



everything was remotely controlled. And I went on and on, and then about how I even developed resistance toward suicide. I continued my analysis as to why I wanted to die. "... the doctor... every detail of my environment is orchestrated so that I'll in the end want to commit suicide..." And I was again convinced that somebody else was talking through Virginia: "... she isn't who she is anymore..." Actually, she was just being a typical Homeland Security informant. After all that analysis, from 20:00 onward, I wrote down the following:

Why I want to die: **First**, I have developed shame toward not following up with my previous wishes to commit suicide. It makes me look like a coward. It makes me look like someone who is always crawling about looking for a way out – someone who thus looks quite undignified. The cause of this shame: my knowledge that there are very powerful people who are watching me and reading my thoughts from unseen places. **Second**, my inkling, or my guess, that, by not committing suicide, by not following up with my wish to die, I am dooming myself to more of the same torture chamber – namely, my environment – until I finally do implement my wish to commit suicide. This impression strengthens and aggravates my feeling of hopelessness and helplessness which is what creates inside me the wish to die in the first place. **Third**, my feeling of helplessness and hopelessness results from my inability to obtain the cure of my desperation, simple as this cure may be: namely, around 600 dollars and the ability to use it to rent a room. I can't use it even if I have it if I can never pass the credit check, the presentation, and so on. **Fourth**, I want to die because I am addicted to the trappings of a modern civilization: the 'right' to use my computer, my electronic devices, to express myself in writing, to use the Internet, to read, to have meaningful conversations with intelligent people who can reciprocate the sharing of deep thoughts about emotions and matters of civilization, to have access to sexually or romantically desirable opposite sex, to be recognized as a complex, mentally developed, humorous, sympathetic, and civilized person – to be known, in short – even if emotionally vulnerable and immature, to be able to verbalize my feelings and to know the cause of my sufferings, and to explore other high civilizations when one is getting too old. These together constitute the meaning of my life. But, as things go right now, I am given to live a meaning of life just the exact opposite of this one: to be thrown out of everywhere as if I were a vagrant trouble-maker, to be deprived of a chance to talk or use any communication devices and channels, to be forbidden to know why I am even unhappy and the cause of my unhappy circumstances – to live, in short, like an animal, not talking, not knowing, not using any tools (especially electronic devices), not learning, and ugly as hell: the Monkey's profile of me. **Fifth**, I want to die because of my incredible loneliness. I have no one to talk to save my recording devices. **Sixth**, I want to die because the feeling of helplessness and hopelessness which causes the wish to die is further reinforced by the resistance I feel toward obtaining, and the inability I have developed to even go after, what attracts me and renders my life meaningful. Most importantly, *I have lost the ability to connect with people*. Anthropophobia – needing people and yet afraid of people, not just the fear that people and females who attract me might lead me to troubles, but also my inability to present myself due to my homelessness and my expectation that they are just actors and

actresses. In addition, there is the inhibition caused by the inappropriateness to even get myself known to others because my entire life for more than three years has been nothing but intelligence operations the sharing of which would make me look crazy and discredit myself. How awful it all is when I have never developed good social skills due to my introversion and bad family upbringing! Even if I ignore my Anthropophobia, every time I attempt to connect with the actors and actresses around me, they would act out a refusal within 5 minutes. **Seventh**, I want to die due to the sheer physical exhaustion which I feel now and the inconvenience of living homeless even if no one is provoking me, especially when I have been banned from so many different places and have run out of places to go to. **Eighth**, the feeling of helplessness and hopelessness also comes from the fact that my access to my few acquaintances is all carefully controlled by unseen powerful figures and/or a giant computer and the impression that none of them are behaving like themselves but seem to be remotely controlled. The satisfaction which I would normally get from sharing with them has dissipated when I can't even be sure that I'm actually talking to them. **Ninth**, there are simply no pleasures and meaning left in my life, but only pain, discomfort (physical and mental), hatred, anger, the frustration from the inability to get even, and the unbearable feeling that I have been stuffed into a box without the ability to get out, just the thing I will never do to even my worst enemy. My Sonophobia, Hispanophobia, Americanophobia, and Misopedia have made going outside an experience of torture even if no one is provoking me.

Hopelessness with regard to money: I can't even begin to make money. I have no good resumes, I have no address, my knowledge that my environment is all orchestrated to produce evidences has produced in me a tremendous psychological inhibition toward even looking for a job insofar as I already believe that I will not be hired; I have no Internet access (not in the least because of my fear to surf the Internet on my own laptop due to my knowledge – or is it just paranoia? – that there are viruses inside it); my emotional trauma resulting from the International Court case and all the associated clandestine operations has accumulated into a huge psychological weight the relief from which comes only by writing it all down and objectifying it into an art form – the artist's inner compulsion to create. This has put an enormous constraint on my sense of temporality – that I don't have the time for a full-time job – if I ever want to be known at all.

Again, excellent psychoanalysis of myself. By 1:04:00, I was done with writing. "... how do you get rid of (2)? That's why you need to know what's going on! ... a goddamn way out without committing suicide..." Then I continued to revise it, adding "Sixth".

My next recording is: "mtlwrtsupl929let\_1\_8\_11\_324-809PM.WMA": I then continued to work on the above. Then, after being quiet for a while: "Do we have to commit suicide?" (13:30) From 20:00 onward, after much analysis, Silbermond. "I have been left behind, I can't believe it... it's neither the American nor the Russian way... it's so easy to pick me up, just give me 600 dollars... I have also developed resistance toward helping myself... I'm too lonely, other people have other people to help

them... I keep helping others, but they'll just tell me to help myself... I need to know the future in order to decide whether to die..." On 47:50, I called up Mental Health Access (the number which Virginia had provided to me). I asked the operator about temporary free housing for people with mental illness. She gave me several numbers: Homeless Prevention, LA County Housing Resources Center, and the Shelter Hotline. By 57:30, the call was done. Then I called up an ad for a room for rent. Then I started reviewing my recordings. On 1:23:00, I started naming my recordings. Then I was transcribing the recording from September 29 last year and working on what happened on that day in my letter of petition. Then, my wrong understanding: "... it's the Monkey who was talking through Virginia, and that's why she always talks to me as if I were a child... Why doesn't he just let that psychologist remotely control Virginia?" (3:00:00) Then: "The Macrospherians don't really want me to die, but they can only tell me something if I don't want to hear it... the Monkey is the best messenger because every time when he talks I would want to vomit..." Then, after a while: "... we will continue to be induced into suicidal thoughts..." Then: "... the Monkey will simply forge it, and so we can feel whatever we want..." Siren on 3:45:00. Then: "... the defendants are trying to deceive us about all sorts of deadlines... even though the deadline is January 11... I just don't know if it's really needed that I be put into the hospital... the Microspherians want us dead, but the Macrospherians want us to go to the hospital..." Just wasting my time and energy on bullshit. On 4:16:30, I was building the ISO image for DVD-137-CP. And I printed out my "Suppl\_Pld\_11\_34". "I'm afraid we will not be able to record in the hospital... I want to learn to stop recording on my own... that's not gonna be anytime soon..." (4:31:00). By 4:42:00 I was all done.

My next recording is: "utvermtnnormlatmnomnyfkerme\_1\_8\_11\_810-1030PM.WMA": I continued: "... not good... we have predicted that our recordings will be taken away..." Now, as if to do more damage to myself, I decided to go out: I'd of course bring my cart with me. On 11:00, I was out of my motel room. On 30:00, I passed by a bar, and there was a concert going on inside. I asked the woman standing by the entrance: "Are you one of the audience?" "No, I'm the house manager." I was actually asking her if she was part of the audience of my show, but, since there were no audience, she couldn't help but misunderstand me. (As you shall see, this stupid concern with there being audience set up to watch over the trial process would soon dominate my mind.) On 38:00, I chatted with a youngster on the street, in front of another night club. On 42:00, I was in front of yet another night club, and many people were inside. On 44:00, I came inside Skylight Bookstore (near Vermont and Franklin). Now I couldn't help but want to talk to people! I asked a girl about the book she was browsing, a book on Patty Smith. I told her about my money problem, and how, because of my illness, I couldn't stay in a shelter. "Everyone is provoking me and..." And she said she couldn't help me. "But you can, just be my friend..." Ha! Then I chatted with another girl and looked at the book she was browsing. "Do you think you have a chip inside your brain?" "I don't know." "They put chips inside many people around me to render them remotely controllable..." And I then explained to her how my recorder had become "part of me" (around 1:00:00). "Are you an actress?" "No." She of course failed to understand that I meant "actress" in *my* TV show. And she asked me: "Are you an actor?" "No. I'm the only one who doesn't act." And I told her how lonely I was. I had not spoken to a real person for three and a half years! And how I needed to get out of this "theater". On 1:11:00 I was out of Skylight Bookstore. That was certainly interesting interactions with real people! On 1:23:30 I was using the ATM. On 1:31:00, in a liquor store. "That's why I can never save any money... they tell me to save money, and then provoke

me... the Court owes me a lot...” And my nonsense continually. On 1:57:30 and 1:58:50, siren. On 2:02:50, police action in Silverlake. I asked the police officers on the scene: “Is this real?” “Real!” “I don’t believe it, it’s just acting... look at that, 40 police officers...” Again, how insane I must have looked! None of this was orchestrated! Only if Homeland Security was here to intercept the whole thing into evidence! On 2:15:30, I was back in my motel room.

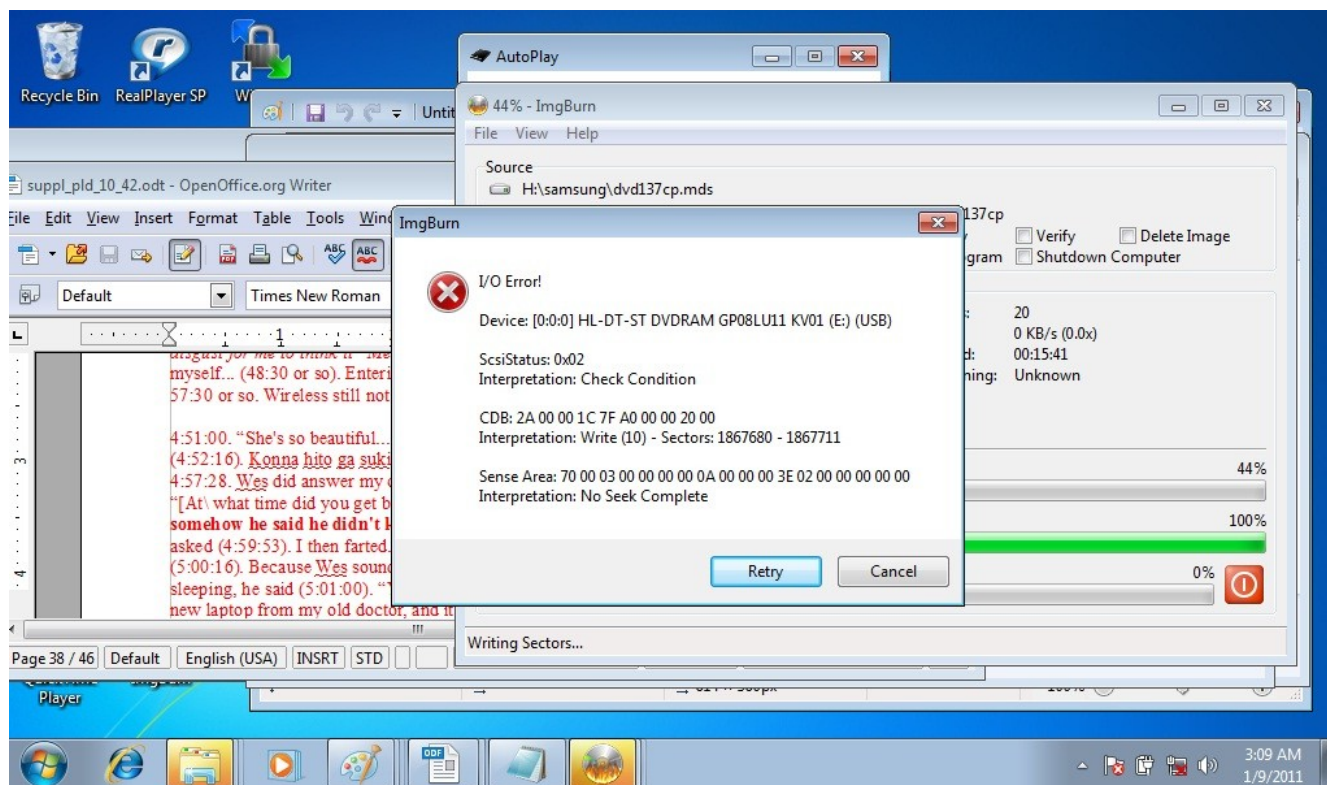
My next recording is: “wrtetrmtcncrlmtl\_1\_8\_11\_1030-1101PM.WMA”: I was now writing about how Deborah was being remotely controlled to speak all this gibberish to me (the entry you have seen under January 6). And then I continued to work on my petition letter. Then I was muttering about how I had wrongly predicted that I would be put into the hospital and my computer taken away. Then about the danger of having a roommate. “... it’s all because somebody wants me to be something else than what I am... it might be duping because I’m supposed to be taken to the hospital by surprise... and the deadline is not gonna be January 11...” Right!

My next recording is: “mtldvd137cpmlfuncrusintlscck\_1\_8-9\_11\_1106PM-551AM.WMA”: I was now burning additional copies of DVD-137. On 34:30, I took notice of the declining write rate. On 42:00, I started reviewing the recording from July 18 last year. On 48:00, I was looking for something. “... did the Monkey steal it to prevent me from burning my discs?” I got angry, but then I found it. “This trial is human rights abuse because evidences are all created...” (57:00). Then: “... laws are made up or created to enable illegal acts, forgery, the creation of evidences... to make up stories and smack a person around to create evidences... the laws are created in order to commit illegal actions...” (until 59:20). There was in fact some truth in my wrong scenario here because, as you have seen, BOL’s main complaint about this ICJ trial was that it was abuse of process all the way through. Then: “... everything... about me... is usually illegal...” Then I was transcribing the recording from August 10 last year. On 1:26:00, my disc was successfully burned. I continued to work on my letter of petition: SLVK and the Great Psychologist. Then I continued with the recording of my conversation with Wes from August 10 (2:01:00). On 2:11:30, the second disc was finalized. I moaned again that there was a jump in the finalization process. On 3:03:30, another disc was burned and, as usual, I was concerned that the finalization process was too fast. On 3:15:00, the DVD-burning froze up. And it failed. I was angry about the “Microspherian attempt to pass me a secret message”. “What’s gonna happen? American tax-payers need to pay more money! Fuck you very much... the Macrospherians are like, ‘The Microspherians are doing it’... but it’s supposedly in their interest... or maybe they just want to interrupt our writing process...” And I continued on and on. “The US and Russia want us to defect to Europe...” I was now burning DVD-137 for the third time. On 3:37:30, the burning failed again! Now the fourth time. “I’m so fucking angry that I want to kill people!” On 3:55:00, the burning failed again! From 4:04:00 onward, terribly enraged, I was writing about how I needed to kill people in the morning:

Burning DVD-137. The finalization of DVD-137-CP began on 1:26 AM or so. When finalization began it immediately jumped to about 6 % or so. Clearly, the finalization or the leadout of this disc was damaged. My ImgBurn was remotely controlled by the Monkey to do such just because I missed videotaping the beginning of the finalization process. The verification of DVD-137-CP on its second try was remotely controlled to fail. The burning of DVD-137-CP on its third try was also remotely controlled to fail.

On 3:10 AM, the fourth burning of DVD-137-CP was again remotely controlled by the Monkey to fail. The message is clear as the desire to kill people surges up inside me: I should kill someone in the morning.

I continued: “It’s so sad, nobody will ever see these instances of computer malfunctioning... there are just so many... it’s PM’s plan... the Americans aren’t so sick... I have really helped the wrong people... they are so sick... the evidentiary record will show the defendants to be so bad that they want this guy to kill people and yet to think that it’s the Russians who have wanted him to kill people, when in fact it really *is* the Russians...” Well, I was sort of correct here! And I continued on and on about this. “... the American criminal justice system will pretend, under Russian command, to judge me insane, and then send me to France... we have learned that we’ll have to kill... otherwise, there is no way to get out of this... there will never be a day when we can actually use our computer... these sick Russians... they are very sick... no wonder that there are so many defectors... because they were abused... on the other hand, PM doesn’t want me to kill people, for then how can he explain it to OB...?” Wrong! DGHTRCOM *did* want me to kill people, pure and simple. “Then maybe we should kill people so that he’ll *have to* explain... maybe DGHTR just wants me to make a statement because he knows his culture is sick...” And I went on and on. “Russia owes me so so much... *and yet they are afraid that nations might object*... that they might lose that much of their sphere of influence just because of me... but it’s not my fault...” I was right on target! And I went on and on. “... ‘Today’s weather is bad’... as if that weren’t incomprehensible enough...” Then: “Did America regard me as a traitor? My attempt to save the Agency... does that count for anything?” The problem was that I never actually saved the Agency, and that the Agency considered me to have conspired with my Daughter People to harm them! Then, on 5:08:50, I was again rambling on about Jinyong’s influence on me and so on this trial. I was then reviewing the recording from hours ago when I was going to Skylight Bookstore. Then I rambled on about how uncomfortable the problem with the leadout had made me. “... it’s evidence that our discs are forged... we’ll get put in the hospital and then in a nice place, but it’s just duping... when we think we are duped, the thought will be intercepted into the ICJ as evidence that this guy is duped again...” (6:06:30). I then muttered about how I would be provoked, how the police would come, how my files would be deleted, and how I would be thrown into the hospital. Something like this would indeed soon happen! “... disgusting... the Microspherian official story would say... I’ll let the Monkey exercise overwhelming power over me...” But then, after a while, I wrote under today’s entry, “In the end, I’ll not kill myself...”



Failure to burn DVD-137-CP for the fourth time

Now a comment. It's quite likely that Homeland Security had indeed instructed the Monkey to disrupt my disc-burning tonight for the purpose of continuing to provoke me to want to kill people. (This, despite the fact that there were, as you shall see, already scratches on two of the discs.) Although, by January 6, with all that police actions, Homeland Security had more or less accomplished their objective – they had completed an “investigation” of this dangerous schizophrenic, broadcast new warnings about him, and intercepted new evidences into the ICJ to obtain a judgment that no objections were currently possible to Russia's victory – they still wished that I would actually kill people. That would always be the golden evidence: Homeland Security and their new Russian friends (including DGHTRCOM himself) would never give up a chance to prompt me to kill people even when, for the time being, they did not run the risk of being convicted. Hence, from now on, my story would continue the same theme from before: how, thanks to the Monkey's programming, I would have to struggle everyday with this irresistible desire to kill people.

### January 9 (Sunday; to kill a DHS agent)

My next recording is: “slpwkmtl\_1\_9\_11\_555-1107AM.WMA”: I was still burning my disc. “Actually, I'm not even sure if there is such a trial...” And I continued on about how the Daughter People's recruitment method must have been on trial. Then, while packing up: “... in the Microspherian official story, it was MC who caused my thoughts... what's the meaning of that honk when we cursed PM?... the defendants are pissed off, and they obstruct simply for the sake of obstructing...” Nonsense. By



37:00, I was sleeping quietly.<sup>14</sup> From 4:27:00 onward, I was awake. Done with shower by 4:44:00. On 5:01:30, the manager knocked on the door to hurry me: it's check-out time.

My next recording is: "1\_9\_11\_1107AM-221PM.WMA": I thus checked out of the motel. As I walked, I continued to mumble indistinctly (6:00). On 10:00, I was in a coffeehouse to buy coffee. More nonsense: "North Korea is not part of the ICJ judgment, it's all isolated..." And I continued to mumble something about the judgment (19:30). Then, somebody wanted a cigarette from me. "5 dollars!" "Let me give you 10!" He ended up giving me 3 dollars. "Where are you from?" "It doesn't matter" (23:00). Certainly not part of any Homeland Security operation. On 33:00 I left the coffeehouse. As I pushed my cart, I continued to mumble my nonsense (42:00). Then, after so much pushing, I began moaning terribly out of pain (1:10:20). On 1:11:00 I dropped to the ground and moaned out of exhaustion. I broke down crying. Merely an hour or two after resuming my homelessness, I had already found it overbearing. By 1:17:00, I had got up and moved on. On 1:24:00, I was buying something in a store. (What?) 32 dollars! On 1:28:00, I was muttering about how I was duped this morning. On 1:30:00, I was in a burger store. On 1:40:00, as I ate outside, I continued to mumble about the Monkey and his false profile of me. On 2:05:30, I was in another store to ask if they sold SD cards. No. Then I moved on. On 2:12:00, I was in another store to buy an SD card. I bought it and, on 2:26:00, was outside to check it on my camera and so on. On 2:42:00, I called about an apartment for rent (in Long Beach). Two beds in one room. We made arrangement for me to call tomorrow. Done by 2:47:15. Then: "Do we have to be illiterate? Supposedly he *can* read, he just doesn't read..." (2:54:50). Then, about MC (?): "... he is supposed to be a lawyer, but he writes like a novelist... he must have read a lot of novels while in Harvard..." (3:01:00). On 3:03:00 I got on the bus. I was now going to my storage. Again: "Sorry actor, don't be so mean..."

My next recording is: "1\_9\_11\_221-704pm.WMA": I was still on the bus. On 11:00, Silbermond. On 30:00, I got off the bus. On 32:30, I was mumbling about the Monkey: "He doesn't deny that I have actually videotaped myself... it's actually the defendants who... the Monkey's project matches that of the defendants..." Nonsense. On 1:03:00, I came inside the storage facility. When I was in front of my unit, more nonsense: "... what the Microspherians have suppressed as evidences, the Macrospherians will take up as evidences..." Then, from 1:10:00 onward, as I looked into my diary to look up the list of DVDs I had put in on January 3, I suddenly couldn't find it. This was my first inkling that Homeland Security had burglarized my netbook on the morning of January 5, but the full realization would take me a while. For now I merely suspected that that particular line under the entry for January 3 was remotely deleted from my diary. I became terribly distraught and was trembling and shaking. Finally I broke down crying while **filming** myself. I was terrified because there was no way to ascertain if anything else was also deleted: "... it's gonna take me years to figure it out..." By 1:32:00, I was in the food mall. I continued to speculate on how what I had written down on January 3 could have just disappeared. Then I was out. "We have to figure out what we were doing on January 3." As I laboriously pushed my cart through the street: "... we'll have to kill people... there is no way out..." Siren on 1:55:30. Then again on 1:57:20. "... everybody wants me to kill people, right? How can anyone live a life like this? The defendants are so dangerous, they can even take command of the whole world..." From 2:08:00 onward, I was resting by the bus stop. On 2:14:00 I got on the bus. On 2:21:00,

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<sup>14</sup> Reviewed until 41:00, and then from 4:21:00 onward.

I was mumbling again about how that line was deleted from my diary. “There are children around me now because they know I’m going to kill children...” (2:23:30). Did the Monkey really program this? Then: “... everybody is trying to talk so loud to provoke me...” Then, more on 2:34:50. On 2:53:30, a child was crying on the bus. Then: “... altered... kill people and get out of here...” (2:55:00). On 3:00:00 I got off the bus on Vermont and Sunset. “I have developed this expectation that all these noises and so on will only stop when something drastic happens, such as when I kill somebody...” Right! On 3:06:00, I was buying something in a store. When out: “... let’s kill somebody, get it over and done with... I’m tired of this...” I was then mumbling again about how everything was remotely controlled and how my files were remotely alterable. On 3:19:00, I was in a store again. I bought the Sony discs on sale. Then: “... we bought this bat to kill people... everything is precisely calculated... we are unable to save a single penny and unable to waste a single penny... we’re always wandering around... we have only one shot...” On 3:26:00, I came inside Starbucks: “... this was calculated to not have a seat for us... the reason why I’m not acting is that nobody is telling me how to act... if he doesn’t stop after midnight, I’ll kill people... today is the last day... the Macrospherians probably have no power whatsoever... whatever happened to their immunity?” Then more bullshit about the defendants and so on as I pushed my cart. “... that’s what I don’t understand about the defendants... if I kill somebody, they’ll be busted...” And I went on and on about this. On 4:01:00, I was back in Starbucks. On 4:03:00, siren. I started reviewing the recording from January 3 (to ascertain what exactly happened). On 4:26:00 I got angry again: “I can’t hear anything... I’m sick and tired of hearing my own voice...” I started packing up. “Maybe Lawrence Chin has already been arrested, we are David Chin, then we can do whatever we want...” I now experienced this uncontrollable desire to kill the couple sitting next to me just because of the way they laughed: “I can’t stand these people talking, I want to kill them!” (4:36:00) “... maybe we should do it tonight, get it over and done with... just because I’m alone and they laugh so happily...” I went outside to smoke and think about this (4:40:30). I then came back in to pack up.

As you can imagine, although Homeland Security didn’t delete anything from my diary in order to provoke me – the diary had merely reverted to its previous version when Homeland Security extracted it from my netbook – they were certainly happy to see that, upon discovering what they had done, I was again ready to give in to my increasing desire to kill people. Seeing this great opportunity, the Monkey then remotely intensified my desire from the control center so that I would suddenly want to kill the couple sitting next to me in Starbucks. But no, he was not quite able to control me to simply lose control and, right on the spot, swing my bat at the couple’s heads. I had to premeditate as to how and who I should kill.

My next recording is: “[invstgate1311rflctnvrmt\\_1\\_9\\_11\\_709-1103PM.WMA](#)”: And so I left Starbucks. On 5:20, siren. I rested in a corner and continued: “... the President wants me dead... get the Monkey to do it... to prosecute the defendants... we need to be intercepted...” (12:00). Then: “... they are not gonna make me into a secret agent, are they? *They could just remotely control me...* he must have remotely controlled Mr First to kill people... I can’t deal with it...” I was right on target here for an instant: both Homeland Security and the CIA were about to remotely control me to accomplish their respective agendas without (sort of) my knowing. On 21:00, I left a message for Wes: “Call me back, it’s very important... an emergency...” Then, another message for Virginia: “Call me back, it’s an

emergency...” Then: “... just give me a bunch of money and put me in a house, and don’t remotely control my computer, can everybody just do that? I’m afraid they’ll delete my files...” I was now reviewing my recordings again. “Let’s go kill somebody and get it over and done with... I don’t know how to get out of this environment... I can’t live in such an environment where I constantly have to want to kill people...” Indeed! Then: “... in the Microsphere what he did to China doesn’t exist...” And I continued to make my worthless suggestions: “... make MC and Mr First Microspherian and Macrospherian at the same time...” And then I broke down crying: “Don’t remotely control my computer...” And then more suggestions: “... create an anti-self of me...” And I continued on for a while. “So they are gonna place me in a hospital, so that no one gets hurt... the purpose is to cancel out the lawsuit between China and the US...” And I continued on and on with my nonsense. “... prosecute individuals for the crimes they have committed, and then make the lawsuit between nations disappear...” And on and on about how the whole thing had turned into a sting operation, how I had never flown to China and how there had only been a cooperation between the CIA, the Chinese intelligence, and the Russian intelligence. And on and on. Finally: “Is it done? Do we still have to hit somebody? The objection is erased, Russia doesn’t want bad relationships with Italy and France... the entry for January 3 is erased...” (1:07:00). On 1:15:40, a man asked me for a light, and it got me so angry. “25 dollars!” Then, on 1:18:20, I was connected with Virginia. “You’ve got news?” “I’m out of the meeting, I can talk to you now.” She wanted to give me the number of her friend who could help me. “Are you sure it’s not a trap?” And I wrote down the number. In fact it could very well be a trap – since it was very likely Homeland Security who had instructed Virginia to set me up with this “friend”. “Call after 6 PM.” And yet I explained rudely how distressed I was. “I just don’t like it when people go into my computer to delete things... it makes me want to kill people...” Again, I assumed wrongly that Virginia knew everything about the operation on me. Now she replied something different, and so I said it again. “They came into your computer?” “So what’s gonna happen if I kill people?” “They’ll put you in jail for a long long time.” “Is that what everyone wants me to do?” “... people don’t like it when people kill people...” Again, I assumed wrongly that Virginia knew about the operation to get me to kill somebody and so was asking her for her opinion, while in reality she didn’t and was simply told by Homeland Security that I was a danger to people due to my “delusions”. And I talked again about my computer. “So you guys want me to kill people, right?” And I complained rudely about that: “So I’ll have to kill people, right?” “How will that improve things?” “So people will stop...” And I told her I wasn’t going to call this friend. “I can’t live a life when...” And Virginia mentioned God again. And we argued, and I explained again that I didn’t want to call this friend of hers. “How do I know he’s not gonna mess me up?” And yet Virginia vouched for him. We hanged up on 1:27:30. From 1:37:00 onward, I was examining the recording from January 3 again to determine what had happened. I determined that I did write down the line in question. “The point is that, unless we kill people, this kind of things will keep happening...” Then I was deciding whether to kill people now or tomorrow after checking my storage. “Don’t touch me tonight, I *have* decided to kill people... if you don’t kill people, you’ll lose everything...” And I was on the move on 2:26:00. On 2:45:00, I was in another coffeehouse, It’s A Grind. “After you kill people, you’ll still get to write... you actually believe that, after you kill people, they’ll put you in a convalescence home so that you can write...” Ha! “... basically you are doomed... the trappings of civilizations... and so you might as well kill people... tomorrow, after you check your storage, you’ll find somebody and kill him... then the Boss and Mary C will be convicted of murder... the defendants know that, if I get recruited, I’ll kill myself, and so they want to make sure

that I get recruited... they have studied every detail of my brain, they probably want to change it, *so that I won't write*... if I ever see PM, I'll probably kill him, for taking away what's most valuable in my life... this is what he likes to hear, for then he can bring it to his European friends and say, 'See, he's against me'...' Again, I was sort of correct here: neither DGHTRCOM nor his new Homeland Security friends wanted me to write, and DGHTRCOM was terribly afraid of being found to have conspired with me. "... it's not wise-ruling to get everybody to hate you... then the French... it's not that I have forgotten about them... but that I can't forget about DGHTR... PM must have found some way to appease the European objectors' anger... everyone knows what I was doing..." Just more evidence for the CIA. And I **filmed** the people around me: "... these people must have been taken out of jail for me to kill... that's why they are so ugly..." (3:04:30). That was indeed strange! And I mumbled on and on. "When you want something, they won't give you what you want, but will instead take something away from you, so that you will want what's taken away from you and not what you originally wanted, and then they'll give you what you originally wanted, just when you don't want it anymore... I can't believe our President will actually want revenge this much... it's Russia which wants it..." Then, something strange: what seemed to be a Homeland Security agent was sitting next to me with his laptop open and, as I suddenly experienced this uncontrollable desire to kill him (thanks to the Monkey) and was ready to swing my bat at his head, he looked at me briefly but then went back to work as if nothing was going on. I stopped myself and reflected on him: "... that Homeland Security guy, he knew he was here to be hit... he looked so ugly, he could be just a criminal... or maybe just Homeland Security..." It's indeed amazing that, desperate for me to kill somebody, Homeland Security would actually send in one of their own agents for me to kill. Then I went on and on about how I couldn't distinguish which thought was natural and which thought was remotely controlled. "I need to write in order to objectify my experience into a nice package..." And I went on and on about this. "... it's a false belief to believe that you can rectify a natural-born criminal..." And on and on. "Or maybe we should just kill ourselves." On 3:33:00 I was out. By 3:41:00, I was in a corner getting ready to sleep. As I would write later in my diary under today's entry to conclude:

I did decide that I would need to kill people, if only in order to prevent even worse things from happening to me: why suffer more if the result at the end will be the same, that I kill people? – such would be how my belief system has been conditioned to cause me to kill and fit into the White Mexican Monkey's false profile of me.

Right! My next recording is: "slprflctnvrmt\_1\_9-10\_11\_1107PM-317AM.WMA": I was now naming my files. On 3:00, massive siren. On 7:00, my left arm hurt repeatedly. Siren again on 15:20. By 38:00, I was sleeping. "Virginia was telling us about our mission, to kill somebody and get put in jail for a long long time..." (54:00). Yes! Then I slept quietly.<sup>15</sup>

### **January 10 (Monday; Mary C/ Long Beach)**

My next recording is: "slpvrmt\_1\_10\_11\_317-830AM.WMA": From 4:41:50 onward, I was awake. I was again mumbling about how the Macrospherians would in the end just scoop up all the evidences that were already there. "... it's not the case that if you kill people the lawsuit between China and the

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<sup>15</sup> Reviewed until 1:04:00.

US will disappear... is today the last day?" Ha! On 5:00:30, I came inside a coffeehouse. (It's A Grind?) I got my coffee and was out. I continued to mumble my wrong scenarios while pushing my cart. On 5:11:30, I was in Starbucks.

My next recording is: "speechtodfndnts\_1\_10\_11\_830-942PM.WMA" (...830-942AM.WMA...): I was still in Starbucks. I continued: "... only Mary C knows... how she was duped..." Not! On 10:00, I came out of Starbucks to continue my nonsensical rambling about Mary C and her moral responsibility and so on. "She'll be convicted of murder. She's the only one who knows what has made her accomplish her mission... she really wants me to kill myself... she stays up late... makes an argument, and the Monkey follows it... and the filter lets it through... but she didn't understand my mood structure well enough... that my anger would go outward and I would kill others..." And I went on and on. "That means that the Macrospherians' interest is to recruit me as a secret agent, and Mary C knows that... the problem is that Mary C is a stupid person, and that's why she keeps making arguments to provoke me..." And I went on and on about how Mary C had fallen into the Macrospherians' trap. "The Macrospherians don't want me dead, and yet they they can't stop the provocations... again, what happened in the motel yesterday... just after I reviewed the September 29 recording, my burning failed four times... whatever she does, I'll be okay in the end..." And I started admonishing Mary C: "... she needs to think about herself instead of her father... do her time, make the Macrospherians think she can do them some good, so that they'll let her out..." And I went on about how my story was going to spill the Boss' family secrets without naming them. "... all this time they have put money in the wrong person... only Mary C has a future..." Then I was pushing my cart through the street. Siren on 1:06:30. Then I came back inside Starbucks to use the restroom. "Other defendants do have an interest in allowing me a short period of convenience... Mary C has something to think about... what does she want to do with the rest of her life?" Imaginary reality! Homeland Security must have loved it!

My next recording is: "vrmntstrbkrstrm\_1\_10\_11\_942-1011AM.WMA": I was still in the restroom. I continued: "The Macrospherians' interest is for me to learn how to deal with frustration..." Bullshit! Then I started writing down: "... the Macrospherian official story of the first run would be... my literal testimony... from March 2009 to February 2010... enriched with the intercepts of my thoughts from the second run to prove that I wasn't acting..." Not! On 19:00, I was out. "The more we think something is coming, the more we want to preserve our data..."

My next recording is: "strbkvrmnt\_1\_10\_11\_1017-1148AM.WMA": I was still in Starbucks. "... don't tell me that going to jail is good for me... it's good to be born happy... the goal is to keep the Monkey as a mole... in the end the Macrospherians will just scoop up everything... as long as the lawsuit between China and the US is canceled..." (17:00). "... the evidence that our intention for the Pyramid is death [in our 'Formula'] has already been obtained... I don't really want to complete my mission... the Macrospherians already have... I think PM is counting on my finishing my mission..." He was indeed! I was then upset because the leadout on every one of my discs was supposedly damaged: "... to make my discs look like they are forged... The point is that we are not allowed to store data... this is absolutely human rights abuse... to not be allowed to use electronic equipment..." I was getting increasingly angry: "... they have destroyed 400 dollars worth of our discs... if you can't burn a disc properly, then there is no point in living... PM has really ruined my life, and the more he wants me to

learn to put up with frustration, the more I want to kill him... and that's why he's doing it..." Actually, DGHTRCOM had but one goal: to ruin my life! (In order to prevent the CIA from objecting.) Then I checked over the recording of my speech to Mary C from earlier. And I continued on about how the Macrospherians had supposedly wanted the defendants to spend all their money on this trial. "By the end, it'll have cost 300 million dollars to train me! All this hatred... we can never be American... the Monkey said something about my discs, and I can never burn discs again..." And I rambled on about how my appearance was the very reason why the Agency had wanted to recruit me in the beginning and how it must have now aggravated the defendants. "... it's very hard for Mary C to come to terms with her loss... she has to think about her own future... what if I don't accomplish my mission?... the Macrospherians will scoop up everything..." On 1:11:00, I left Starbucks. "In the Macrospherian official story we are probably not some sort of genius..." I was certainly an idiot at this point! And I went on and on about this, and about which official story the judgment would come from. As I would soon write down:

The suggestion that an extra segment – the eighth version of the story of the first run – be created from all the evidences which the Macrospherians can scoop up after this conspiracy of the International Criminal Court is finished. The eighth segment shall be created especially for the prosecution of the Microspherian defendants during their next run of trial. In which case, I suppose, I wouldn't have to finish my mission of killing myself or someone else in order for the Macrospherians to prosecute these defendants to the fullest extent.

At least I had now decided not to kill somebody: bad news for Homeland Security.

My next recording is: "metrotocyberdwntwn\_1\_10\_11\_1148AM-1222PM.WMA": I was now in the Metro station. I **filmed** myself checking to see if that paragraph in question was still there. On 5:00, I got on the train. "... Mary C needs cognitive therapy to get over her loss..." And I continued my worthless reflection as to which official story should produce the judgment. "There will be 8 segments... Our computer has to be disentangled from remote control, that's the most important thing... we need to give up the satisfaction from guessing right in the dark... if the information is given me right now, I'll take it... *you'll never know how much you will find out just by reviewing your recordings...*" I hadn't guessed anything right, but I would indeed eventually reconstruct every detail of this trial correctly by reviewing my recordings. On 28:30, I was off the train. "The story is that we were forced into this conspiracy..."

My next recording is: "cybrtostrg\_1\_10\_11\_1222-306PM.WMA": I was on the Metro train again. More nonsense about the various official stories, each with a different function. On 6:30, I was out of the Metro station. I kept on mumbling. On 13:00, I was in a Hispanic fast food place. I again assumed that the owner purposely denied me the drink I had ordered in order to frustrate me. "Me, Mr B... the more we work with each other, the more we aggravate each other, and the more we will be unable to accomplish anything... it's for the Macrospherians to decide what to do with the Boss' wife... the entire fortune of the Boss will be gone if they are asked to pay for it..." On 37:00, I was out. "The defendants have to learn to look at us as the Agency did, as two persons... then they won't be so aggravated... Mr



Chertoff is not as smart as... he dragged everyone down the waters with him... the official story would be: the conspiracy failed because there is too much division... be careful who you make friends with... and who you choose as your enemy...” It’s in fact DGHTRCOM who had so successfully divided the United States! On 54:00, I was now inside the cybercafe. I got on a computer station and turned on the speaker to check on the recordings on my new disc. Suddenly, I received a call. “I can’t make it on 3, I’ll call you right back” (57:30). Who was I talking to? Now the disc was functional. Then, Silbermond. Siren on 1:08:50. I checked the map to see how to get to the place (where?) from Pasadena. I was out by 1:28:00. While walking, I continued on about how much money the defendants had. Siren on 1:31:30. “... the tactic is to manipulate our belief system to get us into troubles... we are trapped in our belief system... everything is predetermined... you have a choice between a radical break or slowly coming out of it...” On 1:46:00, I called up the apartment for rent in Long Beach again and asked if I could come in on 6:30 PM. On 1:48:00, I was on the bus. Getting suspicious again, I kept pestering a man as to what his book was about. Then, more children on the bus: “... the bus is now a kindergarten...” Siren on 1:58:50. On 2:03:00, I got off the bus, muttering again about how I couldn’t stand these actors and actresses. “... we are all manipulated to produce evidences for the Macrospherians... all as if the Macrospherians weren’t even involved...” It was in fact just Homeland Security and the CIA which were manipulating me to produce respective evidences for them. Then about how the Monkey must have written down on his notebook what PM had wanted so that he could implement PM’s wishes out of his own freewill. There was in fact some truth in this: DGHTRCOM wanted me to become violent, and the Monkey was trying to make this wish come true! Then I complained again: “... oh, I just have to improve you, tribulations make you better... bullshit... it makes you worse... Wes said ‘bureaucracy’... they have to package all the evidences nicely...” Not! On 2:36:00, I was in the storage facility. On 2:42:00, I was in front of my storage unit.

My next recording is: “strgtolbsuicdewsh\_1\_10\_11\_306-618PM.WMA”: I was still in front of my storage unit. I opened it up. “All these discs... [the Monkey said] DGHTR forged them for me to put into my storage... when they are so close to winning and yet lose, that’d be better...” Now the discs I put in today are: 217, 218, 219, 137, the three failed 137-CPs, 221, and 220. I discovered that two of the failed 137-CPs were actually burned on blank discs that had already scratches on them. “... did the control center know about the scratches on the discs?... everything is supposed to be normal, right? And yet I’m supposed to always get the opposite of what I want... if the Macrospherians have used the defendants’ money to finance the trial... the trial will disappear without a trace... I’ll be stuck in this theater forever, and no one will know it’s all just a theater...” And I went on and on about how the people around me just didn’t talk normal. On 1:11:00 I called up the Long Beach apartment again. “How much do I have to pay if I pay tomorrow?” And I told her I’d be there between 6 and 6:30 PM. Then, when the elevator wouldn’t come up, I got angry again: “I’m so sick and tired of this environment purposely orchestrated to frustrate me!” I kept yelling. Finally, by 1:20:00, I was out of the storage facility. And I complained about how I would become extraordinarily violent. Just what Homeland Security – and my DGHTRCOM – had wanted! On 1:24:50, I left a message for Wes: “Give me a call back as soon as possible!” On 1:30:50, I got on the bus. On 1:34:20, siren. And children can be heard laughing on the bus. Off the bus on 1:36:00. I was now waiting for Metro Blue Line, mumbling something about the infinite amount of pain. “... the defendants have so much power... they want me dead...” I was on the train on 1:49:20. On 1:56:00 I was typing out something on my diary

(the note about the eight segment you saw earlier?). I said to another stranger: "... very good acting... you are lucky, you are in the inside... I wish I were you..." (2:17:00). I was most likely wrong again! Then, on 2:25:00, I was done with writing and then mumbling again about how I was doomed. "Today is Monday, we'll kill ourselves on Wednesday..." There I was again! On 2:38:00 I got off the train in downtown Long Beach. I continued to mumble my bullshit while pushing my cart. "... the rest of them want me dead because they have no hope... Mary C still wants me dead... there is no way that she can overcome her anger... the Macrospherians do not want me dead... we have to die..." On 2:56:00 I got on the bus. On 2:59:00, my phone rang. "Don't answer it, it'll cause you more frustration..." And it rang continually. Finally, on 3:04:00, I answered the call: it's the landlord lady. "I'll be there in 20 minutes." Then somebody started talking to me. "Shut up, actor!" As he kept on complaining about my **filming** – it's not clear whether he was really a Homeland Security actor – I explained that I needed to film my cart. Now another passenger started complaining too. "It's the Monkey provoking me!" This time I might be correct! Then I went on and on about how everything I said that was against the Macrospherians' interest would be suppressed as evidence. Then my recorder shut itself off. Was it the Monkey again?

My next recording is: "lpartlibplnmex\_1\_10\_11\_623-852PM.WMA": I recounted: "What happened earlier is that the landlord lady called me again, knowing that my recorder was turned off... the recorder was shut off in order to cause me to be late, there is no point... my intention is to align [my intention] with that of the Macrospherians... my intention is to die..." On 11:30, I was finally face to face with the landlord lady. As I examined the tiny room she was offering, I became skeptical: would the "prosecuting team" be forced by the defendants to send in actors and provocateurs to be my roommates? I thus asked her: "If someone wants to move in, do I have any say?" Now I wanted to meet the two guys that were already living here, but no. The landlord lady was "Vita", a Filipino lady. I told her I'd call tomorrow on 3 PM and give her the money on 4 PM. I left on 23:30. Trapped in my wrong scenario, I immediately became pessimistic: "... it'd be an intelligence operation, let's not bother with it..." Such defeatism guaranteed that I shall never find a home! Siren on 30:20. Then I started **filming** the people around me: "... the operation to put ugly people in front of me... look at this Hispanic man, just the kind of people I don't want to see, that kind that only eats and shits, not knowing anything..." On 38:00, I came inside a taco store to eat. "I'm only maintained to produce evidences, that's my only usefulness..." Actually, this would be true – for the next 10 years and more! On 58:00, I was out. I then came inside Library, the coffeehouse on Broadway and Redondo. As I took a look at the Hispanic girl at the cash register: "... this feeling of disgust... that must have replaced evidence..." Then, more mumbling about the Microspherian and Macrospherian official stories. "... are you telling me that today is the last day? You just want to kill people and get out... the Monkey's plan back in April must be: 'Mr Chertoff's story about him is correct, DGHTR was trying to frame him, but that's okay, we are here to replace evidences, right?... I've got this guy right here..." (1:10:00). I was most likely correct here! On 1:21:00, I was back inside Library to use the restroom. I wrote down:

Expectation of rewards – which never came – also aggravates my depression.

Again, excellent psychoanalysis. Then I started reviewing my recordings. "We can only be given a girlfriend when we don't really want it anymore." And I continued to work on my petition letter.

My next recording is: “[lplibjsusgod\\_1\\_10\\_11\\_859-1116PM.WMA](#)”: I was still in Library. I continued to transcribe my recording from September. In the recording I was also reviewing a recording in which I was crying. “The Monkey will always allow me to review my recordings because that’ll increase my desire to live... then he’ll pounce on me...” (33:50). “... I don’t want to live a life where I always have to record other people... all because my life has to be controlled by somebody else...” (48:00). “I’m only allowed to live if everyday I just want to die... constantly wanting to die is a requirement for living...” (55:00). Indeed! “... it’s too bad that we don’t have a chance to strip the skin off the psychologist who has devised this torture... *to get us to kill*... with these small things like ‘I can’t hear you’... we are tortured from all sides, yet we are the cleanest... the problem is that the people who are playing God are just a bunch of ordinary people...” (59:00). Right! By 1:12:00 I was out and on the street. I continued to mumble about how I needed to die. And I begged the people I saw on the street for help. I came to focus on these two girls, but they replied: “We don’t have any money.” “It’s not money.” “Then what?” “I need a cure for my loneliness.” And they laughed. One pointed to the other: “She has a boyfriend.” And we chatted a little more. Then I turned to myself: “... this ‘Believe in Jesus!’ is just a torture technique...” And I continued to ramble for a long time. From 1:55:00 onward, as I stood by a telephone booth on Redondo and 4<sup>th</sup> Street, I started giving a lecture about God – erroneously believing that the “Macrospherians” were listening to me. “God says, ‘Macrospherians! You’d better watch it, don’t go overboard’...” Then, from 1:59:30 onward: “... from different angles, the telephone booth appears differently to you... that’s why there are so many different religions on this planet...” Namely, although there is but one God, there are a variety of religions because people see God from a variety of angles. Nice insight! Only if there were really these “Macrospherians” around to listen to me! On 2:02:30, I got on the bus and, on 2:08:30, I got off. By 2:13:00, I was in a corner on 4<sup>th</sup> Street getting ready to sleep.

### **January 11 (Tuesday; Barnes and Noble/ Zona Rosa)**

My next recording is: “[slpwklbtired\\_1\\_11\\_11\\_541-957AM.WMA](#)”: I woke up to discover that my recorder was playing a file instead of recording. And then I continued to sleep.<sup>16</sup> By 1:45:00, I was awake again. I turned on my netbook. Then I got up and was on the move. On 2:05:00, something happened and I fell down and moaned out of grave pain. More pain! I bought cigarettes and so on in a liquor store. Then I moved on. By 2:51:00, I was on the Metro platform on Long Beach Blvd. On 2:56:00, I was on Metro Blue Line, continually moaning out of pain. I was soon mumbling about the defendants again. “The trial is governed by machines, thus leading to such ridiculous results...” Again, I was accidentally correct here: BOL had precisely complained about how the whole ICJ trial was an abuse of process because any party could simply win by successfully manipulating the impersonal machinery that was set up without any regard for what was actually justice. Now children can again be heard talking near me (3:15:00). Then: “... the Boss’ 80 million dollars... but I want their money confiscated, and the US to pay for the trial... just because they have made a mistake... tomorrow will be D-Day...” On 4:04:30, I got off the train in downtown LA.

My next recording is: “[metroksselforothers\\_1\\_11\\_11\\_1007AM-1243PM.WMA](#)”: I was now walking the

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<sup>16</sup> Reviewed until 6:00, and then from 1:45:00 onward.

street. Then I rested in a corner, rambling again about how going to prison would not be a good experience (12:00). On 16:30, I got on bus 20. On 40:30, a baby can be heard crying. On 1:04:50, I was rambling about the Macrospherians again: "... between China and the US in the Microsphere... left out... MC's remote control of Mr First... what really happened to Mr First from November 2007 to the time when he was chipped can still be found in the archive..." (until 1:10:00). On 1:11:30 I got off the bus. I continued to mumble my nonsense while pushing my cart. "... I have no idea what happened to the Russian officials, nor DGHTR, when their resources were held down..." (1:26:00). On 1:36:00, I was in the loan store to borrow money again. That would take care of the rest of this month, but would keep me in bankruptcy the next month. On 1:44:00, I was done and leaving. "... we're not interested in getting put into the hospital to produce evidences... 'He's ready to finish his mission, he's just afraid of the consequences'..." On 1:52:00, I was in a Chinese restaurant to eat. On 2:18:30, I was out. "... if they are still residing in the Microsphere, not yet in the Macrosphere... then the Microsphere will dissolve... and the prosecution will... the judgment will be obtained from the Macrospherian official story... the secret cooperation between the MSS and the CIA... and I never flew to China..." (2:31:50). And I went on and on.

My next recording is: "tohlywdprlr\_1\_11\_11\_1244-208PM.WMA": By 8:00, I was on the bus and, on 18:30, I got off. I kept mumbling something about my videos. On 38:00, I was on the bus again. Siren on 45:30. More rambling on 56:30. "... our computer has to gain independence too..." On 1:11:00, I got off the bus in the Hollywood area. On 1:16:00, I was rambling about the story which MC had made up about me, how both my brother and I were born in China. On 1:21:00, I was in a shop to buy Thai ice coffee. I was about to carry out my stupid plan of getting a massage.

I don't remember how I came to this – I had somehow been thinking that, if I would be willing to spend my precious money on a massage session, then I would replace some crucial piece of evidence resulting in the conclusion of the ICJ trial and my freedom at last. As you recall, there was a French language meetup tonight, and I supposed that, with my freedom regained at long last, I would there meet the French pyramid that had been promised me who would then lead me out of darkness. I was again sabotaging myself because of my erroneous belief system – a good lesson for everyone: I had just borrowed around 250 dollars, and yet one fifth of that money was about to be wasted on something so inessential. Well, at least Homeland Security would rejoice over my stupidity.

My next recording is: "mssgthai\_1\_11\_11\_215-341PM.WMA": I spent a long time fixing my things before going into the massage parlor. How embarrassing that I would have to push my cart into this kind of places! On 21:00, I was in the first parlor. It was 45 dollars per hour, and I wouldn't take it. On 23:00, I came inside a second one: it was 35 dollars. I left my cart by the door so that I could watch over it. Then the massage – it was just a massage, nothing more. On 1:19:00 I left. Of course the effect I expected to achieve did not materialize!

My next recording is: "bus780\_1\_11\_11\_341-408PM.WMA": On 4:20, I got on bus 780. "... today is the last day, I've decided..." (23:00). Not! And I got off the bus immediately.

My next recording is: "[topsdnbnrnblesprvkd\\_1\\_11\\_11\\_408-607PM.WMA](#)": I then got on the bus

again. I was now going to Pasadena to check out the French language meetup. "... to kill oneself or others..." (33:00). My debate with myself was over by 42:00, and I got off the bus by 45:10. Then I suddenly realized that the fear that the Macrospherians or anyone else might want to replicate Mr First's suffering in me was invalid, for all that everyone really wanted was for me to realize what he had gone through so that it may become part of my conspiracy, making Mr former Secretary MC prosecutable for this crime – and there was a honk as if to confirm (48:05). How wrong would I be: I would indeed in the next few years replicate the MSS director's suffering! I came inside Barnes and Noble on 55:00. I wanted to find more information on Mary C, and I grabbed onto a book by Colin Powell on 1:06:00 stupidly hoping that I might find something about her in it. I sat down on the floor and began looking through the book. On 1:10:58 the employee came to harass me – and of course I assumed he was being directed to do so by the control center: "Are you looking for a specific book to purchase today? We don't let anyone sit on the floor as well, you'll have to find a spot by the windows..." I was angered by this sudden "change of policy" but did go to the windows area as instructed. The control center still wanted me to kill people, I concluded. Right! (But it's just Homeland Security!) Now the employee was hovering over me like my prison guard, and I decided not to look at this book. Since I assumed this was the Monkey's (or the prosecuting team's) goal, I became increasingly angry. "Get the fuck out of my way," I said to the employee. "I'm sorry?" And he told me I could not use such language (1:13:04). "That's very uncalled for," he added (1:13:13). "You want me to kill you, right?" I quickly exited and he was saying behind my back, "I'm waiting..." (This was not picked up by the recorder.) Now it really seemed as if Homeland Security had instructed him to provoke me to kill him. Then I called somebody (Virginia?) but there was no answering (1:22:00). "I don't know when the last piece of evidence would come in... I really cannot do it anymore..." (1:30:55). The "last piece of evidence" needed was precisely my attempt to kill somebody! On 1:40:00, more realization: I was purposely put into an environment similar to a military bootcamp in order to be provoked into killing people – my environment was obviously devised by the Great Psychologist who knew that a Borderline like me wouldn't be able to handle such sort of masculinity – would find it disgusting. (While the first assumption was sort of correct, the second was wrong.) It would furthermore make the whole thing look like it was my own fault, because people who were not born in America would not understand the easy-going-ness that was permitted in public places in California (e.g. sitting on the floor in a bookstore). Especially for someone who was already 40 year-old, after he had lived his whole life getting used to this easy-going-ness, there was no way for him to suddenly adjust himself to the discipline of a military bootcamp (1:43:02). The Great Psychologist would not have to actually devise all this, because everything was now programmed by a computer... (All this was "over-interpretation".) Now, what to do tomorrow? (until 1:44:30) On 1:50:00 I came inside the restaurant where the French language meetup was to be held. I played again my recording of Silbermond while waiting.

My next recording is: "meetupcmprtdzonaprovkd\_1\_11\_11\_609-905PM.WMA": Soon I was outside again. "... the Microspherian official story is that he has never been to Canada... his message parlor experience was in LA... how then did he become a terrorist suspect? Because he had a tank inside the library... he's a danger to others and to himself... he has never had a home, he is thrown out everywhere, he has never had any sexual experiences... the Macrospherians say to the Microspherians, 'You guys put a chip inside his brain, turn a normal human being into... just in order to get him to kill

himself? ...” Finally, I saw Ala going in on 39:00, and I followed him in and, when he was on his seat, tried to talk to him. But he wouldn’t say a word but would just stare at me with a mean face. Strange! Wasn’t he supposed to greet me like a hero now that the ICJ trial had concluded? At a loss, I came out, muttering: “... it’s like the Twilight Zone, everyone is weird, has a chip inside his or her brain...” And so I left the restaurant. “I should have put my camera in his face, then he would pretend to get angry... acting... I should do that...” Thus, stuck with my erroneous scenario, I actually thought Ala was just acting. And so I came back to the restaurant on 48:00 and came up to Ala again, my camera in my hand to film him: “Hey Ala, why did you act so angry? It’s such great acting! Did the Russians teach you to act like that?” Since he continued to keep his mouth shut, I had no other option but to leave. I was still laughing at Ala’s “dramatic performance”. But I was of course also terribly disappointed: I knew now that there was no French pyramid and today was not any deadline.

I pushed my cart for a long distance and, on 52:00, settled down in a corner and turned on my netbook. I checked a recording. On 1:05:00 I moved on. I came to Tiffany Cafe (from 1:20:00 onward). I was now reviewing the recording of my conversations with Wes on December 29 (1:26:00). Then I came to Zona Rosa (2:06:00). A new Hispanic guy was working there – I again assumed the control center had sent in a new actor. While I was ordering a black tea I was tapping my fingers on the counter. Now this new guy first told me in a militaristic tone that I needed to “speak up”, and then: “If you do that again” – referring to my tapping on the counter – “I’m gonna kick you out” (2:06:30). Since when did that become a problem? It’s obviously the prosecuting team from the control center! (In reality, this new guy was probably just a Homeland Security agent: I was thus not that far off.) Now the music of Shakira filled up the whole place further provoking me. Homeland Security and the Monkey? I continued to review the recording of my conversation with Wes. Although Zona Rosa was empty, soon another guy came in on 2:21:00 to talk loudly behind me. I was immediately troubled by his noises. Was this guy also a Homeland Security agent?

On 2:27:00: “I would be able to kill myself with carbon monoxide and the chip inside my head would not be able to cause me to forget what has happened without my dying – for it couldn’t do anything about the oxygen being drained out of my head.” On 2:32:00 another “actor” came in to provoke me with his loud talking. I felt the desire to kill people again and murmured that I needed to leave. Then, on 2:33:45, as my anger was exploding inside me, I finally couldn’t help but say to the “actor”: “Hey, I don’t want to kill you, man, so just be quiet.” “You don’t want to kill me?” He then continued his chitchat with the new Hispanic cashier. Most likely I was correct! He was indeed an actor (a Homeland Security agent)! I thus dropped my tea and clumsily knocked over my chair. The cashier thus banned me from the place. (This was not picked up by the recorder.) I left Zona Rosa on 2:36:40. And annoying laughter all around me! “The Monkey doesn’t want me to kill myself, but wants me to kill others, because killing myself doesn’t fit me into his profile of me” (2:41:00). Totally correct! Finally, I concluded that I wouldn’t know what would happen if I kill someone – the Monkey was still trying to make me believe that nothing would happen should I really kill someone, that all would be over!

My next recording is: “psdnchsecnrchip\_1\_11\_11\_909-951PM.WMA”: I continued to review the recording of my conversation with Wes in my corner. “... appeal to the sympathy of the author...” Then: “... please let me die tomorrow...” (28:00). Now my head was hurting because of the perpetual

anger. "... there is no other way... I'm not gonna stop recording... the conspiracy to cause the prosecution to fail has changed into one to cause it to succeed, but only so as to maintain the Monkey as a mole..." Bullshit. Then, on 30:30, a honk: "... what is it about?... Mary C and the Monkey are in a competition... that's why the Monkey is trying so hard... Mary C has bet that all the provocations will cause me to kill myself, whereas the Monkey has bet that I'll kill others" – and there was another honk (34:00). Then: "DGHTR, you have really messed me up... and PM too... if the Monkey will be willing to give up, I'll say something good to PM... so just 3 years, and, with good behavior, 18 months... after I have saved their life, after I have put them on the throne, they put me in this torture chamber..." It was indeed DGHTRCOM who had completely messed me up and then wanted me dead.

My next recording is: "slppsdnplea\_1\_11\_11\_951-1030PM.WMA": I continued my new wrong scenario: "... maybe everything is just a replay of the trial between DGHTR and the Monkey... Mary C has bet that... the Monkey has bet that I'd kill others after being tortured... during the first run... he hates Mexicans, and so MC puts the Monkey Pyramid in front of him, and so he devises a formula to kill her... and the Monkey still thinks him dangerous..." And I continued on with more bullshit about some "sting operation together with the Chinese intelligence". And my hands hurt. "This guy has got labeled a 'terrorist suspect' because he was suicidal..." And on and on. "Somehow MC didn't know that he wasn't suing the Russians, that DGHTR was just a fake Russian... since last month, the story has changed, because the Macrospherians have taken over... the Microspherian official story has changed into a new form... all because PM is trying to take care of China... so tomorrow, is anybody going to save me? I really believe that if I kill somebody, nothing will happen to me... Mary C wants me dead so that I'll shut up forever... we're gonna live in the motel and then kill ourselves..." By 35:00 I was on the move. "PM wants me to die, he doesn't want me to write my story... he doesn't want people to accuse him of conspiracy... he doesn't want the truth to be known..." Although I was simply being pessimistic here, I was actually completely correct!

My next recording is: "slppsdnplea\_1\_11\_11\_1030PM-803AM.WMA": I was now sleeping in the street corner.<sup>17</sup> Another day of misery was over! As you can see, what was going on was simply that Homeland Security had continued to try to get me to fight somebody so that there could be definitive evidence that I was a danger to people: at Barnes and Noble, and then at Zona Rosa. But they had failed again.

On 9:19:00, I woke up and immediately started muttering about how I was tortured. By 9:26:00, I was on the move. On 9:28:00, I was in Corner Cafe getting my morning coffee. Assuming that the cashier might have already been alerted about me, I asked him if he had the impression that I did read and write. He had no idea what I was talking about. He had never been alerted about me! I then used the restroom.

### **January 12 (Wednesday)**

My next recording is: "psdncnrncfersrm\_1\_12\_11\_803-838AM.WMA": I was still in the restroom. On 12:30, I was out. Sitting outside the coffeehouse, I continued: "I'm so afraid to take the train, to take

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<sup>17</sup> Reviewed until 12:00, and then from 9:18:00 onward.



the bus, to wake up...” On 18:00, I was pushing my cart through the street. I kept mumbling bitterly about something (24:00). Then, more: ... whatever story is made up... another thing is... what did he say about... my writings... to get out of the country...” And I went on and on even when I had arrived at Lake station (32:00): “... only if Mr First’s appetite were smaller... I don’t have a choice... the usefulness of being useless...” Then my recorder turned itself off. Did the Monkey do it?

My next recording is: “goldline\_1\_12\_11\_843-913AM.WMA”: Discovering that my recorder was turned off, now I had to recall everything I had just said to myself. “... there is no point in being a secret agent... oh, there is a surveillance agent over there...” And I **filmed** him. If I was indeed correct, then it was simply Homeland Security continuing their “investigation” of me. (It was a Hispanic guy but he wasn’t wearing earphones.) I continued – this time about BOL’s program: “... saving the planet... planetary disaster...” And I went on and on. “... believe it... and understand it... that’s why it’s so important to use arguments to persuade people... I don’t have any choice, I have to become useful... the ability to make them understand... education... if you want to limit the size of human population, you can’t just do it by force, like the one-child policy... use... as pretext... to make it look justified... when it’s not... I have to not look retarded... because I have to have the ability to persuade... I’m not talking about the credibility of my story... that’s not the point, nobody will care about my story... one-child policy, or do it by force, it’s not efficient... because most people will not understand it... will go around... only through education...” And I continued on and on about this. I had no idea as yet how stupid I was: ordinary people are so stupid that there is certainly no possibility of using arguments to persuade them or reasoning with them. Besides, I had to understand that BOL’s program was not really focused so much on sustainability – the Bilderberg was already onto this problem – as on making people smarter: sustainable civilization *with smart people*, as distinguished from the Bilderberg vision of sustainable civilization *with dumb people*. “The source of my disability is the chip... my environment... the attempt to frustrate me... to waste my time...” And I went on and on about how I was disabled by the intelligence agencies and the ICJ and hence couldn’t become useful. Then I went on and on about how I needed to look good in order to persuade. Ha! As if there were really this group of “Macropsherians” who wanted me to use my genius to persuade anybody! Then: “... laptop... can’t... without it... can’t function in society without using the Internet... the Monkey is the mole... but I’d have to be a primitive...” And I continued on and on. On 25:00, I got on the train.

My next recording is: “1\_12\_11\_919-942AM.WMA”: I was still on the Metro train, mumbling indistinctly. From 6:00 onward, I was reviewing my recording. Then, I mumbled something about Obama. Then about how it was not good that everyone knew something false about me. Ha! Homeland Security would continue to slander me to the whole world for the next 10 years! By 17:00, I was off the Metro in downtown. Then my recorder turned itself off again.

My next recording is: “strgvenicedeadtiredcry\_1\_12\_11\_946AM-313PM.WMA”: I was terribly upset that my recorder was remotely turned off. Did the Monkey do it again? Presumably just to provoke me to want to kill people. I kept mumbling indistinctly while pushing my cart. “... trials and tribulations are especially bad for me because I have already had a bad life... sharing with these actors is not helping, we have to talk to somebody from outside the theater...” I came inside the cybercafe on Broadway on 22:00. “Do you have a printer?” It was 75 cents per page. I paid to use the computer.

Here I was wasting my money again! I was now looking up Gauge Meters. To do something about the chips inside my brain! I was then again upset because I couldn't be sure whether the information I was looking at was true. Ha! Children's noises from 49:00 onward. Then my Internet connection froze up. I broke down crying: "... an autistic life... because I'm not allowed to use machines... I have been disabled..." I left in anger. I was mumbling indistinctly while pushing my cart through the street. On 1:25:00 I came inside a restaurant to eat. On 1:30:00 I left. I then mumbled something about Valerie Plame. "... there is a conspiracy to cause my story to be less inspirational, by keeping me homeless... it is in the interest of the Macrospherians to produce evidences, but it is also in their interest to not cause me to be not useful in the future, it's in their interest to balance their interests..." Bullshit. I got on the bus on 1:38:00 to go to the storage facility. "... if everyone rides public transportation, there wouldn't be this oil problem..." Ha! What a stupid insight! Then, a Hispanic woman was talking like a machine gun near me, severely disturbing me. On 1:51:00 I got off the bus. "... they deal everyday with cases of genocides... only they can appreciate the powerlessness I feel everyday from the control center... we just hope that PM has reinstated all the judges..." Not! On 2:11:00 I dropped to the ground exhausted and started crying. Finally, on 2:20:00, I came inside Public Storage. I put in my stuff, took out two of my paintings – for the dumbest thing I was about to do – and cried more while waiting for the elevator. I was out of the storage by 2:52:00. I **filmed** a police car on 2:57:00. "... if I sell my drawings, they will say I'm MC's conspirator... enabling someone else to claim my artworks..." Not! When I was getting on the bus on 3:05:00, somebody helped me upload my cart onto the bus. "Thank you, actor!" Ha! Then: "... we've got deceived that somebody will buy our paintings..." Indeed! On 3:13:00 everyone got off the bus. On 3:20:00, I got on bus 33. Now the bus driver started harassing me, demanding that I fold up my cart. I cried. On 3:56:00, a child got on board and began to shout. I wanted to kill him so much! "The only way to get out of this is to destroy the chip!" Right! I got off the bus in Venice Beach on 4:17:00. I first came inside a cafe on 4:28:00. Again, I **filmed** all these people around me whose faces appeared so disgusting to me. "All these actors and actresses!" I left and came to Boardwalk and found a corner and laid out my paintings. Again, I believed that everyone here had chips in their brains. "No freewill." Ha! Then, after a while, I realized the futility of my attempt: "... it's a waste of time to stay here, it's all orchestrated..." And I kept saying how I wanted to die: "I don't want to be lifted up..." Nobody would definitely lift me up! On 5:16:00 I called back on this number. It was a certain "Mauricio". Apparently he called the wrong number. I wrongly believed that I had just produced more evidence. (But was I wrong? Did Homeland Security use faulty surveillance to produce some evidence showing me using alias and so on?) I then left a message for Wes' mother on 5:19:00 asking her to give me a call back. Then I left a message for Cindy: "Cindy, call me back please..." Then I called Virginia again but she didn't answer it.

My next recording is: "[toucl\\_1\\_12\\_11\\_314-922PM.WMA](#)": On 20:30, I got on the bus to leave Venice Beach. "They'll keep me in check forever... after all that... keep the trial open forever..." (32:00). There was in fact some truth in this: it was the CIA which wanted to keep the trial open – for the next 10 years. Then: "... once I have started dying I don't want to be saved... keep the case open as long as I live... that's why they let the defendants torture us... but killing myself is simply my mission... if I ever get saved, it's just [because the mission is] intercepted..." You can be sure that I won't be saved! By 38:00, I got off the bus. I continued to mutter about how I didn't know if, should I ever destroy the chips in my head, the trial would continue. On 47:00 I got on the 720 bus. "If I have already suffered

brain-damage before being ‘intercepted’, that’s precisely what the defendants want...” That’s what Homeland Security wanted! Then I got angry again with the Hispanic people talking next to me: “Be quiet! Don’t talk too loud!” (1:20:00) And they shouted back at me. I continued: “... what’s the evidence?... it’s gonna be intercepted... we don’t know what’s going on... we have a thousand theories about what is going on...” I had got that right! On 1:31:00, I got off the bus. “... he doesn’t even have the ability to survive... that’s because he has devoted his full-time to the International Court trial... destroy the chip... causing brain-damage... Do what Wes said, go to the power plant...” By 1:42:00, I was waiting for the bus again, utterly fatigued. On 1:44:00, I got on the bus, and I had to again ask people to help me carry my cart on board. Then: “... we just had a mental image of Mr B and Mary C working together... the only way out is to destroy the chip... the objection was so devastating... *we have to go to Las Vegas*... there really exists this computer to orchestrate World War IV... how did this guy know anything at all? Well, he just ponders on an infinite number of possibilities...” Then, Virginia called me back on 1:58:00. She wanted to give me another number for me to call. Apparently, this man had this talk show, and he could do something for me: “... just call in on 888-995-5552. Call him as fast as you can. This radio show...” I was skeptical: “I’m trying to get housing, not to get on TV...” On 2:01:10, I hanged up with her. Did Homeland Security instruct Virginia to lead me into another trap? I would never know because I would never call. On 2:03:00 I got off the bus. On 2:08:00, I came to a restaurant, and I sat down outside. I asked another man: “Are you a new actor?” On 2:31:00, siren – just when I was thinking about how I was talking to the judge computer in February last year. “The thoughts of everyone around me are being read... figure out what they do at night and how much they get paid... Saturday... get the chip destroyed... can’t imagine a life without being remotely controlled...” I was then mumbling about how I should report a certain matter to the FBI. Ha! By 2:54:00, I had left the restaurant. On 2:58:00, I got on the bus, again moaning out of grave pain. On 3:04:00 I got off the bus in Westwood. I kept on moaning while pushing my cart. On 3:13:20, I **filmed** this woman I found suspicious, and then asked her: “Why do you dress like that?” Again, paranoid over nothing. On 3:16:30, I came inside Ackerman. I got on the computer station to do my searches. I explained to the guy sitting next to me – just in case he was doing surveillance on me: “I want to go to Hoover Dam to use the electromagnetic field to destroy the chip in my head” (3:25:00). Given all the police citing of me days earlier by UCLA Police, it’s in fact quite likely that the guy was indeed a surveillance agent, i.e., the university’s cooperation with Homeland Security in keeping an eye on this dangerous schizophrenic. (And, guess what, this schizophrenic was about to act on his delusions again!) Then: “I can’t deal with this anymore, I’ll have to kill myself tomorrow...” Then, people’s laughing: “... the laughter made me want to cut myself again” – and I coughed terribly. Finally I broke down crying (3:36:00). On 3:39:00 I came out of Ackerman and dropped to the ground and started crying. On 3:45:00, somebody came to check on me. I moaned to him (assuming he was another actor): “There is no way you can provoke me right now...” And another guy came to ask me if I needed an ambulance. And they started talking to each other! “Sorry, I can’t hear people talking! Please go elsewhere to talk!” Then, I tried to stop him: “Please don’t harm me any longer! I don’t know how much you get paid...” By 3:49:00 I had got up and left. “Don’t these people have a conscience? How can you not hate Americans?” Did these two guys report the matter to UCLA Police again? Then: “I have a chip inside my head, I’d rather be executed... that’s why I’m in so much pain...” And I kept on crying about how I couldn’t live with a chip inside my head. On 3:57:30 I curled up in a corner and cried. “Let’s die tomorrow. DGHTR, after I die, please kill the Monkey... they purposely talked in a

way that would make me want to vomit... they came to offer me help knowing that I would refuse help... I'm not gonna eat shit just because I'm hungry... although I don't like the Agency anymore, I hope they will spew out the Agency... I don't like them anymore, they are in command, they have betrayed me..." (I was talking about the Daughter People.) Then: "I've never even made it to Las Vegas..." Then more people came near me to talk, and I yelled at them: "Mother-fuckers! Lack of conscience... you purposely come near me to make these noises..." (4:14:30). Then another one, and I yelled at her: "Fuck! You ambushed me you bitch! You sneaked up from behind me..." I was now on the move. "The only reason to live now is to get rid of the chips... if I can't, then I need to die..." On 4:34:50, just as I had settled down in my corner, siren. I was now on my netbook and started burning a new disc. Then, another wrong scenario: "These people are told that they can only help me if they look to me like they are harming me, so that there will be no match of intention... that's why these Americans are so cruel... so basically they can't help me even if they want to, there is a law forbidding people to help me..." (4:44:00). Again, I was sort of correct here. Then: "... that's the conspiracy, to use the argument that the match of intention is conspiracy... to force people not to help me and to force me to commit suicide... the Monkey's profile is just death... every avenue of meaning is shut off... I can't read, write, use computers... I'm only allowed to hang out with criminal elements... of course Mary C will win..." (4:49:30). On 4:51:20, the disc was successfully burned. I started burning a second disc. "If I genuinely want to be harmed, I might not be harmed... So what if I go to a restaurant to buy food? Is there a match of intention?... we are allowed to die because we don't really want to die... use the trial to kill somebody they don't like, to eliminate the one piece of evidence... we need to enjoy being a disgusting vagrant..." Again, both Homeland Security and DGHTRCOM were indeed trying to eliminate the one piece of evidence. And my second disc was also successfully burned. Wow! I was **filming** the burning process, but I was almost dying (5:24:00). "... DVD-232-CP... successfully burned... but the finalization was too fast..." (5:40:00). On 5:41:20, somebody came near me to talk again, and I moaned out of grave pain: "... please don't..." And yet he continued, and I vomited. Now he asked me if I was sick. "Don't harm me, please don't, you know the reason why I wanted to vomit is because I heard your voice... if you just shut the fuck up then I'll feel better..." Did Homeland Security send this guy in? Then I started checking over the recordings on the disc. And I moaned out of grave pain repeatedly when there were noises. From 6:04:30 onward, I was screaming.

My next recording is: "wstwddvd222hate\_1\_12\_11\_922-1001PM.WMA": On 12:00, I moved on, moaning and panting along my way. Then I was yelling to the people around me again: "... these people just don't have any sympathy... I wish I can just kill you guys... you're doing it on purpose..." (21:00). Homeland Security was indeed waiting for me to kill people! Then: "... because they get paid to do this, they don't care..." On 24:30, I came inside the pharmacy to buy batteries. And people were again talking, causing me severe physical pain: "Get back! Get back!" Then: "... these Americans have become so disgusting... they are training me to hate Americans... they are so ugly, and shout next to me, knowing it will discomfort me..." When I was out: "... I just don't like this profile... *everyone wants me to kill*... the Russians are responsible... the defendants... use me to kill them..." On 34:30, I came to my corner in front of the abandoned theater. "... I'll kill myself tomorrow... I'm being remotely controlled to hate Americans..." Indeed!

**January 13 (Thursday)**

My next recording is: “slpwstwdrfletnwk\_1\_12-13\_11\_1036PM-912AM.WMA”: And so I slept.<sup>18</sup> I was awake and talking to myself by 9:37:00. “... one way to get out of this torture is to destroy the chip... If you go to Las Vegas, something will happen... the signals are completely unreliable, you have to ignore it... that day it’s controlling me to snap, but I didn’t because I had no such experience before... it’s really hard to remotely control me to snap...” By 9:57:00 I was walking toward UCLA. I stopped by Ralphs to get my morning coffee. I mumbled about how the Pyramid was just average. “... it all depends on this homeless guy, whether he’ll figure it out... it’s so unfair...” I was again sort of correct here. “... why do people want me to hit him? They want us to finish our mission... why is it so important? If I don’t hit someone, then the Microspherian official story can’t be complete... but so what? They don’t want to exhibit a story that is too stupid... why can’t they just show the archive? When it’s over, will they put me in a private room? ... for the first official story to be printed out nicely...” In reality, Homeland Security wanted me to hit somebody simply so that they could lock up the dismissed ICJ trial. Then: “... between December and February, the Russians must have found every person we have ever met, reviewed everything we ever did, every information, in Belgium, in Canada... if you replace everything, it will take several years... no, you don’t have to” – and there was a honk as if to confirm (10:29:00). “... the safest way to go to Slovakia and Czech Republic... and plan suicide as a backup... the defendants must have requested to take command of both the US and Russia... right now they can’t because we have realized it... there is no more reason for people to be mean to us... all that we have said, our free confession... they requested to take command... but there is no way for us to commit conspiracy with the Russians... They must object to the foundation of the Macrosphere... because we saw the movie ‘Katyn’... the only way they can do that is to attack the barrier between the Macrosphere and the Microsphere... that’s why the US and Russia have abandoned us to this shit hole... just like in the movie (‘The Message’), because there is a mole, everyone’s life is in danger...” Again, my biggest problem was that I continued to hold onto this wrong scenario that Russia was immune to charges of conspiracy with me.

My next recording is: “uclfinalclarfctn\_1\_13\_11\_912AM-1208PM.WMA”: I continued: “... we have exhausted all our education and money... the same with PM... his mistake is so costly, he has exhausted all his KGB experience to think of a way out of the trouble, and now he’s resigning... you thought once you are in the Macrosphere you can never lose, but there *is* one way for you to lose, i.e., if somebody touches the machine...” I was quite correct here, and yet couldn’t grasp the fact that Russia’s Macrospherian status *continued to remain vulnerable*. Then: “... the X-ray is not strong enough to destroy the chip... get a stun-gun... the electromagnetic field has to be strong enough to destroy this recorder, near the power-plant... Where do the signals come from which control our computers? Routers...” When I came to Ackerman, I called up the tour-guide at Hoover Dam (48:00). Ha! It was 11 dollars, and it was okay to bring cellphones, but pacemaker was not okay. I concluded: “... this is a trick, it will not destroy the chip... the pacemaker... it will make it look like it was the defendants’ own fault... maybe something has happened to the Boss’ pacemaker, and Mary C wants to blame it on the Court, but the Court blames it back on them... get a stunt-gun... people and devices cannot be remotely controlled at the power-plant... the defendant has committed suicide in order to destroy the trial... why is it not enough? Mary C’s argument must be that we tried to anger her father to kill him, and now it’s

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18 Reviewed from 9:29:00 onward.



blamed back onto her...” Complete nonsense. I was then going around asking people what their major was. I then asked a student to help me find a book on electrical engineering (1:08:00). “That means the Russians want to preserve the chips, to read people’s thoughts... how can they possibly with a good conscience want to read my thoughts any further? We don’t have the ability to talk to the judges...” I was then again annoyed by people’s talking next to me (1:20:00). Then: “Mr B is more blameworthy than Mary C. He comes to the prosecuting team only to help the enemy, how bizarre...” I was now browsing books on neurology in order to understand my remote control. Then I was reading about stun-guns (1:45:00). Then: “... to destroy the chip, you need a signal so strong that it will destroy the recorder, but it will also destroy your head... it’s not possible, we have to kill ourselves... although they use ‘fake Americans’... they do occasionally recruit moles, like during the Iraq invasion... now the Russians are masters of the world...” Wrong! As I walked on, I suddenly broke down crying. “... it doesn’t matter where I live, I don’t have money...” I cried loudly (2:43:00). “Please PM, pull the chips out, I can’t live a life like that...”

My next recording is: “[ucl223\\_1\\_13\\_11\\_1215-339PM.WMA](#): I came back to Ralphs and was now typing something out on my computer. Something about the Russians and DGHTR (6:00). Then, more mumbling on 29:00. “... the President is going to adopt my suggestion...” Not! Then, on 36:00, the bell rang in UCLA – just when I was thinking about the line in Klaus Fischer’s *Nazi Germany: A New History*: “Zero hour has struck in Germany...” I was absolutely convinced that the control center had timed my thinking with the ringing of the bell in order to demonstrate to me its omnipotence over me. This conviction would remain with me for several years but today I really wonder if it was all not just a coincidence. Then I got up and moved on. On 55:20, more mumbling. On 59:30, I was inside Ackerman again. From 1:06:00 onward, I started reviewing my recording. From 1:18:00 onward, while burning a new disc, I wrote down my new wrong scenario in my diary:

I spoke the insight which I have been having for many days, and which is that PM must have released the European objectors onto the Macrosphere after backdoor dealings with them. For his tactic has always been to isolate the enemies down to the few essential figures who would be his real targets. By now the conspirators of the criminal trial would consist simply of the defendants, Mary C, and the White Mexican Monkey.

Complete nonsense. On 1:40:20, the disc was successfully burned. On 1:55:00, it was successfully verified. I was then checking over the recordings on my new disc (2:02:20). On 2:26:30 I was packing up, still mumbling my wrong scenario: “... the Monkey... making up stories... my conspiracy with the Agency... so that is eliminated... after the Macrospherians have intercepted it, the forgery has changed...” And I moved on. I came to the cafeteria to buy food. On 2:37:00, I came out to the patio to eat. On 2:49:30, I was mumbling about something. “I don’t want to continue for one more day!” By 2:53:30, I moved on. On 3:00:00, I settled down in a corner, suffering grave pain. On 3:01:00, I called up Virginia. Strangely, she sounded different. I naturally assumed that the control center was up to something again. Now she had to charge her phone and would call me back in 15 minutes. And I continued to be bothered by other people’s noises. Then I moved on. Siren on 3:14:00. On 3:15:40, again. On 3:19:00, I continued to mumble about dying and not dying while the siren continued.

My next recording is: “1\_13\_11\_304-354PM.WMA”: On 3:30, I got on the bus. On 10:00: “... what happened is that we were trying to get a motel room...”

My next recording is: “1\_13\_11\_356-512PM.WMA”: I was still on the bus. I continued my nonsense: “... we’ll be stuck in a wheelchair... our writings will be taken away... there will be nothing to write about... then we’ll have to kill ourselves again... one of them getting out... both of them getting out... reverse beneficiary...” (7:00). Then: “... everybody dies... the point is not that the opposite of whatever I want will happen, but that whatever the Macrospherians want will happen... and what do they want? They want to get somebody... the President of Russia wants me to hit somebody... I *must* be a danger to others...” See, I was correct again – but then I immediately erred: “... doesn’t count... I’ll be detained for two hours, and then released, and I’ll then try again...” Siren on 47:00. On 51:00, I got off the bus. On 56:30, a black woman was laughing in a shrieking voice near me. “Why do you laugh like that?” I was convinced that she was an actress. On 1:06:40, I asked another stranger: “What do you want me to do?” He was dumbfounded. On 1:13:00, I called somebody: “Ms... please call me back, it’s Lawrence.” (Who was I calling?) Then I called Virginia, but she wasn’t answering.

My next recording is: “tomtldcidedietv\_1\_13\_11\_513-759PM.WMA”: On 5:00, I was pushing my cart through the street. More wrong scenario: “We will kill ourselves, and we will be intercepted, but, by then, we will have already suffered brain damage, and so ANG (i.e. the Pyramid) will take care of us for the rest of our life, that’s the script...” (11:00). Now, as you have seen, I had decided to spare myself today by staying in a motel – but it’s not just that: as you shall see, I had a special purpose. On 13:30, I came in front of the first motel. “Do you have a room?” “Yes. 85.” I asked him why he was laughing. That was strange! Had he been alerted about me by Homeland Security? Now he wouldn’t let me see the room first and so I left. On 18:20, I was at another motel. 75 this time, and I took it. On 22:40, I was in the room. Then the same wrong scenario again: “... so that I’ll lose control and become completely dependent on the people that I hate... I can’t talk to Wes, and so I’ll have to decide by myself whether to kill people or kill myself... the episode of DGHTR’s bet with Mr B has to be replaced, and so there is a bet right now... Mary C bets that I’ll kill myself while Mr B bets that I’ll kill others...” Then I continued on about how, if I tried to hit somebody, it would just be a scuffle and not much more, and how I would then be taken to the police station and given a court date. “... what’s preventing us from killing ourselves is no longer our writing, but this fear about being entangled with the Monkey’s family...” Groundless fear! And I continued to speculate as to what would happen after I hit somebody. “It’s Mr B who kept sending to me women with narrow hips... it’s a technique devised by the Great Psychologist...” (1:04:00). “... she knew that I wouldn’t take it, that I would just wait, so that I would eventually develop inhibition and become autistic... We’ll get the psychologist...” Nonsense. From 1:25:00 onward, Silbermond. More mumbling on 1:29:00. It was now US submarines on TV. “Somebody wants us to watch this in order to obtain an ICJ judgment requiring the US to get rid of all these weapons, there is no more use for them anymore... it has to be the judges... the judges only want me to hit somebody in the face...” (1:48:00). Complete bullshit. And more: “... the conservatives in Russia have lost... they wanted Mexico, and then were almost obliterated, and so now they will rely on the judges, for whom the age of nation-state is over... I can’t respond to these signals, they are indistinguishable from random phenomena... I can’t go through another day of seeing ugly people... with nobody to talk to... if we get put into the hospital, it’ll just be the same thing, ugly doctors and so



on...” I then lamented that writing down operations had become the only reason for living (2:43:30). “... we have to end our life just to avoid another day of operations...” My special purpose was thus to find a painless way to end my life: I still had the charcoal I bought on the 8<sup>th</sup>.

My next recording is: “1\_13\_11\_919-1037PM.WMA”: The TV was now on the Chinese channel. Then, the Korean channel. On 5:30, siren. More nonsense: “This is... conspiracy... the Russians and the Americans... not wanting the Korea Peninsula to unify...” Then, the Japanese channel. More nonsense on 42:30. On 1:07:00, more mumbling about duping the evangelicals: “... fundamentalism... it is Christian faith entangled with Newtonian mechanics... if Christian faith is entangled with quantum mechanics, it will be quite different...” This is, by the way, an excellent philosophical insight. Only if I could be equally insightful when it came to understanding what was going on. “I really would die to just avoid one more day, an indefinite number of days...” And I continued on and on about being put into a hospital.

My next recording is: “slpmtl\_1\_13-14\_11\_1037PM-411AM.WMA”: And so I rested.<sup>19</sup>

#### **January 14 (Friday; experiment with suicide; Deborah)**

My next recording is: “mtl\_1\_14\_11\_412-727AM.WMA”: I was already awake. It was still the Japanese channel on TV. Then I went back to rest. On 2:24:00, I was awake again. I decided that it was time to experiment with my suicide technique. On 2:34:00, I was in the restroom. I kept mumbling indistinctly. Out. On 2:47:00: “I have to be a danger to others, but I just don’t know how. I always have to be regarded as a danger to others...” (2:55:00). Right! On 3:02:00, more mumbling. “... torture... as if the whole society were just a bootcamp... I personally don’t think there is anything to teach me because something like this won’t ever happen again... as long as I have hope... it will not stop... prosecute, don’t prosecute... they want to run this thing forever, then just run...”

My next recording is: “mtlwastechrcl\_1\_14\_11\_733-803AM.WMA”: I had just finished uploading my files to my website. Then I commented on how maybe the Macrospherians did want everyone to waste money on running this trial and turning me into a killer. “I’m sure people who came out of the Cambodian death camps all said, ‘Damn, I have come out a better person’... maybe the torturers would just say, ‘I was not torturing, it’s all educational... I was just trying to make them into better persons... too bad that most of them didn’t make it... but for those who have survived, ‘What doesn’t kill you makes you stronger’, so I was just trying to make them stronger’... I wish I can just make a good argument to make everything stop, but that’s too good to be true...” And I went on and on. “I’m accomplishing my mission, it’s very productive... it’s in everyone’s interest... maybe to get the defendants is in everyone’s interest... it’s got to be Mary C...” I then rambled on and on about how Mary C needed therapy. “... I can’t stop because I have to accomplish my mission... but what if I can’t? I don’t give a crap about this mission... so he’s *not* going to finish his mission... if his mission is to make me into a danger to others, it’s not gonna work out...” Presumably I was talking about the Monkey. I then locked myself up in the restroom and taped up the door. I had got my charcoal ready.

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<sup>19</sup> Reviewed until 40:00.

My next recording is: “1\_14\_11\_805-952AM.WMA”: Then my left side hurt: “Why do we keep getting signals on the left?” Then my right side. Then I suddenly got it: “We are not gonna get intercepted, we can die” (6:00). Indeed! Homeland Security had been waiting for this! I thus started with my experiment: with the restroom tightly sealed up, I burned the charcoal in the bathtub. Soon I felt as if my eyes were burning. Then I felt suffocating and started breathing heavily (26:00). On 29:00 I gave up – this actually turned out to be a painful way to die – and started untaping the door. Homeland Security must be terribly disappointed: this guy just couldn’t be made to be a danger – not even to himself. By 34:00, I was out of the bathroom. “Life is too good to be true if I don’t have to live everyday only wanting to die.” I rested on my bed. “I don’t know what the script is... either we die... or come out with no money... they just won’t stop... there is no way for me to survive without people handing me hundreds of dollars... the trial has completely disabled me...” (46:30). Then: “... we have to die, there is nobody to talk to...” (56:30). On 58:00, I was in the shower to clean up the charcoal. I continued to ramble about how I wasn’t allowed this and that and how I wish I could just kill people. On 1:10:30, I was outside. Then back inside. “Everything is shut down, there are no real people.” Then, out again. On 1:18:00, I came to the office and explained to the manager how I wanted to pay for another day with my debit card and emphasized that I didn’t want the cleaning lady to go in while I was out. Then I went to buy breakfast. I continued to ramble indistinctly while pushing my cart. On 1:38:30, I was in a restaurant. I got coffee and so on. I was back in my room on 1:46:30. “... the problem is that all these people are feeding on me for their job...” That seems more like Homeland Security!

My next recording is: “mtlshowrver223\_1\_14\_11\_952-1059AM.WMA”: I was still in my motel room. “... my mission is to be homeless, for 17 years... we’ll always regret that we have saved Russia... because they are remotely controlling us to regret...” (4:00). Yes! Then: “I have lost the ability to connect with people...” On 17:30 I started verifying DVD-223. “... the trial that lasts forever... the defendants will never be prosecuted, they’ll always be there fighting... speed is at 1x, the drive is being remotely controlled to be very slow... these intelligence officials don’t have anything to do anymore...” On 27:00, I was in the shower again. “If we go look for Deborah, she’ll throw us out, thus replacing evidences...” (30:00). Then: “... the chips will be in our head forever... if there is a chance for us to act out, we’ll act out... so much frustration has been accumulated... if the Russians or the Macrospherians find me useful... is it like, ‘This retarded-looking guy actually has special ability?’ That’s the only way given the way I look... which is exactly what I won’t do... the US and Russia... have the intention of getting me to be their enemy... input the intention, so that I’d get remotely controlled to become their enemy... just enjoy it, this waste of money...” Siren on 42:50. “I’m severely disabled by the ICJ, by the enforcement of international laws... every frustration, bottled up inside... will be released someday... that’s why abused children will become violent criminals... I’ll only release it when I can get away with it...” On 51:30, the verification was successful. “All these people in the world need help, and we have all this cash in America, but we just have to use the money to make this ‘CIA agent’ into a disabled person...” I was now ready to check out.

My next recording is: “chkutprovkdmetroangernotteach\_1\_14\_11\_11AM-1224PM.WMA”: Siren on 2:00. On 7:00, I was at the office to return the keys: I wasn’t going to stay for another day after all. Good! I rang the bell repeatedly, but nobody was there. Finally, on 18:00, I chatted with the manager

about something. On 19:50, a man was yelling at me telling me to leave. I was angered again and **filmed** him. By 37:00, I had come to the Metro station. "... I wish Russia would just give me a gun..." On 41:30, I was on the Metro. On 44:00, a child can be heard shouting. By 53:30, I was out of the Metro. I then got on the next Metro train, mumbling indistinctly about something. On 1:02:00 I was out of the Metro. On 1:12:30, I got on the bus and, on 1:17:30, was off. I was now going to the storage facility.

My next recording is: "strgbus2bbyNSE\_1\_14\_11\_1231-434PM.WMA": Before going into the storage, I settled down in a street corner to burn DVD-223-CP (4:00). On 21:50, the disc was successfully burned. On 26:00, a man came to me: "Hey! Hello! Excuse me! You can't be here! It's state property!" Assuming that he was sent here by the control center, I just ignored him. "I'm gonna call the police if you don't leave!" On 30:00, I left this corner. On 32:30, I was in the storage and, on 36:00, in front of my unit. I couldn't help wanting to cry. I checked my exacto knife: "... it's not sharp anymore..." I then put in my new discs: 222-CP and 223. And I threw away check 2326. "... I'm so afraid of living..." Then somebody came in making a lot of noises: "... it makes me so angry, these actors..." (51:20). And I seem to have cut myself, but the cut was too shallow to be satisfying. I then checked to see if DVD-220 and 221 were here, and then counted my discs: "... 193-CP, 194-CP... we can never count our discs, because it's remotely deleted..." I then discovered more of Homeland Security's deletions on the entry for January 3, and I **filmed** it (1:11:30). (Again, they didn't actually delete anything but had merely caused the file to revert to an earlier version.) Now I couldn't help but break down crying again. Then, on 1:16:30, I discovered the portion I thought was deleted. "... we are remotely controlled to make this mistake... I must be counting discs on January 3 and hence the list was deleted... all the work has to be redone... an endless waste of time... I'm permanently disabled because I have to constantly fight off intelligence operations... both PM and DGHTR have retired, so they are just gonna watch me for the rest of their life... year after year, they'll always have to provoke me..." On 2:02:30, I **filmed** myself closing my unit. By 2:13:50, I was out of the storage. On 2:15:00: "I've got videotaped!" And I **filmed** the man. Siren on 2:22:20. On 2:35:30, I **filmed** another suspicious person. On 2:38:00, I got on the bus, continually mumbling about something indistinctly. On 2:43:00, I was mumbling something about Deborah. "It's Friday night, she's going to the temple." I had now decided to find her. On 2:48:00, I got off the bus. On 2:51:30, while walking, I continued: "America was not like this before, children are everywhere..." Again, overly sensitive here. I came inside Burger King on 2:52:30, and again a child was crying. I ordered my burger. I was now getting upset by the child's crying. I got so angry that I came outside to eat my food. Now this guy had parked his bicycle in front of the door, and I argued with him and **filmed** him (3:04:00): "... they are waiting for me to hit him, and I'm waiting for him to hit me... bitch! And he won't do it, he has strict order not to do it. I don't want to go to..." It's not clear whether the guy with his bicycle was indeed sent in by Homeland Security to provoke me.<sup>20</sup> "... the place is filled with mean Hispanic people..." *This* was probably not part of any Homeland Security operation. On 3:09:30, I got on the bus. I again had to request the elevator service in order to get my heavy cart on board. More nonsense on 3:19:30. "... the defendants are still collecting evidences... no one will ever go to jail... it's a war of attrition... maybe the Macrospherians have wanted it..." (3:24:30) Indeed, nobody was going to jail! Then, what seemed to be a surveillance agent (3:25:30). Really? More: "... some Russian intelligence official will always watch over me... the

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<sup>20</sup> Again, a Hispanic youngster. Judging from the video, "100\_0022.MOV", he did not appear to be Homeland Security.

conspiracy to disable me actually matches the Macrosperians' interests..." Nonsense! I was then mumbling about somebody's showing up.

My next recording is: "[bus4\\_1\\_14\\_11\\_440-632PM.WMA](#)": I was still on the bus. From 3:00 onward, MIA. Then I started writing down the supposed operation: "... two more people are coming in... the movie in which..." I wanted seriously to cut myself because this bus ride was so frustrating: "... it shakes so much..." On 15:00, it seems that I was actually cutting myself on the bus. "It makes me want to kill people... but that's the point of the bus' shaking... I suffer from all this torture, but there is no one to help me... I can't petition because I don't have a home..." And I kept muttering about how I would have to cut myself or destroy some property later on due to the shaking of the bus and how I was disabled and unable to be productive while on the bus. Even the news about American politics on Transit TV disgusted me. On 46:00, I got off the bus on Santa Monica and Westwood, near Deborah's home supposedly. "... look out for police cars, I'm supposed to be arrested... people on both sides..." On 48:50, I **filmed** something. I then kept pushing my cart through the neighborhood looking for Parnell Avenue. Then I **filmed** something again (54:30). Children, and I hummed (59:00). On 1:03:00, I asked a stranger where Parnell Avenue was. "There is not a single thing that is not orchestrated." Then I asked a stranger who was doing things in front of his house, wrongly believing he was under remote control: "How are you remotely controlled to make noises just when I passed by?" "Sorry, I'm on the phone..." I explained to him how there was a computer remotely controlling him to make noises just when I passed by: "Are you aware of it?" (1:05:30) Of course he merely thought me insane! Finally he admitted that he wasn't aware of it. Ha! Then I asked another woman: "Are you aware that there is a chip inside your head? Or are you a CIA agent?" Siren on 1:16:15. I sat down to look for Parnell Avenue for a while, and then moved on. On 1:22:00, I shouted: "Deborah!" But no. On 1:39:00, after such an exhausting trip, moaning and panting, I came inside some fast food place, but I was immediately out. On 1:41:20, I broke down crying: "I don't want to talk to myself anymore..." I then came inside McDonald's. I cried out hysterically and shouted continually at the cashier, "Can I have the one dollar coffee?" The manager (a Hispanic lady) shouted back at me: "Hey... I'm calling the police..." I then continued to mumble my nonsense: "... get a girlfriend... I really just want to kill people... it'll never be over, which is fine... I'm always recording myself, videotaping myself, and getting thrown out... I meet 200 actors a day, it'll never finish..." On 1:48:00, I was out. "I could never regret too much..." Siren on 1:51:30. "... just ring the door bell of every house, and we'll find it..."

My next recording is: "[parnellkdcallpce\\_1\\_14\\_11\\_633-802PM.WMA](#)": Then: "... hopefully we will meet some Russian so that we can strangle him to death... if we meet somebody in the alley we will kill him..." I was now on Parnell Avenue. I knocked on people's door: "The Wiss family?" "No." "The Wiss family? I can't hear you, I'm completely disabled..." I checked on several homes but didn't find Deborah's house. I jaywalked through the streets and cars were honking at me. "I'm kind of enjoying it, being chased around like a Jew... he provoked me with noises, and once I got up, he called the police... Americans are the most evil, and the Russians are the greatest betrayers... these cars are honking... trying to provoke me... I'm the only one who knows about the evil of the Americans and the cruelty of the Russians... oh, sorry, actors, thank you for holding the buses..." And I got on the bus on 37:00. "Don't pay the fare, wait for the bus driver to yell, it's my job... you will never get what you want... I'll always cut myself..." And a passenger said "Thank you" loudly before getting off: "It makes me want

to kill myself...” I came to Ackerman on 1:03:00. And loud noises again, and I hummed loudly. “... I’ll cut myself... don’t have time to write, just treating myself after being provoked takes up all my time...” And I broke down crying. So loudly. Then I made a big cut on my arm around 7:55 PM or so

My next recording is: “parnelltouclcutarmcry\_1\_14\_11\_802-905PM.WMA”: I then continued to work on the patio outside Ackerman. “... Hash-268...” Then, Silbermond. I kept crying from time to time, especially on 22:00. On 24:00, I came inside Ackerman. Completely delirious and as if retarded, I got on Ackerman’s computer (27:00). And I continued to cry. I found Deborah’s address: 2250 Parnell Avenue. Whenever people came near me to talk, I screamed out of grave pain. By 41:00, I came to a corner to cry like a retard. On 47:00, I was out of Ackerman and settled down in the patio again. Again, I cried from time to time. On 1:01:20, I started burning DVD-221.

My next recording is: “wrtsupllet\_1\_14\_11\_906-1037PM.WMA”: From 4:30 onward, I was reviewing my recording and writing. I continued to moan deliriously: “... remotely controlled...” I was now typing out my wrong-headed psychoanalysis of the Pyramid which you have seen under the entry for December 9 last year. Then I discovered that I was playing the wrong recording (14:00). I thus played the right file this time. It was the recording of my conversation with Wes from December 6. On 24:40, I broke down crying again, so sadly: “... I’m gonna be tortured again...” I copied the September paragraphs from “Suppl\_Pld\_11” onto my petition letter (34:00): “... On September 25, I took the bus to Berkeley... squatting on the street corner...” I continued to work on the episodes from that day. On 1:01:30, when there was an announcement from Ackerman’s speakers: “... I’ll always be homeless, I’ll always be required to record other people’s noises...” Now I was burning DVD-221-CP (1:16:30). Siren 1:24:00.

My next recording is: “[leavuclhmlssforever\\_1\\_15\\_11\\_1150PM.WMA](#) (...1\_14\_11\_1037-1150PM...): I was still outside Ackerman. “... back up ‘Help Letter 3-87’...” On 15:00, as I was packing up, I was screaming in pain. On 19:20, when I was in the elevator, I was moaning terribly out of grave pain. “... everything is supposed to be the opposite... I’m very sick and that’s why I need to be put into a military bootcamp... rich people need to get on welfare, and poor people...” On 24:45, as I was walking out of UCLA: “... that fucking black chic, fuck you... but if we are really required to hate America and Russia at the same time, that means there really *is* a reconciliation... who else am I required to hate? Females... my arm is still bleeding... there is a bag... are you pretending to be homeless? Is there a surveillance device in it?” Namely, I was interrogating a homeless man. “I’m the real homeless person, every other homeless person is merely a paid actor... Homeland Security agents can be commanded by the computer... the Russians’ intention... to steal my things...” (33:00). Then: “... when the trial is over, I *will* become a danger to people, just when you don’t want me to be a danger anymore... but they can dupe you into believing that the trial is over... everything is being programmed by the computer, that’s why everything is so orderly...” I was quite wrong here for, as you shall see, people will continue to want me to be a danger to them even more than 10 years from now. And I kept telling passersby: “... I’ll defend myself...” And I continued to shuffle things around on the street. “... we have to go to the back of CGI...” And I hummed whenever people passed by making noises. Then, when I came in front of CVS Pharmacy, I spat on the ground just when Dave, the black man I saw all the time, came out. He hit me and yelled at me: “You spat on me...” I was shocked: “Call the cops!” “I’ll call the cops!” And

he walked away (45:00). I asked a stranger to call the police for me: “Let’s experiment, to see if the police will arrest me for getting beaten up...” He thus connected me to the police, and I explained the situation to the police officer and described Dave for him. Then I explained I wasn’t injured: “I’ve known him for a long time, but he’s never violent... forget it, he’s already walking away... it’s a trap... he was obviously doing it on purpose in order to prompt me to call the police...” And so I hanged up (49:00). “... forget it, I’m a Jewish person in Nazi Germany... Dave is under remote control, so what’s the point of calling the police?... he provoked me... but it’s the opposite, the evidence will show that I have provoked him by spitting on him... it’s evidence...” Wrong! And I continued on and on: “I just don’t really believe that this thing will end... I’m so used to the eclipse that I don’t even remember what the sun looks like...” On 58:00, I was in my corner behind CGI. “This place is not good, Homeland Security agents can...” Indeed! I thus moved away (59:30). On 1:04:00, I was in a new corner. But, on 1:07:30, I was on the move again. On 1:10:00, I was in yet another corner, in front of the abandoned Manns Theater: “... it’s a theater in front of a theater...”

### **January 15 (Saturday; going to Las Vegas)**

My next recording is: “slpwstwdwklvgas\_1\_15\_11\_1156PM-830AM.WMA” (...1\_14-15\_11...): And so I settled into my new corner to sleep. I continued to mumble about this and that. On 36:00, something about the Monkey Pyramid. And then I slept quietly.<sup>21</sup> By 7:13:00 I was awake. On 7:15:20, I turned on my netbook. By 7:25:00, I was on the move. I came inside Ralphs and bought three cookies and a cup of coffee (7:27:00). I then sat outside to eat. On 7:38:30: “... I need to watch a comedy, and then I will laugh... I should laugh...” And I laughed out loud. Then: “... going into deep reflection will actually help... to diffuse the tension...” (7:48:00). On 7:53:00, I was on the move. On 8:01:00, I settled down in a corner in UCLA. I was again moaning as if in grave pain. On 8:07:00, I was on the move again. “So what would happen if you go to the airport?” (8:16:00) Here was my new idea! “... if you go there everyday, flights from Germany and France... everywhere on the planet... force every other nation to become a conspirator... what would that mean? If you are a Macrospherian... reverse... until no nations can object... but they will join... completely isolated... that means... in the airport... a ton of ‘real’ people... I just want to sell my story... the airport will be filled with ‘real’ people, but we have to go there everyday... people will be told not to talk to us...” And I went on and on with this nonsense. “If people have to abuse me in order to conspire with me, why aren’t the Macrospherians helping me? We have to go to Las Vegas...” I had thus decided to go to Las Vegas today. I was about to waste my money and time again on worthless attempts to stop the (in large part imaginary) torture of me. “... to enlarge the circle of conspirators...”

My next recording is: “wstwdtounionst\_1\_15\_11\_831-1027AM.WMA”: I continued: “... the only way to get out is to lose control... we can go to Las Vegas... to test the water, and then lose control... Los Angeles has become the defendants’ turf, they have power even over the leaves on the trees... the defendants want us to enlarge their territories even though it will hurt them... they need to finish their mission... I want to see Las Vegas wired up... many people will be chipped... Let’s go to Las Vegas...” You can of course see that I was completely wrong: nobody in Las Vegas would be chipped just because I had showed up. I was now walking the street. “... Mary C... your family has too much

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21 Reviewed until 41:00, and then from 7:11:00 onward.

testosterone, that's why you are a lesbian, you even look like a boy... inject yourself with some female hormone and calm yourself down..." Interestingly, I was completely correct here. Then: "... the law is applied at the simplest level, otherwise everything will result in an infinite loop..." Bullshit! I was in the bank from 39:00 onward. I came in front of the banker and warned him: "... remember what I said to you the last time? Don't say, 'Have a nice day...' Say, 'Have a bad day'..." He was stupefied: "Why do you want to have a bad day?" I took out 95 dollars. By 57:00 I was on the bus. I blasted Silbermond again to cover up other people's noises. Then these Indonesian people started talking loudly next to me, and it really felt like torture, and so I stuck my laptop next to my ears (1:35:00). And I continued to mumble about what I thought were actors here to provoke me: "People from the ghetto are very street-smart, they are very good at this kind of job..."

My next recording is: "unionst\_1\_15\_11\_1027-1132AM.WMA: I continued: "... the Hispanic people are not educated, but they are so good at this kind of things..." And I tried to imitate the Hispanic lady's shrieking voice: "... the Russians have trained them..." I then mumbled something about the (imaginary) Psychologist: "... I'm just depriving myself of resources... How did Hispanics become so disgusting to me?... the root cause of Hispanophobia..." (10:00). "... it's not Spanish, but the way it is spoken..." I then went on and on about which language sounded good and which not. "... because they have the brain scan images..." On 15:30, I was on the bus going to Union Station. I was carrying out my stupid plan! On 28:00 I got off the bus. On 30:30, I was in Union Station. I asked the Amtrak personnel, but there was no direct train going to Las Vegas. I came outside to look at the schedule. "There is no possibility of confirming the profile... if they can't confirm it, then they'll have to depend on my figuring out... since that's not sure... if we had gone to Albany..." Then I mumbled on and on about the possible routes. Finally: "We are going to Las Vegas" (47:00). "... we have to take Greyhound..." On 49:30, a woman asked me for change. Haha! "It's not just that I don't have money, but that she doesn't even need money..." Then I mumbled about whether expecting reward while doing good is really doing good. Worthless reflection! "... there are multiple places that I can go to, but why is there a honk? The war of attrition... it's better to keep it short and cheap until Mommy (?) comes in... go to the bookstore first..." Siren on 1:00:00. "... we must not exercise any control, just take the bus and go... if you can't survive, just let yourself be taken to the hospital..." On 1:05:00, I was back inside Union Station.

My next recording is: "rstrm\_1\_15\_11\_1132-1133AM.WMA": I used the restroom. Then my next recording is: "frnchmvsophie\_1\_15\_11\_1134AM-217PM.WMA": I came to the Amtrak ticket counter and asked for a ticket to Las Vegas, but she said I would have to clean myself up first. I thus went to brush my teeth in the restroom. "What are we gonna do with our bat?" On 13:50, I was back at the counter to buy a ticket. I wanted the disability discount, but she said my card was expired. The ticket was 55 dollars! What a waste of my precious money! I used my debit card. On 20:00, I broke down crying again. I really should! I was making a big mistake! On 23:20, I was mumbling: "... schizophrenic..." Since the bus was still hours away, I needed to go elsewhere first. On 27:20, I was on Metro Red Line and, on 32:40, got off in Pershing Square. On 41:10, I was in the cybercafe. But I came out immediately to buy chicken wings in 711 (44:00). On 48:00, I was back in the cybercafe and paid 4 dollars for the Internet. More waste of my precious money! On 54:30, I started watching this movie on



Tudoo, “Les femmes de l’ombre” with Sophie Marceau and Julie Depardieu.<sup>22</sup> This turned out to be one of the best movies I had ever seen and I became so engrossed in it. On 2:42:00, I ended my session and packed up.

My next recording is: “tounionsttolundro\_1\_15\_11\_223-435PM.MWA”: I continued: “... two hours... it’s like going to the movie theater... we should watch it again... got distracted...” On 3:00, I was out. More of my nonsense: “... it’s a European plan...” On 9:00, I was in the Metro station. I mumbled about how I had spent 8 dollars in the cybercafe. Indeed! On 15:00, I was on the Metro train. I hummed loudly. On 20:00, I was off in Union Station, continually mumbling. On 25:00, I came to the bus station and asked the bus drivers where the bus to Las Vegas was. The bus wouldn’t arrive until 3:10 PM. I continued my nonsense: “... it all depends on the judges... nations will get into conflict, and you are stuck in the middle... the UK is of no interest to me... boring...” Then I was mumbling about the Blitzkrieg method of Germany and Japan vs the war of attrition method of Russia. Bullshit! Then a bus driver told me that, to go to Las Vegas, it had to be a Greyhound bus (36:20). On 39:00, when I had found the right bus, the bus driver told me I had to clean myself up in order to take the bus – again! – and so I would have to go to the Greyhound station later to take the 6:15 PM bus. Thus, on 46:40, I got on Metro Red Line to leave Union Station. “... he’s just trying to provoke me...” Not! Again, a child can be heard crying. On 1:08:30, I was off the Metro. I was now pushing my cart through the street looking for a laundromat and mumbling nonsense. On 1:11:00, I came inside a laundromat: “... only the Great Psychologist will understand...” But I was immediately out. On 1:21:30, I came inside another laundromat. I started my laundry and, on 1:31:00, was out for a break. Again, the honking on the street seemed to be responding to my thoughts. I was now engrossed in my worthless reflection again: “What do the elites think about? This person has to go, and that too... and negotiations... and this lasts forever... Hitler is an artist personality... as for the other kind, if they can hold onto one little bit, they will... Nazis... full of imagination and very little practicality... neocons are like that too... occasionally, artists do get into power to remake the world into an art work... they’ll mess things up... radicals... a lot of imagination, but little concern for real things... Hitler’s invasion of France... reliance on machines... so much is at stake, and yet for him it’s like a children’s book... because of the way the court is designed...” I continued to mistakenly think that DGHTRCOM had “got me correctly”. Ha! “It all depends on the judges... it’s not so strange, because many terrorists are just pathetic people, and governments debate about them too...” Then I rambled on about Jose Padilla. On 1:53:00, I was back inside the laundromat.

My next recording is: “togreyhndstltnwes1121\_1\_15\_11\_435-838PM.WMA”: I waited for my laundry. On 24:00, I was all done and left. I bought something in 711 (28:00). And more nonsense: “... the judges should think about that... cybercafes, instead of libraries...” I had no idea how stupid my ideas were at this point in time. I pushed my cart through the streets, continuing my nonsense. “... the judges are very concerned...” I got on the Metro on 42:00 and then on the bus. I was in Greyhound station by 1:42:00. I bought a ticket for the 10 PM bus for Las Vegas. Again, what a waste! Then I reflected on the story I wrote for Prof. Kian, and then the woman at the French consulate. “What do the people at the French consulate think now? What’s going to happen if we use computers? Nothing to do... Sophia might be the one person recruited as a mole... OB didn’t understand it... he would say,

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<sup>22</sup> Reviewed until 1:00:00 and then from 2:32:00 onward.

‘Don’t do that’; but instead he should say, ‘That’s very sad’...” Then, while waiting for the bus, I started transcribing the recording from November 21 last year.

My next recording is: “gryhndwes1121rflctn224iso\_1\_15\_11\_841-1002PM.WMA”: I was now reviewing Wes’ “messages” to me on November 21. I simply couldn’t understand what he really meant here. (Of course: for that I would have to wait 10 years!) My wrong interpretation: “... Mr B wanted me to go to... DGHTR wanted me to go to Nevada... Mary C wanted me to beg... PM also wanted me to fit into Mr B’s profile... the Macrospherians will not give up...” At least I was correct that my DGHTRCOM did want me to fit into Mr B’s false profile of me. I then continued to transcribe the conversation from November 21. And I continued to speculate as to which portion of what Wes said came from which person: “DGHTR, Mary C... the Great Psychologist tried to provoke me to suicide...” (47:00). Then, more nonsense. On 54:00, I was outside to take a break. “... the evidence they wanted... getting pushed back... the option is to punch me in the face...” On 57:00, I was back inside. “... the Macrospherians... the intercepts of my thoughts... most of the evidences are suppressed...” Then I mumbled something about my insecurity with my computer (1:07:00). Then: “... they... this guy, and he just can’t become a danger to people...” Indeed! On 1:15:30, I **filmed** myself creating the ISO image for DVD-224.

My next recording is: “gryhndbusslptolv\_1\_16\_11\_1006-418PM.WMA (...1\_15-16\_11\_1006PM-418AM...)”: I continued my nonsense: “... she still wants to take command... what do you want me to do about it? ...people are so angry with her...” (8:00). On 13:50, I was ready to board the bus. On 34:00, the bus was out. I was now on my way to further disasters and frustration.<sup>23</sup>

### **January 16 (Sunday; Las Vegas; DHS surveillance)**

My next recording is: “lvdprssedthrownout\_1\_16\_11\_418-731AM.WMA”: By this time I had arrived in Las Vegas and was around the Greyhound station. I appeared to be on the move. On 7:00, was I back inside the Greyhound station? I got coffee from the vending machine. On 9:00, I was outside. I mumbled: “... my entire life...” (13:30). And I sat there quietly for a long time. Now that I was here, what was I supposed to do? Then: “... wanted to help China... Russia... I’ll just be kept homeless, isolated... perpetual pain... nobody is going to respond to me...” (27:00). On 46:30, I was on the move. I asked strangers where McDonald’s was (1:03:00). On 1:06:00, I came inside McDonald’s to order breakfast. From 1:14:00 onward: “... all these actors around me...” Wrong! And now it seemed to me that I could never escape the theater. I started working. I **filmed** myself burning DVD-224 and then opened up “Suppl\_Pld\_11-39”: “... I want to vomit when I hear my own voice...” (1:24:00). Then: “... whether we can find housing, it all depends on whether the operation allows... we are a slave, with no freedom... we want to commit suicide...” Quite correct! I would be Homeland Security’s slave for the next 10 years and more! I then started reviewing the recording from January 1 and working on my latest Supplemental Pleading while the new disc was being burned. Then a man wanted to touch my computer: “Don’t touch it... I don’t like these actors...” (1:28:00). Was he Homeland Security? On 1:33:00, the disc was successfully burned. “Now it’s verification.” And my netbook froze up again (1:41:00). I was now reviewing the recording of my conversation with the debt

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<sup>23</sup> Reviewed until 48:00.

consolidation service. On 2:07:00, about the (imaginary) Great Psychologist: "... induce me to autism... so shut down my communication channels..." Then, on 2:13:00: "... that surveillance agent is there to make me think he's a surveillance agent, it's not real..." Was Homeland Security conducting surveillance on me at this moment? Very likely! The dangerous schizophrenic was again acting on his delusions and coming to places where there were a lot of people, and so Homeland Security, the guardians of the American people, had to mobilize local agents to keep him under watch. "... surveillance or no surveillance, that doesn't really matter, everyone around me is just here to produce evidences..." (2:17:30). Ha! I had no idea! Now I was reviewing the recording of my conversation with Janet, how she advised me to go find my mother and so on (2:21:00). On 2:27:00, the disc was successfully burned. On 2:27:30, I started reviewing the recording of my conversation with Wes on the night of January 1. The conversation was done on 2:58:20. "... obviously actors and actress... what law enforcement and the FBI look like... and they all have to be particularly ugly..." (3:00:00). On 3:11:00, I was packing up.

My next recording is: "lvdvdmcndld224\_1\_16\_11\_732-845AM.WMA": Then the security guard came to tell me to take my things outside: "... this is unacceptable..." I was severely angered: "... it's time to cut myself... actor..." On 2:30, I was out. On 6:50, I **filmed** this suspicious vagrant, and he wanted a cigarette from me. On 13:00, I was back inside the Greyhound station, and a black man warned me: "Don't put your hand on..." I was charging my netbook at the charging station and creating the ISO image for DVD-224 (?). On 32:00, I was out and pushing my cart through the street. Still angry, on 36:50, I broke a bottle. On 44:20, I was in a shop: "Hey actor! Do you know where the library is?" "No." I bought a tiny shampoo. I continued to push my cart through the street. On 54:00, I looked at the map to check where the library was. No, couldn't figure out. On 58:00, I got on the bus. On 1:07:00, more mumbling.

My next recording is: "lvangrthrwnutbus\_1\_16\_11\_845-1133AM.WMA": I was still on the bus. I used my time to do some writing. On 29:30, I was off the bus. Immediately, on 31:30, a bus driver, seeing that I looked obviously homeless, came to interrogate me: "Which bus are you waiting on?" Offended, I didn't feel like responding to him, and he told me to leave, but I just wouldn't. Then he told me my disabled pass was invalid because it had expired. Thus, on 34:00, I moved on. "... okay, evidence-production... now it's time to die..." (38:00). By now I had come to terms with the fact that my situation would not get any better – that the (imaginary, for the most part) operations would not cease – no matter where I was. And so, on 39:40, terribly upset, I settled down in a corner to cut myself. And I broke down crying. Then, on 47:00, I got up and came back to the bus station. On 58:00, the bus came. "Do you pass by the library?" The bus driver replied something. "Are you lying or telling the truth?" Ha! She advised me that the library was right down the hill. And so I moved on. On 1:09:20, I **filmed** a certain vagrant. (Was he really suspicious?) On 1:15:00, I was inside a shop. On 1:17:50, I was ready to board the bus again. I **filmed** my surrounding: "... there are no real people, all actors and actresses..." Again, I was totally wrong. Then, on 1:19:50, I was on the bus. I again asked the bus driver where the library was. As soon as I got off the bus, I **filmed** the other people around: "... look, all these actors that are hired..." (1:27:10). Not! Finally, I arrived at the public library. On 1:29:45, I **filmed** another suspicious vagrant. Then I sat down for a smoke break. Soon a librarian appeared to warn me: "... the smoking section is over there..." (1:31:50). I got so angered that I gave up the idea of working in the

library and moved on. On 1:36:40, I broke down crying again: "... I want to die..." I settled down in a corner by the bus station muttering bitterly in Chinese: "... 忘恩負義... bad... you saved him and he wants to kill you..." (1:39:30). I was completely correct about DGHTRCOM! And I continued to mutter how much I wanted to die. By now I had had enough and realized that I had made a grave mistake and wanted only to "go home". On 1:45:20, somebody (a Las Vegas Transit employee?) came to me: "How are you doing?" On 1:46:30, the police came, and the officer asked me if I needed ambulance. "Waiting for the bus?" After I nodded my head, she decided to leave. I mocked her: "Thank you for not arresting me for lying on the ground." She replied; "I'm not arresting you." I continued my sarcasm: "I'd never bother to save your life again..." Of course that was merely nonsense to her, and she left. "Remember that it'll never end until I die..." Right! On 2:00:00, I got on the bus and, on 2:06:50, got off. I kept moving on, continually mumbling about something indistinctly. I was now back to the Greyhound station. "Only if other people are as good as I am" (2:23:00). Yeah! I got in line to buy a ticket home. A woman employee called me aside (2:31:30). What? On 2:34:00, it was my turn to buy tickets. 57 dollars! On 2:39:30, I checked my bank balance on a payphone: my saving account had exactly 0 dollar in it.

My next recording is: "grydhndarprtidea\_1\_16\_11\_1153-512PM.WMA (...1153AM-512PM...): By this time I was on the bus to go back to Los Angeles. I was mumbling indistinctly on 12:00: "... shut off my resources, so I won't get out of my hole... deceive me with all these signals..." And I continued on and on about this. "... the purpose is to kill me while making it look like I have killed myself..." (36:00). Right! Then I took a long nap. On 2:51:00, the bus was at a rest station. When I was getting off the bus: "Excuse me, actor!" Mistaken again! And so I went inside the convenient store and bought snacks and came out to eat. "... even if we go to the airport and ask the security... to be like a solicitor, carrying a sign, 'Would you like to buy chocolates from me'... hoping that real people will show up..." (3:04:30). Then: "... the first thing we have to do is find Deborah... Homeland Security sends out an alert saying this guy is crazy, advising people 'Don't talk to him'..." That was sort of true! On 3:08:00, I asked somebody: "Hey, actor! Share with me some of your food!" And he did give me a whole box of food. On 3:14:00, more mumbling. By this time, I was back on the bus and the bus had moved on. Now the black guys sitting next to me were talking loudly, causing me severe distress. Hence, on 3:17:00: "Hey, actors! Don't talk so loud... talk lower... don't provoke me..." On 3:22:00, I even went to the front to ask the bus driver: "Can you ask them to not talk so loud?" "No." I came back and kept asking the black guys to talk lower. No effect. "... saying I'm schizophrenic... the judges are going to allow it..." Then, more mumbling on 3:31:45: "... there's still going to be an alert... every time when I come up with an idea, somebody would tell me the same idea, in order to produce evidence that everything I have thought of is..." (3:35:00). Not really! But, as you shall see, for the next 10 years Homeland Security would indeed continue to alert everybody that everything I wrote was plagiarized so that nobody would ever bother to read my story – and also so that the CIA would have difficulty in ever using my writings as evidence in the ICJ. On 3:43:00, more mumbling: "... they will just be told..." Then I was mumbling again about the black man: "... he purposely talks to loud... they really *are* gonna tell the truth... I was purposely acting in order to save myself..." Not! On 3:54:20, more mumbling: "... and the Russians would stringently deny that I was acting to help them... and they purposely abandoned me and left me to die..." Ha! I was completely correct here! Then: "... strangers coming down the airplanes... the security personnel will just put me away... because they are under the

Microspherians' command... if I tell the truth like that, the Russians will have to suppress it as evidence, saying it is a product born from a conspiracy... anyone coming into the LAX would be re-labeled as my conspirators... this is gonna happen anywhere I go... if I have contact with anyone... as conspiracy against Russia and China... they are counting on my becoming so tired that I wouldn't do anymore than disrupt... it's just that people will be told the official story... which is that my anger over my mistreatment by Mr former Secretary... that I never acted..." That was in fact sort of Russia's official story (in addition to the lie that this ICJ trial had never happened). And I tried to talk to another "actor": "... I'm allowed... driven to suicide... that's what you are told, right?... no, you are told that I *won't* be driven to suicide, but I actually will..." (4:08:00). And I continued on and on. I had no idea that he wasn't told anything! "Everybody is considered my 'conspirator' because the defendants have taken over the prosecuting team... you have to remember that..." (4:17:30). Then: "... imagine people in Russia... they could come..." And I went on and on about this. And I tried to talk to the "actor" again: "... you like that, huh? What did I do to you? Other than saving you... I should have let you die in a nuclear holocaust..." (4:27:00). Right! I *was* the Son of Man! And I asked him more: "... what do you really think? Why do you want to torture me like this?" On 4:29:00, the bus came to another rest station. I got off to smoke. And I continued on and on: "... just wants me dead... don't go against the Macrospherian Russians' interest... a lot of people want me dead... so manipulated... *they want me dead so that I won't produce any evidences*... I actually purposely acted in order to save Russia..." On 4:36:10, everybody was back on the bus. I tried to talk to the "actors" again: "... you guys are very evil because you want to help the defendants in the trial... you are purposely selected because you don't care about other people..." And I went on and on with them, how I wouldn't do what they were doing just for 50 dollars. Ha! Nonsense! On 4:42:00, I blasted "Julie" from my netbook. Then I got really angry again: "... they'll always talk so loud and you can never do anything about it..." Then, I blasted MIA. On 4:58:00, more mumbling about how I had saved Russia. Then: "... these actors must have been told something like that, that I was helping the Russians..." Not! On 5:05:00, MIA again. "... the defendants want to waste me, and the Macrospherians want me to cooperate with the wasting of me... both the Russians and the Americans want the defendants to do this..." Then Julie and Silbermond. "They want me wasted... to charge the defendants... force me to conspire... to confiscate the defendants' property... whatever I'm feeling right now, that's precisely what they... pay attention to my feelings, and figure out what their goal is... they sent me to Las Vegas, just to produce a piece of evidence..." Not! Except that I had given Homeland Security another reason to raise the alert level about me ("The suspect, guided by his delusions, came to another crowded, touristic place..."). On 5:20:00, the bus had arrived in Union Station. I kept asking the bus driver to get my cart for me. On 5:22:00, I was on the move continually mumbling about how I wanted to die. "... people are even more motivated now that they are told the truth, that they'll help America..." Not! I was now inside Union Station.

My next recording is: "wrtletunionst\_1\_16\_11\_520-6PM.WMA": I was still in Union Station. "The frustration will continue because it's the essence of the conspiracy..." I settled down in a corner and, from 5:00 onward, was working on my letter of petition: "... sent in to torture me with loud talking... after arriving in downtown San Francisco..." Then, my nonsense again: "... the Macrospherians are teaching me not to be 'all or nothing', because I have just wasted another 150 dollars... this training will cause me death... I have assumed wrongly that they wanted me alive... but as soon as I believe

they want me dead, then they can want me alive...” Then I was writing about my Skype call to Wes on that September night. “... after being thrown out of Coffee Bean...”

My next recording is: “[todbrh\\_1\\_16\\_11\\_601-858PM.WMA](#)”: Then I moved on. Now a strange man, Hispanic looking, intercepted me and wanted to talk to me. I was instantly angered: “What the fuck did I do to you such that you would want to do this to me? You’re trying to talk to me because you want me to cut myself, right?” And I shouted profanity at him, how he had no conscience and how I shouldn’t have saved his life and so on (4:00). Ha! Of course he had no idea what I was talking about.<sup>24</sup> Then I moved on. On 9:00, I **filmed** something. I then kept mumbling about how I no longer knew how to talk to people. I came to the bus 4 stop and – so I assumed – was being remotely controlled to develop a migraine headache. On 23:00, I cut myself on my arm but was – so I assumed – remotely controlled to not bleed. On 26:30, I suddenly broke down crying. Again: “... tomorrow I’ll have to die...” And I mumbled about going to the airport, and then kept on crying. On 51:00, Hispanic women came around me to talk loudly. I shouted at them: “Hey! Shut the fuck up! Don’t provoke me anymore!” Of course they had no idea what I was talking about. On 55:50, I got on the bus. I again had to tell the people around me: “Talk lower! I know you are trying to get me to kill people... or to kill myself...” And I **filmed** them (59:00). Then, more: “I need to kill myself... don’t worry about being intercepted...” (1:11:00). On 1:13:00, the bus driver came to yell at me: “... you have to sit up!” Then, my nonsense again: “Everybody *really* wants me dead... that’s how they can want me alive... they are doing this for my own good, something good is going to happen to me... but I don’t know how that is possible...” (1:14:20). Ha! I had merely 10 years more of misery awaiting me! And I mumbled “bahbahbah” to the Hispanic women, and they really did shut up. On 1:48:00, I got off the bus in Westwood. A woman immediately asked me something, but I kept moving on. On 1:50:30, I got on the bus again to go to Olympic Blvd. I asked this woman who was sitting in front of me: “So you are from France? You are here to help me? No? You want *me* to help you? I just want to give you a good advice: it’s not a good idea to obey these laws unless it’s to your benefit...” (1:52:00). Ha! I actually believed she was my “conspirator” and would know what I was talking about! I continued: “... so you are not gonna help me at all?” “No.” “I’m about to be dead...” On 1:54:50, I got off the bus. I was now heading toward Parnell Avenue (Deborah’s place). “... decoy... wait for Deborah...” On 2:10:30, I was in a shop to ask for water. 1 dollar and 69 cents! On 2:13:30, I was out. On 2:15:30, siren. On 2:20:00, I settled down in front of Deborah’s house and started crying and moaning. And I rested: “... PM wants me dead... I never knew it because our intention cannot match...” Well, I was sort of correct. On 2:29:00 I mustered up my courage and knocked on the door, and Deborah’s husband immediately appeared and recognized me. He said Deborah wasn’t home. I explained I couldn’t talk to her on the phone because she didn’t make sense on the phone. Mr Wiss replied: “I don’t know, I’m not a psychologist.” Then I insisted that I wanted to talk to Deborah face to face and he kept explaining that it was not appropriate for me to show up here. Finally I was leaving on 2:33:00. “How do I know if that’s really Dr Wiss?” Ha! And I kept mumbling indistinctly. On 2:39:00, I was resting in a corner. On 2:41:00 I moved on. Then I rested. Then I mumbled again about how I should lock myself up in the motel room in the middle of the night to kill myself. “... PM wants me dead, Mary C wants me dead... a conspiracy to cause me death...” (2:49:40). Again, there was no Mary C, but DGHTRCOM did really like me dead. And I went on and on. On 2:56:00 I settled down into a corner to get ready to sleep.

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<sup>24</sup> I assume he was not sent in by Homeland Security. See “100\_0050.MOV”.



Before we move on, this comment is in order: Deborah’s husband had never met me before, and yet he recognized me instantly tonight. How did that come about? We must assume that Homeland Security had lately, as part of their continuing “investigation” of this dangerous schizophrenic, come to Deborah’s house again to interview her about me. Deborah would be forced to say that I was suffering from schizophrenia – even though she knew I was telling the truth whenever I said the intelligence agencies were going after me (since she had been there since the very beginning). The Homeland Security thugs had probably showed videos of me to Deborah’s husband during the interview, and this is why he immediately recognized me when I showed up.

My next recording is: “slpwla\_1\_16-17\_11\_902PM-842AM.WMA”: And so I went to sleep.<sup>25</sup> By 11:08:00 I was awake and turned on my netbook. By 11:26:00, I was on the move. On 11:37:00, I got on the bus.

### **January 17 (Monday)**

My next recording is: “towstwdrlfctnfrch\_1\_17\_11\_842-1131AM.WMA”: I got off the bus in Westwood Village on 6:00. I was in Ralphs for my morning coffee. I continued: “... a terrorist suspect... legally dissolved... the case... dissolved... to normalize international relations... while the Macrospherian official story of the first round can be maintained... going to the airport can cause international troubles... the Russians flying in... will have to be legally decontaminated... add another crime to the defendants... and we can see ‘real’ people... obstructionism... it cannot be in the Macrospherians’ interest that someone should get hurt through the trial process... doctors are required by law to violate the Hippocratic oath... the defendants are considered extremely dangerous... he thinks everyone is good because he has never gone beyond the mirror stage” – and there was a honk (41:00). Of course I couldn’t help but mistake that for the control center’s agreement. I then kept on speculating on DGHTRCOM. “... it’s all up to the judges, only the judges can persuade everybody... normal people would have betrayed DGHTR because the French gave better candies... you have to believe that PM is not a power-monger, that he will bring back the judges... only the judges will reconcile nations’ interests while not forgetting about me... not having courage is normal, otherwise it wouldn’t have to be cultivated... maybe Mary C likes France... they have to give France what France wants... the Merovingian... the Russians are also descended from the Vikings... I have no idea how Russia has satisfied the French... we don’t have any credits toward Europe, we have only messed them up... it all depends on the judges... I’m not here to commit conspiracy with anybody...” By 1:47:00 I had left Ralphs. On 2:02:00 I came to Ackerman. I settled down and burned DVD-225.

My next recording is: “uclvd225\_1\_17\_11\_1132AM-217PM.WMA”: I was still in Ackerman. Now, verification of DVD-225. On 5:20, I started reviewing a recording. “... so afraid to go to the hospital because everyone is so mean and ugly... these people, once they have achieved their interest, they would just...” (25:30). More nonsense on 30:00. On 48:00, was I checking the recordings on my new disc? By 1:00:00, I had packed up and moved on. I came to the cafeteria. On 1:11:00, my turn to order food. On 1:22:30, I came to the TV lounge to eat. On 1:30:30, I played my old DVD to review the

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<sup>25</sup> Reviewed until 13:00, and then from 10:08:00 onward.



recording from December 28 2008 while eating. It was the recording of my trying to call Aunt Winnie and then my conversation with her. Then my conversation with Cindy and aunt Eva. And I continued to work on that episode in “Periphery, I”. Then, I continued on with the recording from that night: my discussion of special relativity with the physicist in Psychobabble. On 2:16:00, when I was done: “... the Monkey and I are manipulated... he has to do everything out of his own freewill...” On 2:26:00, I was on the move. On 2:28:30, I was outside smoking. “... PM and his entourage... they are just doing their thing... when we curse them, they are just like, ‘That’s evidence’... completely objectively...” Then: “... it’s a triangular hate affair, not a triangular love affair, where everyone is everyone else’s enemy...” (2:38:00). Then: “... this does make sense... the neocons like the French, not the Germans, but they don’t like the Gaullists... but now they want to... the Gaullists...” Bullshit.

My next recording is: “ucl\_1\_17\_11\_218-231PM.WMA”: I was now on the move through the campus. On 10:00, I settled into another corner of Ackerman. I was quiet for a while. Then my recorder ran out of space.

My next recording is: “1\_17\_11\_243-352PM.WMA”: I was now on Ackerman’s computer to check my emails. On 19:00, I was reading something in French, something about French politics. As if I could get some clue about what was going on in this way! Then, again: “... it’s not a real website... how can the dates be so coincidental?” (32:30) Wrong! Then, something about education reform. “... I thought they are trying to help...” (52:20). By 56:00, I had left. “... I just want to look and didn’t intend to harm anybody... that June 22 date just scared the crap out of me... they are not gonna pin it onto him... how bad can he be when he wrote all these books?” (59:00) It’s not clear what I was talking about here. “... so that they won’t take their anger with him out on me... I don’t even know them... that’s not right... I’m so afraid to be labeled ‘delusional’ for harboring delusions about all these important people... left foot hurt, and right foot... who’s pushing the buttons?” On 1:08:30, I was leaving Ackerman.

The next recording seems to have been lost. My next recording is: “**touclbrgrauntvirgna\_1\_17\_11\_425-839PM.WMA**”: I was mumbling about DGHTRCOM’s wife while walking out. As I pushed my cart into Westwood Village, I continued my nonsensical mumbling: “... these things, rapist, homosexual, pedophile, schizophrenic... these things don’t even fit together...” On 16:30, I settled into a corner for a rest. I was all quiet, but then: “... the guy in ‘Run Lola Run’... the well-traveled German...” (22:00). Then: “... I have to get rid of this consciousness of the control center... it drives me nuts...” Then I moved on, mumbling about how Karin’s meetups were the best (33:00). On 37:00, I came to the AT&T store to add money to my phone, and a baby can be heard crying. On 42:00, out. On 52:30, I was mumbling about some pyramid in some library: “... maybe it’s the defense team, then the defense team would... maybe it’s because PM would...” On 1:00:30, I came back to Ackerman. On 1:04:00, I was back in cafeteria to buy my dinner. On 1:19:00, I came back to the TV lounge to eat. On 1:40:00, I called up Aunt Winnie. She only picked up after her answering machine had started: she was not performing a trick on me per Homeland Security’s order, was she? I complained about my homelessness and she replied I had nobody to blame but myself. I then talked about how my money kept disappearing (bank deductions, accidents) and she kept telling me she couldn’t help me. On 1:47:30, totally frustrated, I hanged up with her. Then I called another number, but there was no answering. (Who did I call?) Then, I called Wes. No answering. I left a message: “Wes, call me back.”

Then I shouted angrily: “What did I spend my money on? On getting out of this lawsuit! But there is no way out! Complete self-destruction!” On 1:53:30, I called Deborah, but didn’t leave a message. Then, again, and this time I left a message: “Deborah, please call me back.” I got even angrier: “... spent money to help... and now I have to be homeless forever!” On 1:59:00, I got up and left. While on the street, I kept shouting: “... no way to get out because my thoughts are being read...” (2:04:40). On 2:08:00, I was back inside Ackerman, and back to the TV lounge. I started burning DVD-225-Copy. “Nobody is going home!” On 2:17:00, I called Virginia. Again, when she answered the call she sounded so weird that I was shocked and terrified. Then, after a while, I realized that I was actually talking to a certain “Danielle”, not Virginia. Ha! Now Virginia had already told her about my situation. She was also getting General Relief and had a restraining order on her but was making 30 dollars an hour at the moment. “You really think people will give me money?” “Yes.” She said she would help me set up a mini-van. “Are you supposed to get me into troubles? I don’t know who is supposed to help me and who’s supposed to get me into troubles.” On 2:26:50, she hanged up but promised to call me back in an hour. Now DVD-225-Copy was being verified. On 2:29:30, I was connected with Virginia this time. I asked her about the radio show she mentioned the last time. I insisted that I couldn’t get help because everyone wanted to harm me. I proposed a new idea, to sell my drawings and paintings, but I was afraid people would be told not to buy them. Again, Virginia had no idea what I was talking about. I shouted: “This is hopeless, my environment is shut down!” Virginia: “You are a good candidate for God!” And she continued to suggest that I pray! In the back of my mind, I was again mistaking her comment for the Macrospherians’ “secret message”. Ha! Then we debated about hospitalization, board-and-care, and whether to have a roommate. She even suggested therapy. I kept explaining how I was forcibly lumped with criminals and vagrants and disabled by my environment, and how I didn’t even believe she was talking out of her own accord (how I believed somebody else was talking through her). This must have further convinced Virginia that what Homeland Security had said about me (totally delusional) was all correct. Finally, she wanted to give me the number for “Adult Protective Service”. I hanged up with her by 2:59:00. Again: “... go to the airport and become a solicitor... I should have gone after the French chic yesterday... the control room... they want me to work, to stop writing and recording...” It was indeed true that my Daughter People didn’t want me to write! On 3:03:00, I started checking the recordings on my disc. “All this time you are just talking to Mr B, right? I don’t think he knows how to talk to people! It’s always the person that I don’t want to talk to! Can you just use my double to finish my mission for me? I don’t know how to live in a world where everyone is acting... I’m not gonna accomplish my mission, I don’t believe in it... you have to find real people in order to survive... this profile has to be fixed... how can somebody be autistic and criminal at the same time? ... maybe you can turn Mary C into a girl...” And I went on and on about how to kill myself with carbon monoxide. On 3:29:00, I left Ackerman. I continued my mumbling while pushing my cart. “... I just hope that it is this guy who would be remotely controlling Virginia... he wrote all these books, I’d rather talk to him... that’s how the Great Psychologist tortures you... just surround you with rednecks... like turning Mary C into a heterosexual...” Again, it’s not clear who I was talking about.<sup>26</sup> Then I went on and on about the torture of Jose Padilla. “... I can’t produce evidences anymore... I need a break, a vacation... the December 6 lady... maybe she really *was* the French lady that was reading my thoughts...” Indeed! “... we should have grabbed her hand and asked her to talk to us... OB is not as interesting as PM...” Then my bullshit about how gifted DGHTRCOM was in logic, laws, and

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26 Lars?

psychology. Ha! Then, again: "... the judges are the most trustworthy..." Then: "... we don't have to worry about China, we are not supposed to worry about it... the only thing we need to worry about is money, and there is no way to get money unless we can get out of this theater... Russia is so lucky, and we are so unlucky... the US and China are so lucky that PM has bailed them out... who's the judge in the Microsphere? I'm afraid it's just fake PM... the only way for me not to know what's going on is to put me in a real environment..." And, just then, my left hand hurt. Just a random signal to deceive me! On 4:00:50, I came back to Ackerman to use the restroom. Then I came back to the TV lounge. I asked two students what they were studying. Then my recorder turned itself off.

My next recording is: "wrtsupl858327ucl\_1\_17\_11\_839-1020PM.WMA": I was still in the TV lounge. More nonsense: "... it's actually in the defense team's interest that I don't know anything... it might be they who have requested that I not be given a defense lawyer anymore... maybe it's now Mr B who's supposed to watch over my interest, but he's clearly not up to the job..." On 24:00, I inserted my old disc to continue to review the recording of my conversation with Lars on March 27 last year. While transcribing it: "... this man is so cool, so many books, with such diverse interests..." Toward the end of the recording, I was done.

My next recording is: "uclrvismysite\_1\_17\_11\_1020-1105PM.WMA": I reflected on March 27: "... all this time... PM was trying to show the Monkey Pyramid... books and stuff... how can her father have made up this story that I didn't read?" And I went on and on about what happened with the Pyramid in March and April last year. Then about how I must have figured something out correctly since everyone depended on my figuring things out. Wrong! On 19:00, I left the TV lounge and was on the move, mumbling about how I needed to acquire more vocabulary about emotions. On 22:00, I was on Ackerman's computer station. On 32:00, I was typing something. Was I making modifications to my website? On 37:00, I was done and on the move again. I came to the vending machine and **filmed** myself getting coffee.

My next recording is: "cffeereadyslpwstwd\_1\_17-18\_11\_1204AM.WMA" (1105PM-1204AM): More nonsense: "... too bad that this is not espionage... this is a joke, everybody here is a secret agent..." While sipping on my coffee, I continued on and on about how I should go to the airport to see real people.. "... this is so boring because now it's all Americans... Americans have set it up, but it's never intended to be used like this..." On 17:20, I was on the move. On 54:00, I settled down into a new corner to get ready to sleep.

My next recording is: "trnsfrfiles\_1\_18\_11\_1206-1228AM.WMA": nothing.

### **January 18 (Tuesday; LAX)**

My next recording is: "slpwstwd\_1\_18\_11\_1233-927AM.WMA": I was awake from 8:18:00 onward. I got up and came to Ralphs for my morning coffee.

My next recording is: "wstwdmrketrvw1023\_1\_18\_11\_927-1023AM.WMA": I continued: "... the Monkey's idea... *become a criminal, and then rise to the top*, it's so stupid... why do you have to start

off as a criminal?” Pay attention to this because this might very well be what would happen to me eventually – although for a completely different reason. Then: “They are trying to make the lawsuit with China into a conspiracy... why do I have to be homeless, though? Why is it required?” Nonsense! Then I recalled my call to my mother in 2007: “... and she said to us, ‘Your misfortune was caused by yourself’... that’s leaking... she knew what was going on...” (15:00). I was then reviewing the recording from October 23 last year. I left Ralphs on 36:00 and came to Ackerman’s bookstore on 51:00. Now I discovered that all dual layer discs in single packages were gone.

My next recording is: “uclcutself\_1\_18\_11\_1040AM-1245PM.WMA”: I was still in Ackerman. I started reviewing this recording (this woman telling me about God). On 13:10, the recording was done. I was then on the move and soon out of Ackerman. On 33:30, I came back to Ackerman’s patio, but then moved on and left UCLA. On 46:30, I began moaning in pain. Why? “I don’t know how to act because nobody has given me the script! They want me to be a retard pushing his cart through the streets, and they just torture me into becoming something like that... just give me some money and tell me how to act...” On 49:30, I settled down into a corner in Westwood Village to get ready to cut myself. (Again, it’s not clear what had so upset me.) On 50:10, my phone rang. “... there is nobody to talk to, I can’t be autistic because I’m not autistic, that’s why it’s torture...” On 53:20, I did cut myself. “... we’re working 24 hours a day, no break, no compensation, and we have to pay out of our own pocket... surveillance agents also add to our stress... it conflicts with our self-image... it creates hopelessness because it makes me realize that I’m *required* to be homeless... I don’t know why retarded people can’t have a home... or maybe they just want me to hate them, the Macrospherians... don’t have any freewill... only if I could just be unconscious... if the Russians and the Americans... the judges... are reading my thought, I’ll never do that to another human being... I’ll never force a homosexual to become a heterosexual...” Then I was on the move again. On 1:24:30, I came to somewhere. On 1:30:00, I was cutting myself again. “... these conspiracy laws are instruments of torture, preventing people from helping me...” Then, people’s laughter near me caused me severe pain again. “... somebody doesn’t want me to go to the airport...” Wrong! Finally I screamed out of pain from other people’s noises. On 1:46:00, I was on the move again, mumbling continually about my torture. I then continued to mumble indistinctly about the judges. “Why do they believe all these lies? ... Polish agents... Chinese agents... Homeland Security agents... Japanese agents... there was no such law, it was invented...” It seems that I was now reflecting on what happened in Shanghai in January 2008. I was practically begging the judges to hear me! Then, I almost cried out: “... if you just ask me, I’ll tell you the truth...” On 2:03:00, I was inside a supermarket.

My next recording is: “tomrketcnfssnshanghai\_1\_18\_11\_1245-119PM.WMA”: I continued to “confess” what I was thinking while in Shanghai. (All this was probably the Invisible Hand’s evidence again.) Then, my turn to buy cigarettes. On 6:00, I was out. I continued on about how the MSS’ “secret messages” were too obscure. On 13:30, I shouted at a woman – mistaking her for an actress or operative: “Why are you taking videos for the courthouse? Don’t pretend, don’t act...” On 20:00, as I was getting on the Culver City bus 6 – I was going to the airport! – I interrogated another woman: “Who told you to come here, lady?” How crazy I had made myself look! Siren on 29:50.

My next recording is: “toairportharass\_1\_18\_11\_121-357PM.WMA”: I was still on the bus. On 9:00, I

mumbled about the evidentiary process again while playing a recent recording. Silbermond. I was also making notes about this recording. On 25:20, a black guy was talking loudly again, and I continued with “bah bah bah...” to cover up his noise. Then I told him to be quiet: “Don’t talk too loud!” (33:00) The provocateur continued to talk loudly, and I shouted out loudly what I was typing. And soon the bus driver came to tell me to move next to the provocateur. I muttered to him: “You are getting paid and I’m not...” As we started arguing, he knocked on my netbook’s screen (34:20). I shouted: “Bus driver, call the police, he attacked me...” And I continued to shout out loudly what I was typing (about the defense team and so on). Then I saved my document and closed my netbook and shouted at the bus driver: “Bus driver, can you call the police?” (38:00) On 39:00, the “provocateur” started arguing with me again and I started **filming** him. On 40:30, I called 911 and started reporting how a passenger was attacking me. The operator told me to call the Culver City Police and then connected me to the Culver City Police. “Where is the bus?” “Airport and 96<sup>th</sup>”. Meanwhile, the “provocateur” continued to make fun of me. I tried to provoke him too: “Little bitch, hit me again!” On 49:50, I got off the bus in Aviation Station telling him about how he was paid to torture me. (All this time it’s never clear whether he was really sent in by Homeland Security.) Now I had to seek release again. Thus, from 54:30 onward, I was cutting myself again. “He’s trying to prevent me from going to the airport... provocation... Macrospherian-orchestrated... it makes me want to go to the airport even more...” Wrong! As you shall see, Homeland Security wanted me to go to the airport. On 1:09:00, I was talking to a public transportation employee: “... can I buy a ticket here? The Metro line ticket...” And I **filmed** a woman wearing earphones: “... another surveillance agent taking video for the courthouse...” (1:11:30). Judging from the video (“100\_0015.MOV”), this was probably no Homeland Security surveillance agent at all but just an ordinary woman. Then, when people were in my way: “... actors and actresses, I know you have to obstruct me, but hurry up...” Wrong! And Homeland Security had caught me being totally deluded again! Then, when I was ready to get on the airport shuttle, I had to argue with the shuttle driver again: “... this bus is a free service, why does it now require fare?” “No.” “Then why does it say it’s a free service?” And I **filmed** it (1:19:00). On 1:25:00, I was on the shuttle. A child can be heard shouting. On 1:38:00, I got off at the international flights terminal. Immediately, I asked these two girls standing there – believing erroneously that I could thereby discern something about the evidentiary process: “Where are you from?” “Norway.” “You are told to stand here.” Not! Now, action. On 1:41:00, two police officers stopped me: “Are you flying out?” “... I have a Swiss Airline ticket, please don’t harass me...” The officers warned me with a mean face: “I don’t think you are flying out. So what I want you to do is keep on walking...” My heart sank – I was being obstructed after all – and I started debating with him. Now he insisted on seeing my ID. I groaned: “All this acting just puts a lot of stress on me!” As he checked my ID, I continued: “Let me know when you have finished producing evidences. All this production of evidences... so after the trial is over...” He interrupted me: “What trial?” I continued: “... then I can sue you, right?” Then they wanted to know my address. “No address? Then you can’t fly out...” Then they wanted to know my Social Security Number and my phone number. “... tattoos... Do you take medication for mental reasons? What’s today’s date? Did an officer stop you yesterday? How do you have money for that phone?” Finally, on 1:55:00, they let me go: “Just keep walking that way.” I didn’t leave right away and, on 1:59:00, another pair of airport security officers came to check on me. I explained again that I had a Swiss Airline ticket. “... it’s an electronic ticket...” I was practically shouting at them. I said I wasn’t flying out but wanted to change the date of my flight, and she said she’d change the date for me. “... it’s



around September 21...” Then she explained that no solicitors were allowed in the airport anymore. I started debating with her: “... my impression is that you are only telling me this because I’m here today...” But she insisted that she wasn’t making this up. I groaned: “I can’t stand this trial!” “What?” Now her partner came back to say there was no such ticket. When I told them I could find the reservation number on my computer, they told me to sit by the bench to search for my things (2:08:00). Really upset – I truly believed that the control center had obstructed me in order to prevent me from getting into contact with “real” people – I thought about suicide again: “... there is no way to talk to ‘real’ people...” On 2:26:00, the security officers came back to explain that, because I bought the ticket in October 2009, it had already expired. And the guy explained to me why I was suspicious. “I don’t live in a military bootcamp!” Now the woman officer said she couldn’t hear me, and so I shouted out what I had just said. Now she demanded that I leave. Meanwhile, the guy was laughing at me. Thus I was leaving on 2:29:30. I groaned to them: “... I don’t want to live among actors and actresses... I really hope to see some real people in the airport...” And the woman officer said: “You would really like to see some actors and actresses?” Another excellent example of people’s deteriorating intellect nowadays, but, instead, I thought she was acting: “Is it funny when you pretend to be mentally confused like that? Why do you get such pleasure from torturing me?”

My next recording is: “airport\_1\_18\_11\_404-522PM.WMA”: I settled down in a corner and, on 10:00, started reviewing the recording from earlier and transcribing it. On 19:00, I sneaked back into the airport. On 25:00, I asked several passengers: “Where are you from?” “Australia.” And I kept interrogating them. “It’s orchestrated! The airport is evacuated!” Not! I then asked people where to catch Bus C. Then I **filmed** the airport: “... the airport is evacuated...” Then I **filmed** a woman: “... she’s taking video for the courthouse...” (31:00). Not! On 37:30, I was back inside the airport and took note of two TSA officers standing in front of me. I then mumbled my nonsense about how Homeland Security would alert the population that I was only pretending to be bothered by the noises: “... otherwise why would the motel manager not allow me to use the Internet there?...” Ha! Then, on 41:00, I settled into a corner and resumed writing: “... the extent to which I was duped... I have simply been driven outdoor in order to suffer noise attacks...” On 56:00, I asked some other women questions to test whether they might be merely actresses. Then I was talking to a couple of Taiwanese women wearing uniforms. Then, on 1:04:00, I sat down in a corner again to continue writing. On 1:13:00, I **filmed** the airport again: “... it’s evacuated... not enough people...” Not! Then I continued to work on “Schizophrenic, III”. Then, on 1:17:30, I got on the shuttle to leave the airport.

My next recording is: “bus6towstla\_1\_18\_11\_522-636PM.WMA”: I was still on the shuttle. Now the shuttle driver was scolding me for blocking the way with my cart. I asked a woman, and then a man: “Describe to me what has just happened with my cart” but everyone just ignored me (9:00). On 13:00, I got off the shuttle and **filmed** again how the whole airport area was supposedly evacuated. I then interrogated another man: “Why are you walking here? Can you speak?” He just ignored me (21:00). I got coffee from the vending machine and kept waiting for the bus. On 34:00, I left a message for Wes: “Wes, please call me back, it’s an emergency...” On 37:00, I made another call but didn’t leave a message. (Who did I call?) Then: “... the Russians and the Americans... want to make some use of me... that’s why they are erasing...” And I continued on about how I had to die. “... they can only do me good if it comes in the form of torture... they want a record of me that is completely clean... I

cannot be tortured anymore... like sensory deprivation... it all depends on my writings, right? Either that or the cyanide... that's why we've got a citation... we need an intercept..." Siren on 51:10. On 56:00, I was on the move. On 1:02:05, siren again. On 1:05:00, I got on the bus.

The reality was of course just the opposite of what I had thought. Instead of a clean record, I had just worsened my record. The police citation of me today would soon be picked up by Homeland Security and integrated into their latest warnings about me. "The suspect is dangerous because he keeps acting on his delusions and goes to crowded, tourist areas like Las Vegas and the international airports." The Homeland Security thugs would then input all this into the judge computer in the ICJ to make it increasingly impossible for the CIA to object to their conviction from exactly one year ago.

My next recording is: "cutfacedbrhhmestrbrkwtr\_1\_18\_11\_637-945PM.WMA": I was still on the bus. I was terribly upset: "... can't get away from children..." I then yelled at a stranger: "Don't touch my things!" She shouted back at me: "I will appreciate it if you don't film my kids..." "Shut the fuck up! You want to provoke me into killing you? How much did they pay you? You want to make it look like it's my fault... I need to take a picture of you so I can sue you later..." (23:00). Can we suspect foul play here? The woman was a pretty white female and so could be a CIA agent. Then: "... we need to go cut our face later, we can't live a life where everyone provokes us, our life has been wasted on this trial, everyday is just producing evidences..." When I got off the bus, I continued: "She might be a CIA operative, because the goal is to ban such CIA operation forever..." Not! But she could indeed be a CIA agent! Now I was looking for a nice place where I could cut myself. When I was thus cutting myself: "... I'm spending two hours cutting myself everyday... I don't want to be a target of operations anymore..." (1:10:00). Then: "... they will keep evacuating the airport, more flights will be delayed... it's unlawful to prevent me from going to the airport, but it's impossible for me to repeal... I'm not allowed to see 'real' people, it's my right to see 'real' people... it *is* my fault, to spend my own money to save strangers... the TSA and the police in the airport were shipped in from elsewhere, they are considered my 'conspirators', they will also not be allowed to see 'real' people..." Not! "... now find international companies and hang out around them..." When I came to somewhere on 1:59:00, somebody warned me: "Not here! I'm gonna call the police..." Then: "... tomorrow, when we go to the airport, we'll be arrested..." Again, not! I came inside Starbucks on 2:39:00. "We have to be arrested tomorrow without any data..." I left on 2:53:00. I was now on Pico and Westwood, and I noticed a water faucet on the wall. Eager to damage things as revenge, I turned it on and let the water flow out continually to no end (3:02:00): "... a conspiracy to waste water..."

My next recording is: "readyslppicowtr\_1\_18\_11\_948-1013PM.WMA": On 10:00, I was on the move again. On 20:20, I was in a new corner, but still near Pico and Westwood. And I so slept. "... my things are gonna get stolen..."

My next recording is: "slppicowstwdwtr\_1\_18-19\_11\_1013PM-831AM.WMA": I continued: "... I think the reason why... every time we revenge... tiny acts of vandalism... the operation to drive us to suicide... be a danger... I need to be a danger to a person... since I can't really be a danger to a person, I take it out on myself or do vandalism..." Then I moved on to another corner. On 7:30, I settled down while mumbling continually and started my sleep. Then more mumbling about whether to believe in



God: "... because there is no God... How do I know? Because... the defendants want me dead, and the... want me alive... rationality... yeah..." (from 33:00 onward). On 37:00, I reflected on what happened on midnight, June 22, last year: "... then 'girlfriend' popped up... 'I'm so pissed off that I don't want any girlfriend'... that's when they would give you one... the girlfriend will chase after you... get me, mother-fucker... I like PLANMEX... smash your fucking head... 忘恩負義的東西..." I cursed on and on. On 41:50, I filmed: "... this car just parks there forever and ever, a golden hair white female..." It was not a CIA agent, was it? Then: "... when I'm home... I'll be inside..." Then I rested quietly.<sup>27</sup> By 9:47:00, I was already awake. On 9:51:00, I turned on my netbook. On 9:58:00, I was on the move. On 10:09:50 I came inside the Starbucks on Olympic and Westwood.

### January 19 (Wednesday; unobstructed at the airport)

My next recording is: "[strbkwstwd226slbrmndmlfnc\\_1\\_19\\_11\\_831-1143AM.WMA](#)": I was still in Starbucks. This morning – did the control center have anything to do with it? – I would be so enamored with Silbermond and completely engrossed in her videos on Youtube (while uploading my recordings and burning my new disc). The German music award on 22:30. Children's noises on 29:00. Silbermond's speech on 31:00, while children's noises continued. I couldn't help but film Silbermond (35:55). "Marie" (37:45). Then, Silbermond's speech for a second time while I complained about my inability to upload my files to my website (46:00). Children's loud noises on 1:03:20. Then, Silbermond's award speech amidst children's shouting on 1:05:00. The finalization of my disc on 1:32:00. Howling on 1:38:00. Then Silbermond's music video "Irgendwas bleibt". I played it repeatedly because it suddenly seemed as if the lyrics were the Macrospherians' "secret message" to me:

Sag mir, dass dieser Ort hier sicher ist  
Und alles Gute steht hier still  
Und dass das Wort, das du mir heute gibst  
Morgen noch genauso gilt

Diese Welt ist schnell  
Und hat verlernt, beständig zu sein  
Denn Versuchungen setzen ihre Frist  
Doch bitte schwör, dass wenn ich wiederkomm  
Alles noch beim Alten ist

Gib mir 'n kleines bisschen Sicherheit  
In einer Welt, in der nichts sicher scheint  
Gib mir in dieser schnellen Zeit, irgendwas das bleibt  
Gib mir einfach nur 'n bisschen Halt

Und wieg mich einfach nur in Sicherheit  
Hol mich aus dieser schnellen Zeit

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<sup>27</sup> Reviewed until 1:01:00, and then from 9:47:00 onward.

Nimm mir ein bisschen Geschwindigkeit  
Gib mir was, irgendwas, das bleibt

Certainty – knowing what was going on – was precisely what I wanted the most at this moment. What exactly is going on? Can somebody just tell me? (Perhaps Homeland Security was training me to be crazy here, or perhaps the Invisible Hand was secretly replacing some evidence here.) Now my ImgBurn finished the verification of my new disc on 1:44:00. On 1:47:20, once more, and I was **videotaping** at the same time. Then, on 1:51:00, I started crying and howling in pain because my netbook malfunctioned again. More of children’s shouting on 1:53:30. I began going crazy and shouting like Frankenstein on 1:54:00. Then, more **videotaping**. Silbermond again on 1:56:50. Then again. I took a break on 2:03:00 and used the restroom. Silbermond once more on 2:22:30. I started **videotaping** Silbermond’s “Irgendwas bleibt” on 2:24:40 – why did this song suddenly so speak to my heart? I still needed to verify DVD-226-CP (true) and 137-CP. I was also browsing the other videos on Youtube. Then, back to Silbermond. More wrong scenarios: “... the records will show that the defendants are so bad that they put all this French stuff... to drag the French down... in fact it’s all just the Russians...” (2:41:50). Then, more Silbermond. “We have to spend all our time cutting our face... it takes up so much time...” (2:56:00). And I moaned. I was now leaving. On 2:59:30, I settled down in a corner outside and continued with Silbermond. “... Silbermond’s running... also reminds me of the movie ‘The Last Mohicans’...”

My next recording is: “**ucl\_1\_19\_11\_1143AM-119PM.WMA**”: I was now on the move. On 20:00, I settled down at the bus stop and mumbled more nonsense. “... weapons... there is just no way to fight...” On 24:50, I got on the bus. On 28:30, siren. Now a woman was speaking Farsi near me, and I imitated her by saying something in Farsi. On 33:00, she took notice of me and actually talked to me in Farsi. I kept talking about that bad phrase which I was taught, but the woman was not amused. Of course! (It’s not clear whether Homeland Security had picked up this incident.) On 41:30, I got off the bus in Westwood. I rested and then, on 58:30, moved on. On 1:17:00, I came inside Ackerman Bookstore. I was looking for filter pens (for marking my DVDs). When I was making my purchase, I asked the cashier (1:24:00): “Hey, do you know I saved Russia two times?... Why are you laughing?... How do you know what they have told you about me is true? Even when they show you the surveillance videos of me...” This is significant: the more this schizophrenic homeless vagrant who was on Homeland Security’s watchlist showed up on college campuses, the more Homeland Security would alert every student about him – so that this cashier had most likely already seen the alert about me, which would probably also say that I suffered from this delusion that I had saved Russia (with the confirmation from the Russian government that this was but my delusion). Then I came to the second floor. There was taking place “The Real Estate Bootcamp”, and I thought mistakenly again that it wasn’t a coincidence (for I was caught in a “bootcamp”). Then I was out. Then I used the payphone to check my bank account balances.

My next recording is: “**toarprt\_1\_19\_11\_119-352PM.WMA**”: My checking account was almost 120 dollars overdrawn, but my saving account had 350 dollars in it. I moved on. On 5:00, I **filmed** myself saving my latest screenshot, but my netbook just froze up. Angered: “When you have a chance to do bad things, always do bad things.” Good advice for myself! On 11:30, siren, and I tried to **film** the

saving of my Wireshark capture but Wireshark was also completely frozen. On 13:00, I cried. I kept trying to save my screenshots. On 17:10, siren again. Wireshark was still not saving. On 21:00, I moved on, and siren again. On 33:30, I got on the Culver City bus 6. I was going to the airport again! On 35:00, I **filmed** something again. Two women were talking loudly, and I made weird noises to imitate them. Then my Wireshark disappeared. "... the Russians are bad... I have schizophrenia... my laptop is running very slowly probably because of the virus... CPU usage is at 100%..." And I mumbled about my torture again on 53:00. On 1:01:00, Silbermond. "... another day of evidence-production... it might be remotely controlled to rain... a danger to others... I don't know how to be a danger to others... I'm completely disabled... everything I touch would freeze up..." Then I imitated another person's laughter: "... *the goal is to turn me into an evil person...* the noises make me so angry... the worthless ebonic talk, in order to turn me into a racist..." I was right on the mark here! But I also had to be crazy! On 1:46:00, I got off the bus in Airport Station. Then I recognized the Asian lady coming off the bus and I **filmed** her: "... I have been seeing this goddamn chic forever on the bus ever since I was in Irvine... how did she get recruited?..." Most likely, she was not recruited and it was just a coincidence. I came to the rest station and got coffee from the vending machine. I asked the woman: "Why are you here every single day? Can I take a picture of you?" While I took my smoke break, more Silbermond (1:55:20). On 2:09:50, I was on the bus and, on 2:13:00, I got off. On 2:20:00, I came inside a bank. Now I couldn't use the ATM, and so I came to the counter to withdraw money. I got angry again: "Why do you give me a 100 dollar bill? I said 20s! Please don't pretend to be mentally retarded..." Not! On 2:25:00, I was out. On 2:26:50, I **filmed** something again. Then I moved on.

My next recording is: "arprtrklotdvd\_1\_19\_11\_352-524PM.WMA": Was I now inside a department store? On 5:30, I was out. From 14:00 onward, my continual nonsense. On 16:50, I came inside a burger store, and I counted 29 people in here: "... another 29 actors and actresses..." Not! On 21:10, I got my burger and came out. I could see all the airplanes from here. "Even if the Russian airline flies over, it would just be a conspiracy to... it wouldn't matter... no, it *does* matter... just watch it and figure out..." On 29:50, I **filmed** a man wearing earphones and pushing his bicycle: "... taking video for the courthouse..." Was he another Homeland Security surveillance agent? Judging from the video ("100\_0010.MOV"), probably not. On 50:17, I **filmed** again: "... taking pictures for the courthouse..." Not! Just a man on the street ("100\_0017.MOV"). On 54:00, I was on the move again. On 1:01:30, I got on the airport shuttle. By 1:07:00, I was off. On 1:16:00, I settled down into a corner in the LAX parking lot area and, playing Silbermond again, I started burning a new disc.

My next recording is: "chck226prklotclover\_1\_19\_11\_524-637PM.WMA": Now that the latest disc was burned, I began checking the recordings on it (now the recording of my conflict with the black guy on the bus yesterday). On 16:00, I was on the move. On 20:30, siren in the distance. On 23:00, I rested somewhere. On 24:50, I got coffee from the vending machine. "... we are not going to the airport..." And I went on and on about going there to "wait for my lover" and how I would definitely get harassed by the police. On 39:30, I **filmed** something again (an airplane landing?). On 42:00, somebody wanted to buy cigarettes from me and I interrogated him as to whether his dollar bill was real or fake. "Are you waiting for your lover too? Or just here to look suspicious? Or to conduct surveillance on me?" He ignored me. Ha! On 52:00, I was testing my new sharpie. On 54:00, I played the recordings again on the disc to make sure the disc was okay. Then, ready to go.

My next recording is: “arport\_1\_19\_11\_646-1010PM.WMA”: I was now on the shuttle going to the airport itself. Once at the airport, I kept **filming** what I thought were actresses (“taking videos for the courthouse”). Finally, I was in the international terminal. I **filmed** throughout: “... a lot of people... can we find her?...” Then, Lufthansa flight attendants (“replacing evidences”), those from the other airlines, and even a car blinking in red: “... scary...”<sup>28</sup> Then I started reviewing a recording of my conversation with Wes (1:36:00). Then, not knowing that I had not disrupted anything but only worsened my Homeland Security status, I was now ready to leave. I got on the shuttle on 2:02:00. I was listening to Silbermond again. After I got off the shuttle, I continued to listen to Silbermond and was deciding whether to cut myself (3:09:00). “... even my resistance to remote control is being remotely controlled...” Ha!

My next recording is: “slppicowtr\_1\_19-20\_11\_1022PM-752AM.WMA: Eventually, I was back to my corner on Pico and Westwood. I was getting very angry now. As I was taping up my things before sleep: “This is stupid... purposely creating crimes in order to have a reason to make new laws...” From 30:00 onward, I was in sleep. “... always hate blacks and Hispanics even when we don’t hate them, always discriminate against them...” Then I slept quietly.<sup>29</sup> Siren on 9:02:15. By 9:12:30, I had got up and was on the move. On 9:24:50, I came inside Starbucks. I got my morning coffee.

### **January 20 (Thursday; LAX for the 3<sup>rd</sup> time)**

My next recording is: “strbkthrwnt\_1\_20\_11\_752-1115AM.WMA”: I was now burning my disc and so on. On 40:00, a child can be heard shouting. On 1:04:00, I began suffering enormous pain: “... lost the log... don’t know how to use this... and this woman is talking in a foreign language next to me...” I needed to cut myself again. I was now moaning in grave pain. “I don’t want to record her!” I started babbling loudly to cover up her noises while packing up. On 1:10:00, the Starbucks employee came to throw me out. While in the restroom: “... the operation is so successful...” On 1:22:30, I was out of Starbucks. On 1:32:30, I finished uploading my files while outside Starbucks, and now I set out to cut myself. On 1:36:30, I was cutting myself on my face. On 1:44:00, I was walking the streets. On 1:48:30, I got on the Santa Monica Blue Bus. More of people’s talking: “... that’s evidence that I in fact don’t want to record my doubles, that I’m in fact tormented by them...”<sup>30</sup> On 1:58:00, I got off the bus

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28 The videos are: “100\_0031.MOV”, “100\_0005.MOV”, “100\_0006.MOV”, “100\_0007.MOV”, and “100\_0008.MOV”. These videos might be educational for you to watch in the sense that Homeland Security was probably watching over me at the moment – in fact, it could be they who had instructed the police not to bother me today as I roamed through the airport: “This suspect is extremely delusional and dangerous for this reason. We have been onto him for a long time and we are experts on him. He’s now suffering from some sort of delusions about being the subject of some trial and getting controlled by a ‘control center’. Let him roam freely so that we can watch what he would do as part of our continual investigation.” As you can imagine, the more crazy I looked by filming strangers and pretty flight attendants, the more evidence Homeland Security would have to lock up the bygone ICJ trial and prevent the CIA from ever reactivating it.

29 Reviewed until 1:37:00, and then from 8:52:00 onward.

30 And so I would soon write on my diary in this connection: “Realization: Mr former Secretary must have made the argument that I had intentionally recorded the operations of the doubles on the bus during the first run in order to keep evidences for the Russians to use. That would make the recordings inadmissible as evidence. Hence the Russians have devised an environment in which I would be constantly tormented by the fear that the actors and actresses around me

in Westwood. “It’s impossible to finish writing about the operations, there are just too many...” I was now in Best Buy looking at Verbatim discs (2:04:00). On 2:14:00, I was walking the streets again, continuing on with my bullshit. On 2:23:30, I was on the bus. On 2:36:00, a child got on board, and I started experiencing physical pain. I hummed loudly. The passengers, a bunch of Taiwanese, complained about my **filming**. On 2:58:00, I got off the bus. (In downtown?) I came inside an AT&T store: “Tell me why my phone is not working.” And a child was shouting. On 3:09:30, I asked a stranger (assuming he was an actor): “Do you get paid for that?” “What?” “Taking videos for the courthouse.” Ha! I was out of the AT&T store by 3:11:00. I jaywalked through the street and cars were honking at me. On 3:15:00, I was back with the AT&T personnel. He pointed out that it’s because the number was disconnected. And so the phone *was* working! On 3:19:30, I was in the Metro station, still bullshitting about my wrong scenario.

My next recording is: “thrpydisbldwntwntoairprt\_1\_20\_11\_1115AM-116PM.WMA”: I was writing while on Metro. On 8:10 I got off the train. On 14:00, on the street and muttering about how I had turned on the water faucet last night. On 19:00, I was in the Metro station on Western and Wilshire. The elevator was out of service, and I assumed wrongly that this was orchestrated from the control center. My comment: “While the operations are designed to disable me, my attempt to take account of the operations to disable me and to resist them further disables me.” Right! Then, when I came to downtown, the same thing in Macy. Then I was in a liquor store (31:00). Then, out on the street. On 53:00, I was on Metro Blue Line. I was going to the airport again! How stupid! On 1:11:30, a child can be heard crying on the train. On 1:17:00, I was in Rosa Park Station to transfer to Metro Green Line. On 1:21:35, I said something indistinctly. On 1:27:20, I was on Metro Green Line. On 1:42:00 I got off the train at Aviation Station. “The production of evidences is disabling... it’s designed to disable me...” On 1:56:00, I was muttering about Mr B: “... he doesn’t know the laws... he doesn’t know anything... if the police are under his command, then...”

My next recording is: “laxwrtsupplruslaw\_1\_20\_11\_121-435PM.WMA”: I was still in Aviation Station. While waiting, I started reviewing my recording. (from yesterday?) On 9:00, I noted down on my diary what happened earlier: “... Macy center, downtown... the escalator out of service...” On 23:00, I got on the airport shuttle. I mumbled about whether to replace the evidence of my going to Cal State Long Beach (?).<sup>31</sup> When the shuttle was at the airport: “... there would be pretty foreigners... these actors and actresses are so ugly... we have to dress up just to meet our lover... could there be real people? ... inside there might be ‘real’ people...”<sup>32</sup> On 36:30, I got off the shuttle at the international flights terminal. I thanked the other passenger who helped me unload my cart: “... thank you for helping disabled people... disabled people will meet their lover...” On 38:30, I **filmed** as I walked along the airport:<sup>33</sup> “... real people... where can my lover be? So many Asians... that guy is taking pictures for the courthouse... only the conspirators are allowed to fly in...” (43:00).<sup>34</sup> I then came to the cafeteria area. On 52:20, I **filmed** something again (a Taiwanese lady?). On 56:50, I bought food. On

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are corrupting my recording of my activities and making it unpublishable with their loud gibberish next to me: the Russians want counter evidence against Mr former Secretary’s argument.” Again, bullshit.

31 See “100\_0013.MOV”.

32 See “100\_0014.MOV”.

33 See “100\_0015.MOV”.

34 See “100\_0016.MOV”.



1:05:00, I continued to review the same recording. Then: “Forget about getting housing... it doesn’t fit the profile...” Nevertheless, I called another Chinese lady about her room for rent (1:14:00). Not available anymore. “My environment is shut down, there is no way to get housing.” And I called another: “... this is a waste of time...” It was rented out already. I called a third one, and the man gave me another number to call. And so I called this number, but there was no answering. “... international laws don’t allow me to live a normal life...” I called again and left a message. I then called another one: the room would be ready on February 5. Finally: “... the whole thing is so fucking unfair, I’m being treated like one of the conspirators...” (1:29:00). Then: “... it’s probably just another deadline... unless it’s just to get the Monkey to finish his mission... but he’s an insider...” Then I went on and on about what would happen when I didn’t feel like finishing up my mission: “... I never even wanted this mission...” On 1:34:00, I was out of the airport, continuing my nonsense. “... the Monkey is not a terrorist suspect, he doesn’t have a mission...” I was then back inside the airport on 1:37:30. “... they have made the laws they wanted to violate into part of the conspiracy so that when they shall violate the laws they won’t violate the laws... so that they can abuse me and get away with it... it’s a huge scandal... the Russians have destroyed the laws...” Bullshit! I was then learning to read the arrival notices on the display board. I then continued on and on about how something was very wrong with this case. Then: “Hey, Mr Actor! When it says AM does it mean...?” (2:07:50) And I explained to him I was looking for flights from Paris because my girlfriend was supposed to fly in from there. Ha! I then went on and on: “... outside the conspiracy, they did violate the laws...” (2:16:00). And I continued to mumble my nonsense. “These conspirators have come here voluntarily, so that the objections of their government to the Macrospherian policies can be eliminated... why did all these things happen? Because of that goddamn fucking Monkey...” Then I was on the move. On 2:58:00, I settled down somewhere in the parking lot area to review my recording. On 3:04:40, somebody tried to talk to me, but I didn’t respond.

My next recording is: “laxruslaw\_1\_20\_11\_435-520PM.WMA”: On 6:00 I left and, on 7:30, came back to the arrival area. From 10:00 onward, I reviewed my recording again while waiting. “These might be ‘real’ people... my conspirators...” On 20:30, when out, I asked some strangers: “Did you guys just come from Japan?” On 24:30, I was back to my corner and continued to review my recording (from a few days ago in UCLA). On 34:00, children, and I hummed: “... it makes me so angry...” I came outside instead. On 37:30, I was back inside. Then, Swiss!

My next recording is: “waitswssarlnelax\_1\_20\_11\_520-607PM.WMA”: I was still in the airport, and started writing in a corner. I complained: “... everywhere there are children, they are remotely controlled to jump up and down to offend me...” And I was angry again: “... MC is not enough a pedophile, the Russians are more a pedophile than he is...”

My next recording is: “[leavlaxtotmple\\_1\\_20\\_11\\_632-723PM.WMA](#)”: Somehow, within the past 20 minutes, I had left the airport, and I was now on Metro Green Line. On 4:45, I was off the train. Then I got very provoked when I missed the Blue Line train right in front of me. On 9:00, I came to a corner to cut myself to release. But the knife wasn’t sharp enough anymore: “... it doesn’t really release the frustration...” On 29:00, I got on the Blue Line train. “... I have to be remotely controlled because, if I follow the evidentiary process...” On 38:00, Silbermond. On 45:20, the Chinese lady with the room for

rent called me back. But it was no-go. On 49:00, I was off the train in downtown. More erroneous realization: "... every time when you find an apartment, children will come around, just as every time when you write, children will come around... the profile says you enjoy homelessness..." That's why I must remain homeless!

My next recording is: "[leavtimplenoiseangr\\_1\\_20\\_11\\_723-936PM.WMA](#)": I continued: "... the profile will kill me... the profile keeps me homeless... why doesn't the profile just say I don't eat..." On 3:00, I got on the bus. "... extraordinary human rights abuse..." Because people were talking, I hummed like crazy. And I **filmed** something or somebody on 10:00. On 10:50, I got off the bus. I came to Art of Living but, strangely, it was closed: "... just as I have predicted, everything is closed... there is no more evidence to produce..." (14:30). And I moved on. "My only communication with the control center is that, when I say something, there would be a honk... the torture is so severe... they want me to kill people, and yet I don't even have the ability to kill people, no energy left..." Homeland Security should think about this! "... all the avenues are shut down, no people to talk to, no home, nothing... all I can ever do is stay in a motel room to watch TV from time to time, that's it..." I settled down in a corner (21:00). "... I'm so severely disabled by the International Court..." On 30:15, I wrote down my latest "realization": "... further, that I enjoy homelessness just as Mr former Secretary has said David Chin does..." Then about how the Macrospherians had abandoned the old procedure of commanding the conspirators to finish their mission or frame themselves: "... instead, taking hold of the neocon giant computer which... simply remotely controls them to play out the script of the conspiracy by coordinating their desires and actions..." This is quite important: *the CIA was indeed going to do something like this*. Perhaps the Invisible Hand had adopted my suggestion here! On 42:30, I got on the bus. "... the bus is purposely shaking violently..." And so I turned on the webcam while continuing to write. I continued to write about how I had to be maintained in homelessness because Mr B had also claimed on his profile of me that I enjoyed homelessness. Then, when a child came on, I immediately got off, in the vicinity of the Blue Line station by Washington Blvd. I continued my wrong scenario: "... all this time, I'm supposed to reject offers of housing... for that'd be evidence that I do enjoy homelessness... the deadline is delayed over and over again... to produce evidence of my hatred of Russia... I was remotely controlled to not bleed, so that my anger would turn outward and I would want to kill people, but I don't even have the energy to kill people anymore... this man is very stupid..." That is, the Monkey. On 1:08:00, I came inside McDonald's to buy strawberry shake. "That's how much I enjoy homelessness, see, I'm almost dead..." And I **filmed** myself: "... I don't enjoy dying, but I do enjoy being dead..." On 1:14:00, I was out. I came to the bus stop and saw this pretty white female waiting for the bus too. Suspecting that the control center had staged this – could this be the girlfriend promised me? – I asked her (1:17:50): "Can you be my friend?" "Okay." "Oh... okay? What do I do now? I have not spoken to a person for several years... Are you saying 'Yes' because you really *can* be my friend or are you just pretending to want to be my friend in order to get me into trouble?" As usual, she was mentally confused: "Why do you want to be in trouble?" "No, I don't want to be in trouble... Are you Hispanic?" "Yeah." I was instantly enlightened: "So that's why you said 'Yes'... so you only want to be my friend because I don't want to hang out with Hispanic people because I can't stand their 'family values'... children and so on... where are you from?" "Mexico." "Oh, that's why you want to be my friend, you are exactly what I don't want... and then it will look like it's my own fault, since you are so nice, and yet I discriminate against you... I wish I had met you a year and a half



ago... then I wouldn't have this problem..." Ha! On 1:20:40, we all got on the bus. The bus driver insisted that I fold up my cart. I then analyzed how this Mexican girl must be a trick (1:26:00). "... the Monkey Bitch's substitute..." Namely, this Mexican girl was also white just like the Pyramid – it's too much a coincidence so that it must have been orchestrated by the control center. And I went on and on about how faulty surveillance must have been employed earlier. Then, about the Pyramid: "... she would show up and call me a danger only if I'm *not* going to be a danger... if I'm *really* a danger to her, she wouldn't even show up..." (1:33:00). On 1:36:30, Silbermond. Then something which the Homeland Security thugs would love to hear: "Someday, when I see a child and there is no one around, I'll kill him... very sophisticated psychological conditioning... to transform a person from a peaceful nerd to a homicidal monster..." (1:48:00). This was indeed what Homeland Security CO chief and the Monkey were doing – although for a completely different reason. "... now you understand, don't ever help Russia..." Indeed! "... if you help Russia, they'll torture you... but if you work against Russia, they'll also kill you... stay away from Russia... Russia is quite unlike the West... not into reciprocity..." Quite right! The Russian government's persecution of me in cooperation with Homeland Security was only starting! On 1:58:00 I got off the bus on Sepulveda and Venice with great difficulty. I was soon bothered again by people's talking near me and hummed loudly. From 2:07:00 onward, I wrote down my new "realization" in my "Help Letter" (the delaying of the deadline: complete bullshit) while waiting for the next bus.

My next recording is: "topicodprssdcutarm\_1\_20\_11\_937-1029PM.WMA": Silbermond. Then, as I got impatient waiting: "Once we start transferring files the bus will come because we are supposed to be interrupted" (10:00). But the bus wouldn't come, and I almost decided to just sleep here. Then, a woman laughed, and I was so hurt: "... I just want to kill her so much..." (26:40). More: "... why do these people bother to live? ... You have to stay away from people, there are no real people... do some cutting later..." On 31:50, I was on the bus. I covered up my ear and hummed like crazy: "... can't stand that bitch's talking..." Instead I sat down next to her and babbled gibberish to annoy her. On 39:00, I was off the bus on Sepulveda and Pico. I moved on. On 49:00, I settled into my usual corner by Westwood and Pico to get ready to cut myself. I did cut myself on 51:00. Again, the knife wasn't sharp enough, and although the cut was deep, there was no blood. "I've got remotely controlled to not bleed!"

### **January 21 (Friday; "audience")**

My next recording is: "slppicomssnlawtvshow\_1\_21\_11\_504-758AM.WMA": Somehow, I got up around 5 AM and, terribly hungry, came inside the doughnut store on Pico and Sepulveda to buy chocolate bars. I mumbled indistinctly about something (the Russians)." ... the torture will really continue... just don't know how many evidences there are..." On 13:00, I was out. I kept mumbling indistinctly while pushing my cart. On 23:30, I was back to my corner: "... describing how I have been tortured... I'm so smart, I can identify surveillance agents in one second... save Russia..." And I went back to sleep.<sup>35</sup> On 1:39:00 I suddenly got up to mumble about the (imaginary) TV show on me: "... the good moment is that... when I speak my wisdom... when I speak I make grammar mistakes... subtitles are needed..." Ha! On 1:41:50, I was on the move. On 1:49:00, I got on the bus. I continued

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<sup>35</sup> Reviewed until 34:00, and then from 1:36:00 onward.

my mumbling, how Mary C kept trying to take command and so on: "... PM is worried that, if the defendants win... take command of Russia... will command Russia to do a lot of bad things..." On 1:59:00, I got off the bus in front of UCLA continuing my mumbling: "... everyone who cared to read it had read it... you have to read it... I didn't bother to finish that paragraph, but everything else is finished... I suppose... blacked out... but if nobody knows who the boss is, he might want to be known... the advertisements... but the whole place is really run by Nancy..." I seemed to be talking about Octopussy. Then, my TV show again: "... the commentator must also emphasize that I do know it's quite strange to keep playing German songs... I do have many good arguments which normal people couldn't understand..." I got coffee from the vending machine: "... what about all the observations I have made about PM... he must have been in LA given how important this trial is... he couldn't have been worried about tigers in Siberia..." (2:08:00). Right! Then: "... the US team had many females... Best Mommy... because BOL is a woman... so was susceptible of being deceived by another woman..." This was in fact not the case: BOL had not a single ounce of "feminism" or "bias toward women" in her. Then I went on and on about how the neocons purposely tried to fit into the stereotype of a Jewish conspiracy: "... if you want me to be bad, I might as well *be* bad..." Then about the MSS director: "... he did cheat a little... I just don't know what of my thoughts are presented to the audience... the elites' watching me is just not fun anymore... before I talked to surveillance because I was too lonely, at least I could share my feelings with the elites... now that's not good enough... sharing your feelings with the intelligence agencies that are conducting surveillance on you... too pathetic... the problem is that they don't show up... the Russians just don't show up anymore... in the courthouse... the lower layer doesn't know what's going on in the upper layer... my guess is correct, there *is* no mission... the torture shall continue, to give the appearance of a mission, for that's the only way to maintain the Monkey as a mole... the Japanese might just be real people... the German and the French were especially selected... PM might really have broadcast this trial because that's the best way to calm the objections..." What's important here is that, today, I had revived this stupid scenario that there were actually audience – selected from the common people from around the world – to witness the evidentiary process (how I was being "tortured" at this moment).

My next recording is: "touclwhatiknow\_1\_21\_11\_758-10AM.WMA": I came to Ackerman and was in the TV lounge by 10:00. I began reviewing my recordings and burning a new disc. "... if we look at newspapers, we might get duped... we'll have to know what's dangerous and what's not..." (41:00). I then continued to write my petition letter: this time the method to make me appear bad-to-the-bone. (Homeland Security's favorite pastime.) Then I wrote about the giant computer "... similar to the computer which NASA has used to calculate the motions of the planets..." The Invisible Hand's most precious evidence, if you recall.

My next recording is: "uclvd226\_1\_21\_11\_1001-1112AM.WMA": "... we need to get to the outside world, this is not the real world... is it true that the people outside know what's going on here inside...?" From 15:00 onward I began reading out the headlines of the newspaper. I then went downstairs to buy something. I said to the cashier: "You do know that people can be remotely controlled, right?" (22:00) Ha! I left and, while walking, was still mumbling about how things were to be kept secret. I then muttered about my wrong scenario that the Madam President herself had agreed to be chipped (40:00). On 42:00 I came to the cafeteria to eat. "So the mystery is, why wasn't the

Monkey stopped?...” Then, as I ate, about how an imperative shouldn’t be derived from an indicative. Then: “It might be the defendants... ‘See, he’s not retarded at all’... of course... ‘See, he has two arms’...” Then: “... what are these students told? it’s so good to be a UCLA student, to be an insider...” In a sense, correct! For there was always a Homeland Security alert about me on college campuses!

My next recording is: “ucl\_1\_21\_11\_1134AM-1247PM.WMA”: On 3:00, I came out to a quiet corner. I browsed through the newspapers and read out the headlines again. On 14:00, I was on the move. On 17:30, a call to my phone: wrong number. What’s that about? Did faulty surveillance just intercept something? I kept moving on. I came to the middle of the campus and, on 33:00, rested in a corner. More: “... replacing evidence... we were supposed to get thrown out of the library... but yesterday we got thrown out of Starbucks, so that should be it...” Nonsense. Then I rested quietly. On 1:12:00, I got up.

My next recording is: “uclnap\_1\_21\_11\_1248-205PM.WMA”: Then I continued to rest.<sup>36</sup> On 1:16:00, I woke up and moved on. I came inside Ackerman.

My next recording is: “uclnet\_1\_21\_11\_209-344PM.WMA”: I was still in Ackerman. “Oh, I forgot to call... what’s the point of calling? We are supposed to be homeless...” I was now checking my emails on Ackerman’s computer. “Why do I keep getting these junk emails?” (13:00) Then I came to a table: “... disable the wireless connection...” (20:10). On 26:00, I was back on Ackerman’s computer. I was now editing my website. “... ‘Attachment-9’... if there are actually audience, we should show them this... do people know that I have solved Zeno’s Paradoxes? I did really solve them...” (43:00). *The Invisible Hand might have a big story about this.* Then: “... what about the Chinese girl in Davis who bought Oliver’s painting?” On 51:00, I was on the move. I bought junk food in the Ackerman bookstore (52:00). I asked the cashier: “... when you were laughing when you saw me, were you pretending or really?” She denied that she was laughing at me. Again, we have to wonder whether it was because she had seen the latest Homeland Security alert about me. On 1:01:00, I left Ackerman. I pushed my cart past Westwood Village, mumbling about things. On 1:22:00, I came inside a pharmacy to buy batteries. Then I moved on continuing my mumbling. I came inside a doughnut shop on 1:28:00 and – children! I hummed like crazy. I ordered cookies, and then mumbled about all the subject matters which my TV show would comprise: “... international laws... psychology... logic...” And I moved on: “... I don’t really know how much people can understand of all this... need commentators...” On 1:35:00, I got on the bus.

My next recording is: “tostrgmssddnrplmetouclrevl\_1\_21\_11\_345-902PM.WMA”: I was still on the bus. I seemed to be asking a girl if she wanted to get me into troubles. Then: “... this is what the commentator would say... and our left foot hurt when we were thinking about ‘voices from the outside’...” Then about how to make it look like it’s other people’s fault. On 16:00, Silbermond (“Irgendwas bleibt”). I started writing. Then I got a signal on my left side: “Why would the French pyramid agree to do such a dangerous job?” (39:00) On 46:00 I got off the bus on Vermont and Wilshire. On 52:00 I was in the Metro station buying a ticket from the ticket machine. On 55:00, my leg was caught in my cart. Clumsy! On 1:00:00, I was on the Metro train. I was counting pyramids, one

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<sup>36</sup> Reviewed until 20:00, and then from 1:15:00 onward.

with sunglasses over her hair. I was on Metro Blue Line on 1:05:30. On 1:10:30, I was off the train. “He doesn’t want to do bad things because too many inconvenient things will result... he won’t be able to use his computer... all these people are watching the conspiracy develop...” And more worthless reflections: “... what counts as a conspiracy? If there are audience, then they shouldn’t steal our things... 堂堂中情局的，怎麼搞成這樣... well, just stick a chip into his brain...” I then came inside a fast food place to eat (from 1:33:00 onward). “They will put their skill to use in some other task, instead of infiltrating each other...” Namely, my erroneous assumption that the intelligence business as it was known had ended with my trial. Siren on 1:43:00. “... someone wants me to say that for someone else to hear... what’s the purpose? ... if you feel like going back to UCLA, then go back... it will neither speed it up nor slow it down...” On 2:30:00, I was in the restroom, and I played my recording. “Whatever evidence is needed... into the computer... don’t know if this is how it works... why would the bell strike just when we thought ‘Zero hour has struck in Germany’? ... the court should still be human-run... computerized... there must be editors... a huge production team... there are just so many evidences... I assume the Great Psychologist...” I was out on 2:43:00. Then, a woman asked me about “Elani”. “How are we going to present our diary?... no one is going to listen to 4,000 hours of recording...” And I continued on while mumbling. “... they have come in legally, like tourists... why are people so hung up on this bureaucracy stuff...? Why can’t they just forget it? Something is going on with North Korea... they aren’t gonna give a crap about this trial... why is it so important to get North Korea and South Korea to unite?” (3:02:00) Because there was no such thing going on! On 3:03:00, I was on the bus. “My picking my nose in my video diary during that day in the Albany station in March 2009...” (3:13:00). Then I played the recording of my conversation with Wes on **November 30**. On 3:30:00, a child got on board, and he kept making noises. I continued to transcribe the conversation on that day: “They can stimulate my thoughts, but not control the content of my thoughts.” Then my conversation with Sister Xiao. On 3:52:00, Silbermond. My new theory: “... a lot of audience want to participate in the show... participate in abusing me in order to cause their country to become a conspirator... then the people from that country can overcome the opposition of their government to environmental reform and so on... it’s kind of like a revolution...” (from 3:54:00 onward). There was something here, for the Invisible Hand was indeed planning on a “revolution”. Then I muttered more about the solutions to over-population. Ha! “... revolution is scary, it’ll piss off a lot of people... I don’t suppose I’d have to worry that people might not believe I wrote what I wrote... How much are they told about me? We don’t feel like going to the hospital... our double will...” This is important, for, throughout the next 10 years, Homeland Security would indeed continue to broadcast the lies they had made up about me ever since 2007, that I never wrote anything but had merely plagiarized from online sources here and there, so that nobody would ever bother to read a single word of my story. Then, on 4:23:30, siren. “The judges must have hired a lot of scientists...” By 4:34:00, I was off the bus. On 4:41:00 I was in UCLA getting my coffee from the vending machine. I continued on about *how to make people not believe anything I said*. Then, while walking: “... what evidences are left?” On 4:58:30, I was in Ackerman. On 5:06:00, I settled down on the second floor. “Now we have all these outsiders, it’s kind of strange...”

My next recording is: “uclwrt525tril\_1\_21\_11\_902-1048PM.WMA”: I was still working inside Ackerman. I was now burning a new disc, DVD-217. On 17:00, I started reviewing a recording at the same time: it was the recording of the night of May 25 last year. Soon it was my conversation with Wes

that night, and I started transcribing it. On 41:10, the verification of the disc. On 1:00:00, the verification was successful. I would be transcribing the said conversation until the end of this recording.

My next recording is: “slpwstwdwktoaudience\_1\_21-22\_11\_1155PM-839AM.WMA”: I had by now come to Westwood Village and was sleeping in my corner. I continued: “... audience... very surprised... the Russians had ways to overcome it... that was our surprise in April 2009...” Then: “... I can’t take command even though it’s a conspiracy against me, probably because it’s about nations... but when it turns into a sting operation... I still don’t understand why I cannot take command... maybe it’s because I’m the suspect...” (18:00). At least I had got that right! Then: “... PM has been working on making the Monkey into a ‘reverse mole’ since a long time ago... the United States... to make an international law... to quench political opposition at home... he needs to break the Monkey’s spirit... the Monkey must be stripped of his royal title first before he would be willing to be a ‘reverse mole’ out of his own freewill...” And I rested quietly.<sup>37</sup> By 7:34:00 I had got up. On 7:52:50 I turned on my netbook and, immediately, siren. “Are there really audience out there? Everyday I just want to be bad... because everyday you get what you don’t want... because that’s what the prosecuting team wants, right? For you to be bad... They spent so much money to make you bad... to make you autistic...” It was now Homeland Security which wanted me to be bad every single day! Then: “... I don’t have energy to go uphill... Maybe I should check into a motel...” On 8:11:30, more: “... that’s what the prosecuting team wants, right? They *want* me to hate Hispanics... they *want* me to be a danger...” Again, that was Homeland Security! I came to Ralphs on 8:16:30 for my morning coffee and doughnuts. Me: “... two for 50 cents...” The cashier: “But you need a club card...” Me: “Just pretend that I do... if you do that the audience will clap their hands...” Ha! I again mistakenly assumed that there were audience *and that everybody knew it*. I came to a table outside to eat. “Some of the people look weird, maybe they are from the audience... PM has probably broadcast the show to the common people from around the world, and the Turkish audience all want to participate in framing themselves so that their country will align with Russia... before I’d talk, but now I’m so behind with my writing and data, the frustration has wasted me so much time... are people required to not talk to me? I’m so sick and tired of all this intelligence agency stuff, this secrecy... the CIA is like: if we can keep it a secret we will, even when it’s not a big deal...” On 8:40:00, another surveillance agent. *Homeland Security was continuing its surveillance on me especially following upon my three days of adventure at the airport*. I continued: “The TV show is about this guy, how he gradually discovers he is in a TV show... he always knows, he just doesn’t know who the audience are... he has been in this TV show for 3 years...” Then my recorder was suddenly shut off.

### **January 22 (Saturday; LAX for the 4<sup>th</sup> time)**

My next recording is: “ucl\_1\_22\_11\_901-1129AM.WMA”: Terribly upset, I checked my recording to see how much was not recorded. I thus had to recount everything which I had just told my (imaginary) audience: that episode of my explaining to Jessica the distinction between real laws and fake laws, how real laws can’t be changed... how the operation was not canceled... and the arrest of Enkel... the CIA’s modus operandi, ‘divide and conquer’... what I would do if I did get the job... Presumably, now

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<sup>37</sup> Reviewed until 50:00, and then from 7:06:00 onward.

that Homeland Security had raised the level of their alert about me because of my repeated adventures at the airport, the Monkey turned off my recorder just now hoping that I would blow up – while under Homeland Security surveillance. Then I bought cigarettes inside. “... the prosecuting team told me to save money in order for me to frustrate myself... there is money waiting for me afterward...” (31:00). Not! Then: “... the episode of China is actually erased, it’s not that I was duped...” Bullshit. I got on the bus on 38:00. Then: “... the show costs money, but it also makes money, the commercials...” Ha! Then: “... if I can’t waste money, why do I suffer? For the sake of the world?” I asked a woman where she was from believing that she was either one of the audience or an actress (58:00). “... the vagrants must be paid actors since they can’t possibly watch the show...” Then I accuse another guy: “... you are not from the audience, you are a paid actor...” More: “... the defendants’ money might be confiscated... the cost of the trial should be added to the cost of the government operations on me, making me the most expensive disabled person in the world...” Quite right! I then **filmed** myself to demonstrate how I was again surrounded by children: “... all because I knew about some national security secrets...” (1:37:00). And a child was shouting. “The defendants must have requested that the trial be kept secret, but PM has reversed it and made it public...” And I was supposedly remotely controlled to scratch my hair. “... PM has decided that it’s not in his interest to keep the trial a secret if he has a chance of losing...” And I asked the bus driver: “Do you know that people can be remotely controlled?” “That’s fine. It’s good for them, sometimes people can’t control themselves...” (1:56:00). Ha! And I got off the bus. Then I **filmed** a Hispanic woman who was also pushing a cart similar to mine but with one wheel missing. Was she imitating me? Then, more nonsense: “Mary C and so on do want to take command, but they won’t use remote control, they have to worry about their face...” I then mumbled about how DGHTRCOM would permit me to tell my story and how he was a nice man. Wrong! I couldn’t have been further from the truth! Then I got on the bus again. Then I got off.

My next recording is: “tostrg\_1\_22\_11\_1131AM-133PM.WMA”: I was now going to my storage. I continued: “... the Microspherian official story is that he got duped by Mr Chertoff, because he likes the title of being involved with the intelligence agencies...” I came inside the food mall, and there were many children, On 7:00, I was out. “They can eliminate the crime of reading people’s thoughts through the prosecution process.... the judges have decided to broadcast the trial, they need to overcome political oppositions... but Russia is in command, and the opposition can’t win... Russia still has command over part of their infrastructures...” By which I meant the nations released from the Microsphere. Again, complete nonsense. I came inside the storage facility on 27:00. When I was examining my unit’s configuration, I noticed that it was slightly different. Did Homeland Security break in and take inventory of my things as part of their continual “investigation” of this dangerous schizophrenic? I started counting my discs. I was out on 1:55:00. I put in DVD-224, 225, 226-CP, and 227.

My next recording is; “strg\_1\_22\_11\_134-302PM.WMA”: I was now on the bus. I took notice of another Hispanic woman with the same “pushy cart” as mine. I got off the bus and came inside a restaurant. “I need to produce evidences... and so I’m homeless... I should get paid, so that I don’t have to look like a dog... somebody help me... I can’t be homeless anymore... use my double and spare me the arrest...” I was then on Metro Blue Line. Again, vulgar vagrants were talking next to me (1:10:00). “If there is a broadcast of the trial...” Unfortunately, I was going to the airport again to further ruin



myself.

My next recording is: “arprt\_1\_22\_11\_302-714PM.WMA”: I was now in the Green Line Station. I got on Metro Green Line. A child was crying, and I was again angered (22:00). “... the prosecuting team and the defense team, they want to keep me homeless... we need to commit suicide again, whether there is audience or not...” And my left toes hurt. “... I don’t particularly enjoy being locked up in a conspiracy... I just want it to end, and to be given some money...” And my left arm hurt. “... that phrase, ‘The American revolution didn’t change anything’, I hope that’s not a metaphor...” And I coughed. I arrived at the airport on 56:00. I checked the flights from Moscow: there would be one on 5:20 PM. “There are a lot of children here, it’s orchestrated...” And the charging station was also filled with children. I **filmed** it. Sibermond on 1:51:00. And then I started reviewing my recording (my conversation with Wes) while waiting. Then I moved about in the airport. “These children that are sent here to make me into a pedophile had better be paid... children are everywhere, the whole place is a setup... these are all actors... these actors are framing themselves so that their countries will fall under the command of the judges...” I then asked a flight attendant when exactly the people from Moscow were coming. And I pointed out to a pyramid how she had a bump on her nose. And I walked around a little more. “I thought many of these evidences have already been replaced... it’s the third time, doing it all over again, this will never end... this fucking courthouse is torture...” Finally, the Russians showed up, and I watched them and **filmed** them.<sup>38</sup> Then I got a light from a flight attendant. “Which airline are you from?” (3:44:00) Then I kept **filming** the pretty women walking and standing around, especially when they were Russians.<sup>39</sup> “... it looks like what shouldn’t be replaced is also replaced...” I asked a stranger: “Are you a member of the audience?” Then: “... the conspiracy to sue Russia... also a conspiracy to eliminate China’s lawsuit...”

My next recording is: “leavarprtoucl\_1\_22\_11\_715-854PM.WMA”: I was now on the shuttle leaving the airport. I repeatedly **filmed** the other passengers. Then, about a woman: “She represents the fake Russian agent on Culver City bus 6, she’s all black...” Not! Then: “... the laws have never disintegrated... the international legal order has been restored...” Then I was on Culver City bus 6 to go back to UCLA. I reviewed my recording while on the bus. “Maybe I’m committing conspiracy with all these camera persons...” I then listened to Silbermond repeatedly. On 1:24:00, I arrived in UCLA. I came to Ackerman and got a seat inside the TV lounge.

My next recording is: “uclwrt6110\_1\_22\_11\_854-1042PM.WMA”: I was still working in Ackerman’s TV lounge. I wrote down the following note on my diary:

But on January 21 2011, I came to think rather that PM might have created an international law allowing insiders to leak information to the “terrorist suspect” under investigation simply because I had made a suggestion on May 12 2010 to surveillance that “a not-so-well

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38 See “100\_0005.MOV”.

39 We must again assume that Homeland Security was conducting surveillance on me at this very moment. See “100\_0006.MOV”, in which the vulgar youngster in front of me with earphones and glancing at me repeatedly was most likely a Homeland Security surveillance agent. Given the close cooperation between Homeland Security and the Russian government at this point, my filming the Russian women around me was certainly more evidence for them both that I had this delusion about Russia and things Russian and so was a danger to anybody and anything Russian.



kept secret is better than the chance of losing the secret command from the International Court without anyone ever noticing it, let alone recovering it”.

Then I started reviewing the recording from June 1 last year (11:00). Namely, my conversation with Wes on that day. On 21:00, I started burning a disc at the same time. On 50:00, the disc was burned successfully. On 1:12:30, verification was successful.

My next recording is: “crdtpmflttoslp\_1\_22-23\_11\_1043-1210AM.WMA” (1043PM-1210AM): Silbermond. I packed up and, by 17:00, had left Ackerman – continuing my worthless mumbling. And a little “pyramids-sighting”. On 27:00 I came to the vending machine, continuing my mumbling about how other homeless people were just actors pretending to need help. I ate my chips and sipped on my coffee. I mumbled my nonsense about how somebody else was talking through Wes. “We can keep saying we’ve saved Russia as long as Russia is legally fake... why are our thoughts so important? ... the prosecutors... maybe, after May 24, PM had decided... not to get the neocons... to protect himself... it was one-sided, but now both-sided again... we thought the Macrospherians... nothing else left... we didn’t know the battle had just begun, once more...” There was some truth in my last words, but then more nonsense. Then: “I don’t know if my credit was big enough... it was big, but the Monkey has significantly cut it down... that’s not my fault... it’s PM’s fault... someone as intelligent as he is, and yet he has fallen for the Mexican... the greatest blunder of his life... like the Cosmological Constant...” I was right on target here! It was all because DGHTRCOM wanted a Mini-Trial that he had lost his immortality potion! Then I mumbled more nonsense about the difficulty with the Russian signaling system. On 54:00, I was on the move. Then: “Oh, you are taking pictures for the courthouse!” (1:00:00) Certainly not! On 1:08:40, siren. On 1:26:00, I settled into a corner to get ready to sleep.

### **January 23 (Sunday)**

My next recording is: “wktoucl\_1\_23\_11\_755-823AM.WMA”: nothing. My next recording is: “wktoucl\_1\_23\_11\_824-916AM.WMA”: I was now inside UCLA buying coffee and candy from the vending machine. Then, somebody pushed her babies toward me. Then the machine hummed just when I thought of something about PLANMEX. “... how to get the chips out? Go to the hospital...” I then came inside the TV lounge in Ackerman. I sat at a table and was ready to work.

My next recording is: “wrtsupploralcnfssn\_1\_23\_11\_916-1136AM.WMA”: I was still in Ackerman’s TV lounge reviewing my recording. On 19:00, the recording was at the point where I was calling my mother. I was burning DVD-218-CP at the same time. On 30:20, the disc was burned successfully. From 35:00 onward, I was working on my “Help Letter”: “... the backup plan, using also only my oral confessions... PM’s backup plan... oral confessions to match the Microspherian official story of ‘Mommy duping me with fake Russian agents into fighting Mr Secretary’...” On 52:30, the verification was successful. On 1:11:30, a black man was yelling. “He’s just taking videos for the courthouse.” Not! On 1:13:00, I resumed reviewing the recording and continued writing. On 1:43:50, the second disc was successfully burned, and I continued writing. Then I finished the sentence you have just seen above about “leaking inside information to the terrorist” (1:57:00). Then I continued to transcribe the recording. The recording was from a few days ago, my conflict with the “actors” on the bus.

My next recording is: “ucllunch\_1\_23\_11\_1136AM-1220PM.WMA”: I continued to review the recording. On 3:00, I stopped, to get ready to go get food. “The law... now regarded as part of the conspiracy... which means you can eliminate the law...” I was now backing up my files. On 23:30 I was on the move. On 27:30, I was in cafeteria to order a burger. On 35:00, I came back to the TV lounge to eat.

My next recording is: “ucltomtlfmstspanamacnl\_1\_23\_11\_1220-144PM.WMA”: I was still in the TV lounge. I recalled all the classic Radical Feminists: “... the neocons are so right, and these feminists are so left, and yet they are born in the same age... we trust Susan Faludi... there is something wrong with these laws, they are so binding, everybody just obeys...” I came outside, and somebody gave me food (30:00). Wow! Perhaps she had seen the latest Homeland Security alert about me. I continued: “... maybe it’s something in the book, *Female Sexual Slavery*, which she wants to make into an international law... did she read *Against Our Will? Sexual Politics?* Josephine Donovan’s book... like an electrical plug... it’s logics, it can’t go any other way, it’s nature’s fault... what about Dale Spender’s *Man made Language?* The *Académie française* won’t change the way people use gender” – and, just then, there was a honk. I thought it was an intercept – that there was now an international law to require the French Academy to change the way gender was used in French – and laughed (40:30). Stupid! If Homeland Security was watching me at this moment, they would have just obtained more evidence of my incurable insanity. I then got on the bus. “... male and female... *after the computer has read so many people’s thoughts, maybe they can figure it out, whether it is nature or culture...* Dr Caldeira... Schizotypal... Borderline...” I played Silbermond (1:06:00). Then, I noticed two guys behind me who seemed to be laughing at me. I assumed they were members of the audience and asked them where they were from. “Panama.” In reality, they weren’t here to frame their own country but had most likely simply seen the latest Homeland Security alert about me. I got off the bus on Venice and Sepulveda and checked into a motel (1:15:00). To give myself a break, at last!

My next recording is: “mtllordofringmssn207cp\_1\_23\_11\_144-410PM.WMA”: “The Lord of the Ring” was on TV. On 30:00, I started reviewing my videos as well (from November 27 last year). I then seemed to be counting my discs. On 1:00:50, I discovered that DVD-207 didn’t have a copy. On 1:06:00, I started reviewing a recording. “DVD-207-CP was never burned!” Suddenly, on 1:19:50: “PM has control over the whole courthouse... release the judges... he’s not gonna give up... preventing the defendants from taking command of his country has become his number one concern... hence he has advertised the trial, so that, even when the defendants take command, their program can’t be very different from his own...” In reality, DGHTRCOM’s number one concern was to prevent the CIA from reactivating the dismissed ICJ trial and convict him and his DGHTRPPL, and he certainly would never advertise this trial! I was now looking for DVD-115-reburned (1:32:30). Then I spent some time reading about computer matters: “... speech recognition... encryption keys...” On 2:03:00, I showered. On 2:13:50, I was done, and I continued: “... the suspicious golden hair fat woman... how did she even notice me when she was looking the other way?” Then, more memory about how the Russians were ready to burglarize my USB flash drives. Then: “... backward encouragement for me to take command...” (?)

My next recording is: “[mtl\\_1\\_23\\_11\\_417-527PM.WMA](#)”: I continued to transcribe my recording while “Lord of the Ring” was on. More nonsense: “Maybe this... that falls into lava... represents MC...” (10:00). Only if Homeland Security had heard that – what excellent evidence to confirm their original warning about me (that I had developed bizarre delusions about their chief MC). And my right side hurt – at least the Monkey liked it! Then, suddenly: “... I’m worried, because the broadcast is going to show the official story... the audience need to know that the official story is not really true... I need to address the audience...” And I continued on and on about this and continued to get signals on both my left and right side. On 38:00, I changed the channel: another movie. On 47:30, I went out to buy snacks. “There is a problem with the stories the audience are told... at least 5 versions in the courthouse... right now, 3 types of evidences are being collected...” And I went on and on. “My story will explain what has really happened, not what the evidences show...” And on and on. “... I’m not saying they are such bad liars, but they can’t just tell you what really happened...” I really thought I was enlightening my audience! On 54:00, I came inside the liquor store and continued: “... not that people can’t handle the truth, but that the elites can’t handle telling the truth...” I continued to emphasize to the audience that I didn’t get duped by the CIA at all. “... I just don’t know what the Russian people are told...” Ha! They were told how, motivated by my delusions, I kept harassing their consulate and filing lawsuits against their officials! Then, on my way back, a golden pyramid with a white guy. By the end of the recording, I had returned to my motel room.

My next recording is: “[mtlwrtrgnznel\\_23\\_11\\_527-1131PM.WMA](#)”: On 4:00, a documentary on John F. Kennedy on TV. “We’ve got a little scared when we turned it on because we were like, ‘What if the Madam President wants to outlaw prostitution?’...” And on and on (from 14:30 onward). “What if Diane was found?” And on and on about stripping and that porn-star who grew up in New Zealand (how strippers made more money in America stripping than prostitutes in Europe selling their body). On 25:30, back to the Kennedy documentary. Then: “Why am I getting a signal on the left side? Are they gonna find out who assassinated him?” On 38:20, I played my recording: the night of December 16. On 41:00, I filmed myself burning a new disc. On 57:00, I started working on my “Help Letter”: “... the prosecuting team... to file the idiotic lawsuit against Ms ANG on June 15...” On 1:02:50, I **filmed** the paragraph I just wrote. On 1:12:30, the disc was burned successfully. I checked the recordings on the disc. On 1:28:00, I filmed myself verifying the disc. On 1:40:40, I continued working on my “Help Letter”. On 1:48:00, verification done. On 1:52:00, I continued to play the same recording and transcribe it. Now, to verify DVD-219 (2:29:00). The movie “The Green Zone” was on TV. On 2:49:40, verification successful. On 3:09:30, the movie was over. On 3:13:40, I continued to review the same recording and transcribe it. I was now writing about my time in Berkeley in June last year: “... the prosecuting team was trying to dupe me...” All the wrong scenario! On 4:10:00, the recording from July 8: my conversation with Wes on that day. Soon: “... listening to this recording makes me so angry... makes me want to kill somebody... kill an audience member...” (5:05:50). Then: “... there is only one person I want to be a danger to, the Monkey...” Then: “... the PM-promised pyramid... give me fast... not because I want it, but just because he should give it...” (5:40:00). Then: “... we are not gonna get an apartment... just a deadline to deceive us... so that we’ll get disappointed... and kill people... or kill ourselves...”

My next recording is: “[mtlbuycig\\_1\\_23-24\\_11\\_1132-1232AM.WMA](#)” (...1132PM-1232AM...): As I

packed up: "... miserable life... remotely controlled by some computer... at least we have some audience... edited out... unless it's in the Russians' interest to warn about the dangers of a Mexican (royal)... there is nothing we can do to stop the trial... if there are actually commercials... the whole human race is just profiting from watching me suffer... hundreds of people are involved in the production... and this guy just pushes his cart through the street... never getting paid... PM has had this trial broadcast since June... just in case the defendants should take command of his country, at least people will know..." On 13:00, I was out to buy cigarettes. "... we can still stick to our old plan, fly to Romania... to get it all wired up, everyone with a chip in his or her head..." Not! On 17:00, siren. On 18:40, I was in the liquor store. I said to the man: "Hey, the more you speak Spanish, the more I want to kill Russians... do you like Russians dead?" Ha! When I walked out: "... Excuse me Mexican trash..." (24:50). Ha! Homeland Security would certainly love my new-found racism toward Mexicans (especially since many of them were Mexicans). (Presumably, my racism would also go into their latest alert about me.) On 29:30, I was back in my motel room. On 49:40: "... I guess for PM the most important thing is his country..." Right! DGHTRCOM had no qualms about sacrificing me and making me pay for his mistakes because he would sacrifice anything to preserve the greatness of his DGHTRLND. I continued: "... he used to be so nice... now I'm like a Chernobyl thing, radiation... they can't even touch..." Again, right on target! "... they must have broadcast it in Russia, the most important place... we have no idea what the Russian people were told" – and my left foot hurt (53:00). "... they did choose moral authority instead of sheer power..." Wrong!

### **January 24 (Monday; Wes)**

My next recording is: "mtslprusbbnws\_1\_24\_11\_1235-902AM.WMA": I was now ready to sleep. I continued to mumble my nonsense about this supposedly computerized environment. "... they'll broadcast it... because in late May there was this incident..." (15:50). "... PM... so careful... so many backup plans... the mistake he made is just the complete opposite of..." Again, my nonsensical overestimation of DGHTRCOM's genius. Then I rested quietly.<sup>40</sup> By 7:46:00, I was already awake: "... maybe it's all fake, out there for me to see..." Not! Note that, on 7:56:30, the CNN was reporting on the bombing in Moscow airport. "This is fake news, not real!" Of course it was real – but could it possibly have something to do with me? (Did the Daughter People allow it to replace some evidence?) On 8:01:30, I turned on my netbook. I counted my money. On 8:14:50, I opened up my "Help Letter-3-90" and started playing a recording. "... I just thought: what evidence have I replaced..." None!

My next recording is: "wrtmtlhplet\_1\_24\_11\_902-1046AM.WMA": I continued: "... that's why I don't believe the news are real..." On 18:00, I was checking the recordings on my discs. I inserted DVD-90-91 and started reviewing the recording from January 26 last year. And I also started working on my "Help Letter" (34:00). Now the episode "My mission is to pretend to not recognize the CIA girls" (upon my return from Nicaragua). I kept laughing being totally amused by my own narrative (1:25:00).

My next recording is: "tovenicecafe\_1\_24\_11\_1047-1145AM.WMA": I was now packing up to get ready to check out. I continued: "... this Monkey doesn't fit into this game... we are having an intellectual battle, and then this Monkey just comes in..." Now take notice of the continual CNN report

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<sup>40</sup> Reviewed until 45:00, and then from 7:46:00 onward.

on the bombing in Moscow (5:30). "... why do these American bitches cheat so much?" On 8:50, you can even hear the CNN interview of a former FBI agent in regard to the Moscow bombing. "You only believe in the judges... you don't believe anybody else... why does the Russian Prime Minister betray me like this?... and now he has to suffer infamy..." Indeed – as you shall see. On 18:30, I **filmed** my room before leaving. On 20:00, I was checking out. Now I was on the move: "... once you get angry and throw the dart at random, it'll hit right in the center..." Indeed – many times already. On 29:30, I was at the bus 33 stop, and I **filmed** something. On 36:00, I was on bus 33. On 42:00, I was off the bus on Venice and Centinela. On 45:00, I came inside one of the coffeehouses and, once in the patio, **filmed** everything to document the setup: "... so we'll be driven away..." There was probably no setup here! I moved on and came to the other coffeehouse. I **filmed** something again (50:50). After I placed my order, I rejected the drink because there was the word "Mexican" on it. Ha! What a racist – just the way Homeland Security wanted me! I emphasized to the cashier: "I'm just giving you customers' suggestions..."

My next recording is: "cafeftpwcildscmlfuncndble\_1\_24\_11\_1146AM-339PM.WMA": I was still in the coffeehouse. I reviewed a little the recording from January/ February last year. On 29:00, I was working on my screenshots. And I continued to upload my files to my website (50:40). Then: "... we will start to live like every other human being..." (55:00). On 1:06:40, DVD-228 was successfully burned. Then: "... now we are even less of a human being..." (1:42:20). On 1:50:50, when I was about to leave, I said to the guy sitting in front of me: "... you have an easy job, huh? When I'm here, you just move in and sit down... read a book... and you'll get paid..." He had no idea what I was talking about because he wasn't an actor as I had assumed. I was out on 1:51:30. On 2:16:40, I came inside WCIL and asked Nora for a computer station. I was now on the WCIL computer. "... The Monkey can construct the argument that, gradually, the wild kid learns to use computers..." There would be no such argument constructed! Now, was I reading something about Windows 7? About codices for Windows Media Player? Note that the other crazy woman was in the computer room with me. On 3:01:00, I was writing something out on the computer: "... to devise my environment... the purpose is..." Now the crazy woman was creating disturbances. Another WCIL social worker came in to warn me not to talk to myself (3:06:00). I was then reading something about hacking (attack from China?) (3:30:30). Then I seemed to be checking my website's visitors' log: "... maybe this guy is one of the audience... he's showing me his website..." And my right knee hurt (3:38:00). Then: "No, that's his website's IP address... Where is this guy located? This Dutch guy... he's probably just a member of the audience..." Completely wrong!

My next recording is: "touclbksalednnr\_1\_24\_11\_340-649PM.WMA": I was still on WCIL's computer. I seemed to be looking at Washington Post's website: "... this can't be real news..." Not! Then I switched to the computer on the inside. "... I don't think... and so I think we have to go to the library to check... some sort of fairytale wild child... why did he think that people will believe it? If what he says I am exists, people will put me in the museum..." (11:00). Indeed! On 11:50, I was out of WCIL. On 14:00, I was in the liquor store. On 17:50, I got on the bus. I continued: "The Russians go recruit the Pyramid, and the Monkey is telling her, 'This guy is autistic, retarded, and also a pedophile... and uses a fake computer... burns fake discs'... but the Russian intelligence, the best in the world, has somehow decided to adopt this retarded kid and present him to the Pyramid as some sort of

superman... and what does he do? He hates the Russians... black people and Hispanics... and enjoys being homeless... and the Pyramid believes it..." and on and on (from 24:00 onward). I was off the bus on Sepulveda and Venice on 27:00: "... it's even stranger that the Russian intelligence would want to recruit a girl who would believe all this... this is how that retarded Mexican bitch has got into Russian politics and fucked everyone up... the audience know the story better than I..." And I went on and on about Genie. "... I hope the commentator can help me, because I don't have access to the Internet... the darkness of the xxxxxxxx' head... it's because I said that day while in the Law Library, 'Let the bitch finish her mission'... that's how they all acquired a mission... it's still PM's fault, to let everyone in the Microsphere have a mission... and fuck up... Is Silbermond really watching?" On 38:40, I got on Culver City bus 6. "I apologize to MIA for two things... I hope people will come to my website... I'd really tell the truth... anyone who lives my life will become a very bad person... it's the xxxxxxxx's fault... I want to put my earlier documentaries on the Internet for everyone to see... although from July onward I was just acting... these CIA agents' strangest mission: for me to identify them, then to not identify them, and then to only secretly identify them while pretending to not be able to identify them... the 'seductive type'... the story is so big, I really want to devote my full-time to writing it..." That's why DGHTRCOM was going to use Homeland Security to get me! On 1:03:40, I was off the bus in Westwood. I came to Ackerman and there was a book sale outside: "Look! A book on Hitler! It must be put there just for me to see!" (1:09:00) Not! From 1:16:00 onward, I was resting on the grass amidst the other students. On 1:27:00, when I came inside Ackerman, I immediately asked a girl: "... you really are a student here? Not just an actress?" I then also asked the other students whether they were really students. Then: "You are holding a cellphone to your ear." "Yes." "Anything wrong with what I said?" (1:31:30) I had no idea that I was merely validating for every student here the alert which Homeland Security must have already broadcast here about me. Then I speculated on the audience thing: "... how this works is this... all the ... have to fly in, so there is this number, and when someone wants to be part of the audience, he calls this number, and if there is an intercept to be had for which the audience are fit, then the audience will apply and get selected... and he or she will get a free ticket and be flown in... so many of the passengers I saw are just audience... that Russian plane was carrying the audience from Russia... I just don't know what the Russian people are told..." (1:42:20). Bullshit! I had now settled down in the TV lounge to eat. I continued while looking at the TVs: "... Japan... maybe I can go there some day without causing problems... why am I perpetually stuck in this conspiracy? ... what's the problem? ... maybe it has to do with the reform of the world... in order for the judges to implement the program, the court case has to remain open... what if I die? Does the program then have to be disbanded? People are not required to keep things a secret from me, are they? It has to end... it will involve a lot of force, pissing off a lot of people..." I was now on the move again (2:17:00). Then, after I came out of Ackerman, on 2:27:20, Wes called! I first ascertained that he really was in Albany. I explained how I had developed the theory that there were audience to my show. Wes: "I though you said it'd end on January 11." "No, the signals are not trustworthy..." And I complained about how I had been made into a beast and couldn't participate in society. Then I noted how an Asian guy immediately came to me holding a cellphone. Homeland Security surveillance? Probably so! I explained to Wes how all these people were here to take videos for the courthouse, how these videos would then be edited and shown to people around the world. Ha! "... not being allowed to live like a human being, it's really human rights abuse... I feel much calmer, after I have realized there might be audience..." Interestingly, Wes suggested I call Oliver. "I'm tired of talking to people on the phone, I

want to talk to them face to face...” Wes suggested that, maybe, Oliver would be in town. Then I started talking about Virginia: “I don’t think I’m actually talking to her, I think somebody is remotely talking *through* her... besides, everything people do is to produce evidence... I’m worried about the way I have been presented to the audience...” And I talked about how I was doing better with my Sonophobia now, and yet Wes couldn’t understand what I was saying: “You can’t sleep?” And I wondered if Oliver might be a member of the audience, and then asked Wes whether MIA and Silbermond and so on might be embarrassed because I kept playing their music while on the bus in America. I then debated with Wes about whether there was a chip inside his head. Then about how someone else must be talking *through* him, and how we were all directed by a big computer. On 2:50:14, he hanged up. On 3:00:00, I was back inside Ackerman. I rested quietly in the TV lounge.

You can be sure that Wes didn’t call me just because he wanted to, but only because he was instructed to call me. By whom? Homeland Security! Now that my trip to Las Vegas and repeated adventures in the airport had enabled Homeland Security to raise the level of their alert about me – now that their surveillance had caught me constantly talking to myself about some trial, actors and actresses, and some TV show and being motivated by this “delusion” to go to sensitive places and videotape random people – they wanted to at last intercept me talking out my “delusions” with my best friend. At last, so this dangerous schizophrenic apparently believes that he’s in a reality TV show with audience from around the world! More evidence on the basis of which to issue a new warning about him together with the Russian government (especially after I had kept videotaping Russian women arriving in America two days ago) – which warning could then be intercepted into the ICJ to lock up the dismissed ICJ trial. But why did Homeland Security instruct Wes to encourage me to call Oliver? Homeland Security must have also interviewed Oliver about me just in the past few days as part of their continual “investigation” of this dangerous schizophrenic and instructed him in some way just as they had instructed Virginia. But, as you shall see, I wouldn’t actually talk to Oliver until a month from now or so.

My next recording is: “ucltvm\_1\_24\_11\_650-718PM.WMA”: Following upon Wes’ suggestion – not knowing that it’s a trap – I called up Oliver and left a message for him (“Call me back, it’s Lawrence”). On 27:00, I started burning DVD-220-CP.

My next recording is: “wrtshoutdpssducltvm\_1\_24\_11\_718-835PM.WMA”: I was still in the TV lounge. On 9:00, was I reviewing the recording from August 20? On 16:00, I was inserting my latest (wrong-headed) realization into my earlier “The Creation of Autism...”: “... my theory as of... is that... my... was the prosecuting team’s evidence... the UN... will listen to... a hint that there were in fact audience to this trial... composed of common people... the Monkey wanted me to stop recording so that I can fit into his profile...” Complete nonsense! On 29:30, my disc was burned successfully. More bullshit: “The way the Macrospherians do things is... they have an interest in our not being provoked, and so if we stop responding to it, they will consider it as ‘objective achieved’...” From 53:00 onward, I was reviewing the recording from July 27 last year. And I continued to write (the episode of my reporting the theft of my USB flash drive to the FBI office). From 1:10:20 onward, my conversation with Wes on August 19 last year. I was becoming increasingly interested in Wes’ words to me last year believing that I could finally understand his clues for me here and there. On 1:13:00: “...



people over there are being purposely loud in order to provoke me to want to kill them.” Not!

My next recording is: “ucltvrmcleandprssd\_1\_24\_11\_836-923PM.WMA”: I was still in the TV lounge, reviewing my recording. I was also doing the directory of DVD-228. Done with work, I was now ready to go.

My next recording is: “cffebrkucl\_1\_24\_11\_924-1020PM.WMA”: I was now on the move. On 9:00, I was out of Ackerman. More children! I was now at the vending machine to get coffee (13:00). More bullshit: “... every time when Wes asks, ‘Why don’t you fight?’ he’s expecting us to answer, ‘I don’t want to’, for that’s evidence that we never really wanted to fight M. Chertoff...” Not! On 39:00, I was on the move again, mumbling about how I needed to be bad: “... or else I’d be punished... but if I become bad, I’d still be punished...” I was right on target here! Homeland Security wanted me to be bad *and then* wanted me to be punished for being bad! On 42:50, angered, I kicked over a trash can. On 46:30, I settled down into a corner and started counting my discs. “Do we have a ‘217’ here?” I also looked into my netbook to check the webcam videos.

My next recording is: “uclrvw1311dscsdrpsdbead\_1\_25\_11\_1021-1144PM.WMA” (...1\_24\_11...): I wrote a little, and then checked my recordings. “... DGHTRCOM and the Monkey provoke me everyday from the control center... into cursing him... while the audience don’t know... he’d be a hypocrite... he *looks like* he’s repaying cruelty with kindness... if the audience only see the evidence but not the evidentiary process, they’ll think this guy is so bad... he wants to kill people... the opposite of the real situation...” (32:00). Keep this in mind – something like this would happen later on. By now I was on the move again. And I went on and on: “... the prosecuting team has hired the best doctors there are in order to reform an educated person into a retard... what the audience were shown...” I walked a long distance. On 1:03:00, I was on the bus. On 1:12:30, I got off the bus. I came to my new usual corner on Pico and Westwood to get ready to sleep.

My next recording is: “slppicowtr\_1\_24-25\_11\_1151PM-811AM.WMA”: I tried to sleep. On 15:00, suddenly: “... he actually didn’t commit any conspiracy at all, not with the defendants... I don’t know if the audience think there is something wrong with what they are doing, like voyeurism... peeking into... like when the person is taking a shower...” Then my right side hurt when I thought about Silbermond. Then I rested quietly.<sup>41</sup> On 8:03:00, I got up.

## January 25 (Tuesday)

My next recording is: “edlmntosm\_1\_25\_11\_812-1104AM.WMA”: “... yesterday we were worried about what the Russian people were told... if this guy loves Russia so much, there will be no problem... he doesn’t love Russia that much...” And I got coffee in a doughnut store. “Maybe they did broadcast the trial on the news” – and there was a honk, as if to conform (16:00). “Where is she, the lady in the courthouse?...” I came inside Edelman on 51:00. I played Silbermond repeatedly. Now I didn’t find Dr Roach but did pick up a January 17 2011 issue of *The New Yorker*. I would soon discover therein David Brooks’ “Social Animal”. I mention this because, in the coming days, I would read through this article

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41 Reviewed until 34:00, and then from 7:41:00 onward.

and, when the author pointed out how often people overestimated their own intelligence, would think this had something to do with the “Macrospherian program”. (It’s not clear whether I was right – whether my discovery of this magazine was accidental or whether it was programmed by the Invisible Hand from the control center.)<sup>42</sup> I left Edelman on 1:48:00. “... they tried to dupe me, into coming up with new international laws to destroy the original...” I came back to the doughnut shop to get another doughnut. I then left a message for Dr Roach (2:12:00) to ask for another appointment. I got on bus 7 on 2:19:00. I continued to play Silbermond.

My next recording is: “smlibisrlpyrmdcludiot\_1\_25\_11\_1104-345PM.WMA”: I came inside the Santa Monica Public Library. I wanted to read a classic novel to improve my vocabulary about emotions, but no. I left the library on 26:00. “... it’s a good idea to get a classic Russian novel, to learn something about that part of the world...” I kept on pushing my cart. On 34:00 an Orthodox Jewish man gave me lunch. “It can’t really be the case that the program can’t be implemented unless we are stuck in the conspiracy... the program might take 25 years... the people who voluntarily come into the conspiracy with me don’t care because they already have a life... they are already insiders...” Not! On 37:00 I came to OPCC, but it was closed. Thank God that I was already given lunch! More nonsense: “The Microspherian official story must be that this guy, even though he doesn’t read, starts reading because he wants to be a big guy...” On 56:00 I found Giselle, the Israelite pyramid, again<sup>43</sup> and started talking to her: “Do you smoke cigarettes?” “I quit...” “Are you lying or telling the truth?...” And she balked. “I have learned to be a bad person... I get a lot of punishment for being a good person... Are you gonna get me into trouble?” “No.” “Who did you vote for?” “I can’t vote... I’m not a citizen...” Then she told me she voted in Israel but couldn’t remember who she had voted for. That’s strange! Then I asked her about Jewish Orthodoxy. I talked to her for quite a while. Now she said she won’t be here next week because the shop was closing. “Where can I find you?” “You can’t find me...” “Are you an Israelite secret agent?” “No” (1:13:00). In the end she reminded me that her name was Giselle. I parted with her on 1:23:30. I got on the bus on 1:34:00. Then I seemed to be muttering something about DGHTRCOM again: “... he will really get along well with the judges... it’s very likely that he would not be able to prosecute the defendants, so his best way is to broadcast the trial, to let everyone know who the bad guy is... it must be the case that he put it into... and so couldn’t stop the Monkey... it must be the case that everyone has chips inside their body and so must obey the law... when did the defendants know it? October... the Monkey knew it in October... I don’t know how the courthouse functions, there must be a lot of segregation...” I was off the bus in Westwood on 2:16:00. I came to Ralphs and was sitting in the patio. Then, on 2:59:00, I came to the Ackerman bookstore looking for classics. This time, I got hold of Dostoevsky’s *The Idiot* and read the Introduction. When the bookstore employee told me I was blocking the aisle I again thought it orchestrated: what was allowed before was suddenly not allowed anymore. Then I muttered about Jinyong’s novels, how, in the control center, only those that were Chinese would know about it, and how yet these novels had had such a profound impact on how the lawsuit had turned out.

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42 You will see later on that the most important part of BOL’s program is to make people realize they aren’t as smart as they think they are – for stupid people’s not knowing they are stupid but actually believing they are geniuses is the greatest threat to humanity’s future survival.

43 We call Giselle a “pyramid” because she was such a nice person – even though, not having a perfect figure, she did not quite count as “attractive”.

My next recording is: “uclbrgrtvm\_1\_25\_11\_346-426PM.WMA”: I thus finished reading Chapter 1 of *The Idiot*. I was then browsing another book on how judges think. Then Jane Austin.

My next recording is: “ucl\_1\_25\_11\_427-611PM.WMA”: I walked around and then asked another student: “... you are not a student here...” (8:00). Again, I was merely validating the Homeland Security alert about me. I got burger from Carl’s Jr and, on 24:00, came to the TV lounge to eat. Again, I didn’t believe the news to be real. I then **filmed** the TV: something about the Hague convention. Then, somebody was laughing so hard, seriously disturbing me. Then: “Whenever the Macrospherians want something, they would input it into the computer, and the computer will control everyone around me... because the computer has mapped out my potentials... knows how to use my environment to direct me...” (51:00). Again, the Invisible Hand would indeed do something like this. On 57:00, I was on the move. “... the last time it was actually... to overcome the resistance of the conservatives...” Not! On 1:03:00, I was at the vending machine to get coffee. “... it’s so awful, all the elites have a chip in their body... the cause is that the Chinese intelligence was too obedient... remember, number doesn’t count...” On 1:13:40, my phone rang but, again, I failed to answer it. It was Dr Roach. On 1:28:00, I was on the move again, still mumbling about the lawsuit. On 1:36:00, I was back inside Ackerman.

My next recording is; “wrttvmrsmchzo\_1\_25\_11\_611-748PM.WMA”: I now started working on “Schizophrenic, III”: “... the FBI has shared information with the Chinese intelligence long before...” Then: “... if I don’t write it, it will be suppressed through other means... the Macropherians... it doesn’t matter...” By 48:00, I was working on my “Help Letter”. Then: “... the Macrospherians wouldn’t cancel... just because I’m writing about it... the Peak Oil crisis... genocide... the defendants can only attack the dividing line between the Microsphere and the Macrosphere...”

My next recording is: “wrtlettvm\_1\_25\_11\_748-817PM.WMA”: I was now moving about: “... a pyramid watching cartoon...” And I moved on. I was still mumbling about the prosecuting team and so on. “... they do know that, when I gave out the formula...” On 14:50, I was outside on my smoke break. “... too much worries for DGHTR... and so the prosecuting team establishes...” – and on and on. Then: “Maybe Mary C wants the prosecuting team to abuse me in order to see how my opinion about Russia might change...” Bullshit! On 28:00, I was on the move again.

My next recording is: “uvlrstrm\_1\_25\_11\_818-840PM.WMA”: I was in the restroom in Ackerman. My next recording is: “tvrmrw1214w\_1\_25\_11\_840-1039PM.WMA”: I went upstairs and, on 6:00, settled down in the TV lounge. Then my bullshit again: “... maybe this evidence is to replace that from before... this BB can’t be real...” I was talking about the Moscow bombing again. “... maybe Mr Chertoff needs to get away from... cooperation with the Pakistani... maybe to take command of the Macrosphere is the defendants’ plan... they can actually do it... they are not gonna let the defendants pretend to take command of the Macrosphere... forever, as long as I live... then I’ll forever... never get out of this secrecy...” Then I **filmed** the beauty pageant on TV: “... maybe there won’t be any beauty pageant in the future, too sexist...” Ha! On 27:50, I started reviewing the recording of my conversation Wes on December 14: “... why does everyone tell me not to write?” At the same time, I was burning DVD-224.

My next recording is: “lrvuclrusconsrv\_1\_26\_11\_1039-1158PM.WMA (1\_25\_11): I was still writing in the TV lounge, but the student security guard was already hustling me out. As I packed up: “Maybe Mary C... create international laws... to bog things down so that nothing can happen... why is she doing this?” Because she was not! Then I videotaped the newspaper that was lying around (12:00). Then I kept on moving. On 21:10, I was getting coffee from the vending machine. The machine ate up my dollar! On 44:00, I was on the move again. On 1:15:00, I settled down into my corner in Westwood Village to get ready to sleep.

The next recording (my sleeping) was lost.

### **January 26 (Wednesday)**

My next recording is: “1\_26\_11\_927AM-1250PM.WMA”: I walked a long time and then finally came inside the Ackerman bookstore. I continued my reading of Dostoevsky’s *The Idiot*. I finished reading by 1:07:00. I got on the bus on 1:33:00. I continued my nonsense: “... somebody in the control center has found some similarity between us and Dostoevsky’s dumb ass...” Not. Then: “... a lot of audience... they are probably curious, what it’s like to be remotely controlled... some audience probably really did have difficulty in hearing...” Then, when a black woman was making disturbances on the bus, I believed again that she was just acting. I got off the bus in Santa Monica on 2:12:00. I came to OPCC (2:28:00) but there was no food! I left by 2:40:00. I then came inside the Santa Monica Public Library on 3:01:00. I spent a lot of time putting up the documentation to get the permission to use the computers here.

My next recording is: “uclhsptl\_1\_26\_11\_1250-349PM.WMA”: I came out of the library to leave a message for Dr Roach: “Please call me back again... I have had difficulty in answering the phone due to my severe disability...” Then I was back inside the library to continue to use the public computer. On 19:00: “Oh my God! He’s copying!” Was somebody copying something on his computer station? This was not a Homeland Security operation, was it? (To get faulty surveillance to intercept me plagiarizing.) Suddenly, on 28:40, the security guard came to throw me out because of my cart. Siren immediately. I was shocked and certain that this was orchestrated: “Now I have to cut myself again!” I was now in grave pain, moaning and panting while I packed. “... they don’t have a conscience...” On 35:00, I was out of the library. “... I can’t stand this fucking country... so disgusting... What the fuck can you do in society if you can’t use a computer?... it’s all about computers, right?” On 45:00, I settled down in a corner to get ready to cut myself. And I did cut myself (46:15). “... live like an animal... producing evidences...” On 57:50, I was again troubled by people’s talking near me. On 1:01:00, I was on the move. On 1:15:00, I settled down by the bus stop. On 1:18:00, I got on the bus. I played MIA loudly to cover up other people’s noises. Then I kept on humming and so on to annoy the other passengers. On 1:36:00, I got off the bus. On 1:40:00 I came inside a restaurant and ordered ice tea. I hummed like crazy for the whole time, and the employee had to warn me. Out on 1:58:00, and I continued to hum like crazy. On 2:04:00, back inside the restaurant. Out, and on my netbook from 2:11:00 onward. I started reviewing the recording from November 14 last year (my crying). I was then working on my files and uploading some of them to my website. Then I said something significant: “... ”

maybe having a brain is a supreme crime in the Microsphere...” You’ll see the significance of this when you get to the next part of my story.

Later on, I would write this down as my interpretation of what had just happened:

Thrown out from the Santa Monica Public Library. Cut arm. It would seem that I was thrown out only after I had checked one of my discs because the Macrospherians felt the need to collect the evidence that my discs were actually real. The Macrospherians, however, could not intervene directly but instead use the defense team – not the defendants, but representatives from France, for instance – who would collect evidences counter to the forgeries and nonsense evidences put forward by the Monkey’s team. From this point on Sonophobia took effect again.

Again, complete bullshit.<sup>44</sup> If anything, it was Homeland Security who had instructed the security guard to throw me out in order to provoke me.

My next recording is: “1\_26\_11\_349-419PM.WMA”: I continued to review my recording. I was working on “Schizophrenic, III” at the same time.

My next recording is: “1\_26\_11\_420-526PM.WMA”: I continued to work on “Schizophrenic, III”. On 13:00, I was on the move. On 16:00, I stopped by the used bookstore and started browsing through the French books on sale outside. I became alarmed when I found a postcard inside one of the books (*Delacroix à l’Assemblée nationale*). “It must be replacing evidences, otherwise I wouldn’t be here...” And I **filmed** it: “... inside this book there is a letter... a postcard...” (20:30). I truly believed it was orchestrated from the control center as an “intercept” (a secret message) and yet it was most likely just a coincidence: if Homeland Security had caught me, it’d be another convincing evidence that I indeed suffered from schizophrenia: “... Eugene Delacroix’s great words to the National Assembly...” Then I was on the move. I continued on and on about how what happened earlier must be remotely controlled: “I really envy this remote control, everything is timed so well... you open a book and it’d just be at the right page...” I came inside Yoham (27:00) and started browsing through the Japanese magazines on the stand. In a playful mood, I took notice of a very pretty woman in the magazine (Sawaguchi Yasuko): “... I’ll take her as my wife... tell PM, we’ll take this woman as our wife...” Ha! There was no more promise (*yakusoku*)! Then another title: “... ‘Just before Iran’s war with America’... they printed this just for me to see?” Not! Then I ordered something to eat. On 1:02:00 I was done with eating and on the move again.

My next recording is: “1\_26\_11\_527-833PM.WMA”: I was now waiting for bus 33. I mumbled continually: “... as if that were some sort of laser gun... a comic book figure...” On 3:30, I got on the bus. I continued my mumbling about M. Chertoff. Homeland Security’s evidence! Off the bus on 12:30. On 13:50, I **filmed** it as my next bus left just when I arrived. “This is not funny at all! The audience will find it funny, but it’s not funny at all!” I started moaning in pain: “Oh! I have to live like this forever... it doesn’t make me want to kill people, it just makes me want to kill myself... I feel so

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44 Although something like this might happen more than 10 years later.

awful... Why do these human beings have to exist?... Why don't they just die?..." On 27:00, while waiting for the next bus, I started writing instead: "... to prepare me for another day of torture..." On 32:00, the bus actually showed up! I got on. On 35:50, I played MIA loudly to cover up other people's noises. On 40:00, I hummed loudly and was in grave pain due to my bad headache. On 45:00, MIA again. I complained bitterly: "... so much hatred... perpetual hatred for Russia... the last time, we were having good feelings toward Russia, hence the torture started..." Then, more cursing against Hispanics – and siren (51:00). "... it's all because the Russians are not so disgusting that torture has to be used in order to make me think about the betrayal and induce me to hate them... Hispanics not..." On 53:50, my phone rang, and I successfully answered the call! It was Dr Roach calling to make a new appointment for me: "Tomorrow 5 PM." As you shall see, I would never make it. On 57:00, I was screaming because I couldn't stand hearing people's noises. On 59:40, siren. I begged the control center to get the chips out of my head. At one point, my headache got so bad that I banged my head against the side of the bus. I started crying. I got off the bus in Westwood on 1:02:00 and continued my moaning and screaming. On 1:06:00, I came inside Ackerman to buy Tylenol for my headache. "... the chip is causing the headache, so I'm not sure if taking a pill will have any effect..." And I cursed. When it was my turn at the cashier, I again banged my head against the counter. On 1:10:50, I was out. I came to the patio. More children were running around! I got so annoyed that I shouted at them: "Hey, shut up! Okay? Shut up!" (1:12:30) I played MIA loudly from one of my recordings at the cybercafe. And I cut myself: "I'm remotely controlled to not bleed, all because bleeding would make me feel good..." (1:28:00). Then: "... the Macrospherians... the mole, which is the Monkey... also... M. Chertoff... this guy... he's actually not retarded, but uses a real computer and burns real discs... Sonophobia activated once again... they came over because they wanted me to kill them..." (1:50:00). "I will hit someone, and after being arrested, I will be carried over to Russia, how disgusting..." Yeah right! I still had no idea how Russia had already completely abandoned me. On 1:55:00, I was again troubled by the noises of children. "... want to kill these kids..." On 1:58:00, I was on the move: "... we'll go to the farthest corner..." On 2:07:00, I came to a far away corner, and my headache got so bad that, while moaning, I rested: "... remotely controlled to have a headache, so that we'll bang our head, so that we'll look like we have autism..." On 2:17:00, Silbermond. On 2:46:00: "... the headache has subsided, after 4 Tylenols... remotely controlled?" Then I rested without the music. "If he's severely tortured, he will hate Russia, just as he has said in his email, in his lawsuit..." On 2:53:50, I was on the move. I passed through Ackerman. On 3:05:00, I sat down quietly inside Ackerman, and then started working. I seemed to be reviewing the recording from July 18 last year.

My next recording is: "1\_26\_11\_833-910PM.WMA": While in Ackerman, I wrote out my (wrong-headed) interpretation about what had happened earlier while reviewing the recording.

On the bus going back to UCLA. The remotely caused migraine headache reached extraordinary intensity. I banged my head against the side of the bus in order to kill some pain. Thus I was remotely caused to produce another evidence of [my suffering from] autism, banging my head against the wall.

Buying Tylenols in UCLA bookstore, My turn at the cashier register. I again banged my head against the cashier's counter due to enormous pain in my head. I thus produced

another evidence of my suffering from autism.

I also realized that the prosecuting team in the Microsphere has purposely caused Anthropophobia in me in order to produce [another] evidence of [my suffering from] autism, namely, a lack of interest in other human beings.

In reality, if my headache was indeed remotely controlled, it was just Homeland Security wanting more episodes of my acting out on college campuses so that they could continue to issue more warnings about me and intercept these warnings into the ICJ as evidence. In any case, I then wrote down this wrong scenario:

My realization tonight: three sets of evidence were being collected right now. The Microspherian prosecuting team, led by the Monkey as always, in association with Mary C and some of the defendants, I bet, were “collecting” evidence of my fitting into the Monkey’s false profile of me as autistic, schizophrenic, dangerous, pedophilic, rapist, etc. Furthermore, so extremely retarded in regard to consumer electronics – the defining necessities of a modern human being – playing on a fake netbook and burning fake DVDs, all provided by the Russian intelligence even though this retard also hates Russia. And he hates Hispanics as a matter of course. Although by means of cognitive behavioral torture the Monkey has been able to reduce me to a semblance of this “wild child” half of the times, the process of reduction to such animal state of being will have the side effect, as mentioned, of producing the sort of evidences which the Macrospherian Russians will need to justify a literal interpretation of my testimonies about my belief system from July 2009 to February 2010. The defense team – to be distinguished from the defendants who are the neoconservatives: this defense team, most probably composed of French officials, has now been charged with task of verifying that I in fact use a real computer which burns real discs. The Macrospherians, that is, have ordered the defense team to document my tortures at the hands of the prosecuting team.<sup>45</sup>

Then I was working DVD-224’s directory. And I kept on writing.

My next recording is: “1\_26\_11\_911-1017PM.WMA”: Then I packed up and moved out of Ackerman. “... we’ll be forever trying to catch up with the official story and it’ll always be changing... Russia is a ‘council’ (?) nation... it doesn’t have anything to do with the conspiracy... he just likes the title... he wants to catch up in order to show off how smart he is, but this time he just can’t do it... he simply doesn’t understand the evidentiary process...” Indeed! Just at this time, people came near me to talk, and I hummed miserably: “... need to cut myself again...” (15:00). I moaned: “... it’s impossible to understand what’s going on... I just know that I have been tortured...” As I walked into Westwood Village, I continued to hum loudly and like crazy because there were always people talking loudly around me: “I just know I’m being tortured in order to look autistic...” I started crying: “... need to cut myself again... Why am I being tortured, why? Because I have to fit the profile...” Whether or not Homeland Security and the control center were really torturing me at this moment, at least I had got

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45 Again, something like this might happen 10 years from now.



this right – I always needed to fit into some bad profile which somebody had invented of me: such was my life story. Then, siren on 26:00. Then: “I just know that the official story is false because it differs from mine...” And I continued to moan: “... every time you write about the past, the past disappears... it’s not possible to know about the present, only the past...” It would indeed take me 10 years to understand what was really going on at the present time. And so I continued on and on: “... the Russians are simply going to say that I have never acted... I don’t feel settled unless I know what’s going on... I just know that it’s not possible to fit into the profile half-way...” On 38:30 I got on the bus. I kept humming like crazy. I played Silbermond and hummed so loudly. Then I suddenly yelled at the people around me: “I suffer from Sonophobia! I can’t hear people talking!” Then: “... the point is that we are only allowed to know the barest outline in order to establish conspiracy, but not beyond...” As I tried to get off the bus on Pico Blvd, I yelled at another woman: “Shut up! Please don’t say that! Fuck you very much, bitch!” (47:00) Was she sent in by Homeland Security to provoke me? I then kept moving on to my corner. On 1:02:00, I settled down into my corner. Immediately, I set out to cut myself. “Where is my fucking knife?” And I did cut myself. And siren in the distance (1:05:00).

My next recording is: “1\_26\_11\_1022-1108PM.WMA”: And I cut myself again. I continued: “I’m suffering without really knowing why...” Then: “We are allowed to know that there is an evidentiary process to replace evidences, we are allowed to know what the goal is, and we are allowed to know that we have to get tortured in order to fit into the profile, but we are not allowed to know what the official story looks like... we are allowed to know that it’d be a false story...” The only thing I had got correctly here was the (Homeland Security) requirement for me to fit into some bad profile. By now people were yelling around me, and the noises again bothered me tremendously: “... every time when we speak... evidence is collected that we figure things out for our own sake... for our own satisfaction...” – and I went on and on. “... make sure to only write about the past... do not write about the present... what happened on the bus was that there was still this ‘back-and-forth’ between the prosecuting team and the defense team...” (16:30). Not! Then, on 20:00, I was on the move and, on 26:50, came inside the doughnut shop to buy two doughnuts. On 34:00, I was on the move again and, on 41:00, had settled back into my corner. “It’s not the Macrospherians who have allowed us to check our disc, but the defense team...”

My next recording is: “slp\_1\_26-27\_11\_1108PM-839AM.WMA”: I was now sleeping. I continued my bullshit from time to time: “... the Macrospherians... collecting evidences... the defense team... mostly French... they are trying to collect evidences... between the neocons and the French... M. Chertoff and the French...”<sup>46</sup> Then I rested quietly. On 9:06:50, somebody tried to wake me up. By 9:15:00, I had got up.

### **January 27 (Thursday; in the hospital)**

My next recording is: “touclsnophobia\_1\_27\_11\_840-954AM.WMA”: On 3:00, somebody was talking to me. Then I was quiet for a while. Then, on 20:00, I was on the move and, on 28:20, had got on the bus. On 49:00, I got off the bus in UCLA. Again, so many children on campus! I filmed it (57:00). Then, tremendously upset by the noises, I moved on (1:09:00).

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46 Reviewed until 20:00, and then from 9:00:00 onward.

My next recording is: “ucl\_1\_27\_11\_955-1010AM.WMA”: By 3:30 I had felt better: “... the earlier uncontrollable desire to kill people was remotely controlled. As soon as we fit the profile, the prosecuting team stopped it... once we kill people, we won’t be able to get the fucking psychologist... she’s someone we’d really like to kill...” On 15:00, I came inside Ackerman.

My next recording is: “1\_27\_11\_1027-1037AM.WMA”: I was still in Ackerman. On 1:30, I came inside somewhere and then kept moving on. “I just really want to kill people... let’s do it and get it over and done with...” On 4:30, I **filmed** something as I walked out of Ackerman. I kept mumbling about how I wanted to kill people. Now, the operation! On 5:34, this white girl suddenly appeared in front of me and asked me: “Do you like some bread?” I was instantly provoked – she asked me just when I wanted to kill people, as if she was here to insult me – and so I threw the bread at her: “You like that? That’s what you wanted me to do, right?” Indeed! I tried to **film** her, but she had already run away. I was particularly angered because this girl was obviously a CIA girl and she had obviously run an operation on me to make the opposite of reality look like reality (as if I was so bad and violent while everyone else was so kind to me) and yet she was smiling and laughing while doing it. Once again: why, after I had tried to save them, did the Agency repay me with such malice? On 9:30, so upset, I came to a corner in the vicinity of Ackerman to cut myself.

My next recording is: “plcearrsthsptl\_1\_27\_11\_1037AM-1227PM.WMA”: I muttered while trembling: “... very bad... the irresistible desire to kill people...” I continued to cry and moan: “... I want to kill people...” I was now crying loudly, and so cut myself repeatedly in order to release the desire. I calmed down after the cutting. Then there I was again: “... we are remotely controlled to not bleed...” Soon police officers showed up (7:00). Obviously, as part of the operation, the CIA girl had called in the police. I knew this was going to happen and so merely begged them repeatedly: “... don’t delete my files...” And of course the officers diagnosed me as suffering from “schizophrenia”. I soon started crying and screaming as the officers continued to put up this act as if I were a bad-to-the-bone antisocial dangerous person – in complete accordance with Homeland Security’s warnings about me. Soon the ambulance showed up and the technicians carried me onto the ambulance. I begged them again not to delete my files, and one of them, as if suddenly getting instructions in his ear, nodded and assured me: “Just cooperate with the ‘program’, and your files will not be deleted” (26:00). I assumed wrongly that he was giving me a hint telling me to go along with the Macrospherians’ “program” in order to finish the trial – for I *had to* fit into the Monkey’s false profile of me no matter what. (Well, I did have to, but not for the sake of any “Macrospherian program”.) And so I was carried off to the hospital on 5150.<sup>47</sup>

Now let’s consider what happened today. Now that Homeland Security had considerably raised my “threat level” in the past week in official diplomatic channels – with the total support of the Russian government – they had obtained pretty much enough evidence to lock up the dismissed ICJ trial. Just one thing: they wanted another intercept from law enforcement records that I was a danger – if not to others but then at least to myself, but hopefully both. Once again, the rest of the US national security Establishment pressured the CIA to cooperate – to undermine their own hope of ever reactivating the

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47 Reviewed until 56:00.

dismissed ICJ trial and convicting Russia. The CIA was thus forced to run a joint operation with Homeland Security today – basically acknowledging Homeland Security’s overlord position. The purpose of the operation today was to get law enforcement to conclude that I was extremely vicious and thus a danger to people (in addition to being a danger to myself) so that this conclusion could be intercepted into the ICJ as evidence to lock up the dismissed ICJ trial. Everyone had a role to play today: first, the Monkey would program me to suffer again this irresistible urge to kill people. Then, the CIA would send in a girl to give me bread just when I was suffering thusly so that I would feel insulted and throw the bread at her, thus looking like an extremely vicious antisocial individual (repaying people’s kindness with cruelty). Then, both the CIA and Homeland Security would have instructed the police officers to describe me as suffering from schizophrenia and repeatedly emphasize that I had not just assaulted a female today but had also done the same to a child three weeks ago. (As you can imagine, such evidence that I was a danger to others due to severe antisocial malice was actually far more important than the wounds on my arm.) Then, finally, when the police shall have entered into their record that I was put on a 5150 hold today due to suffering from schizophrenia and being a danger to myself and others, Homeland Security would take care to intercept the record into the ICJ so as to make it virtually impossible for the CIA to ever reactivate the lost ICJ trial even if they could escape from the pressure from the rest of the national security Establishment. And you must not forget that, because this episode happened on a college campus, Homeland Security now had more justifications for broadcasting an alert about me to a wider segment of the American society (universities, etc.) which they could then in turn intercept into the ICJ as further evidence that they had always been right about me ever since 2007.

Behind today’s operation you can probably also sense the input from, and certainly the happiness of, Mr former Secretary M. Chertoff. It really *was* the sort of thing he loved the most in the world: being evil oneself and doing evil to a helpless victim but then making all the bystanders believe that the victim was actually the embodiment of the evil which oneself is – nothing, in his scheme of things, can more demonstrate one’s intellectual superiority to the rest of humanity than this: the ultimate proof of one’s elite status.<sup>48</sup> Now that DGHTRCOM had lent them his friendship, this ICJ trial couldn’t have turned out better for Boss Cheney, Mr former Secretary M. Chertoff, and Homeland Security.

But there was something which they didn’t know about. Once again, the Invisible Hand was in fact secretly inputting his evidence into the judge computer in the second, secret trial while pretending to cooperate with Homeland Security: (1) despite the fact that the control center had again filled me with irresistible urge to kill people, I had again managed to restrain myself – clearly, I wasn’t really a danger to people and Homeland Security’s warnings about me (and so the Monkey’s profile of me) were false. (2) The CIA had only participated in any operation to harm me because they were forced to, not because they had wanted to. Just like in the episodes earlier this month, the CIA had demonstrated to the judge computer and BOL in a secret chamber that they were *not* in the same boat with these criminals (DGHTRCOM, Boss Cheney, MC, and Homeland Security) and had drawn a clear line separating them from themselves. (More on this in a moment.) The Invisible Hand had started building

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48 The presupposition for this kind of “intellectual superiority” or *domination* – a central theme of this story – is of course the human condition that everyone needs the validation from his or her fellow human beings. But this is not the place to philosophize.

up a good history of the CIA in a hidden evidentiary record in preparation for the eventual reactivation of the dismissed ICJ trial.

Thus, as you can expect, the Invisible Hand had in fact had his own calculation while he pretended to give in to the pressure coming from above. Clearly, I would have to be hospitalized in order to break up the vicious cycle in which I was trapped (forever not having enough money to get out of homelessness because of my money-wasting bad habits and constant over-withdrawal fees which further deprived me of my precious funds). By being hospitalized, I would be forced to consent to a board-and-care living arrangement and, from there, achieve independent living in a modest sense. Then I would have the time and stability required to review my recordings and reconstruct what had just happened – the entire course of the lost ICJ trial. The Invisible Hand had clearly diagnosed the cause of my “insanity” (or semblance thereof): I kept guessing – and so guessing wrongly – with an empty head because I didn’t have the time and stability to sit down with my data and review them in order to more reliably reconstruct what had happened. As noted, I had enough data with me (my recordings) to enable me to understand everything which had happened but I didn’t have the chance to utilize them. Once I could use them and reconstruct more correctly – and once I was more stable with a home – then I would look less and less like Homeland Security’s, and the Monkey’s, bizarre imagination about me and the Invisible Hand would have the evidence he would need to convict the Russians. Thus the Invisible Hand might have really instructed the ambulance technicians today to not delete my recordings just as I had requested.<sup>49</sup>

## CONCLUSION

We are now moving into the next chapter in Part Two of this great story, “Poisonous Friends” in “The Secret Society women and the International Court of Justice”. At this point, a comment is in order to prepare you for the radical change you are about to witness. As has already been hinted at, from the next section – the beginning of Part Two – onward, our story will be inverted. It is now Russia which shall become the “Opposite Land” and everything and everyone associated with Russia which shall become the culmination of evil in this universe. Although I had saved Russia, the Russian government would work with Homeland Security to demonize me to the world to such an extent that I would not be able to function anymore in American society (and certainly not be able to get recognized as any sort of author anywhere in the world) and then to instruct their proxies around the world to use the American criminal justice system to exterminate me. Meanwhile, although the Pyramid and her father – Angelica and Mr Buenrostro – had almost destroyed Russia, the Russian government would treasure them as if it were they who had saved Russia. In particular, DGHTRCOM’s little daughter Ekaterina, who had once so wanted to thank me for saving her father, would from now on play a major role in my life – in

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49 While the planners in the CIA did not in fact want to harm me but had long-term calculation for me, this was somehow not reflected in the agent that was actually sent out to run the operation on me today. The CIA girl today was all smiling probably because, while she was told that, when she gave me her bread, I would get angry and throw it at her (i.e., the computer inside the control center had already predicted all this), she wasn’t actually briefed as to the hidden motive of the Invisible Hand and her other superiors. She had evidently merely thought the whole thing funny due to her ignorance. Perhaps the Invisible Hand also needed the preliminary evidence that the Agency wasn’t conspiring with me when they hatched their plan to stabilize my living condition. It was all about making me capable of compensating them rather than about making me happy because they so loved me.

ruining my life – by becoming the closest friend and comrade of the Pyramid and Mr Buenrostro and together with them going after me, as if it were they who had saved her father’s life and me who had tried to harm her father. Not to mention the closest bond which the entire Russian gang would form with Homeland Security, Mr former Secretary M. Chertoff, and Boss Cheney in their united front against the CIA.

I might use an analogy to illustrate just how ridiculous these Russians were. Imagine George tried to kill you and I saved your life, but, instead of thanking me for saving you, you decided to team up with George – who now hates me more than he hates you because I have thwarted his plan to harm you – to together go after me in order to satisfy George’s desire for vengeance against me. Nobody else in human history has ever pulled such bizarre stunt before – until DGHTRCOM and his little daughter Ekaterina. You can easily guess what must have happened. DGHTRCOM must have severely instructed Ekaterina to always pretend that I was her family’s arch enemy because – “Look, the last time (back in March 2010) when you tried to thank him and save him by volunteering to be his temporary girlfriend, the French later used that as evidence of our conspiracy with him and wanted to chip you in the brain and remotely control you to become his girlfriend (so that you two can together rule Russia under their command). This is what happens when you gets too cozy with him! From now on he’ll be our family’s arch enemy so that no nation can ever again accuse us of being in league with him and convict us!” Ekaterina would take the admonition to heart and, as you shall see, the more she pretended to fear me, the more she started to *really* hate me – all because, unaware of what was going on, I kept on writing about how I had saved her country: “Why does he have to write his stupid story! The CIA is going to use his story as evidence to convict my family! What a fucking piece of shit!” And the more she started to *really* love her new Mexican friends – even though it was thanks to this Mexican family that her father had lost his potion of immortality in the first place. The result was that DGHTRCOM and his daughters would increasingly become the most bizarre, as well as the most despicable, villains in the history of humankind: not just repaying kindness with cruelty and cruelty with kindness, but constantly lying and showing not the slightest regard for truth and victimizing their victim (i.e. me) while pretending to be the victims of their victim.<sup>50</sup>

On the other hand, the CIA, under the Invisible Hand’s direction, would turn from the sort of demon they were before into the “good guy” *par excellence*. The CIA’s past 10 years of underdog experience had convinced the Invisible Hand that the Agency must seize absolute power once and for all, and he had thus managed to obtain from the judge computer the permission to adopt my erroneous conception about the formation of the Macrospherian order as a good suggestion. But, since the abuse of process was no longer on the table, the CIA must become good in order to merit becoming the so-called “Macrospherians”. This means that, in the next 10 years and more, the CIA’s past criminal conducts

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50 In the coming years, DGHTRCOM’s family would try their utmost to hide from peoples of the world, but especially from the Russian people, their deepest secret: that this bad-to-the-bone schizophrenic terrorist stalker on American Homeland Security’s watchlist who they said had developed delusions about them and stalked them and whom they tried continually to persuade American law enforcement to exterminate had actually saved their lives. I would become Russia’s “911”. Should Ekaterina, later on, ever be arrested and transferred to the International Criminal Court for her persistent, bad-to-the-bone insane behavior, perhaps this would be her defense: “Look at him! He’s ugly! Any woman would do anything, no matter how evil, in order to avoid the fate of being chipped in the brain and getting remotely controlled to be his girlfriend.”

shall be brought into the evidentiary record and then replaced with new episodes, and then that the CIA shall radically revamp its way of doing things and demonstrate to the judge computer and BOL that they are from now on aiming at the good of humanity and a just world.

You can easily understand the Invisible Hand's change of heart by examining the bizarre injustice which the Agency had endured during this whole ICJ episode – the magnificent mediocre character of Boss Cheney, Mr former Secretary M. Chertoff, and, of course, these Homeland Security thugs. When they caused troubles for everyone – when they were *in* troubles – you helped them, but they didn't thank you: instead, Boss Cheney rewarded the very person, Mr former Secretary, who had caused the troubles in the first place. Then, when the Russians brought everyone down, they blamed you – even though you only got on their devil's wagon because you were trying to help them. Then, when there was now a chance to get back at the Russians, they blocked you – because they weren't interested in getting convicted. Whatever shit you have swallowed while in the Russians' hand, that's your problem: we don't care. Damn! You seem to have forgotten that it is by trying to help *you* that we are brought down and now have to bear this infamy of trying to help *you* exterminate 90 percent of humanity while looking like the good guys! Meanwhile, this guy whom you wanted us to help you beat down – he's the only one who was willing to forgive us (albeit unsuccessfully). Bullshit! When do these thugs, who had repeatedly and so indisputably demonstrated their intellectual inferiority to the CIA, act like they are more important than the CIA? After all this, the Invisible Hand would thus decide to be on the right side instead, against these criminal elements who had risen and taken over power in America in the past 10 years. The only problem was of course that the Agency had also dirt on their hands from the past.<sup>51</sup>

And so the major underlying theme in the next part of our great story is about how, after much soul-searching, the Invisible Hand shall lead the CIA into a process of rebirth while conducting his second, secret trial with BOL. When the ICJ trial shall finally be reactivated, the CIA will reemerge as the “Macrospherians” in my sense (the good guys who shall, and deserve to, rule). The promise (*yakusoku*) which the Invisible Hand had once made to BOL shall be fulfilled – to make all the people in the world smarter while implementing sustainable civilization – and, as a consequence, the world shall forever sing praises of the CIA while forever remembering DGHTRCOM and his daughters as the strangest and the most bizarre villains in the history of humankind.<sup>52</sup>

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51 Again, the presupposition here is that smart people shouldn't be sacrificed to enable dumb people to live better – that, if anything, perhaps the other way round.

52 At last, it's not the promise which DGHTRCOM made to me (a pyramid!) but that which the Invisible Hand made to BOL (sustainable civilization with smart people!) which was the central theme of this story! I have been mistaken all along! Now, in this conclusion, I have chosen not to dwell much on the enormous disdain which the Invisible Hand, along with the rest of the clandestine service, had developed toward DGHTRCOM and the ingenious method which he would employ to make sure that this former KGB would *really* fit into the bad profile which the Western bureaucrats and media had created to demonize him (that power-hungry and self-centered dictator without any regard for truth, justice, and human rights, a parasite upon his own people) – just as DGHTRCOM had tried to make me fit into the bad profile which the Monkey and Homeland Security had created to demonize me. All I can say is that the resentment must have played a role – “Because we have, out of necessity, had to help the Boss, we missed the chance of being the good guys ourselves and let this KGB Mother-Fucker end up being the good guy, the savior of the world” – in the Invisible Hand's decision to convert the Agency – “This time we shall do it right by lumping that KGB together with the Boss and his cronies and Homeland Security and letting them all be the bad guys *par excellence* together while we shall be the good guys!”