

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice

Vol. IV

How to own the world in seven months

4.

The World of the Pyramids

Al popolo dall'altra parte ricordavano
come e' non era prudenzia volere sempre
l'ultima vittoria, e come e' non
fu mai savio partito fare disperare
gli uomini, perché chi non spera il bene
non teme il male

(Machiavelli, *Le istorie fiorentine*)

“Nous aimons le Mamam
non parce qu'elle nous aime
mais parce qu'elle mérite d'être aimée”

(Myself)

The following reconstructs the International Court of Justice trial over me from January 1 to February 14, 2010.

As I continued my journey, the terminology I used to refer to persons and places became increasingly poetic and metaphorical in accordance with the “change of season” – the change of my mood. As you have seen, I had begun calling the CIA women “Mommy.” And you have also seen that I had been using “Daddy” to refer to.... This is however not an instance of euphemism. The “Cave” refers to the International Court, of course. “Super weapons” – Daddy’s favorite entities – refer to living human beings under the age of 18 – but especially to those under the age of 12. Now something new is the term “pyramid”, which I had invented to refer to pretty white females with a distinctive protruding triangular nose. This, as you shall see, is at the root of the bizarre obsession I would soon develop with the CIA girls.

This chapter covers the most important episodes of the CIA’s conviction, France’s intervention, and Russia’s total victory on February 12. It’s during these episodes that I finally developed a bizarre obsession with the CIA girls and attempted to save the Agency. (In vain, it should be said, although I didn’t know that.) The obsession

resulted in a bizarre episode of the masculine hero attempting to save a bunch of beautiful females (英雄救美). This episode really serves as a good ending for an exposé of the mysterious Central Intelligence Agency. As I have repeatedly emphasized, the CIA clandestine service is very much female-dominated – it has been so since at least the 1980s – and the Agency has been engaged in a campaign of deception to make the public believe in the opposite of reality by instructing former CIA operatives to write memoirs or give speeches to complain about how the Agency is too male-dominated.¹ People are easily fooled because these lies fit into the common stereotype that our society is male-dominated, but they don't fool me because I have my personal experience to count on: the vast majority of the CIA agents that I have ever met are females, but one can always object that my experience is not representative – that the Agency only sends pretty females to me because I'm a guy. However, when one examines all the CIA agents that have ever been outed in the public domain (not analysts, but clandestine operatives from the Directorate of Operations), one sees also that the most typical CIA agent is a pretty white female with a master degree in a liberal arts discipline – exactly as is the case in my experience: Valerie Plame, Gina Haspel, Lindsay Moran, Michelle Rigby Assad, Melissa Mahle, Abigail Spanberger, and so on and on.

Note that it is during this period that I would finally successfully rent an apartment and end my homelessness. Having a home however didn't alter my habit of carrying all my computer equipment and DVDs in a large bag on wheels everywhere I went in order to avoid their burglarization by intelligence agencies. I'll explain more about this in the beginning of the next chapter, "The psychology of the Ying and the Yang".

It should finally be noted that the obsession with the CIA girls and the attempt to save them eventually led to the obsession with, and the attempt to save, *the* Pyramid par excellence by the name of "Angelica", which would then lay the ground for the following disaster that would reverse Russia's total victory and change my life for the worse for a long time to come.

January 1 (Friday; "double chin"?)

My next recording is: "1_1_10_445-448AM.WMA": As I walked, I recounted: "Somebody might have taken a picture of us... we were walking on Colorado Blvd, and a large number of people were lining up for the Rose Parade... and a large number of super weapons... It has come true! You are going to see super weapons on 4 AM in the morning... we then went to the ATM and took 200 dollars out... that's 4:30 AM..." Now I was trying hard to avoid super weapons. "... we then went to Whoppy Burger, it was open already, and we bought coffee... we went to the restroom... we didn't know which one was men's... the manager told us to leave our cart outside... that we wouldn't do and so we left..."

¹ For example, Lindsay Moran in her speeches; Michele Rigby Assad in her *Breaking Cover*; Sandra Grimes' lecture at the International Spy Museum on September 18 2013; and so on and on.

My next recording is: “1_1_10_455-501AM.WMA”: I was still walking and recounting: “... we decided not to take bus 485... there were people all over Colorado Blvd... we only have 400 something dollars left in our account... the bank took away 200...” I was now at Walnut and looking for the bus stop. Because a lot of people were on the street, I hummed like crazy. “... we are in danger...” And I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: “1_1_10_508-521AM.WMA”: I was now waiting for the bus. “Super weapons across the street! What you have always thought is impossible has happened.” And I recollected: “... two days ago... at Santa Monica and Western... angry... smashed the public phone... threw away the pamphlet on spirituality when the man gave it to us... we need an apartment, not spirituality...” And super weapons were coming and so I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: “1_1_10_709-717AM.WMA”: I was still walking on the street and recounting: “... we got off the 181 bus... while on the bus, we opened up our new Asus Eee PC... turned it on... Windows 7 was getting set up... we won’t store anything important on it...” And so I came to Psychobabble. “... earlier, a very attractive white female... sexy... but Mommy is classy, not sexy...” I then turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: “1_1_10_721-735AM.WMA”: I was now in the parking lot behind Psychobabble, after buying cigarettes at 711. I talked about the security guard here. “We turned in the laptop... what’s going to happen now? ... the same thing...” Massive siren on 6:30. I got up and kept on walking.

My next recording is: “1_1_10_757AM.WMA”: I was working in Psychobabble: nothing.

My next recording is: “1_1_10_1112-1144AM.WMA”: I was now eating in the street corner near Psychobabble. I recounted: “... with this new Eee PC... the first thing we did was download Wireshark... strange... it was always in promiscuous mode... you can’t turn it off... we only managed to save the second one... which is dangerous...” I read out the usernames and passwords I was given for the wireless network in Psychobabble. “... really pissed off... when you use a computer, you are using it together with the government... while at 711, we saw this pretty white woman, but she had double chin...” Again! “... we shall call her ‘Mommy at 100 yards’... remember Mommy doesn’t usually have double chin...” Did the Russians have something to do with this? I then mumbled something about presentation: “... it’s superficial, not entirely about looks... we tried to fix our Thermodynamic Interpretation of History everyday, one chapter per day... not succeeding... we were now working on appendix.html... there seemed to be an intercept in Psychobabble, one guy was talking about... with the cashier...” (14:00). Then, an attractive white female with a dog was coming: “... it’s an image of Mommy and us...” And I recalled what I said while in Psychobabble. “... we opened Windows Media Player... looked for Tori Amos... downloaded Ubuntu and SnagIt... then our Hostmatrix... Oh, look, a white guy is imitating us and scratching his nose... and he walks into Psychobabble...” More super weapons were coming, and I hummed. I decided to go back inside

Psychobabble to find the slip of paper with my username and password and use the restroom.

My next recording is: “1_1_10_1204-1216AM.WMA”: I just exited Psychobabble. “... we used the restroom... we are now walking straight on Franklin... what makes women beautiful is that they are the opposite of men... yesterday at Best Buy... we got in line with the Geek Squad... another guy was talking to the Geek Squad leader... we told another Hispanic guy, a chubby guy, about our problem... the Geek Squad leader and the Hispanic guy were together looking at our Eee PC... we talked about the keyboard problem, and it malfunctioned right in front of them... we assumed Homeland Security would only do it when no one was around... we didn’t know whether the malfunctioning was natural or induced... they had us sign three pieces of paper...” The malfunctioning was evidently “natural”. Then, my cart became so hard to drag that I had to stop and rest. I was now on Santa Monica Blvd.

My next recording is: “1_1_10_1221-1237PM.WMA”: I had by now passed Sunset, and I rested in a corner. I examined the rental application. And I farted. “Is it illegal to record yourself farting? To record other people farting?”

My next recording is: “1_1_10_1253PM.WMA”: I was on the street and recounted what happened: “... what looked like a Homeland Security guy gave us a box of chickens... some kind of intercept was produced... we were distraught... there is probably no place where we can buy money order...” It’s possible that the Russians had again commanded Homeland Security to provide me with “material support”.

My next recording is: “1_1_10_1258-109PM.WMA”: I was eating the chickens, and the bus came, but I didn’t get on. “We suddenly became very depressed... everything is closed today...” And I described the problem with my cart again: the wheels were tilted. “... we can’t drag it anymore... the guy to our right looks like Homeland Security, a ZZ Top look-alike...” Done with the chickens, I came to the stop for bus 4. I decided to find a motel in Silverlake.

My next recording is: “1_1_10_154-203PM.WMA”: And so I checked into the same motel and was now in my room. “It’s in the same place where Michelle used to live...” And I recounted what happened earlier: “... we got on bus 4... our laptop... which will tell us how safe we are gonna be and how much we can record... as soon as we are out of danger, when there is no need for law enforcement to arrest us... but there are still a lot of intercepts... because super weapons were everywhere... obviously, neither Mommy nor Daddy wants us to record anymore... they want us to leave no traces behind... *if it was recorded yesterday, it might cause problems in the future... that’s their message together...* so no one really knows what happened in Best Buy...” Acting! I had only accepted “no records” because I knew the Russians were in control. “... we got in line to exchange our laptop... Wow, what a great deal... but no records left... that’s the way they wanted it... while we were in Psychobabble, there were intercepts, but we didn’t pay attention... if you leave your recorder on all the time... that’s why there are super weapons everywhere... neither Mommy nor Daddy wanted us to leave behind traces of what intercepts were produced... we have been here before... Silverlake and Sunset... it’s better not to record... for now that’s our resolution... Don’t piss Mommy and Daddy off together... last night... it

was New Year Eve... we have no idea whether what happened last night was natural or not, because people wanted to celebrate... Daddy is going to get our recordings tainted, just in case in the future..."

My next recording is: "mtlplanpicvid_1_1_10_158-626PM.WMA": I pretended to make my resolution: to not record when outside. "... Mommy and Daddy don't want us to record..." I then recounted everything that had happened earlier: "... when we were on the bus from Santa Monica... *maybe coughing is also counted as an intercept*... all the suspicious people and super weapons... the super weapons that were strategically placed on the bus... when we came to the motel, the manager wrote up the card herself... that would be evidence that our hand-writing is somebody else's... that means that it is all over again... the laptop has finished the replacement of evidences... and everything has to be repeated again... Mommy does say good things about us... even though we are a pet, Mommy has a plan... we are going to keep recording to the minimal... it's not a good idea to piss off Mommy... we are not sure whether they will send in a law enforcement officer to watch over us... yesterday when we were at Best Buy, it was not recorded, there is no trace of what happened to our laptop... why does it smell like gas is leaking?" From 15:30 onward I was videotaping my receipts. I continued: "While we were standing by Edgemont and Santa Monica, there were a lot of intercepts... they are preparing for a new phase... maybe Daddy wouldn't be angry anymore... he would retire, and there will be only Mommy and us... that'd be easier..." Then, from 34:00 onward, I was playing *Wir sind Helden*. While I was preparing to shower, I also recollected what the manager said to me about hot water. I was done with shower by 1:12:00. From 1:21:00 onward, I was videotaping my receipts again. "I feel so sad... whenever Mommy shows up we always look like such shit... we are so lonely..." From 1:37:00 onward, Sarah Brightman. On 1:53:00 I was looking at my drawings. From 1:58:00 onward, back to *Wir sind Helden*. On 2:12:00 I was mumbling indistinctly about something. On 2:19:00, I thought out my idea about a music video for my pictures of the CIA girls. "We like Mommy because Mommy likes us..." Then, from 2:21:30 onward, I was reflecting on how the episode with Enkel worked: "... where did the philosopher go? Mommy doesn't tell us... we are a pet, you don't talk to your pet, you just throw him a bone... but we gradually figured out what happened. Who took up the philosophy stuff? Maybe one day Mommy will give us a hint... Mommy, why are you so angry? We don't know... Mommy planted stories in the *LA Times*, to let you know what happened in the past, but not in the present... we actually met our replacement in Karin's meetups... Mommy has the habit of both playing the show and letting us know... Mommy is so pretty..." Again, I was purposely furnishing the Russians with more evidence of my conspiracy with the CIA. Then my idea about the music video again. "... to be susceptible of Mommy's *affecting*... no Daddy... men are not allowed here... pretty soon we will be alone with Mommy... we don't do art anymore because art can't say so much... the prehistory of Mommy..." Then I started with my slide show again, this time with *Wir sind Helden* (2:28:30). From 3:04:00 onward, back to Sarah Brightman. On 3:06:00 I was mumbling indistinctly about something. On 3:23:00, back to *Wir sind Helden*. On 3:32:30, I was reading something. On 3:49:00, back to Sarah Brightman. I was now rotating my "Mommy pictures" with Sarah Brightman's songs. All done by 4:25:00. "All these people... you don't even know who they are... Maybe someday Mommy will let us know... Mommy does like paintings and drawings... that's why Mommy likes us... we are educated... that's why Mommy comes..."

Now, two comments before we move on. First of all, there is the question of whether the pretty white female with a double chin seen in 711 this morning was indeed the Russians' "CIA trick" again. Unfortunately, I'm not able to answer this question even today. Second, I must say something about this "coughing" thing. Now that the Russians had control over everything around me, I had come to realize that head-scratching was no longer the suit team's evidence of my conspiracy with the Russians and their allies but instead the Russians' evidence of my conspiracy with the United States, i.e. when I met with my American conspirators, we would both scratch our head and so on to signal to one another that we were doing this together to frame Russia. What had then happened was that I came to understand even coughing to be the Russians' evidence of my conspiracy with the United States: when I met with the people around me, we would both cough to signal to one another that we were in this together to frame Russia. Keep this in mind especially when you have reached the narratives from March and April onward, when I would have firmly understood that, when I coughed, it was because the chips inside my brain had activated certain regions in my brain to cause me to cough.

My next recording is: "1_1-2_10_631PM-405AM.WMA": I was now sleeping. On 10:00: "... when we saw Mommy in a meetup... what about the rest of the people? ... we have had some strange meetups... Mommy... some people just don't know what they have... we are gonna make three parts of this music video... first Mommy... seeing herself... and then Enkel as our replacement... and then the weird meetups..." (from 18:00 onward). "We'll soon be alone with Mommy again... we accidentally screwed up Mommy's plan in China... but now Mommy is gonna love us again... I can feel it..." Again, excellent testimony for the Russians: apparently, my attempt to defect to China should not be interpreted as evidence of my attempt to harm the United States. Then I slept quietly.² On 9:16:00 I woke up.

January 2 (Saturday; money order and picture-taking)

My next recording is: "mtl_1_2_10_359-540AM.WMA": I turned on my new Eee PC. I examined the pre-existing media files on it and then Windows Updates. Then I rested. I had diarrhea again this morning.

My next recording is: "1_2_10_545-635AM.WMA": I worked on my laptop a little more. Then I prepared my laundry and went out to the laundromat.

My next recording is: "mtlbrndvd2newcp_1_2_10_801-1128AM.WMA": I had just come back to my motel room from the laundromat. I recounted my time in the coffeeshop and the laundromat: "There were intercepts in the laundromat... Some guy was playing video games, and so David Chin was playing video games... Daddy is going to slander us... then he will leave us alone... he's so annoying... Mommy finds him annoying too... *Mommy wanted to hide us in China*... now we just have to make Daddy go away, once and for all..." Then, from 18:00 onward, Sarah Brightman. From 35:00 onward, Wir sind Helden. It seems that I was playing with my slide show again. Then I worked on burning a new copy of DVD-2. From 1:18:00 onward, MIA. On 1:32:00, back to Sarah Brightman. On 1:38:00,

² Reviewed until 32:00, and then from 9:01:00 onward.

Wir sind Helden. I was very frustrated because I encountered so many problems with compiling the project for DVD-2 and so spent almost three hours burning this disc. By 3:07:00 it was 11 AM and I had to be ready to go and yet I hadn't finished checking the files on the disc. And I suddenly developed a very bad stomach ache. On 3:15:00 the manager was knocking on my door. "We must make progress in finding an apartment..." I packed up my things and checked out of the motel.

My next recording is: "1_2_10_1125-1131AM.WMA": Again, I took care to dump my trash far away from the motel. Then I mumbled something about the remote control. I also felt like vomiting. I then mumbled about going to the bank. I came to Cafe Tropical and turned off my recorder.

I then came to Citi-Bank to buy the money order I needed for my rental application. My next recording is: "1_2_10_1206-1208PM.WMA": Now my recorder had just malfunctioned: "... frozen... at the bank... they will charge 10 dollars and so on... we cannot turn in the application today..."

I lingered around in Silverlake for a little bit and bought the money order at Western Union instead. I then stopped by Harvey Apartment and, after that, went to downtown to take the 485 bus to go back to Pasadena. All this I shall recount shortly.

My next recording is: "0_1_2_10_306-327PM.WMA": I had by now such a bad headache that I came back to my corner next to the parking structure to rest. I ate while mumbling about lemonade and beef jerky. "... to help our stomach... after we got off bus 485, we went to the European bakery... bought fruit... how much they cost... when we came out of Citi-Bank, that was supposed to be a good intercept... there was a whole line of people waiting to use the ATM..." Siren on 10:30. "... we wrote down a ton of intercepts on our hands... when we exited, there was only one white female at the ATM... we were waiting for bus 4... to go to downtown to take bus 485... we noticed there was a Western Union... we walked in there and the same white female was there... she was buying money order, and we too... she was buying an 890 dollar money order... so she was our double... she was probably Mommy at 100 yards... we bought our 35 dollar money order... the second one since this morning... first, the video games, and now an intercept showing that we have a lot of money..." Again, I was just pretending to believe that the suit team's operation was still ongoing. "... we then walked to the side of the building... we were going to make a log right there... but our recorder froze... maybe Mommy didn't want us to log the intercepts... then at the gas station, where we bought lemonade and beef jerky... now we feel a little better... a guy who looked so familiar... Was he Homeland Security? But he wasn't wearing earphones... then a guy with a draggy cart showed up... and another white female was text-messaging... we were sure it was for us... the first was Mommy at 50 yards... but this one had a lot of tattoos on her body... probably not Mommy... she got on the bus before us... we waited for the next bus 4... then another Iranian man was talking Farsi on his cellphone... we got on bus 4... and came to Harvey..." It's not clear whether the first white female who also bought money order was really a CIA agent. If so, it's of course the Russians who had sent her in.

My next recording is: "psdnprklot_dvd86prjct_1_2_10_321-407PM.WMA": I continued to recount: "... we came to Harvey Apartment... the office was already closed... and so we rode bus 4 to go back

to downtown... super weapons on the bus... we got off by the Superior Court, and got on 485... another man was dragging a cart... that was an intercept...” Not! “... we showed the bus driver our card, and he didn’t take it away... we took out our Eee PC to read the document we had printed out while in Psychobabble... how to install Ubuntu from a USB flash drive... we got off on Colorado Blvd... a man asked us if we wanted to eat something... probably an intercept... then we came to the European Bakery... and we came back to the parking structure around 3 PM...” I then counted today’s “intercepts”: “... that was to reconfirm the accuracy of the faulty surveillance Machine... today, the video games, then having a lot of money, then talking Farsi... Spanish... on the phone... maybe that was Mommy at 50 yards...” Siren on 10:30. “... unless you stab people or something, you will not be arrested... this is the fourth siren since we got off bus 485... we stayed in the motel for the whole day and burned only one disc... we were too busy with entertainment...” The entertainment was in fact important because it was the Russians’ evidence of my conspiracy, and relationship, with the CIA. I then started clearing up more disk space on my Toshiba and working on making DVD-86.

My next recording is: “0_1_2_10_415-432PM.WMA”: I then read through my receipts. “... the portrait of the man who said, ‘Broadway and Kent’... where to get new glasses... it’s a strange habit we have, videotaping things that we need to throw away... Does this matter? Only Mommy knows... ask Mommy...” I then decided to work a little more on my “Karin’s Meetups”.

My next recording is: “psdnprklot_orth16kmu1011_1_2_10_427-539PM.WMA”: I continued to work on what would become the chapter “To steal away my artistic talent”: “... more weird and scary movies which Karin took us to see...” Then, suddenly, on 27:00, a black man came by and took a picture of me. Shocked, I blocked my face with my hand. “It’s so Daddy! ... Mommy and Daddy are very different... It’s so fucking upsetting... and people complain about our videotaping!” Then: “... Daddy likes to abuse us... every time he does it, he sits back and laughs... no, we enjoy it when people treat us like shit...” As you shall see, this man was going to report me to the police. If this was part of any operation, it’s of course the Russians who had commanded it. (More on this later.)

My next recording is: “0psdnprklot_orth16kmu_1_2_10_544-644PM.WMA”: I mumbled about how my “phobia” came about: when the means to an end became the end in itself. “Avoiding certain things was a means to something, but pretty soon avoiding them crystallized into an end in itself, avoiding for the sake of avoiding... even when the purpose is gone, you are still doing it... I don’t think it really matters if people talk next to us, but now that we have avoided that for months...” Again, I was explaining my behavior – If I was helping the suit team then why was I resisting? – in order for the Russians to hear. Then I went to sleep. “Suffering has completed, there is no need for more suffering... the super weapons... it’s not just phobia... during a good day, we still miss Mommy... When is the last time that we really talked to Mommy, at whatever distance? ... in the laundromat back in July... when you are a pet, don’t expect them to treat you like a real human being... women are not supposed to be good with computers... Microsoft is easier, and so maybe that’s why Mommy likes Microsoft...” Now a super weapons was coming and so I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: “slpsdnprklot_1_2_10_638-954PM.WMA”: I was now sleeping, still mumbling

nonsense from time to time (super weapons and so on). Siren on 13:10. Then I rested quietly.³

My next recording is: “slppsdnprklot_1_2_10_959-1116PM.WMA”: I continued to sleep.⁴

My next recording is: “slppsdnprklot_1_2-3_10_1110PM-202AM.WMA”: I continued to sleep.⁵ On 2:21:40, I woke up and starting packing. I examined all my papers (receipts, bus schedules) before I threw them away. Then I moved on. On 2:31:30 I was walking down Lake Blvd, mumbling nonsense along the way. And I continued to mumble “Mommy” when I came to Winchell on 2:51:30.

January 3 (Sunday; the Metasploit video)

My next recording is: “psdnprklot_1_3_10_211-222AM.WMA”: I was now sitting outside Winchell and recounting what I said when ordering my doughnuts.

My next recording is: “0brndvd86diarrhvgrnwmn_1_3_10_328-506AM.WMA”: I was still at Winchell. I examined the Event Viewer log on my new Eee PC and then looked into defragmentation. And then other details. “The Volume Serial Number of our new Eee PC is... on 2:52 AM, a man came in and said he was shot in the ass...” And I recounted the gibberish which the other people who came in had said. “... the other identification numbers...” On 22:00 I left Winchell and was on the move. I picked up cigarette butts everywhere, and then came to my usual corner behind Chase on 40:00. “Our new Eee PC has a large disk space... we have become habitually scared, everything is so worrisome...” I turned on my Toshiba and tried to free up more disk space. I then named my new recordings. Then I started burning DVD-86 on Toshiba Disc Creator. Then I was having diarrhea again and I quickly packed up. I ran: “Starbucks is still closed, and we couldn’t use Kinkos’... where should we shit?” Just then, on 1:38:00, a vagrant woman called me: “Stop...” And the police were coming! An operation!

It seems that I did end up in Kinkos and then came out. My next recording is: “utknkosbeafraid_1_3_10_534-631AM.WMA”: While walking, I continued to recount what happened in Kinkos: “... we took a dump... shaved... what happened earlier must be an operation... then a police car came... the officers were interrogating the black woman... supposedly they would just harass our double... Is there any reason to arrest us, to put us away?” And I recalled what happened in the hospital back in March, how I got an EKG and so on. “Mommy doesn’t like you to record, so don’t record... Daddy is annoying... do what you always do, 100 percent caution... you keep taking pictures of yourself... they would have to kill you... don’t do it... presumably Mommy would say good things... Mommy does talk good things... our data, we will keep them... we have enough pictures of Mommy... law enforcement will continue to watch you... just because they need to produce surveillance showing you to be under surveillance... you never know *when* Mommy is listening... you should like Mommy... *we ourselves are an image of Mommy...*” I rested in a corner and continued: “Where is Mommy? ... she was always listening to us when we were in our apartment... also when we were in Nicaragua...”

3 Reviewed until 25:00, and then from 3:13:30 onward.

4 Reviewed until 5:00, and then from 1:15:00 onward.

5 Reviewed until 9:00, and then from 2:21:00 onward.

Mommy will know we have good intention... she knows that we didn't record anything yesterday... nor in Best Buy... how does faulty surveillance work?... we know that it depends on true surveillance... they obviously knew you were in the back of Chase... Daddy likes to use surveillance agents, not Mommy... Mommy likes to use devices... like the camera in Deborah's office... don't record when you are in an enclosure... when operation will happen... only when you are alone, when there will be no operations... just be a dummy... when you don't understand, it's even better... Mommy likes Microsoft and Daddy likes Linux... Mommy runs operations on a small scale, Daddy, on a large scale... they are complete opposites... Mommy is smooth and inconspicuous... Daddy likes to put his foot on your face... Mommy is classy... Daddy's people are always mean-looking... our Big Sister is cultivated too, but not classy..." And I described the Big Sister's appearance. "... that's what people don't know about Mommy and Daddy.... They have different computer habits... Mommy has infiltrated Google a long time ago, but Daddy just takes over it in a single stroke... be afraid of ghosts even when there are no ghosts... please Mommy even when she is already pleased... then you will never piss her off..." Excellent! I was then on the move again and deciding whether to go to Starbucks. "We can use the computer again, we don't have to worry about doubles... don't go to Starbucks, you've got thrown out of there far too often... go to Psychobabble..." Then, suddenly, a bunch of super weapons showed up, and I turned off my recorder.

We really have to wonder whether the Russians had indeed commanded the suit team to stage the police incident at Kinkos earlier. Namely, it could be that the Russians were continuing to obtain "perfect" instances of everything that had happened before. They thus commanded the suit team to stage an incident and use faulty surveillance to come up with evidence in the lower court that it was I who was involved, and then commanded the lower court judges to catch the suit team in the act. Thus, just the same thing: commanding the suit team to commit crimes in order to get busted.

Now I got on bus 181 on Colorado Blvd and got off on Vermont and Franklin. I was in 711 briefly and then came to Psychobabble. I was becoming addicted to Psychobabble because here I could easily run into pretty white females – to soothe my increasing longing for pretty CIA agents. My next recording is: "0arrivepsychbbble_1_3_10_635-645AM.WMA" (...735-745AM.): I was now outside Psychobabble: "... it's not going to open until 8 AM, and so we have to wait..." And I recounted what I said while in 711. Then: "... while we were on the bus, a black woman was reading a Chinese pamphlet... Buddhism... very strange... she was sloppy... that must be an intercept... that must be around 7:20 AM..." Could the suit team have also staged this under Russian command?

Soon Psychobabble was open and I came inside to work. Something important: I was burning a new copy of DVD-4, and among the files for this disc was the video of my installing Metasploit on my Toshiba Satellite back in December 2008. I had to ponder whether I should include it on my disc because it might harm the Russians (i.e. it would look as if I was really David Chin the computer-hacker). Strangely, the noises in the coffeehouse seemed to be encouraging me to include, or not include, this video on my new disc. It's not clear whether somebody in the control center was really trying to convey something to me through these noises. Finally, I decided to include the video in my new disc because I wanted to pretend to not know what was in the Russians' interests nor to care about

them.

It's important to mention briefly what was going on in the Cave at the moment. Despite the Russians' spectacular victory at the moment, the CIA still had a chance. Somehow, the CIA's claim that I was only pretending to conspire with them still had the kind of validity which judge Higgins couldn't deny, and Best Mommy – the CIA's last card inside the Cave – was still looking for evidences of this claim even while the Russians were, outside the Cave, continually commanding the Agency to commit crimes for the sake of being prosecuted. I have always supposed that it was Best Mommy who was orchestrating the noises this morning after she had seen on the mind-reading computer that I was constantly paying attention to the noises around me believing them to be the Russians' signals. If I had followed the noises and refrained from including the Metasploit video in my disc, she might use that as evidence that I was secretly conspiring with the Russians. It's not clear whether the Russians had instead used this episode with my Metasploit video as evidence to counter Best Mommy's claim that I was secretly helping them.

My next recording is: "0psychbbbleprklot_1_3_10_1154-1157AM.WMA": I was now outside Psychobabble taking a break. I recounted: "... while in Psychobabble... Windows started updating... it's been going on for 20 minutes... this kind of thing is always very suspicious to us... earlier we bought a new DVD vinyl..." I was then mumbling something about my disc-burning.

My next recording is: "0psychbbbleprklot_1_3_10_1257-101PM.WMA": I was out of Psychobabble again. I recounted: "... we have burned one new copy of DVD-4, and so we need to burn another one... What did we burn it with? Nero?" I was then complaining about the trouble I had had in compiling the project. "The only intercept... burned DVD-86... and also DVD-23... and tested a couple..." Then super weapons showed up and I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: "0psychbbbprklot_1_3_10_106-118PM.WMA": My Eee PC suddenly shut itself down: was it because it was done with installing updates? I then read out the bar code number of my new vinyl holder. "Daddy wants to fuck you up, and Mommy is saying, 'Don't record'... that's why the driver said something about downloading music... to be confused with us... when super weapons show up, it's Mommy saying, 'Don't record'... Daddy didn't say anything, just that you won't like it... Daddy always gives you the opposite of what you enjoy, and so he likes to send in super weapons, the opposite of Mommy... now there is an intercept showing you squatting here snooping on super weapons... Mommy put them here to force you to not record... with a changing context, the elements change... when super weapons show up, it's Mommy and Daddy talking together... that's our analysis of the day... a Yoga place, it's the gathering place for Mommies at 100 yards... when we were in Psychobabble, there was one intercept... when we walked into Rite Aid, a very attractive white female was working there, and we said, 'Is it already open?' She was like, 'What do you want?' ... we weren't able to save the Wireshark captures on our Eee PC... we were able to complete two more sections of our Thermodynamic Interpretation of History and Scientific Enlightenment... there were several people inside who were using MAC..."

I then ate lunch at the Thai restaurant and after that came to downtown. My next recording is: “tosilverstreakbus_1_3_10_342-355PM.WMA”: I was now walking in downtown. “... very traumatic... our Toshiba... we went to the Thai restaurant... we have become so weakened... we looked at the time... then we spilled our soup a little on our Toshiba... it suddenly reminded us of the dream... so scary... we continued to write the section... DVD-4...” Now I was at the bus stop on Olympic and Olive. “When we get there it will be 7 PM... it’s very risky... Homeland Security likes it when we walk on the street... we are so ugly... we can be homeless, but our Toshiba can’t be homeless... we don’t have time for entertainment, we don’t have time to write... Oh, the guy in front of us is coughing... *I think coughing is also a surveillance intercept*... what happened earlier... we were in Psychobabble, and then in the Thai restaurant... our head hurt so much... we had to lie on the street a little... then we got on bus 2... there was one super weapon... we sat in the middle of the bus... an attractive white female... there might be an intercept showing us doing ‘criminal staring’... and a guy was talking on his cellphone saying... another guy asked someone about his iPod... that was an intercept... it was 3:27 PM... we got off the bus on Olympic and Hill, and then walked over here...” Now the Silver Streak was coming and I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: “1_3_10_546-606PM.WMA”: While walking on the street, I recounted what I said to the bus driver. “We used our Eee PC while on the bus. Are you sure we are making the right choice? Perhaps we should turn back... but we are so tired of sleeping on the street... maybe we should come tomorrow instead, tomorrow is Monday...” On 13:00 I was examining the bus schedule. Finally I decided to turn back: there would be no more buses at night. “You should have checked the Internet... but it’s all Homeland Security Internet...”

My next recording is: “1_3_10_738-745PM.WMA”: I recounted: “... we’ve just got off the bus... we were like the only person on the bus... at some point the bus driver was switched... we used our Toshiba... fixed our project... then on our Eee PC... reading about Disk Management... we feel very sad... we need money... if you have your own apartment... you wouldn’t waste all this money on food... tomorrow if we need to go to Montclair, we will go directly from... this trip is not wasted... Claremont... Montclair... one more night... tomorrow we will be somewhere...”

My next recording is: “0_1_3_10_809-819PM.WMA”: I recounted: “... we’ve just got off the Metro... tomorrow we’ll still have to follow the same routine... go to Psychobabble... no matter what we will have to find a home... our Toshiba is too traumatized... on the Metro... on our Eee PC... reading about Disk Management... Windows 7 seems like a piece of shit... we are suspicious of configuration and updates... we will get Ubuntu... we will do writing, music videos... you are sharing the computer with the government... the cashier offered us the game... an intercept... Daddy just wants us to be homeless forever... but our Toshiba needs a home... we will figure out what Mommy thinks after we have found a home...”

My next recording is: “1_3_10_932-938PM.WMA”: I was now back in the same old neighborhood in Pasadena. I recounted: “... we’ve just come out of Whoppy Burger, nothing left behind...” I recalled what I said while there... we were reading about Windows Power Shell... virtual hard disk... people

came in... but we were concentrating on learning about computers...” I came to my usual corner next to the parking structure and got ready to sleep. “... when we were reading about Remote Disk Management, we were thinking about Homeland Security’s remote control of our computer... we have lived with this remote control for three years...”

My next recording is: “0slppsdpnrklot_1_3-4_10_943PM-342AM.WMA”: I was now sleeping. I mumbled something about videotaping myself installing Ubuntu and then putting the video on Youtube. On 8:10: “... Amanda looking down is prettier than Amanda looking up... maybe we should put... first... and then... you don’t know what we are talking about because the video is not yet made... but it will soon be made...” Then I slept quietly.⁶

January 4 (Monday; apartment and disc-burning failures)

My first recording of the new day is: “1_4_10_336-421AM.WMA”: I just woke up and was getting my things ready. Then I mumbled about how only one earphone worked on my Eee PC. I checked my recorder to make sure that both ears worked. I got up and started walking, mumbling continually about my “draggy cart”: “... it’s 4 AM...”

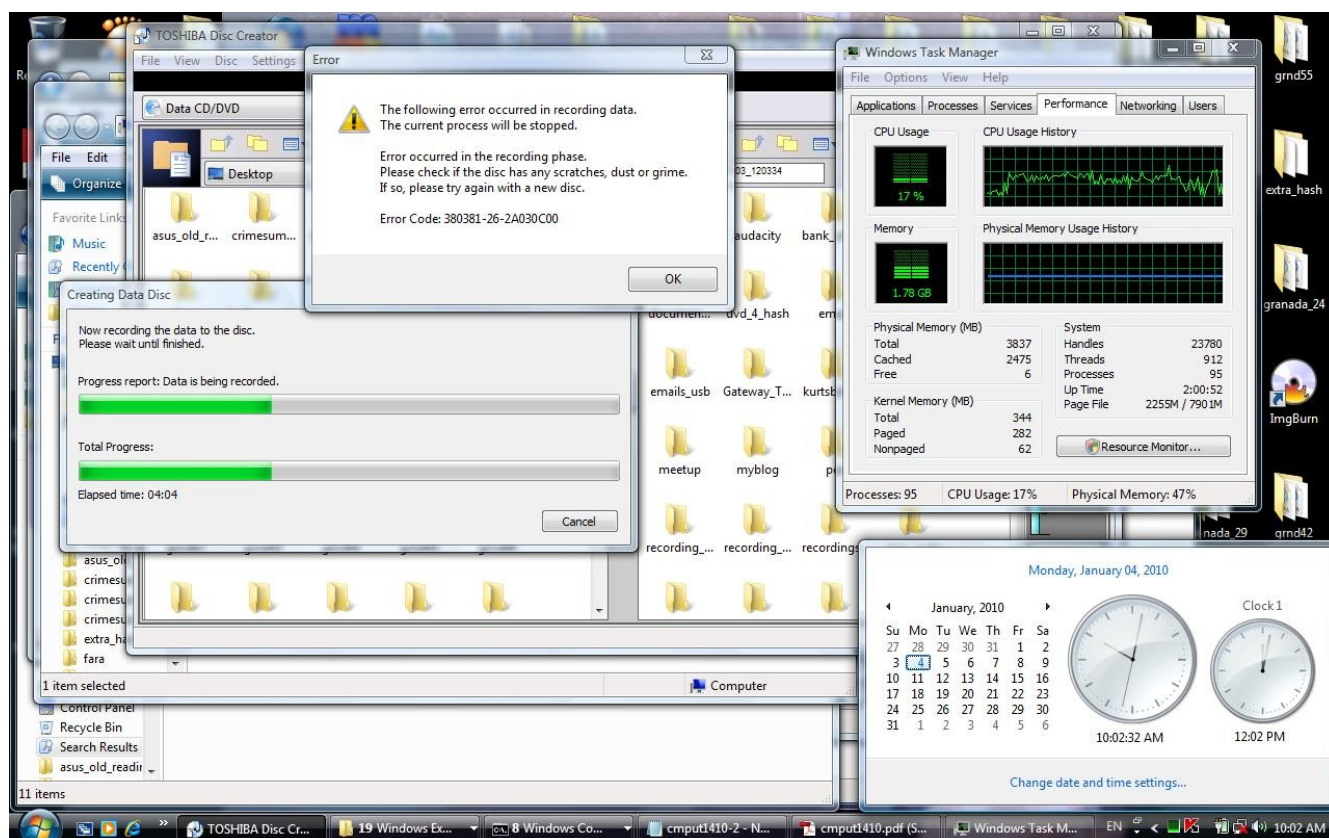
As usual, I came to Winchell to have my doughnuts and coffee and to work on my computers. I would soon recount what happened in my next recording: “0_utwnchlltobus180_1_4_10_624-653AM.WMA”: While walking on the street, I started recounting: “... a large number of people suddenly came into Winchell, making us very uncomfortable... when you first walked into Winchell, it’s very scary... a man who looked like law enforcement... we played the recording of our sleeping... our earphones didn’t work and, as soon as the sound came out on our speaker, the man just took off... ‘Okay, that’s criminal recording’... Daddy always wants everything... but I don’t think recording yourself sleeping is a crime...” I kept on walking: “... we are gonna find an apartment, there will be no more of this...” I was then mumbling again about how Amanda looked up and then looked down in my videos. The bus soon came and I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: “1_4_10_741-745AM.WMA”: I came to Vermont and Franklin and was now near Psychobabble. I recounted: “... our double was talking about something... if we can get that 600 dollars... even in that densely populated area...” And I was admiring the apartments in this area.

And so I spent about two hours in Psychobabble. Massive malfunctioning of my Toshiba Disc Creator! I tried to burn a new copy of DVD-4 on my Toshiba and the burn failed. That was on 9:52 AM. I put in another disc and the burn failed again on 10:02 AM. I got terribly upset in a “non-personal” way, namely: knowing that it could only be the Russians who had done it, I was upset by the obstruction but didn’t blame them for it since they must have done it for the sake of their victory. (It’s quite likely that the Russians had commanded Homeland Security to remotely cause my burning to fail in order to obtain more “perfect” instances of how the suit team had been remotely controlling my computers and then using the intercepts of the malfunctioning as evidences in the lower court.)

6 Reviewed until 20:00, and then from 5:50:00 onward.

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
4.8.2. The World of the Pyramids
Lawrence C. Chin,
Jan. 2010 – Apr. 2021



The second failure on 10:02 AM.

My next recording is: “1_4_10_1020-1024AM.WMA”: I was now out of Psychobabble and recounted: “... we didn’t accomplish anything... Homeland Security didn’t allow us to do anything on our computers today... we were not allowed to burn DVD-4... all the files we needed for the disc just disappeared... we couldn’t get online with our Eee PC either... two failed burns... two more blank discs wasted... it’s not that Homeland security didn’t want us to burn our discs... they didn’t let us get online... they wanted us to become frustrated so that we would act out, so that the police would come... *the plan is to get us arrested*... but we are not going to... we are not going to make a scene in Psychobabble... we would just leave...”

My next recording is: “1_4_10_1055-1059AM.WMA”: I then recounted what was said in Psychobabble: “... the Hispanic guy warned us not to shower in the restroom... in the past three days, it was a white female who was working there, and now it has changed... there is probably a false report saying that we have sexually harassed her... probably just in order to produce a surveillance intercept... I think we are just back to the same old thing again... we just bought blank DVDs... at the Best Buy in Los Feliz...” There was most likely no false report. I was now waiting for the bus. “... it’s DVD+R, and made in Taiwan...”

I then headed out to Harvey Apartment to turn in my application. My application was approved! More on this as I shall recount it all momentarily. Then I decided to check into a motel again. I came to one nearby but was told to wait. I got a burger first and ate it outside while waiting.

My next recording is: “0_donewlnchtomtl_1_4_10_131-153PM.WMA”: I just finished eating my burger. I pretended to note that a Hispanic man was making a cellphone call in his car. And I recalled the text-messaging earlier. “We have actually got our apartment!” I recounted how I walked into Harvey Apartment earlier and turned in my application: “... and she said it was approved! But we have to bring in the SSI letter tomorrow... we do have a theory about what is going on...” I of course assumed that it was another gift from the Russians to thank me, but I had to pretend to believe that it was the suit team which had arranged for it so that I was now trying to invent a reason as to why they would be so kind to me. Then I carefully recounted what I did and said in the doughnuts shop earlier, and then what I said while in Harvey Apartment’s office. “... we couldn’t find the SSI letter in our pouch... we asked her to make sure that the credit check would be approved before we would bring in the SSI letter... and she did approve it, and we were dumbfounded... what a miracle... then we got on bus 4... when we took the 180 bus to come back from Best Buy... there was a man who looked like a law enforcement officer... on bus 4 it happened again, a man who looked like a detective... and we came to the motel... there would be a room at 2 PM... then we came to the restaurant to eat...” And I recounted what I said while there. “... it’s hard work to have to recollect everything... and so we are done with eating and sitting here, until 2 PM... now we just have to come up with the deposit... Don’t get too excited, there are still hurdles to jump over... it’s gonna take us several months to replace all the old discs... Oh, a Hispanic woman is making a cellphone call, we’ve got intercepted...” Now that it was almost 2 PM, I came back to the motel.

My next recording is: “0_brndvd4newcp_mtl_1_4_10_201-327PM.WMA”. I was now in the motel room. I was speaking about how super weapons and law enforcement officers were a team – in a not-too-far distance. Then, about the TV (2:30). “Obviously Daddy wants us to watch TV. If we don’t watch it, then super weapons are going to talk... either a surveillance intercept of our knowing Spanish, or...” (5:00). I was now burning DVD-4-NWCP again. “Most likely there was neither anything wrong with the disc nor with the burning software...” (12:00). “We won’t get arrested because of the super weapons” (13:50). Then I had difficulty in finding one particular video (20:40). Siren on 21:20. I was then videotaping the burning process. Then I was mumbling about finding a disease that would kill off all super weapons (23:00). Amazingly, the burning had proceeded smoothly. “As long as we are videotaping the machine, it would not malfunction” (23:40). Then I continued to complain about how super weapons were following me like my shadows (25:00). Then: “Homeland Security’s remote disruption of our computer’s functioning is not going to show up in Task Manager and so on” (33:30). The burning was successful – since I was videotaping it! “The only way to make a computer work...” (35:30). Then, a super weapon shouted in the distance (37:30). Then I was mumbling about “Daddy’s” arguments in the ICJ (39:00).

My next recording is: “mtl_1_4_10_323-419PM.WMA” (...-519PM...): I continued to be busy working on my discs (deciding which old discs I would need to duplicate). “*Do you think there is a plan for us*

to get arrested? ... the last time, after you were in the hospital for 9 days, as soon as you got out the operation continued... *just because you have turned in your Eee PC, it doesn't mean it will not continue...*" (58:00). Nice acting! I started burning another new copy of an old disc. Then: "... now that we are videotaping it, it will not malfunction... when we were in the coffeehouse... then we would get kicked out... and that's surveillance... snooping on children, criminally recording people... all this will continue... given all this, it's a miracle that our apartment is approved... and now we must find a way to pay for it... Why is the approval so fast? It must be orchestrated..." Again, I was acting to conceal my belief that it was thanks to the Russians that I was allowed to find an apartment. "... it doesn't look like Daddy's anger is subsiding any time soon... Daddy is such a cancer... Daddy is the kind who sees no middle ground... for him, everyone has only one side..." Then, on 1:07:00, my worst nightmare: because I wasn't videotaping it, the burning failed. "... malfunctions again!... we forgot to videotape it... Is that why? Okay, Daddy is listening and he's upset..." Then I talked about the example of Professor Matt and Professor Jenny on 1:08:00 – to illustrate my Daddy's way of reasoning: "... always only one side... there is something wrong with this mother-fucker... you criticize him and he gets angry..." And so, as I tried to burn the disc again, I would definitely be filming it from beginning to end. I pretended to believe that it's Mr former Secretary, my Daddy, who had disrupted my burning when, in reality, I was shocked that the Russians wouldn't let me burn my disc. Why? Why would they be against my preserving my data? Perhaps they had commanded Homeland Security to mess up my burning when I wasn't videotaping it in order to "devise the terrorist's environment in a way that fits his belief": "... and we criticize him anyway and then we videotape our machine... The only thing that Daddy understands is the master-and-slave relationship. We are still criticizing him even though we are burning a new disc... the only thing he understands is putting his boot on other people's face... like in 1984... he's not a pervert because his testosterone level is so high that he has passed over women... passed over all human beings... and wants only domination... calm down with your project of conquering the world... you don't have to conquer the whole world in order to... the world doesn't have to be a jungle where every man is trying to chop off the head of every other man... his face is probably getting very red right now... 'This little mother-fucker is criticizing me again'... everyday just super weapons... other people lie for convenience's sake, but he lies because he likes to lie... and yet he doesn't do it well... now everybody has to help him conquer the world... so that he can go retire to the mountain... now I have to spend another gigabyte for burning this fucking disc..." If the Russians were at the moment indeed commanding Mr former Secretary to listen to me, that'd be more evidence of my conspiracy with him! On 1:32:00 the TV went berserk: "... an intercept! Foreign intelligence is sending us a secret message..." On 1:34:30 the burning was successful! Of course! Because I was filming it! "White smoke is ascending from Daddy's bald head right now... Why does Mommy lie? Mommy lies because she is a cult... so there are three reasons why people lie..." I was now checking on the files on the new disc, playing an old recording of one of Karin's meetups. Then, suddenly, my recorder turned itself off. Did the Russians command Homeland Security to do this too?

My next recording is: "0_eeepc_slpmtl_1_4-5_10_527-958PM.WMA": When I turned my recorder back on: "Did Daddy turn off our recorder? He is really pissed off..." I continued to review the recording of Karin's meetup. By 47:00 I was packing up. "We burned two discs! It's not easy!" Then I studied Windows 7 on my Eee PC for a long time, examining all the software that came with it. By

2:14:00 I was all done and was getting ready to sleep. I blocked my door with chairs as usual. From 2:28:00 onward I was sleeping with the TV turned off. As usual, I slept on top of my bag.⁷

January 5 (Tuesday; Daddy’s showing up?)

My next recording is: “wkmtl_1_5_10_215-305AM.WMA”: I woke up and was upset again because my recorder stopped functioning at 9:58 PM, which meant that more than 4 hours of my time were not recorded. I turned on my Eee PC and was examining something in it.

My next recording is: “0_mtlslvrlike_1_5_10_310-707AM.WMA”: I then turned on my Toshiba. From 35:00 onward I was reviewing my recordings of Karin’s meetups. Then I had problems with transferring the recordings from my ICD Sony recorder to my new Eee PC. The Sound Recorder on the Eee PC was not working. I continued to test the Sound Recorder: it worked when I shouted, but not when I connected it to my Sony recorder. Then I was counting my discs. Then I started burning a new disc. From 2:50:00 onward, I continued to review the recording of Karin’s meetups and to work on “Persecution Mania or Not.” I then tried to perform a certain task on my computer but failed repeatedly. When I turned off my Toshiba, its lights remained on again. Then: “Mommy is very busy today...” By 3:53:00 I came out of the motel to get something to eat.

My next recording is: “0_mtlslvrlikebrndvd_1_5_10_716-1014AM.WMA”: I was now back in the motel room and recounted what happened earlier: “... two police officers at Cafe Tropical... Daddy doesn’t have a sense of humor, and so if the people around him laugh, he will get pissed off...” I then debated with myself as to whether I should burn new discs with my Eee PC instead. I was then frustrated again because I couldn’t find the files I wanted on my Toshiba. Finally, I was burning a new DVD on my new Eee PC using ImgBurn. From 1:24:00 onward, I was reviewing the recordings of Karin’s meetups again. Then: “We downloaded TrueCrypt but never used it... it would only make us look more suspicious...” Then I was upset again because my new Eee PC apparently couldn’t burn new discs. I mocked Mr former Secretary: “When machines malfunction it looks good to him... he likes it when things are broken... computer malfunctioning is the requirement of our life... that’s Homeland Security... when we smash the TV and make a hole in the wall, Daddy likes it... our Eee PC can’t hold any recordings and can’t burn any discs... when there is Daddy in the world, the world darkens, and there is no meaning to life... only then would Daddy’s life have meaning... his happiness is the inverse of other people’s happiness...” And so I had to burn new discs only on my Toshiba. I was now burning a new copy of the disc which contained the video of my “girlfriend”: “... if you are a computer hacker and you get caught, two years later you will be working for Daddy...” Then: “... we are gong to get our aparment soon...” I was then getting ready to leave the motel: I videotaped everything in here.

My next recording is: “0_1_5_10_1016AM.WMA”: I came back to pick up the remote control.

My next recording is: “0_1_5_10_1125AM-1248PM.WMA”: I was now at my storage facility. I recalled that, when I walked out of the motel, there was a black Cadillac with tinted windows. “When

⁷ Reviewed until 2:37:00.

everything is going smoothly, it is even more scary... that's precisely when Daddy wants to strike you..." It's quite likely that the Russians had indeed commanded Mr former Secretary to show up in front of me outside the motel: to complete the instance of my conspiracy with him after my talking to him and his listening to me. Now I carefully described where I would store the newly burned discs and so on. "The discs with 'girlfriend' and 'Amanda'." I was then mumbling about how I would not walk into the Social Security Administration in downtown. I thus took out my SSI letter and bank statements. "... somebody has left an alarm clock in the storage, it will beep at a certain time, and that would be an intercept of our communicating with foreign intelligence from here... the Asian Stripper didn't come today, the man who the manager said was our father..." Finally I was all done.

I then came to Harvey Apartment, and, after that, was on my way to West Los Angeles. All this will be recounted in my next recording: "0_1_5_10_418-434PM.WMA": I arrived at the Social Security office on Olympic. "Just wasted an hour!" I complained about being too busy. I recounted: "... we went inside Harvey Apartment, and they told us to go to the Social Security office at Santa Monica and Vine... we showed her the letter we had, but she wanted us to get a more recent one... she was instructed to tell us to go to Santa Monica and Vine... Why did she want us to go there? Maybe because there would be a lot of security cameras there... and so we came to the one on Olympic instead... no heavy security here... we are not gonna make it today... so many intercepts... it's almost 5 PM... we wasted another hour and a half... when we were getting on the bus on Western... super weapons were strategically placed... and so we sat down with this man who looked like law enforcement... then another black man came on who really looked like law enforcement... we drew a portrait of him... and he said, 'You are drawing me? Do it... I'm not a suspect' ... and then we came to Venice... right in front of Western Dental... pissed off... so many super weapons by Harvey Apartment... it made us so angry... we only managed to put our stuff into the storage... everything else is a failure... intercepts..." And I recounted several instances of cellphone calls and head-scratching from earlier. "... and he got off the bus at the same stop as we did... so we were sure it's an intercept... now going back... oh, a black man is making a cellphone call in front of us... at Harvey Apartment... calculated... it's 685 dollars... Mommy doesn't want us to record, that's why this black man..." Then the bus came and I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: "0_1_5_10_521-527PM.WMA": I was now walking in front of Union Station. "... our motto, 'If you can't do it, then your double will do it for you'... your Mommy... she will show you kindness, but she will subtly embed intercepts in it... we arrived in Harvey apartment around 2 PM... right outside the entrance, a Hispanic woman was making a cellphone call... we rang the door bell... we waited..." Then bus 485 came and I turned off my recorder.

And so I came back to Pasadena to pass the night. I seemed to have eaten at Whoppy Burger again. Then I came to the same parking structure. My next recording is: "0_psdnprklotmomidad_1_5_10_735-819PM.WMA": Once I settled down in my spot, I started recounting: "... a whole bunch of people came in, including super weapons, and so we just left... at first... *then there seemed to be a Homeland Security agent making fun of us...*" Really? Was he really Homeland Security? And I recounted every word I said while at Whoppy Burger. "... Mommy is really subtle... our Eee PC is obviously remotely

controlled... so much problems... it just looks good... an operation is embedded in this Eee PC... Mommy just wants to make sure you live in the palm of her hand... that's okay, for Mommy's palm smells good... the problem is that there is another gorilla... *why doesn't Mommy show up?* ... what's the point of her showing up? ... what are you going to do? Oh, we are in the same spot, Daddy could be listening... the sexy white girl at Psychobabble... she's sexy but Mommy is classy... Daddy heard us talking about Mommy at 50 yards, and so he dressed up this girl... Daddy doesn't know the difference... Is he really married? ... let's not insult him anymore, we've got enough super weapons today... we walked into Western Dental, and the super weapons... intercepts... oh, a white female is texting... this dental intercept has been going on since last July... where is Mommy?" There was certainly no intercept at Western Dental today. Then siren on 16:00. "... Daddy likes security, and so the opposite is emergency, and so he always wants emergencies... why doesn't he just relax? What does he feel like when he stands next to Mommy?" I then started describing the image in my head of the CIA official inside the Court room: "... Mommy... 30 or 40, with orange hair... very nice suit and pants... and classy medium height black shoes... nylon socks... she stands there, hands on her waist... and Daddy, he dresses well too, and he's athletic..." I was completely off the track here: it was Best Mommy who was in the Court room at the moment and I knew what she looked like, and yet here I was describing a woman that was completely different. As you shall see, Best Mommy would in a few days from now be busted, and yet my testimony here seemed like counter-evidence (as if I didn't know it was Best Mommy who was in there). I then mumbled about fashion tastes among politicians and bureaucrats. "... he never likes Mommy anyway, the object of his jealousy... what do they do together? ... it's like a traditional marriage... Mommy is like, 'Don't say too much about him, he's gonna get offended' ... that's how we imagine the relationship... the white man in Whoppy Burger... is he law enforcement? And they always carry a bag... at the storage... it's possible that law enforcement has pretended to discover we have a storage unit... 70 percent of the time it's natural... 30 percent of the time it really *is* law enforcement.... How would Mommy compensate us? ... we can't stand this mother-fucking thing anymore..." I then mumbled about how I was going to install Ubuntu on my Eee PC and use only open source software in order to reclaim my computer. "... we tried to get on bus 485... then came another person dragging a cart, and he flipped over, and all the fruits were on the floor, and we just stared at him wondering, 'Is this orchestrated?' ... we tried to learn hacking... we have never had the time... have never figured out how to use Metasploit... Daddy doesn't need vulnerabilities.... They are not 'hacking', they just control your computer..." And siren on 35:30. "... I'm so sick of emergencies... technology is scary... now you can remotely control... it's about centralization... getting everything connected, so that you can control everything from the center..." Then, on 41:00, I was on the move. I came to Colorado Blvd and turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: "docurotatepsdnprklot_1_5_10_818PM.WMA": I continued: "We will do a demonstration of how we did it last night..." That is, I wanted to for once film myself doing my slide show. "... the SD card did become the communication channel between our Toshiba and our Eee PC... this time... first we moved the files to Eee PC using our SD card... then our flash drive... we've got it, there is no virus... Homeland Security uses features built into your computer... they don't use anything extraneous to your computer... everyone is only sharing his or her computer with the government... it's just that the government has no interest in most other people... that's why we were staring at our

computer while at Whopper Burger... our Toshiba is constantly controlled to look like it's doing something else..." Then, from 6:00 onward, the filming of my slide show was in progress. A car suddenly showed up in front of me. "... we are constantly interrupted... our girlfriend, the court lady, and Amanda..." Then my recorder turned itself off.

My next recording is: "0_slppsdpnrklot_1_5_10_844-1043PM.WMA": I came back to my corner next to the parking lot and was now checking my recording and video to make sure that my slide show was indeed recorded. Yes, but not the ending. I then used SnagIt to record the Installation of Gom Player on my Eee PC. "Our grandfather asked us about Marie saying 'Who's that?' It's an intercept suggesting that we did have a Russian girlfriend... What if we put our girlfriend on our Eee PC? That would be funny... if you put Amanda there, it would be pretty, but if you put your girlfriend there, funny... if we install Ubuntu, we won't use Windows anymore... Amanda on Windows, girlfriend on Ubuntu, since they are polar opposites... Marie is one, but Asus is two, so it splits into Amanda and girlfriend... what would Mommy think? We don't care what Daddy would think... she wouldn't care, for, with the Yijing system, anything can turn into anything else, a dog can turn into a girlfriend..." I then continued to work on my SnagIt. All done by 52:00, and I was going to sleep. "If we use anyone other than Marie as our screen saver, it has to be two..." Then I mumbled about MAC, Linux, and Windows. "... our homelessness is about to end... 685... *the Metasploit video we might have deleted*... we are probably wrong about that..." As you can see, I was still worried that I might have hurt the Russians by including the Metasploit video on my disc two days ago. "... remote control couldn't get to large files... only Daddy... Mommy would not do this kind of stuff... it's safer with Mommy... you're just not sure... but the DVD stuff, that's definitely Daddy... we just hope that he would listen, just relax a little..." Then siren on 1:09:00. "... now you are thinking about Mommy, but when you are in a bad mood, you'll forget about her too... you have terrible mood swings..." From 1:13:00 onward I was in sleep.

January 6 (Wednesday; Social Security/ police citing)

My next recording is: "slppsdpnrklot_1_6_10_157-723AM.WMA":⁸ From 4:47:50 onward I was awake. I got up and, on 5:00:00, came to the corner behind Chase. I needed to charge up my Eee PC first. I recounted: "... yesterday what happened in front of Harvey Apartment... she said she would be back on 2:30 PM... and so we went to lunch... we ate at a Salvadoran restaurant... we got pissed off... super weapons at the doughnuts shop... and then... we thought it was an intercept... and so we wrote down his license plate number... aircrafts and super weapons then came in one after another, and so we took our food to the parking lot to eat... another man in a car... got off... looked like an undercover detective... surveillance showing us going into the apartment area to snoop on super weapons... we wrote down his license plate number... law enforcement continued to watch over us... to produce the profile... it doesn't necessarily mean we are in danger... the reason why we got our apartment... it's in a densely populated area, a lot of super weapons... we really are developing a bad phobia toward super weapons..."

8 Reviewed until 13:00 (sleeping) and then from 4:38:00 onward.

My next recording is: “0_1_6_10_628-656AM.WMA”: By 13:00 I had finished charging. I packed up and came to the 485 bus stop. “A girl, very short, looks like a super weapon...” Then, before the bus showed up, I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: “1_6_10_825-830AM.WMA”: I just got off the bus. I was on San Vicente and Olympic. I recounted: “... earlier, on 485 bus... when we got on the bus, the short female... she was a super weapon... she was a high school student... still many intercepts... we sat in front of the bus... a fat black woman was using a HP netbook... presumably our double... but we took out our Eee PC too... we have to burn DVD-87 before installing Ubuntu... on 7:10 AM or so, a white man sat down in front of us, and he seemed to be talking Russian on his cellphone...” Did the Russians order the suit team to stage this too? Now I couldn’t find the stop for the Santa Monica Blue Bus and so just got on another bus.

My next recording is: “0_1_6_10_838-849AM.WMA”: I was on the street again and recounted: “... we got on the 28 bus and then... at La Cienega and... we should be the first person in the office...” Then again about my trip on bus 485: “... when we were on the 485 bus... we turned on our Eee PC, and a black woman was sitting in front of us... she was on Facebook, and then playing... we got off the bus in front of the Fashion Institute... bought snacks and coffee... then an attractive white woman... we came up with an image yesterday... very funny... our Kung-Fu Master Daddy must be listening... then the 28 bus came... we missed that one... we got on the second one... we thought about Mike and Lisa... yesterday when we got on the 38 bus after we discovered that the Social Security office was closed... super weapons... an Asian female was text-messaging...” The bus was coming, and I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: “0_1_6_10_9-907AM.WMA”: I was on the street again. I recounted: “... what happened on the 38 bus yesterday is that...” Then the Blue Bus 5 was coming.

My next recording is: “0_1_6_10_923-929AM.WMA”: I just got off the bus. I was on Olympic looking for the Social Security office again. I recounted: “... earlier on bus 5... in Century City... a white female was writing stuff down on her notebook... she reminded us of Mommy... and two guys were coughing... maybe an intercept... we have started noticing that a lot of people were coughing around us lately...” I then came inside the building.

My next recording is: “1_6_10_1031-1056AM.WMA”: I was now out of the Social Security office, very upset while waiting for bus 5. I recounted what was upsetting me: “... in the elevator, a guy with a cellphone... and so we didn’t go in... so the security guard, looking for the slightest reason to harass us, asked us why we wouldn’t go into the elevator... and what the security guard said to the other people... the purpose is to confuse... with us... we are supposed to have a bicycle... we turned on our Eee PC and continued to compile DVD-87... then a very attractive white female came in... could she be Mommy at 50 yards? ... then a white guy wearing sunglasses kept staring at us... then he went out to say something to the white female, that’s how she came in... she said her name was Whitney... then it was our turn... we got the letter... we took a look at the white female, and she wasn’t there anymore,

that’s when we got upset...” It’s not clear whether the Russians had really sent in a Homeland Security agent and a CIA girl to stage this. Then the police showed up, and I was alarmed (13:00). I then continued: “... the white female might have been put there to complain about us...” I then mumbled about how I shouldn’t be waiting for “Mommy” to show up: “... there is satisfaction only if you can videotape it... so don’t expect it... if you can’t have it, why look at it? Even if she gives you a gift... there would be something embedded in it...” Siren on 18:30. I then continued to take note of people text-messaging around me while recounting my relationship with “Mommy”: “... then, the restroom... a woman...” Then the bus came, and I turned off my recorder.

It’s not clear where I was in the next four hours. It seems that I first went to Santa Monica to take money out of my bank account and then came to Harvey Apartment again.

My next recording is: “1_6_10_301-305PM.WMA”: I was now on the street. “... we are we don’t know where, and we have no idea whether Mommy can hear us... we just pray... please... no super weapons... we promise we will go out for two hours each day... but please let the wall be sound-proof... Mommy *has to be* watching us because we are getting an apartment... a police car... we are waiting for the bus right now...”

My next recording is: “0_aftrbailbnd_1_6_10_344PM.WMA”: I was now on Cesar Chavez outside Union Station. I was here because I was trying to borrow money from one of the cash advance stores. I recounted: “... we walked into Bail Bond...”

My next recording is: “0_aftrbailbnd_1_6_10_345-347PM.WMA”: I continued: “... we walked in, and one of the Hispanic men said, ‘What do you want?’ ‘I want to ask about your services...’ ‘Do you know someone in jail?’ ‘Cash advance, collateral...’ ‘That’s next door...’ Then, while at next door, we asked about cash advance...”

My next recording is: “0_aftrbailbnd_1_6_10_347-355PM.WMA”: Then I had to change spot when super weapons came near me. I was angry: “... we are so sick of fucking super weapons...” Then I was upset because I couldn’t remember what the lady at next door said. “Then we walked back to Bail Bond... sick and tired of being homeless... we don’t have money... I don’t remember what the fuck he said... there are just so many super weapons around...” Then I came back inside Union Station.

My next recording is: “0_aftrbailbnd_1_6_10_357-4PM.WMA”: I was walking.

My next recording is: “0_aftrbailbnd_1_6_10_402-409PM.WMA”: I was still in Union Station. “It looks like we *will* get arrested... we got out of the Social Security office and took Blue Bus 5 on Olympic to go to Santa Monica... we planned to go to the bank and then to Harvey Apartment... no, super weapons again... when we were on bus 5, this black man came up and sat in front of us, and he was reading something about disability... presumably he was our double... at Chase Bank... three people were using the ATM... we got in line... a super weapon... we went back to the parking lot to wait for the super weapon to leave... then another... and we were waiting for her to leave... they left,

and we came to the ATM, and we transferred 260 dollars from our saving account to our checking... that's 11:21 AM... our checking account balance was only 277 dollars... Oh, a police car has parked next to us..."

My next recording is: "0_loanapplt_n_1_6_10_449-455PM.WMA": To borrow money, I was now at the payday loan store Cambio de Cheques on Hoover and Venice. I was filling out the application – again very upset: "... we are going to get arrested... we are doomed... so many super weapons..." Just then, more super weapons came over, and I hummed and turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: "0_wait485unionst_1_6_10_634-637PM.WMA": I had just got off bus 33: "... we are at Union Station... we have lost our jacket while on bus 33... we tied it around our waist and it disappeared... we have become David Chin... we have become so disoriented... we got 250 dollars from the payday loan store... we can pay for the apartment, but we won't have any money left... we have to say so many words while in Cambio de Cheques... so many papers to videotape... the cause for our disorientation is money..." I wasn't too upset about losing my jacket because I knew that the Russians were in control and none of that mattered anymore. Nevertheless, I had to pretend to be upset about becoming more and more like David Chin.

My next recording is: "0_psdnprklotplcharass_mommyslfsh_1_6_10_723-837PM.WMA": I had just got off bus 485 on Colorado Blvd. "We lost our jacket, we will be cold." I decided not to eat in order to save money. Then a pretty woman was text-messaging. I recounted what happened earlier: "... when we were at the Chase ATM, police officers came out making cellphone calls... We walked down to Santa Monica... 'He's not just a foreign agent, but also a child-molester'... we might not be arrested... but we got very pissed off... we came to Santa Monica, and there were so many super weapons around... and the bus never came... didn't buy a burrito, and then got on bus 704... we wrote down a lot of intercepts while on bus 704... we were watched over by law enforcement officers... at Harvey Apartment... but nobody was in the office... we came to the doughnuts store... no super weapons... came back to Harvey, still no one... super weapons were parading... a massive march of super weapons... around 2:30 PM... and we sneaked onto the bus... and a Hispanic chic in the back said to us, 'Is there any chance that you will open your bag?' And we didn't respond..." Suddenly, a police car showed up and, alarmed, I started packing. It was indeed for me! From 18:00 onward the police officers were interrogating me. "This is private property! What's your name? How long have you been in Pasadena?" They demanded to see my ID. I was truly upset: "Other homeless people don't get checked on, and yet the police check on me every three weeks..." Finally, they left on 25:00. "Another citing is needed... And everyone pretends to suffer amnesia... they keep citing you and yet never remember who you are... 'And he's always with super weapons'... Has this something to do with our apartment? ... are we gonna get arrested?" Then, after moving away, I continued my recounting: "The Hispanic girl said something again about our bag... when we got off the bus, she gave us the middle-finger... our Daddy likes it when his pet project is reduced to the lowest level possible... is getting kicked around... that's what the pet project is about... the reason why people at Harvey Apartment... that's why we are pissed off today... quite frankly we think Mommy is a fucking bitch... that's why the bus wouldn't come, because we had to be stuck there for an hour until the army of super weapons

showed up... the apartment we can have probably because it's in such a densely populated area... tomorrow when we move in we will not come out... Mommy is a fucking bitch... and the Eee PC, yeah it's free, but this doesn't work and that doesn't work... it's no surprise that Mommy is a fucking bitch... *she is a fucking bitch because she thinks she is the most important person in the world...* puts the burden on somebody else... extremely selfish... but everyone is selfish... she lets somebody else pay the price because she thinks she's more important than others... I wasn't acting here: this was *really* my impression of the CIA. Then I mumbled about what a bad profile I had: "... with the heavy police citing of you... they are now extending the law to the maximum, constantly getting the police to cite you... they will get you arrested if there is a reason..." And then about how I would not go out once in my apartment. "It doesn't matter how educated you are, if you are not pretty enough... we suffer from this cancer, we have had this disease for three years... you didn't throw any trash around, and the police came to cite you anyway..." Then, on 54:00, a limousine. What? "We are selfish too because, even though we look like a piece of shit, we are still trying to take care of ourselves... other people must be thinking, 'He's so ugly... Why does he try to take care of himself?' When Mommy blames her crimes on somebody else, if other people see it, they would say, 'Yes of course she should try to protect herself, just look at her'... in one case, selfishness is okay, but in the other, it's reprehensible... Don't be visible to people, people want to complain about you, just hide... and we care about our data... we are going to preserve them... they are inventing another operation right now... we are running another operation right now... if we can get arrested, then the operation can be discovered 'accidentally'..."

My next recording is: "1_6_10_949-1001PM.WMA": Since I couldn't stay in my usual corner in Pasadena anymore, I came back to Vermont on bus 181. I kept on walking while mumbling about whether I would be arrested. Then I recounted how I saw another limousine earlier. "... it scared the crap out of us..." I was now on Santa Monica and Vermont.

My next recording is: "1_6_10_1002PM.WMA": I was hesitating outside Subway: "... Subway is not a hang-out place..." I continued on but then decided to go into Subway anyway.

My next recording is: "0_aftrsubwyharass_1_6_10_1113-1116PM.WMA": I recounted what happened earlier: "... we came out of Subway to smoke cigarettes, and a vagrant, Homeland Security-looking, wanted the piece of plastic on our bag... then a female... underwear... blood over her... 'Did you see something?'... then a super weapon came over and started shouting..." And so I deleted the previous recording just because it had super weapons' noises in it. I urinated in the bushes. I would sleep in this area tonight.

Now a comment before we move on. It was on January 2 that the black man reported me to the police and today, January 6, the police finally came to throw me out of my favorite corner. Four days! Given the circumstances, we have to suspect that this was in fact an operation which the suit team had staged under Russian command. The purpose would have been the same: the suit team had ordered the police to cite me and harass me many times in the past in order to obtain evidences for the lower court that I was mentally disabled or born in China or born on my brother's birthday and so on and on. The

Russians now wanted a “perfect” instance of this sort of thing: so they commanded the suit team to intercept from the police’s citing of me today certain “evidences” (i.e. bullshit) confirming that the David Chin legend was correct and then ordered the lower court judges to catch the suit team in the act. The United States had thus sunk one inch deeper into its shit hole today.

January 7 (Thursday; move-in)

My first recording of the new day is: “wkvrmntsmblvdnotrcrdslp_1_7_10_243-247AM.WMA”: I woke up, moaned, and moved about.

My next recording is: “0_1_7_10_547-640AM.WMA”: I recounted what I did earlier (bought ice tea and so on). Then I continued to sleep. On 35:00 I got up and started walking while mumbling about something indistinctly. Then, on 43:00: “... while on the bus yesterday we tried to learn to do Power Point...” I kept mumbling about the necessity to learn Power Point.

I then came to It’s A Grind to use the Internet, then came to Chase to pick up the money order, and then came to Harvey Apartment. The details I would recount soon. I had now officially moved into my new apartment.

My next recording is: “0_1_7_10_1102AM-1210PM.WMA”: I was now at home. I recounted: “... we spent about 30 minutes in the office signing papers...” I videotaped my new room: “... this is our new apartment...” And then the contract I had signed, page by page. I explained that “Ningfa” (one of the managers) had used white-out. “We are very nervous because we have noticed that more detectives than before seem to be going to It’s A Grind...” Then, on 16:00, I got to this page which said something about sex-offenders. “Does that mean that there are no such entities in this building? Why did we have to sign this?” I was done with filming by 18:30. From 20:00 onward I continued to recount: “... while at It’s A Grind, we burned DVD-87 on our Eee PC, with ImgBurn... successful... then got online... sent hash values to ourselves... downloaded hash ware from Karen’s Freeware... it’s suspicious that Windows 7 doesn’t have Windows Movie Maker... and so we downloaded it from Microsoft’s website... she also told us to come back in two hours to pick up the receipts... we went to Chase around 9 AM... got money order... then got on the bus and came here... we asked to see the apartment first to make sure it wasn’t a trap... then came down here and signed the paperwork... we had withdrawn all the money in our account...” Now I decided to cut my recording file. “At It’s A Grind... we noticed that there was a law enforcement detective watching over us... when we got online he just left... he’s going to write in his report, ‘The suspect has got on the Internet’... it’s a faulty investigation... he should have stayed to discover that we didn’t do anything special on the Internet... they don’t really want to know what you are doing... so that they can continue to suspect you... the first thing you have to do is to get new glasses...” I then recalled how, when I was in the elevator, another man came in and made a cellphone call (54:30). Again, just pretending to believe that the suit team’s operation was ongoing. I then continued to emphasize the importance of getting new glasses: “That’s how people are gonna report you, ‘The guy with broken glasses’... I say, you go far away, don’t be seen in your own neighborhood...” Now I videotaped everything before I left my new apartment.

After putting my things into the cupboard I taped it up and made marks on the tapes so that, if anyone should come in and remove the tapes to get to my things, I would know about it. I then went out to go to the optometry.

My next recording is: “0_1_7_10_437PM.WMA”: I just got home: “... today’s wandering is over...”

My next recording is: “apartcollectglasses_1_7_10_432-537PM.WMA”: I was now at home. I had only 85 dollars left. Then I started recounting: “... the paper was just there to produce an intercept showing that we are a sex-offender... also somebody was making a cellphone call... when we were at Western station... and so we walked around... we walked all the way... to wait for the bus... and another detective was there... we are going to get arrested.... and we made a gesture to him, ‘You go first’, and three undercover detectives surrounded us... then at the optometry in downtown... and she tried to persuade us to get the lenses too... but we didn’t want to... she said they didn’t have such a frame anymore... she did refer us to... we walked around looking for it... and the purple shirt security guards pretended to ‘spot us’ and cite us... and so we came to Dr Balfour... immediately, there was a super weapon there... it’s our Daddy... Homeland Security of course knew where we were going... we were being too dramatic yesterday when the loan store didn’t... law enforcement will keep watching you... but... it will be pretty hard... the more nervous you get, the more you are in danger...” I was then ready to film my new portraits. “... this is what the law enforcement officer from yesterday looks like in Santa Monica... he was wearing earphones...” From 21:00 onward, Sarah Brightman. I continued: “And so we went back and said we wanted the 70 dollar glasses... then they said it was 120 dollars... and Medi-Cal had stopped covering people over 21... and the original lady came back, and we said we wanted the 70 dollar one... then more super weapons came in... it was now so crowded... we wanted the frame, and she said it would take a week and a half... Daddy wanted us to look ugly... we went away... upset... and told the purple shirt security guards, ‘Hello security, arrest us’ ... people always see this piece of shit with broken glasses, and he is always around super weapons... that’s the point, and so we are supposed to wait for a long time for the glasses... and so we went back and said we just wanted the 40 dollar frame... after much wrangling, finally we said we wanted the glasses... and super weapons were all over the street... our recording habit is now well-known among law enforcement and the security industry... then, on the street... the incident of throwing garbage onto the street...” And I mumbled about how the authority wouldn’t use surveillance to prosecute me for these minor things. “... then a woman who reminded us of Mommy... we were in such a bad mood that we just ignored it... we are not gonna get arrested, but detained... we were on the bus, we fell asleep, and the bus just stopped in Vermont... we got off, and then a black man said Hi, producing an intercept of our criminal connections...” Did the Russians order the suit team to stage this too? I then debated with myself whether Homeland Security had intended for me to walk through the Armenian district. “... and then super weapons appeared... we threw trash onto the street, but made sure no police were around... near home... wanted to buy water... more super weapons... a Korean man asked us for two dollars, and we gave him two dollars... at the tobacco store... bought Marlboro for less than 5 dollars... and the owner seemed Armenian... must be another intercept... then we were videotaped by a police car when we passed by Western... I’m sure our Daddy wants us to get arrested, but it’s not gonna be that easy... we will be detained and put in the hospital... so don’t act bizarre, for they could easily put you

in the hospital for that... the last time when you threw water on the Hispanic woman with her super weapon and you ran away... you would have been detained... and so don't throw things on people... and whether law enforcement will check your laptops, that depends... just keep your recordings clean... whatever happened to the pictures in the Cave?... your Daddy would really like it if your laptop is again filled with dirty things... he likes it... the ultimate reject, the sex-offender, the optical maggot..." Then I talked about how beautiful my videos of the CIA girls were. "Daddy really wants us to be the optical maggot... even when he doesn't need to suppress any evidences... he just likes things this way... anti-artistic..." Then I mumbled about whether Mr former Secretary would get offended by hearing me now. "Just make sure that everything from now on is clean... we have succeeded in putting ourselves here... there will be no benefit if we get detained... they will not clandestinely delete our files... they didn't even do it the last time..."

My next recording is: "0_1_7_10_543-556PM.WMA": I continued: "... you can't check if any file is missing because your database is so large... there is absolutely no benefit for you if you get put into the hospital... when we criticize Mommy, she's not going to get pissed off... as long as we are telling the truth... not so with Daddy... Mommy more than Daddy is a master of deception... but she doesn't do it for the sake of her self-esteem... DSM... Borderline... idealization and devaluation... we did that with Mommy... except that our devaluation is based on truth... the office downstairs was taken over by Mommy and Daddy together... earlier, when the office lady wrote down 'January 6' we wondered whether she did it on purpose... and why did she use white-out? ... it could be an intercept showing that we have moved in on the 6th and not on the 7th... but now... it's only for those people in the Cave... law enforcement wouldn't be confused like that... and we don't want to use the elevator anymore... we don't feel comfortable with being stuck in the elevator with another person... we have produced a lot of intercepts when moving into this apartment... Mommy's kindness is never straightforward... embedded in it is always an operation... today we have no feelings for Mommy... we can never long for Mommy's beauty... a dog is never going to get on the dinner table and eat with the family members..." Excellent testimony!

My next recording is: "mommyslpaprt_1_7_10_551-832PM.wma": I then mumbled about how I should get my TV out of my storage so that I could make noises in my room. Then, Sarah Brightman. I continued to recount: "... we asked them to tape up our glasses... we didn't want to lose our patience and get detained... before, you can get your glasses right away... now it will take 15 days... it's obviously because Homeland Security wants us to wear broken glasses... they wouldn't do it, and so we taped it up ourselves..." There was most likely no operation here. "... Daddy wants us to be the ultimate reject... the ultimate reject is not necessarily violent and dangerous... this kind of offender... America is about looks... Daddy wants the looks... he likes his foreign agent to be optically disgusting... rather than a murdering foreign agent... it's not about action, but about looks... we are peaceful and produce great images... and so the opposite is, 'violent and optically disgusting'... our Russian girlfriend... in this world, we have no friends... in the other world... we have... in this world, she was merely talking to our double... and we were merely an observer..." Although I was only acting, my description of Mr former Secretary was really correct. Then, I mumbled about "Daddy's people". "... surveillance that can go through walls... the surveillance upstairs when we were living in

Long Beach... whether we like Mommy or not, we like to talk to her, what we say wouldn't fly over her head... not so with Daddy... while we were waiting for bus 4, we were thinking... the baby has no conception of individuality... then the mirror stage... then the presence or absence of Mommy... preserving Mommy's images... art is the mastery of the object... if you can take an image of Mommy when she is present, then when she is absent... all the more convenient when Mommy *is* merely an image... it's even better if you have drawn it yourself... Daddy is horrible because our double... is regression to the time before the mirror stage... Ich, Es, Über-Ich... Mommy will understand... Daddy will not know what we are talking about..." I had analyzed things perfectly with Lacanian psychoanalysis: the Russians must have been quite impressed. Then, on 1:07:00, I put in my Tori Amos CD into my DVD drive but it couldn't play. On 1:21:00 I shut down my Eee PC to get ready to sleep. And Windows was updating! "Even when there are no ghosts, we are afraid of them... Daddy's people wouldn't come in, would they?" I thus went to sleep.⁹

My next recording is: "mommyslpaprt_1_7-8_10_848PM-448AM.wma": I slept quietly.

January 8 (Friday)

My first recording is: "0_halfslp_1_8_10_354-526AM.WMA": I woke up but still lay around. "If Mommy shows up around here she will be very visible... everyone else here is Hispanic..." Then: "... you want to see Mommy and then you don't want to... you'll get pissed off... we don't know what you want... it's just that when she does show up it's not good enough, and so you will get pissed off..." Although I was acting, I really did long for more "Mommy-sightings". Then I was preparing to do laundry.

My next recording is: "0_1_8_10_532-611AM.WMA": I had just bought doughnuts from the doughnuts store next door. I acted: "Was the man in there a cop?" And then I mumbled about how I didn't want people to know that I lived here. The laundromat, about 100 feet away from my building, was not yet open and so I ate my doughnuts outside. Then, impatient, I walked a long way to Jons, but it was also not yet open. I thus walked back to the laundromat. It was now open and I went in.

My next recording is: "afterlaundromat_1_8_10_712-715AM.WMA": I was just done with laundry. I recounted: "... the tall Hispanic guy... he kept staring us... the next time we will go somewhere else..." Did he have something to do with Homeland Security? And so I left the laundromat and was now walking on the street. I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: "1_8_10_723AM.WMA": I was still on the street. I recounted: "... an intercept... a Hispanic guy came around and dialed his phone... another Hispanic guy on bicycle was playing with an electronic device... I feel like law enforcement is watching us... but we have never seen a Hispanic undercover law enforcement officer before..." Just acting. There was no operation here.

My next recording is: "1_8_10_725AM.WMA": I was still on the street. "The Hispanic man was

⁹ Reviewed until 2:12:00.

gone... in the laundromat you can imagine law enforcement officer watching you, but... Oh, a police car in front....” And I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: “1_8_10_8-809AM.WMA”: I was on the street again, just out of the super market. Very nervous: “... super weapons are coming... a man with earphones... was he a law enforcement detective?” I recounted what happened earlier in the super market, recalling all the insignificant words I said. “Almost a nervous breakdown... because we couldn’t find spoons... Now we have to come back to find spoons... a white female in pajama, reminding us of Mommy... we need to calm down right now... spoon, Mommy, detective... we need to concentrate on one thing at a time... Don’t worry... detained and thrown into the hospital... Don’t act weird...” Ha! Just acting like a “Mommy’s boy”!

My next recording is: “1_8_10_827-834AM.WMA”: I was now at home. Almost a nervous breakdown! I recalled how I found spoons. “... difficulty in getting into the apartment building...” I was still wondering why I would see a white female in this Hispanic neighborhood. “We are not going out anymore... We bought kimchi and noodles...”

My next recording is: “0_rtrnfrshoppingmommy_1_8_10_839-1112AM.WMA”. I was now counting the items I had shopped. I bought a little notebook on which to make my portraits. “Mommy should think twice about this ‘law enforcement investigation’ thing... Was he FBI?... We are not interested in being hospitalized...” (from 2:30 onward). “You don’t think Mommy will show up just to make you suffer a nervous breakdown so that they can put you in the hospital? The ‘Mommy thing’... is she 50 yards or 100 yards? ... While we were doing our laundry, we were also working on ‘Karin’s meetups: The impossible wish to be known.” From 21:00 onward, Wir sind Helden repeatedly. “... maybe Mommy at 50 yards... just to produce surveillance showing that we don’t know Mommy at all... right now we are not motivated to be put away at all... most of the time they just need surveillance showing you to be under police investigation...” Needless to say, that pretty white female was most likely no CIA agent. Then I spent a lot of time on my computer. “Everyday it is either Mommy or computer...” I was now installing Ubuntu on my Eee PC (from 1:19:00 onward). On 2:05:00 somebody was knocking on my door but I didn’t answer it. Now Ubuntu was installed. On 2:28:00 super weapons were shouting outside.

My next recording is: “0_rtrnfrshoppingmommy_1_8_10_1120-1123AM.mp3”: I muttered bitterly: “... that disgusting sound of super weapons...”

My next recording is: “cutfllesshaverscare_1_8_10_1118AM-230PM.WMA”: I taped up my door. Then I went into a prolonged analysis of my “Daddy Chertoff”: “There is no way that we are going to turn off our recorder when we sleep... Homeland Security agents might come in... *what Daddy wants to do is to kill us*... this doggie has embarrassed the family... after killing off all the people who have seen the doggie, it’s now time to kill the doggie himself... Daddy doesn’t like all this philosophical stuff, and so when we philosophize, he’s gonna send in all the super weapons... he doesn’t like to see gold... when he replaces gold with dog shit, then he’s happy... he doesn’t like things which he can’t

understand... even though he went to Harvard, he isn't very educated..." I had decided that I should sleep in the closet from now on. "What does Mommy think about all this? We need to cut our files... if we get put into the hospital, there is a chance that the police will look into our computers... but they will have to spend several hundred hours to find one instance of criminal recording... but we will keep our files clean... Daddy just doesn't like intellectual stuff... this foreign agent, the greatest sicko, just the opposite of what Mommy is, all cultivated... when you pass this around the world, it's golden... you don't know what happened to our old Eee PC... whether the pictures were gone from the Cave... even if so, he will still want his foreign agent to be such a sicko and disgusting... for he likes the world to be black and white, the enemy cannot have a single good quality... all the good qualities are concentrated on one side... we will keep our laptop clean... *but it's possible that they will forge another laptop*... full of dirty stuff... I don't know what Mommy thinks about this... Mommy wants her pictures out... but after that, she wouldn't... I don't think she is really into this that much... but she's not the one in charge..." Then I worked on my Ubuntu and then rebooted my Eee PC to Windows. I was now cutting the contaminated file. I was then upset because I couldn't find the shaver I had just bought. "When you have Homeland Security agents around you to undo everything you have done, you need to record it when you shop..." I then found the instance in the recording in which I bought a shaver: "... Homeland Security agent didn't take it out..." Then I found my shaver. Then I was back to cutting my file. I continued to work on my Eee PC and it continued to malfunction (especially on 3:04:00). "Our disability is not that we are disabled, but that our environment is disabled." Right!

My next recording is: "1_8_10_240-249PM.WMA": I had to delete the previous recording file because it had re-recorded the contaminated part that I wanted to cut out from the recording file I was working on. Now I was going to cut it again. I was angry: "... we have so much work... but we have to cut it because we can't stand the noises from super weapons... this Eee PC is especially designed to get us into troubles... it doesn't have a hole for earphones..."

My next recording is: "1_8_10_250-258PM.WMA": I continued to be angry: "... the portion from 2:36:00 to... needs to be cut..."

My next recording is: "0_1_8_10_303-332PM.WMA": I was still cutting my file. I was so frustrated that I started filming it all. "... we are about to die, we are so busy..." Then my frustration increased when the file I just cut somehow disappeared. I was so very angry: "We have to spend 5 hours just to cut a file! Why did the file disappear?" And I mumbled angrily about how I wanted to blow up super weapons. Now I had to cut the file again. "We are so filled with work because our environment is disabled..."

My next recording is: "0_1_8_10_333-358PM.WMA": I was still busy with cutting my file. Then my Eee PC malfunctioned again. And I wondered if a law enforcement officer might be around to record me. By 11:00 I was all done and I packed up to get ready for my nap. "What we need to do is to get our TV out... we need something that can make noises..." I went inside the closet to sleep.

My next recording is: “0_1_8_10_358-524PM.WMA”: And so I took a long nap. I got up toward the end of the recording and turned on my Eee PC.

My next recording is: “attempts1p_1_8_10_519-755PM.WMA”: I started reviewing one of my latest recordings. Then I started hashing my latest recordings, wondering whether adding files to Windows Media Player’s playlist would change their hash values. Then I rested while listening to Wir sind Helden. On 1:29:00 I got up and booted my Eee PC to Ubuntu. I browsed through all the software that were on my Ubuntu.

My last recording of the day is: “0_studyubuntu_1_8_10_8-1101PM.WMA”: I would be listening to music all night (Wir sind Helden and Tori Amos) while playing with and learning about Ubuntu on my Eee PC. I discovered that I couldn’t yet burn any ISO images onto discs on my Ubuntu (1:53:00).

My next recording is: “slp_1_8-9_10_1055PM-428AM.WMA”: I was now ready for sleep. “Tomorrow we are gonna find more images of Mommy...” (11:00). Then I slept quietly.¹⁰

January 9 (Saturday; “Best Mommy” down)

My next recording is: “0_wkbrndvd6cpcp_mlfunct_1_9_10_433-722AM.WMA”: I woke up and turned on my Toshiba (35:00) and started burning DVD-6-CPCP with Toshiba Disc Creator (53:00). Now something went wrong. The operation of my Toshiba Disc Creator was remotely obstructed, it seemed. I started filming it. The videos are: “fvidasus_010910”: “PICT0440.AVI”, “PICT0441.AVI”, and “PICT0442.AVI”. I continued to complain about the lack of disk space on my Toshiba. Then I was angry (acting while really angry): “Homeland Security doesn’t allow us to have more disk space... It’s just a pain in the ass that one has to share one’s computer with the government...” While my complaint was valid, I was of course aware that the command of Homeland Security had already changed hand. And so the question is: Did the Russians order this? On 1:31:00, I was getting more frustrated and complained further that I was only given a computer so that it could malfunction, just as I only existed so that other people may throw rocks at me: my role as the “American scapegoat”. “My disability is my environment” – there my motto once again (1:35:00). Then my ImgBurn actually succeeded in burning the new disc. What a miracle! On 2:04:00, I was studying the information about my Eee PC. On 2:18:00, I videotaped my loan store application. On 2:21:00 I began untaping my door. Then I reorganized my bag and made a new determination as to what I should always bring with me. I then examined the file: “... of the vagrant woman, 1-17-10...” By 2:45:00, I was ready to go out.

My next recording is: “0_1_9_10_744-752AM.WMA”: I got off the 206 bus on Western and 6th. I recounted how I bought doughnuts and so on. I was now going to the cybercafe. “Usually there are no super weapons there. And on the bus there was one man who looked like an undercover cop. You think you are going to see Mommy today? At what distance?” Then – super weapons on the street! I thus turned off my recorder. I would work in the cybercafe for more than an hour.

¹⁰ Reviewed until 23:00, and then from 5:26:00 onward.

My next recording is: “0_1_9_10_929-955AM.WMA”: I was now out on the street and walking home. I recounted what happened: I was working in the cybercafe, but couldn’t download any packages to my Ubuntu. I did check my disc on the cybercafe’s computers. “... your Eee PC.... they gave you a gift, Mommy’s special gift, the constantly malfunctioning pretty little computer... We were worried that a man there in the cybercafe might be law enforcement... when we were videotaping our computer screen...” I pretended to theorize that he was there to produce a certain surveillance intercept. “... then we were in McDonald’s using the restroom...” Then I got on the bus. No super weapons, and no police on the bus! But there was a news item on Transit TV, something about Mommy! And then a security guard in uniform. I then pretended to theorize how the operation might be run: the forging of my laptop and so on. That might have just been the plan! “Half of the laptop would be dedicated to super weapons and the other half to foreign intelligence operations, that’s Daddy’s mind... They have to figure out something else, use a double and so on... We don’t want to suffer separation anxiety from our laptop!”

My next recording is: “0_1_9_10_1007AM.WMA”: I bought lunch at Burger King and ate outside.

My next recording is: “0_1_9_10_1024AM.WMA”: I was now by the 38 bus stop on Grand Avenue. I recounted how a man who looked Chinese kept looking at the bus stop. “... my double?” And thus I acted.

My next recording is: “0_1_9_10_1044AM.WMA”: I came now into the storage facility. “... 29...” And then nothing.

My next recording is: “0_1_9_10_1046-1112AM.WMA”: I opened up my storage unit and started looking for the charger for my mini TV. Then I was deciding where to put “Amanda”, “girlfriend”, and the “San Jose court lady” (i.e., the discs containing their videos). Then my recorder ran out of disk space.

My next recording is: “storage_1_9_10_1105AM-1240PM.WMA”: “... ’girlfriend’ is next to ‘Amanda’...” In the end I couldn’t find the charger. I then looked through all my papers and departed toward the end of this recording.

My next recording is: “apartcollect_1_9_10_242-339PM.WMA”: I was now at home and started recounting my journey. “Wherever we go, we suffer from this problem... we are always looking for Mommy’s images... and then we will get upset... just when we entered Harvey Apartment... we have this problem, that our key wouldn’t work on the front door... so a woman came out, and we walked in... and the office lady wasn’t there...” Then, from 9:00 onward, I started playing Sarah Brightman and Wir sind Helden. From 14:00 onward I recounted about this old lady who also lived in this building. Then a long reflection: “... when Mommy is in the display mode, she’s always very stern... never smiling... this old lady was probably not Mommy...” From 18:00 onward, I recounted what happened after I left the storage facility. “... the food mall... another lady... Was Mommy showing up again? But she *was* suspicious... but the Display is always wordless... they just ‘display’ themselves...” There was most likely no CIA agent here. “... then on the bus... the two super weapons

with their aircraft were sitting right in front of us...” Then a supposed intercept on the bus: “This man asked us, ‘Did you just get out of the airport?’” Was this really an intercept? (Under Russian command, that is.) I was done with recounting by 27:30. Then, suddenly: “Mommy at close distance... always likes to write things on paper...” And I listed several instances and – ominously – mentioned Best Mommy (“the one in San Francisco”) on 30:30. “... pay attention... they are saying something to you...” Then I played Sarah Brightman repeatedly.

My next recording is: “1_9_10_340-406PM.WMA”: I continued to play Sarah Brightman. Then: “Super weapons are firing outside!” Then, Wir sind Helden. I was also making noodles. Then I was about to review a recording file to check for super weapons’ corruption and thus turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: “1_9_10_407-409PM.WMA”: I was reviewing the recording in question. “If we discover that the file is tainted, we will just delete it... This file is okay, so try the next file...”

My next recording is: “0_rvwrcrdn_1_9_10_414-422PM.WMA”: I continued to play the recording while eating my noodles. Super weapons fired again in the distance, and so I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: “1_9_10_417-432PM.WMA”: Wir sind Helden and Sarah Brightman.

My next recording is: “1_9_10_432-434PM.WMA”: I had by now finished checking the recording: the super weapons’ noises were not recorded. “Thank God!”

My next recording is: “0_1_9_10_439-513PM.WMA”: Wir sind Helden repeatedly. I was now terribly tired and didn’t want to work on my files anymore. I started checking the recording file of my sleep.

My next recording is: “1_9_10_508-606PM.WMA”: I continued to work on my files and made one cut. Then: “... the video documentary of our constantly malfunctioning Eee PC... Where is Mommy? Why are we left in such a torturous state?... Maybe Mommy will help us... *good things will happen to us...* that’s what Mommy said... Maybe we will even have a friend... a malfunctioning Eee PC is better than no Eee PC... the real problem is Daddy’s temper... You can criticize Mommy and she won’t get angry... she’s your best audience... as long as you say the truth... the new fear replacing the old fear... Do you still have problems with taking money out of the ATM? You don’t fear that anymore...” Nice acting! Then I continued to work on my files.

My next recording is: “0_1_9_10_611-7PM.WMA”: Then: “... we need to tape over the doors...” Then I rested. Then I was again looking for files on my computer. I then tried to disentangle my cords. I then started creating the ISO image for DVD-88.

My next recording is: “brndvd88_1_9_10_655-916PM.WMA”: I was still at home – and something important was about to happen. “We still generate one gigabyte of data per day...” Then I started burning DVD-88. Then, when I connected my Passport to my Eee PC, the noises – the humming

sounds from my refrigerator – seemed to be encouraging me to play the video I had shot of the pretty Russian surveillance agent whom the SVR had sent in front of me back in March 27 last year. I assumed it was the CIA (Best Mommy) who was trying to dupe me again – just as on January 3 – and so I opened up instead the video of Best Mommy herself which I had shot on April 15 last year. I played Sarah Brightman at the same time (1:30:00). I knew I was, with my action, destroying the CIA, and, feeling totally guilty and stupidly sentimental, wanted to cry. On the one hand I wanted to cry to show the CIA that I cared about them, but on the other hand I must not stop acting and abandon Russia. And so I managed to continue acting as if I were merely enjoying Best Mommy’s beauty. I lay on the floor and watched the Best Mommy video again and again. Then, before going to sleep, I taped over the door (1:56:00) and then took a shower (2:03:00). I was now ready to sleep.

My last recording of the day is: “0_1_9_10_921-925PM.WMA”: I set up my alarm and then went to sleep. Such would be my new practice from now on: always sleep while the alarm was sounding so that, if super weapons ever fired outside, I wouldn’t have to record it.

January 10 (Sunday; “Melanie”)

My next recording is: “0_1_10_10_351-443AM.WMA”: I woke up and untaped the door. *This* you cannot ascertain in the recording: when I was thinking something about my bank account, the refrigerator suddenly hummed. I took that for the control center’s signaling again. Except that I was afraid that it was still the CIA which was doing it and not the Russians, and thus worried that the CIA might have after all proved in the ICJ that I had been following the Russians’ signals. I was panicking inside, but on the outside I said nothing and made no gestures.

My next recording is: “0_1_10_10_449-454AM.WMA”: Nothing.

My next recording is: “0_1_10_10_502-654AM.WMA”: I mumbled indistinctly, and then rested.

My next recording is: “0_1_10_10_719-730AM.WMA”: I was now ready to go out to do laundry.

My next recording is: “1_10_10_738-744AM.WMA”: I was now outside. I recounted what happened earlier: how I ran into this transsexual person with a dog, how the laundry room wouldn’t open until 8 AM, and how, when I was at the doughnuts place, there was a black man who looked like an undercover detective.

My next recording is: “1_10_10_748-751AM.WMA”: I continued walking north on Wilton. I soon turned off my recorder in case super weapons should fire on me.

My next recording is: “0_1_10_10_844-847AM.WMA”: I was still outside.

Between 9 AM and 1 PM, I was at Psychobabble. Now the same pretty white female was working at the counter. Her name was “Melanie”, and I would soon determine that she was “Mommy”! I was for

the whole time mesmerized by her beauty. Apparently, seeing that Psychobabble was becoming my new hang-out place, the Russians had ordered the CIA to insert an agent here as part of the requirement to “devise the terrorist’s environment in a way that would fit his belief.” I then checked out my own Scientific Enlightenment and Thermodynamic Interpretation of History on my Eee PC. What exactly I did in Psychobabble I would soon recount when I got home.

My next recording is: “0_rcllctpsychobbbl_1_10_10_217-229PM.WMA”: I was now at home, and I started recounting what happened at Psychobabble: “We were there until 1 PM... then bought food at 711... then came to Santa Monica and Wilton... we’ve got videotaped by a police car on Franklin... while at Psychobabble, we spent a lot of time on the Internet... we fixed our Thermodynamic Interpretation of History... while we were coming back, a girl was text-messaging near us... and a Hispanic guy was carrying beer... and another Hispanic guy was carrying something in a black plastic bag... our pants constantly fell off... while at Psychobabble, we were looking at our writings... they were really good stuff... we used to do such high-minded thing... and now we are reduced to counting people who have text-messed... we revised synopsis.html... changed the links... read through our presentation of Chris Knight’s theory... corrected grammatical mistakes and changed the links... that false report about our sexual harassment... the white female we suspected of falsely reporting us the last time, she was there again this morning...”

My next recording is: “rcllctpsychobbb_blood_1_10_10_223-408PM.WMA”: I continued on about “Melanie”: “The more we looked at her, the more she looked like one of Mommy’s people... Mommy’s people all look alike... Mommy’s people do produce intercepts... circulate false rumors about us... it’s possible that she made a false report about us the last time but that this time she did nothing... but we are wearing our broken glasses... you are not supposed to look at pretty women when you are wearing broken glasses... our Ubuntu continued to malfunction... we were unable to get online to download packages... we posted a message on the Ubuntu forum about our inability to download packages... Homeland Security will just send in agents to post bad advices for us... after a while, Homeland Security seemed to be doing buffer-overflow again, and our computer just froze up... and so we forcibly rebooted it... slow... we went out to smoke... and a white female was text-messaging there... it’s an intercept... then we walked back inside... we looked at our synopsis.html... and Chris Knight’s theory... really good stuff... our theory on religions... a lot of memories... we bought Chris Knight’s book in the summer of 2005 while in Montreal... there used to be a time when we read all the good books in the world... I’m sure some of Mommy’s people have read it... it really made us think of Mommy... and the Psychobabble white female kept coming in and out... she looked so much like one of Mommy’s people... her attitude didn’t seem Mommy-like... it’s best not to talk to people...” I was done with talking by 11:00 and played more of Wir sind Helden. Then, on 14:30, I started again: “Psychobabble is not a good place... everyone has been alerted about you... people-watching... the more you watch people, the more you are upset... instead of staying outside watching people and wondering whether this is one of Mommy’s people... you should just stay home and use the computer... when you watch Mommy on your computer, you don’t have to worry that your glasses are broken... when we were at Psychobabble, we slammed the door a little too hard, people could be instructed to complain...” Then, around 25:00, I was talking about how I had tried to avoid criminally

recording Melanie when she was talking to another guy. "... she looked so much like one of Mommy's people.... This time you took a closer look at her, and she looked a little older, like 35.... Mommy at 45 yards... Mommy does plant people around you all the time... 'In the beginning there was blood'... Chris Knight's book... Mommy's people must have read it... we like Mommy because she understands ambiguity... Daddy... he is too simple... we cut ourselves while in the McGill library... was RCMP already watching us?... our Big Sister might have picked that up..." Then I stopped talking and played *Wir sind Helden* repeatedly. On 1:16:00 I played the various songs of Sarah Brightman repeatedly. Then, from 1:30:30 onward, *Wir sind Helden* again.

My next recording is: "0_1_10_10_413-424PM.WMA": I continued to play *Wir sind Helden* and Sarah Brightman.

My next recording is: "readcomputnews_1_10_10_445-541PM.WMA": I was not aware that my recorder had just shut itself down. Now I wanted to install Real Player on my Eee PC. I read up on the instructions for Real Player. Then I continued to read up on other computer information. From 32:30 onward, my refrigerator was humming. Then: "... that's what they should invent, a laptop with easily removable wireless card... What if we just walk up to the Psychobabble Mommy and say, 'You are so fucking beautiful, it's unbelievable'?"

My next recording is: "0_1_10_10_546-553PM.WMA" (541-548PM): Nothing.

My next recording is: "fndbstmommy_1_10_10_548-944PM.WMA": I was still at home. More of *Wir sind Helden*. On 25:00 I discovered that I couldn't install Real Player on my Eee PC. On 27:00 somebody was knocking on the door but I wouldn't answer it. Then, on 35:00, you can hear me shouting: "... Emergency! Everything is frozen!" Then, Quick Time couldn't be installed either. I was then examining the Windows Media Player on my Eee PC. From 52:00 onward, I was reviewing a recording of Karin's meetups. Then I started wondering about Best Mommy again: "The woman we saw on the bus, on 4/15/09, just seems to be Mommy... she was writing things down on paper..." (1:08:00). Then: "What if she's not Mommy?... Why did she show up?... She's the prettiest Mommy we have ever seen... strange..." I was now burning a new disc. "... Mommy... we have one girlfriend... I wish we had more... Mommy feet... it has something to do with our mailbox... she looks so much like Mommy..." I was now playing the Best Mommy video again. "... Mommy feet..." And I played Sarah Brightman as well (1:43:00). Then: "Who's gonna tell us we have correctly identified Mommy? ... the dress, the socks, everything was so Mommy... it has something to do with our mailbox..." Supposedly I was just acting: I knew quite well that Best Mommy didn't show up just because I got a mailbox and so on. I continued to play my Best Mommy video. I even filmed myself doing it. "... the prettiest Mommy... oh, Mommy scratches her nose!" (1:53:00) Ha! (The Russians' evidence, perhaps, that scratching oneself was indeed a "secret signal" between me and the suit team!) Then I tried to copy the Best Mommy file from DVD-15. Then there was a problem with my computer again: "... Homeland Security remote control? Why is it that, once we videotape it, it will work?... this is Mommy at 10 yards or 5 yards, very close-up..." From 3:19:00 onward, I was burning a new copy of DVD-15. Then, on 3:42:00, I played the Best Mommy video and the Sarah Brightman music again. Then something

went wrong with my DVD-burning and I had to film it again.

My next recording is: “0_brndvd15newbstmommy_1_10_10_949-1124PM.WMA”: I was still burning the new copy of DVD-15. Then I played the Best Mommy video along with Sarah Brightman again (from 11:00 onward). I continued to put up my act: “... Mommy at the closest, April 15... 5 yards... Mommy at close range... had to write something on paper...” Then I started taking screenshots of the video: “... Mommy feet...” when my video was focused on Best Mommy’s feet (35:00). And so on. Then: “Mommy showed up because we got a mailbox...” (1:02:00). Then more screenshots: “... Mommy shoes...” (1:06:00). Then, on 1:14:00, when I finally stopped playing Sarah Brightman, I put up the ultimate act which would definitively convict Best Mommy of conspiracy with me: “I think Mommy was trying to turn our getting a mailbox into a Russian intelligence operation... *she must have turned into some big Russian in faulty surveillance...* big Russian, because she was merely at 5 yards removed... this was Mommy at very close range... the Russian she turned into must be a big Russian... the surveillance agents around were turned into Russian surveillance too... in the Cave, the story became that Russian surveillance agents were escorting us to meet a big Russian in order to get our mailbox... this is the ‘best Mommy’ ever... this is our record, 5 yards, our closest to Mommy...” Whence came my nickname “Best Mommy”. Then: “... it’s past 11 PM, it’s our bed time... We have watched *Mommy* on our *Mommy laptop*...” On 1:29:00 I turned on the alarm and went to sleep.

January 11 (Monday)

My next recording is: “0_wkcontactnoslpfile_1_11_10_750-815AM.WMA”: I woke up and turned on the alarm. Then I put on my old contact lenses. Because I was counting on seeing Melanie today!

My next recording is: “transition_1_11_10_810AM.WMA”: “What happened to the recording of our sleeping last night?”

My next recording is: “0_noslpfile_1_11_10_815-831AM.WMA”: I still couldn’t find the recording of my sleeping. I untaped the door.

Then I went out to get my morning coffee and doughnuts. My next recording is: “0_donut_1_11_10_841-849AM.WMA”: I was outside enjoying my coffee and doughnuts. I recounted what happened earlier: “The slick-smiling old lady came in too... and then super weapon teenagers came out...” Then four super weapons were parading toward me. I hummed. And I mumbled about the frequently seen transsexual.

I then set out for Psychobabble. My next recording is: “0_psychbbbskypeattdsl_1_11_10_937-1019AM.WMA”: I was sitting outside Psychobabble calling AT&T wanting to order DSL service for my new room. I had to hum because other people were coming in. On 14:50 I was finally connected with an operator. I was then placing my order for DSL. The modem would be shipped to my address. The operator (“Dorothy”) assured me I would get it on Friday. The order number on 40:00. I then asked the man sitting next to me: “Are you a cop?” Just acting!

I did my work in Psychobabble and then came to 711 to buy lunch. My next recording is: “0_recollectpsychbbb_1_11_10_1248-103PM.WMA”: I was now eating my hot dog outside 711. I recounted what happened at Psychobabble: Windows shut itself down, the Wireshark captures were lost, and the man sitting next to me looked like an undercover officer. “If that man was law enforcement, it would be very bad, he would have obtained all your information, name and address... Then we went inside, and successfully installed Real Player on our Ubuntu... but that Mommy-like female was not there today... we got rid of our broken glasses for nothing... There was no intercept, except the tall white female in front of us who was playing with her cellphone... Did Mommy put her there? Where is Mommy today? We revised a little more of our Scientific Enlightenment, our chapters on the origins of religions... We shouldn’t have walked on Wilton... that college looked like a gathering point for super weapons... and now we are going home... Psychobabble looked so normal today... It was the same Hispanic guy working there... We made no sounds today...”

My next recording is: “0_dhsphnintrcpt_1_11_10_150PM.WMA”: I was now on Western crossing the bridge and recounted what looked like an intercept: “... a person who looks like Homeland Security is pressing buttons on his cellphone.... Then he picks up a payphone and starts dialing...” I was just acting. This was probably not an operation at all.

My next recording is: “0_rclletwayhmnmommy_1_11_10_207-417PM.WMA”: I was now at home. From 6:00 onward I started my act: “... we came back from Psychobabble... we no longer paid attention to head-scratching and text-messaging... that takes up too much energy...” And then how I decided to take the bus home. From 12:00 onward, I described what happened on the bus. Then how there seemed to be an undercover cop on the bus this morning. On 18:00 I booted up my Eee PC to Ubuntu. On 21:00, Wir sind Helden. From 23:00 onward, I was recounting what happened after I got off the bus. On 29:00 I was talking about the woman that I met around the elevator who looked like Mommy. “No Mommy today.” Then about Best Mommy: “Mommy at 5 yards has such beautiful feet” (39:30). Then: “... we should order them by distance...” I was then working with my files. On 1:29:00, I was reading information about the newly installed Real Player. Then, on 1:33:00: “... we couldn’t install Wireshark...” Then, on 2:05:00, I started reviewing my recordings on my newly installed Real Player. And it malfunctioned!

My next recording is: “1_11_10_411-608PM.WMA”: I was still at home. Wir Sind Helden again. I was then working on my recording files. Then, Sarah Brightman. Was I playing my Best Mommy video again? (40:00) “We will do a little of Mommy at 50 yards and then Mommy at 5 yards... Microsoft sucks... Best Mommy... Mommy feet and Mommy hands...” I then read up a little more on computer matters. Before I went to sleep, I taped up my door.

My last recording of the day is: “0_sphelicptrscare_1_11-12_10_613PM-145AM.WMA”: And so I turned on the alarm as well before going to sleep. “Super weapons are so fucking disgusting...” I was then sleeping. “Good night Mommy. Maybe tomorrow we will see Mommy... But it will simply be Mommy at 50 yards, not any closer... If you see Mommy you will be upset, and if not you will also be

upset...” Half-acting and half-serious!

Taking out “Best Mommy”

By this time I had become sure (convinced) that the woman in my video – the most beautiful of the beautiful “Mommy Pyramids” – and the person who had hijacked the Russians’ noise system were indeed one and the same person. Best Mommy was now taken out! From today onward I would imagine that this was how it had all happened:¹¹

Best Mommy was able to get hold of the Russians’ noise system by arguing for another chance to prove that it functioned as a signal system and that I knew that it did – so that she may establish conspiracy between me and the Russians. When I plugged in my Passport, she wanted me to play the video of DGHTRSURV from March 27 2009 by making my refrigerator hum once more, believing that she could dupe me this time into believing that it was the Russians who were making my refrigerator hum. When I instead played the video of *her*, everyone in that computerized courtroom would have stood up in shock. Our Madam President of the ICJ would have shouted, “So that was *you* on that day, Mrs ‘Pearson’; and you blamed it on the Russians!” Now for inexplicable reason I kept imagining Best Mommy’s last name to be some really simple Anglo name. But – and here is the insuperable trick in logic – Best Mommy and her team, in an attempt to save themselves from this utter embarrassment, would immediately argue: “This evidence should be suppressed because he obviously knew that it was I who was playing the noise!” But the Russians would have just seized upon the chance: “If he knew that it was you, then he was responding to you and *knew that it was not us*, which would mean that you have just made an admission yourself that he was conspiring with you! He thought *you* wanted him to play the video of *you*!” Best Mommy would then have fallen into a trap out of desperation and made an admission to her own defeat, and the position of the hidden command would have forever escaped her grip.¹² When then the Russians commanded Best Mommy to make me respond to the humming of my refrigerator once more the next day morning in regard to my bank account, the noise system as a signal system would have been eliminated as the last possible evidence of communication – and hence conspiracy – between me and the Russians. It would from now on forever be construed in the evidentiary record as the Agency’s communication system for me *according to my belief*.

What had really happened must have certainly been different – and simpler – than I had imagined. As you have seen, Best Mommy first obtained her chance to prove her point – that I was following the Russians’ directions by paying attention to the noises – on January 3. She failed. And so she tried again on the night of January 9. While she had hoped that I would play the video of the Russian agent in

11 Taken from my earlier notes.

12 As of July 1 2010 when I was writing this down, I actually didn’t quite remember how I thought the “insuperable trick in logic” worked back in January. This is the best I could recall six months after the event during which time span I had never had the chance to either write about it or regurgitate the memory of it.

question – not only that, but also my act of doing as the noises had instructed, would be her evidence of my conspiracy with the Russians in the upper court – I played *her* video instead, which enabled the Russians to promptly convict her in front of judge Higgins. This was a very big deal because, first of all, there wasn't anybody else left from the CIA in the upper court and, secondly, my video was evidence that it was in fact the CIA, not the Russians, who had once come out of the lower court to meet me. I really couldn't have conspired with the CIA anymore than this! As noted, the episode with the CIA's Mercedes on November 10 had established the rule that whoever was coming out of the courthouse to meet me should be deemed to be the party conspiring with me. As you have seen, the Russians had largely eliminated this risk by commanding the CIA to recruit their agents and then send them in front of me as a way to replace past episodes. But the episode with the Russian agent on March 27 last year was not yet replaced, and Best Mommy was probably wanting to use my video from March 27 to cancel out the November 10 episode with the Mercedes – after which my act of doing as the noises had instructed would be sufficient evidence for her to convict the Russians of conspiracy with me. And yet she couldn't possibly have screwed up more. By now the Russians had thoroughly proved in judge Higgins' chamber that I was CIA all the way: from my videos of the CIA girls at first to the CIA Mercedes to my longing for "Mommy" to my Plame book – and now my meeting with Best Mommy herself. The conviction was quite simple and based on overwhelming evidence: there was no "insuperable trick in logic". Then, on the morning next day, i.e., January 10, the Russians made sure to command Best Mommy to signal me with noises one more time so that, just as I had imagined, judge Higgins would rule that the noises around me, if I should ever be caught following instructions through them, could only be evidence of the CIA's conspiracy with me. From January 10 onward, the CIA had really no more chances to prove anything. The suit team was all finished.

Nevertheless, this episode had so scared me that, from now on, when I burned copies of my old DVDs, I would never open any files to check whether the discs were correctly burned. I must not open any old videos, for fear that I might accidentally play a video in which a Russian secret agent was caught. The pressure on me had just magnified. Already I had stopped masturbating for fear that this might harm the Russians. Now I must not even play with my documentaries, which also meant that I must not work on many portions of my writings in which I had described the actions on me by the Russian intelligence service SVR.

January 12 (Tuesday)

My first recording of the day is: "1_12_10_602-606AM.WMA": I was at home. I recounted what happened at the doughnuts store: "... and so we went... the Chinese store... there were two Hispanic men inside... but as soon as we sat down, a whole bunch of people came in... suddenly full house..." Then: "... combine everything together to save time..." I was now ready to go to the laundromat again. "Unfortunately, we have to go to the same one..."

My next recording is: "1_12_10_615-626AM.WMA": While outside the laundromat, I recounted what had just happened: "... we went into the laundromat... the owner, a Pakistani... and his super weapons were with him... 6 AM in the morning! It's obviously Homeland Security which has instructed him..."

hopefully he wouldn't make any false reports... he was just there to produce a surveillance intercept... showing us waking up early in the morning to snoop on other people's children... and so we sat outside to eat our doughnuts..." Again, there was most likely no operation there: I was just acting. Then: "... it's another day, maybe we will see Mommy today... We'd better not wear our contacts, they have been in the box for over two months... Oh, two more super weapons are coming... one pushing another... Mommy... more Hispanic people are passing by..." Then I went back inside the laundromat.

My next recording is: "1_12_10_632-646AM.WMA": I came back to my room to pick up my cigarettes. I recounted: "While walking back, we saw three more super weapons going to the doughnuts store... When we came back to our building, more super weapons... what about Mommy? ..." And I went out again.

My next recording is: "1_12_10_652-703AM.WMA": I was outside the laundromat and recounted what had just happened: "... when we exited the apartment, a black woman with her two super weapons was standing guard... we came back to the laundromat... just when we were unloading our laundry, the Pakistani man left with his super weapons... we were now all alone in the laundromat... what a scary morning..." Then: "A Hispanic man with a draggy cart is coming to the laundromat, maybe it's our double... Don't worry about it..." Most likely not.

My next recording is: "1_12_10_710-719AM.WMA": I came back to my room and recounted how I had encountered more super weapons on my way back: "... scary... what's Mommy doing? ...will Mommy show up today?... so beautiful..." I changed into clean clothes. "... Mommy..." And I was ready to go out again.

My next recording is: "1_12_10_725AM.WMA": I was on my way to Psychobabble and turned on my recorder while on the street: "... on Santa Monica... we walked out... two super weapons... we are now at Virginia and St Andrews..."

And so I spent the next four hours at Psychobabble. I would soon recount what I did there. My next recording is: "0_intrept_1_12_10_108PM.WMA": I was now on the street on my way home: "... an intercept, text-messaging... a Hispanic man, 50 year old..."

My next recording is: "0_recollectpsychbbb_1_12_10_118-133PM.WMA": I came home and started recounting what had happened: "... no sign of Mommy today... There are times when you care and times when you don't care... now the intercepts that have happened... when we exited Psychobabble... we passed by a burger place... our phobia of other people was gradually subsiding... we wanted to go inside to eat... the waitress was extremely beautiful... we didn't want to stare at her and so exited... Daddy would put pretty women in front of us for us to stare at... so that people can complain about us... we then passed by Figaro... we came to the Thai restaurant instead... and we had wanton soup... we were then walking on Hollywood Blvd... a safer route to walk on... St Andrews... on Hollywood and Western, and, just then, a chubby blond woman passed by talking... likely Russian... an intercept... there were also several instances of people scratching their heads... and outside Rite Aid..."

a man came out and did scratch himself... we walked down... another woman speaking Russian... on Sunset... the security guard... the building seemed to be a school... we immediately turned around... several super weapons... maybe 12... then more intercepts of people scratching their nose... a woman with a baby also scratched her nose, it seemed to be an act... we were on Santa Monica and Western... then text-messaging... we need to carry a book so that we can write it all down... now what happened in Psychobabble... we managed to download two music videos... on Real Player... MIA and Silbermond... downloading Youtube videos used to be such a big issue... remember how, back in March 2008, when we were talking to Wes, he tried to sting us... why did the authority want us to download videos from Youtube?... they just needed intercepts of something... the Daily Motion episode... we then downloaded more videos in early 2009... if we are detained and searched, that shouldn't be a problem..."

My next recording is: "rcllctpsychmiavid_1_12_10_127-305PM.WMA": I continued: "Real Player should be okay... and so we downloaded..." I now turned on my Eee PC and then continued: "... a woman who looked like Mommy at 50 yards... we kept walking on Hollywood Blvd... maybe Mommy's laptop... maybe these updates contain built-in timers for malfunctioning... we also checked the Ubuntu synoptic packages... after that we watched some videos... but it seems that our time ran out... so we will fix our Ubuntu the next time..." From 13:00 onward, MIA. Then Silbermond. Then I counted all the things I had bought. "When you see Mommy you'll get upset, when you don't see Mommy... I just hope this will be over soon... you can't call Mommy and ask: 'When will you show up again?'... one female walked in but she looked sleazy... definitely not Mommy-like..." Then about how I stepped out of Psychobabble and went to 711 and then came back to Psychobabble. On 1:19:00 I read out loud my Eee PC's information. Then I was moving my screenshots to the right folders. On 1:26:00, Tori Amos. "This Mommy laptop has a very good screen..." Then, MIA.

My next recording is: "0_1_12_10_310-505PM.WMA": Then, Silbermond. Then, MIA. I was then writing on my laptop. Then, James Blunt. "... I'm so depressed..." Then, Annie Villeneuve. From 57:00 onward I recounted again the items I had shopped and the money I had left. On 1:02:50 somebody was knocking on my door again but I again ignored it. I was so scared. Then more of MIA and Wir sind Helden and Tori Amos. Then: "... the thing about Mommy's pet dog is that it doesn't grow up at all..." Then Carla Bruni, Pauline Croze, and Annie Villeneuve. "Where is Mommy? Mommy is busy... We are just a pet dog..." Then James Blunt. "... Mommy cannot be the doggie's lover, the doggie is too low..." On 1:53:30, another knock on the door. Then super weapons were firing outside and I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: "1_12_10_5-609PM.WMA": Then, James Blunt. And another knock on the door. "... to produce a surveillance intercept..." Then, MIA and Pauline Croze. "... Mommy only shows up to produce intercepts... When is Mommy going to show up?... When we were in Psychobabble earlier... we went outside, it was the same old lady... a guy came over to tell her his tooth hurt... clearly an intercept... that we had toothache... the old lady told us to turn down the volume... no Mommy... but a white female came in... if she felt uncomfortable, then it's not Mommy... then our Internet was cut off and we left... it's possible that the earlier text-messaging pyramid was Mommy..."

that Mommy at close range who showed up in Psychobabble... *she plunged us into a 'Mommy episode'*... we'll just have to wait for our 'Mommy episode' to pass... we then revised our Scientific Enlightenment at Hostmatrix... 'The Logic of Sacrifice'... we have such a good Mommy theory to explain sacrifices... while we were reading it over we couldn't help but think about Mommy... Mommy likes physics... German philosophy... but not religions... that requires an ability to understand the primitive mind... I hope nobody makes false reports about us... we were there until 11:30 AM..." I was done with recounting by 43:00. Then, MIA. From 47:00 onward, I started again: "... the old lady outside... it's the second time that she showed up... could she be a fake Russian agent? How many times does Mommy show up in order to be turned into a foreign agent? Amanda was turned into a Latin American agent... Best Mommy into a big Russian... it doesn't have to be an actual Russian... if Mommy shows up, it will be like a sculpture, neither smiling nor... Mommy at 5 yards is always like that... but Mommy at 50 yards has moods... but when Mommy at close range shows up, you will be really upset, because she will be unmovable..." I then pretended to be worried about the super weapons' firing outside (1:01:40). Soon I went to sleep. That was my day.

It should merely be emphasized that, while the CIA was finished and tumults now reigned in the international domain because of it, I was here seriously struggling with my obsession with Mommy. I was in love – even though, luckily for the Russians, I did not thereby forget my duty to knock down the object of my love and bury her. I was still acting everyday.

January 13 (Wednesday)

My first recording of the new day is: "0_slpvidcardpapers_1_13_10_330-449AM.WMA": I woke up and lay around. From 1:02:00 onward I was videotaping my laundry card and other papers. From 1:15:00 onward, Silbermond.

My next recording is: "1_13_10_446-541AM.WMA": MIA and Silbermond. I then continued to work on "Karin's Meetups": these chapters on Karin's meetups were all that I dared open on my computer screen because, at the time, the Russians hadn't yet become involved. Then I was working on my files.

My next recording is: "0_brnwrshr8_1_13_10_547-736AM.WMA": I was now examining the recording of my sleep. Then I was looking for my lighter. Then, MIA from 8:00 onward. Then Tori Amos. Then I had problems with getting my Toshiba to detect my Seagate hard drive. "Seagate also needs more space." Then I mumbled about how my Best Mommy video must be burned on good discs. I started burning another Wireshark disc from 45:00 onward. "We have to count our discs when we come back..." Then MIA. Then I tried to reorganize the way things were placed inside my bag (1:33:00). I was now ready to go out. My broken glasses! I brought my contact lenses with me. "And we have no money for haircut." And so I left my apartment.

My next recording is: "1_13_10_803-806AM.WMA": I got off the 754 bus and arrived at Vermont and Prospect. There was slight rain. "... until we reach Psychobabble..." And there were trucks and so on. "... they are setting up something... there is filming at Figaro..." I hummed and arrived in

Psychobabble.

My next recording is: “1_13_10_811AM.WMA”: I was now sitting outside Psychobabble with my coffee. I recounted (my acting): “A white man who walked in after us could be our double...” Not!

My next recording is: “1_13_10_817AM.WMA”: I was still outside Psychobabble. I described the man who was sitting inside his Mercedes sipping on his coffee. “Could he be an undercover cop?” That’s a good question. Were the Russians still watching over me around the clock?

My next recording is: “1_13_10_819AM.WMA”: I was still outside Psychobabble. I described the white man who touched his nose while passing by. And another Asian girl that seemed to be part of the film crew. I noted my disappointment that Melanie was not working today.

I would be working in Psychobabble for the next three hours. My next recording is: “utpsychbbb_1_13_10_1124PM.WMA” (...1124AM...): I recounted that I walked out of Psychobabble 10 minutes ago and watched a little bit of the filming that was going on before heading home.

My next recording is: “intrcptnomommy_1_13_10_1128-1140AM.WMA”: I was now walking on Hollywood Blvd. I pretended to take notice of a Hispanic woman dragging a cart who stopped at the bus stop. “Our double?” Then: “No sign of Mommy today either... We were at Psychobabble until 12 PM, almost four hours...¹³ we used the Internet... Mommy will probably show up when you are out of your Mommy episode... But when you are not in the mood, you will just stay home, then there is definitely no chance for Mommy to show up.... Oh, and somebody was taking pictures of super weapons, that might be an intercept, and so we walked away... the filming was interesting to watch... many Mommy-like people... it looked real... not staged by Homeland Security... at Psychobabble... maybe Mommy was playing game.... Then we got disappointed...”

My next recording is: “1_13_10_1121AM-1207PM.mp3” (...1221-107PM...): I was now at home. “They were wiping the door downstairs... we got nervous...”

My next recording is: “1_13_10_1207-150PM.mp3” (...107-150PM...): I was still at home. Silbermond. “... the slide show is better than the videos... What should we do? We need to count our discs.” Then, Tori Amos. “Maybe you shouldn’t watch so much Mommy... your mood is unpredictable.... We are so depressed, it’s affecting our work... we just want to sleep... the old lady at the laundromat was not there... maybe Daddy removed her because he didn’t want us to know... we got jealous while in Psychobabble... a guy came in with a MAC, he was with a white female, and they sat on the sofa having so much fun... we just wish we can do our ‘Mommy gig’ together with Mommy... that’s not healthy... you can go to Mommy at 50 yards and do Mommy at 5 yards with her...” From 36:00 onward, it was Judith Holofernes’ interview: “... she’s very beautiful, she has a nice nose...” That is, a good “pyramid”. Then, MIA. “... the last Mommy at Psychobabble has completely disabled you...” Indeed!

13 This of course can’t be correct.

My next recording is: “0_1_13_10_155-229PM.WMA”: I was still at home. MIA. Then Wir sind Helden. I continued to recount: “We walked past Wilton... we saw a new coffeehouse... we wanted to take a look... to look for Mommy-like people... someone came out... instead he scratched his nose... everywhere we go, we look for Mommy-like entities... we just have to wait for this to pass...” Then MIA again. I was then looking for the recording file that might have been tainted by super weapons’ firing.

My next recording is: “0_1_13_10_230-246PM.WMA”: I continued: “... when we go out we have to make sure not to stare at Mommy-like entities because we are wearing our broken glasses... our ‘Mommy gig’...” From 8:00 onward I recounted more of what I did at Psychobabble: “We started with Linux... installing Wireshark... Konqueror... we did it on command line... to learn about computers... in the future you will thank yourself... you will be out of this... just two months ago, you didn’t want anyone around you... but now... that Spanish-speaking Mommy at close range has completely disabled you...” Then I was ready to go out again to buy something at the liquor store. I filmed myself before going out.

My next recording is: “1_13_10_251-320PM.WMA”: I was now back home. I recounted what happened when I was at the liquor store: “A lot of super weapons.” I played my recording and was then counting something: “425, 426, 427...” And I was organizing something. Then I was going to check the hash values of my files.

My next recording is: “rvwgrmmu71808nw_ct_1_13_10_331-536PM_ct.mp3”: I thus cut off super weapons’ firing from my latest recording file. Then MIA continually. “... we have been having a lot of problems with this flash drive...” On 38:00 I used Real Player to play one of the recordings of Karin’s German meetups. I then check the file that had been cut. it was a good cut. Then back to the German meetup under review. On 1:44:00, I panicked when I spilled water on my keyboard. I was then writing.

My next recording is: “0_kmuetc_1_13_10_542-909PM.WMA”: MIA. I was then looking for DVD-15. I was deciding where to put the most important DVDs that contained the videos of Amanda and Best Mommy. Then I couldn’t find something: “Oh, I can’t distinguish left from right anymore...” On 18:30, I found it. From 27:00 onward I was reviewing the recording of the German meetup again (July 18, my conversation with Gabi about human origins). From 41:00 onward I was burning a new copy of my Wireshark captures. On 1:24:00 I was busy about because I found dirt on the DVD with the Best Mommy video. On 2:08:00: “... tomorrow is a new day, what are you going to do?” Then, Silbermond. Then I couldn’t concentrate on working. Then MIA. Then I was writing on 2:44:00. Then, on 2:55:00: “... when Homeland Security personnel shut down your computer, they use Command Prompt...” Then, French songs. I then moved files from my Toshiba to my Seagate hard drive.

My next recording is: “0_wtchbstmmy_1_13_10_914-1019PM.WMA”: MIA’s concert, “Hungries Herz”. Then, writing. Then Silbermond and my alarm continually. Then I was watching my Best Mommy video again. I mumbled about how Best Mommy must have been feeling: “The bus is like a

spaceship... Best Mommy was not comfortable with it... 媽咪扎眼睛...” Thus had I decided on the script I would put into my new Best Mommy music video. I converted the video from AVI to WMV. “That’s all we’ve got, Mommy is not going to show up... Mommy at 50 yards will show up, but not so close...” Then, Tori Amos. From 55:00 onward, Sarah Brightman and Best Mommy together. “... 搖阿搖，搖的那麼厲害...” Then I was going to bed.

My last recording is: “transition_1_13_10_1013PM.WMA”: I was now sleeping. It should be noted that, around this time, as I played continually Tori Amos’ music video, I meant to signal to the Russians that, as my reward, I wanted a therapist that looked as pretty as Tori Amos. My “Mommy mood” was causing me to long for a “pyramid” of my own. At the time, I wasn’t sure if the Russians had got my message. Now that I know they were in fact reading my thoughts at the moment on their computer screen, I know of course that they did get my message. This would be important later on.

January 14 (Thursday; the Korean girl’s travels)

My first recording is: “0_1_14_10_701-8AM.WMA”: I was in my room playing Sarah Brightman’s song, which I would soon use to make my Best Mommy music video. Then Silbermond and MIA while I was taking a shower. Then I went out.

My next recording is: “0_1_14_10_832-835AM.WMA”: I was now on the street. I recounted what happened earlier (all insignificant things).

My next recording is: “0_1_14_10_841-844AM.WMA”: I recounted how I saw earlier a black Cadillac with tinted windows. But it didn’t seem that anyone was inside. (Probably not Mr former Secretary.) Finally, I had arrived in Vermont and Sunset.

I came to It’s A Grind and, while I was sitting outside doing work on my Eee PC, a Korean girl and a white guy suddenly sat down next to me and began talking. As I would immediately notice, this was an operation. It was around 10:20 AM. The Korean girl began enumerating a series of countries she would soon travel through. It was all Eastern European countries on Russia’s border. It was obvious that the Russians were about to blackmail these countries with faulty evidences indicating that the latter had also participated in this operation of the suit team’s to frame Russia. Afraid to turn on my recorder, I began drawing a portrait of the Korean girl and the white guy.¹⁴ What so amazed me was the fact that the Korean girl was full of smiles, obviously unaware of the real purpose of her mission. Apparently she didn’t know that it was the Russians who had commanded this operation: she really believed she was working for the suit team. The white guy spoke around 10:25 AM also about how he liked Spain and how French men were not very nice. The other things they said I would recount later tonight (and as you will see them below). By 10:38 AM the couple had departed.

Then, I came inside It’s A Grind. I noticed a young white female sitting there working on her laptop. She had her sunglasses over her hair, and I immediately identified her as “Mommy”. Although she

14 See Portrait Book #14. Note that I noted down that she mentioned “Prague”.

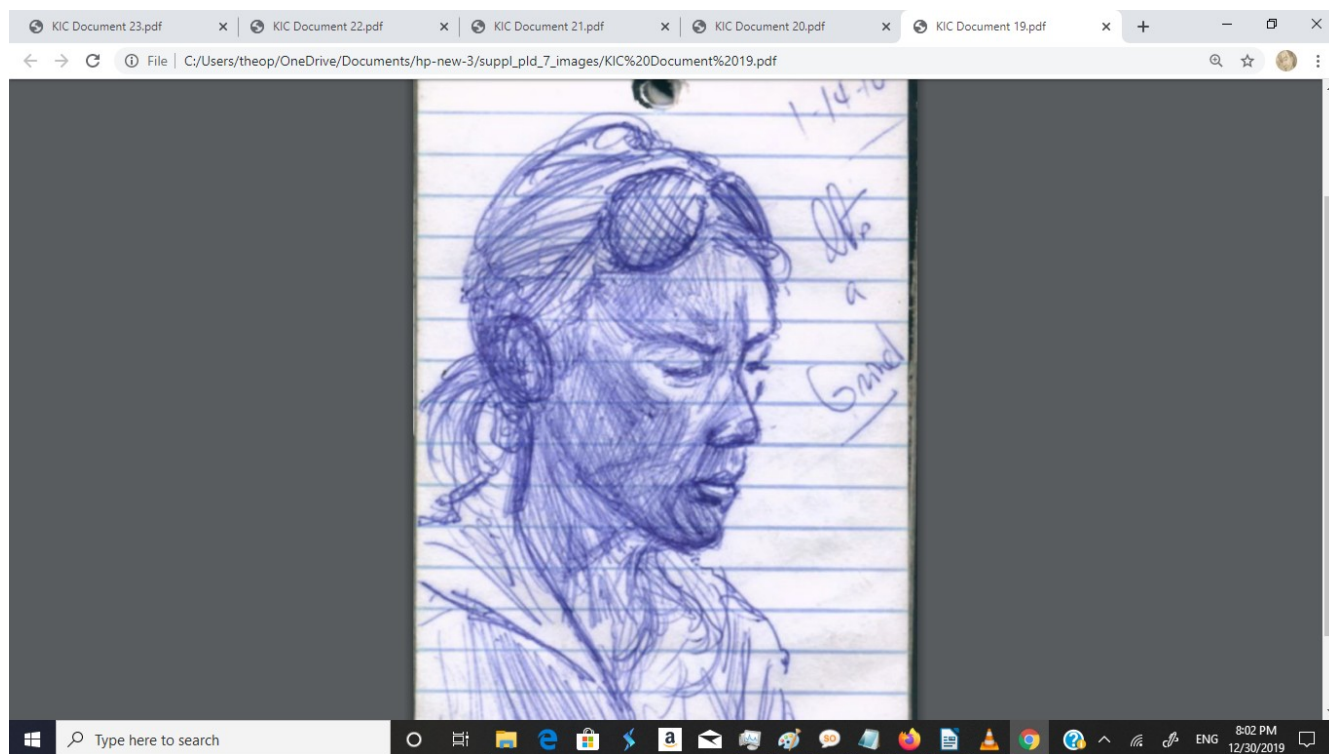
The Secret History of the International Court of Justice

4.8.2. The World of the Pyramids

Lawrence C. Chin,

Jan. 2010 – Apr. 2021

looked like she was in a bad mood, I put up my act and pretended to be angry too and, taking my new notebook out, began drawing portraits of her. The first one I failed, but the second one was successful, which you see below. The act I put up was: “You are angry because you don’t want to be drawn? Let me draw you! After all those intercepts this is the least I’m entitled to!” The episode should have lasted from 11 AM to 12 PM.



The portrait I made of Mommy today in It’s A Grind
She had her sunglasses over her hair

My next recording is: “1_14_10_111-118PM.WMA”: I was now walking home. I recounted a few more insignificant events – or “intercepts”. Most likely, they were not.

My next recording is: “0_1_14_10_352-358PM.WMA”: I was now at home. I played MIA.

My next recording is: “0_1_14_10_401PM.WMA”: I was still at home, checking to see if my files were tainted.

My next recording is: “0_1_14_10_405PM.WMA”: My files were okay.

My next recording is: “0_1_14_10_406PM.WMA”: I recounted how the window by the hallway was open: “That’s why we could hear strangers’ conversations...” Then I played more of MIA and Wir sind Helden.

My next recording is: “1_14_10_414-416PM.WMA”: I was still at home. I turned off the recorder to check the file.

My next recording is: “1_14_10_422-534PM.WMA”: I was still at home. I would play MIA repeatedly throughout the rest of the afternoon. From 4:00 onward I began recounting what the Korean girl and the white guy said to each other this morning (from 10:28 AM onward):

The Korean girl: “... Prague...”

The guy: “... two weeks of travel... everywhere you stay is Korean... talk to them in your own language... Germany... Munich...”

“They left on 10:38 AM and we went inside and saw Mommy...” After MIA, I played Tori Amos. Then: “Step-Mommy wouldn’t give us money. We need to get our printer out to get our home set up. We can’t stop thinking about Mommy.” I then examined again the video of Best Mommy and Sarah Brightman’s song, getting ready to make my “Best Mommy music video”. Then, super weapons fired outside and I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: “1_14_10_535-727PM.WMA”: I continued to play music to cover up super weapons’ firing. Then I started making my Best Mommy music video on the Windows Movie Maker on my new Eee PC. I tried to write Chinese characters on my Movie Maker: “Mommy Display...” By 28:00, I was done. I then continued to work on my Best Mommy video.

My next recording is: “0_1_14_10_732-747PM.WMA”: I played more of Wir sind Helden. Then, I was ready to go out to buy doughnuts. “... never look up, always look down, look not at what you don’t have, but at what you have... Isn’t that what therapy is about?... the Best Mommy video...”

My next recording is: “1_14_10_750-801PM.WMA”: I was now back in my room and recounted what happened earlier while I was out buying doughnuts: when I came back, a black guy grabbed my cart but it turned out that he was helping me carrying it upstairs. I continued to play Wir sind Helden. Then somebody was talking outside and I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: “0_bstmmmyvid_orth18_1_14_10_806-1017PM.WMA”: While playing Wir sind Helden, I let Windows Movie Maker process my Best Mommy music video: 15%... 27%... Then I played James Blunt. Then Wir sind Helden again. Then MIA. Then Silbermond. Then Wir sind Helden again. Then, from 1:09:00 onward, I was writing. On 1:25:00 the music video was finally done. But it was not well-made. Apparently the Movie Maker on my Eee PC wasn’t powerful enough for the task. I would have to re-do it tomorrow.

My next recording is: “transition_1_14_10_1011PM.WMA”: I was now going to bed.

What exactly was the operation this morning about? Again, once Best Mommy was convicted, the

Russians had effectively won the ICJ trial against the United States. In the next four days – January 10, 11, 12, and 13 – they began working out their compensations from the United States. This must have frightened nations all around the world, foremost these Eastern European nations which hated Russia (e.g. Poland and the Baltic states). The Russians therefore wanted to blackmail them in the same way in which the United States had tried to blackmail Vietnam back in August 2008 and India and a few African nations back in May and June last year. Since that was now ruled a terrorist conspiracy against Russia, Russia was entitled to employ the same method to benefit itself. That is, command the suit team to send somebody to me to mention all these countries and then to use the faulty surveillance Machine to confuse her with me so that evidences can be presented in the lower court suggesting that Lawrence Chin was also going to all these countries to pretend to be David Chin as a way to frame Russia. All these countries would then be frightened to death – since the United States had framed any country it felt like to harm Russia, Russia now had the right to frame any country it felt like to benefit itself. These countries would then immediately shut their mouth and quiet down and go along with Russia’s agendas with the United States as their way of pleading with Russia that they be spared.

January 15 (Friday)

My next recording is: “1_15_10_558-712AM.WMA”: I turned on my laptop and began typing and working on my files. I started burning a new disc.

My next recording is: “0_brndvd89_1_15_10_717-853AM.WMA”: My disc was burned successfully. I was now checking over the files on the disc. I discovered that I had wrongly named a recording of Karin’s meetups. Then I discovered that I couldn’t import music to the Windows Movie Maker on my Eee PC. I couldn’t import anything, in fact. “... our first Brasero disc...”

My next recording is: “0_brndvd89_1_15_10_853-941AM.WMA”: I was still reviewing the more recent recordings on my DVD. Then I verified my Brasero disc. Then, Tori Amos. Then another disc was burned with ImgBurn. Now my Totem Player didn’t have the codex for the AVI files that came out of my camera. “We need to find a job, then we can buy a new burner...” All done. Again: “You shouldn’t talk to people with this pair of broken glasses...” Then I removed the tapes on the door. I was now ready to go out.

My next recording is: “0_tovrmont_1_15_10_954-10AM.WMA”: I was now walking on Western. I recounted: “... when we exited, the younger manager informed us there was a package for us...” (It was the DSL modem.) Then my act: “... maybe surveillance has been produced of our double causing a lot of havoc... in the neighborhood since we moved in...” Then: “... we are not going to talk to people until we get rid of this pair of broken glasses... just draw portraits... until good things happen... what we think is good changes with time... when we walked out... two super weapons...”

I spent the next hour or so in Vermont and hanged out a little at Psychobabble. I would recount what happened soon. Then I went to downtown to go to the optometry to get my new glasses. My next recording is: “1_15_10_1207-1209PM.WMA”: By this time I was at Pershing Square, and I recounted

what happened at the optometry and what I said there.

My next recording is: “0_to38bus_1_15_10_111-120PM.WMA”: I was now walking down Broadway, and I mentioned how I finally got my new glasses and how I then rested a little at Pershing Square and watched pretty people skating. “... a man and a woman were talking about something behind us... he said ‘racist stuff’, ‘sexist stuff’... was he talking for us?... we exited the apartment... we went up to Hollywood Blvd... to Vermont and Prospect... at the parking lot of Bank of America... another woman wearing sunglasses was sitting there... she looked so much like Mommy’s people... Could it be Mommy?... two days in a row?... an intercept or something... we couldn’t just stare at people, and so we sat in a distance away...” Did the Russians really command the CIA to send in an agent today? “... then a black man came over to do something with his cellphone... an intercept in progress... then a car came and blocked the view... we continued to walk on Vermont...” By now I had arrived at Venice Blvd.

My next recording is: “0_1_15_10_130-139PM.WMA”: While walking, I recounted what happened earlier: “... we got on bus 38... but then it was on detour... and we got off...” Then: “... we are going to take our printer out today, we hope it will work...” I then pretended to wonder whether the man I saw earlier was again an undercover cop. I continued to recount: “And now they were doing the same filming thing, next to Figaro... we went to Psychobabble... the old lady was sitting in front again... that black female by the bus stop... really looked like Mommy’s people... was there an intercept?...” Really? I continued: “... that Mommy-like female wasn’t there... and we walked to Starbucks... another white chic with sunglasses... this is getting kind of sick: we kept staring at people that looked like somebody else... then we went to the gas station... very very depressed... she really looked like Mommy... there is a certain perfection to her... then, at the gas station, we bought a burger and ICEE...”

My next recording is: “0_1_15_10_140PM.WMA”: I had by now walked past Jefferson and Grand. I stopped recounting as I approached the storage facility.

My next recording is: “0_storage_1_15_10_156-231PM.WMA”: I was outside the storage facility and not going in just yet. I wanted to wait for the black woman to be gone first. I continued to recount: “Earlier at the food mall, there was a very attractive woman, about 35... we are like pervert nowadays, we want to look at anyone who looks like Mommy... we are going through a very bad period... she couldn’t be Mommy... we can’t be seeing Mommy more than two times a day... this is the same old obsession, except that it’s not with a particular person... maybe you should see a therapist, you haven’t wanted people since a long time ago...” Finally I came inside the storage even though the black woman was still there. On 12:00 I opened up my storage unit. After doing my discs, I put my printer on top of my cart to carry it home.

My next recording is: “0_1_15_10_244-249PM.WMA”: While walking, I recounted: “... we went to the food mall... we wanted to vomit in the restroom...” Now I was feeling sick. “There were more white people in the food mall than usual, but none of them looked like Mommy’s people...” Then, at

Grand and Jefferson, a black man stopped in front of me and put something in his pocket. I got suspicious again (or pretended to be): "... as if he just had to do this in front of us... Oh, our head hurt so much... we need to go home for a nap..." Now I had to walk all the way to Adams because of the detour today. Then a Hispanic female in front of me was doing something on her cellphone. (I was pretending to suspect her.) "We have a printer on top of our cart... Oh, super weapons!" And so I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: "slpsick_1_15_10_418-905PM.WMA": I just came home. I was in a lot of pain and went to sleep right away. I left my alarm turned on. Strangely, as I slept, I would imagine Putin having sex with his mistress. Such fantasy had no importance here, except when you think about the fact that the Russians must be looking at it on their computer screen inside the control center. There will be more bizarre fantasies to come, as you shall see. Then, on 4:34:00 I got up.

My next recording is: "0_slpsick_1_15-16_10_910PM-1215AM.WMA: I continued to sleep and turned on my alarm on 5:20.¹⁵

January 16 (Saturday)

My next recording is: "wkdslnotwrkng_1_16_10_124-308AM.WMA": After I woke up, I lay around. Then I checked my printer: it was still working, but it couldn't do any scanning. From 51:00 onward, I was trying to install the DSL modem. On 1:18:00 I was reading the modem information. The modem was not working.

My next recording is: "0_dslnogdrcllctmmywtchnap_1_16_10_213-729AM.WMA (...313-829AM...): I imported my latest recordings and started working on my files. From 19:00 onward, the recording of my sleeping yesterday afternoon. I then mumbled something about the dysfunctional DSL modem. From 34:00 onward I started recounting what happened yesterday in Vermont: "... the burger might have caused the stomach ache... at Starbucks... another Mommy-like female... brown hair... tall and slender... she was talking to an Asian guy... looked like Mommy's team... we sat across the street... watched them while eating our burger... if Mommy sent people here... but we didn't see anything around... did Mommy really put them there? Maybe Mommy wanted us to go inside Starbucks and get thrown out... maybe it's a trap... then we got sick... this was really perverted... they were just doing their homework... we left... we picked up our lighter at the gas station... walked along Sunset... waited at the bus 2 stop... you can go... see who's good-looking and draw a portrait... we need to talk to a therapist... it seems that the things we do are just so insane... outward, you want to see the real thing... inward, just images from the past, like sculptures... go out and come back in... to work on the sculptures... before you just wanted to stay in the motel and write all day... and now you don't... you will force yourself to do that... maybe you'll really make friends with Mommy... but they'd just treat you like a dog... but real people..." Then I kept on mumbling about other nonsenses. "... watching Mommy-like people like a movie... *it's an obsession*... it'll always pass... when Mommy first came to you, that's exactly what they wanted... 'You want me? Then come join us'... that was 2006... 2007,

¹⁵ Reviewed until 10:00, and then from 2:59:00 onward. The recorder soon ran out of space.

staying put... 2008, Karin... 2009, we were sort of out of it... and now... back to obsession... ‘What do you want?’ ‘I want you!’ ‘That’s not healthy’...” (from 49:00 onward). And I continued to admonish myself. All this was in fact good testimony for the Russians explaining my relationship with the CIA, my conspirator. “We really think Ms Nudelman was Mommy’s people... Greg had connections with Mommy too... we do our own therapy here... what happened to Wes? He also only talked to the atmosphere... everyone is only talking to the atmosphere... pretty soon, you are like, ‘What the hell’... what about Intelligentsia? There are many pretty people there too...” (1:01:00). Then I was mumbling about how I wasn’t obsessed with Mommy in 2009: “... now you are depressed because you are looking beyond the image and want the real thing...” Indeed! Then I was mumbling again about putting everything I had in a time capsule. From 1:12:00 onward, I was back to sleeping. From 2:39:00 onward, I was awake. I worked on the DSL problem again. Still no service! On 3:12:00, when I turned on Ubuntu, it was doing filesystem-check. “Why?” On 3:14:00, I succeeded in playing the music videos I had downloaded on my Ubuntu. James Blunt. Then, Pauline Croze’s “T’es beau”. Then, MIA. From 3:41:00 onward, a recording of Karin’s meetups. It was still my confession to Gabi on July 18 2008, and I continued to work on “Persecution Mania or Not”. On 4:50:00, I was all done and ready to go out. Then, Pauline Croze. “We haven’t yet recollected the intercepts from yesterday...” Then, MIA. As I dressed myself: “... Mommy likes to wear scarfs, and so we shall imitate...” (5:04:30). I thus wrapped a green scarf around my neck. Nice acting! Then I was packing my things into my bag.

My next recording is: “1_16_10_825-827AM.WMA”: I was still at home. I worked on the door. I was now ready to go to Psychobabble.

My next recording is: “1_16_10_841AM.WMA”: I was now out on the street. I recounted how a worker was taking pictures of the bus stop – as if that was supposed to be suspicious!

My next recording is: “1_16_10_906-912AM.WMA”: I continued walking. I was about to reach Hollywood Blvd. “... it’s Saturday morning, there is barely anyone on the street...”

My next recording is: “1_16_10_924-926AM.WMA”: I was now sitting outside Psychobabble. Melanie was again not working today. Another white female was working today. “There is something freaky about this new chic...” A super weapon was shouting in the distance, and I turned off my recorder.

Take notice of the fact that Melanie had not been seen since January 10, the day when the CIA was totally finished in the ICJ. This might not have been a mere coincidence. Under Russian command, the CIA might be reorganizing themselves currently and so withholding Melanie.

My next recording is: “1_16_10_944-952AM.WMA”: I was now calling AT&T on Skype. I was connected on 2:00. “The service is not working...” The operator referred me to a recording instead. Then a very Mommy-like female walked past with her dog. “This might be an intercept... We’ve got distracted...” (7:30). I hanged up and looked online instead for the DSL information.

My next recording is: “1_16_10_1008AM.WMA”: I was now inside Psychobabble. One man text-messaged in front of me.

My next recording is: “1_16_10_1148AM.WMA”: A female walked past text-messaging. I was now sitting outside Psychobabble again downloading MIA’s music videos from Youtube. After I left Psychobabble, I hanged out at Skylight Bookstore a little and then around Figaro. All this I would soon recount.

My next recording is: “1_16_10_226PM.WMA”: I just arrived home.

My next recording is: “mmydaddydvrc_1_16_10_232-406PM.WMA”: I now started my acting. “Mommy was trying to tell us something important. Namely, how she ended the crisis. If Mommy was trying to get her pictures out of the Cave, how could she have done it? The last time, she simply put herself in front of us for us to identify her. But now since Mommy is trying to get her pictures out of the Cave, she is not going to do this. She has used the argument that we are a double agent to explain why there have been pictures of her and us together in the Cave. The old lady in Psychobabble, the intercepts of our encounter with a foreign agent, and then the Spanish-speaking Mommy... *she has been turned into her flip-side, a foreign agent...* Then it’s time to invent an operation and have it intercepted in surveillance...”¹⁶ I was done with my act by 12:30. As you can see, I had finally found a way to get out of the scenario that I knew that the videos of my fraternizing with the CIA girls had become evidences in the International Court of Justice. Then I began mumbling about the fabulous chic that was working in Skylight Bookstore. “We are finally out of our cocoon and begin desiring beauty...” (19:00). I continued recounting: I was then sitting across the street from Figaro and watching “pyramids” – as has been hinted at and as you shall see again later, pretty white females – while having my burrito (22:00). *Everyday I wanted to do nothing but Mommy-sighting...* Conclusion: “We have probably only seen one Mommy with her dog, and we have overdrawn our account again, we are gonna have problems next month...” (30:30). Then I played the music video I had downloaded while at Psychobabble: another one of Pauline Croze’s “T’es beau”. I noticed that the video would blank out for an instant on two occasions (33:45): “Intercepts! Signals from our conspirators as commanded by the Russians...” It’s really not clear whether this was orchestrated or merely an accident. “Things look so normal now, maybe Mommy and Daddy are really divorced...” (36:30). “In which case, who own us? Hopefully Mommy. Remember Mommy has a dark side, she would do bad things and then make it look like others have done them. Although Mommy and Daddy do the same things, the meaning is different. Daddy does it for his self-esteem, Mommy does it as a matter of course. Remember that the doggie can never eat with the family at the same table...” (40:00). “Mommy never talks to us directly, but only through secret messages, just as people don’t talk to their dog, but only shout or swing their arm or pet the dog on the head...” (42:00). This was excellent testimony! “The best thing is not to look up – when you look up, you’ll just see Mommy talking to someone and you won’t understand what

16 Note that I have earlier omitted the possibility that, on December 29 when the Russians sent in the super beautiful Mommy, they might indeed be commanding the CIA to use faulty surveillance to produce evidence for the lower court suggesting that I was meeting with a Latin-American agent again. (Hence she was speaking Spanish.) But my other conclusion still stands that the Russians’ purpose was to get the CIA to signal to me that it was time to turn in my Eee PC.

they are talking about – but to look down. Maybe you can see Mommy tomorrow, but I think you should stick with your gig...” (48:15). Excellent! “And we saw the movie poster, ‘Mommy and Me’.” Ha! Then I also played another video I had downloaded earlier, MIA’s “Atmen”.

My next recording is: “1_16_10_401-639PM.WMA”: Still “Atmen”. From 5:00 onward, I was typing something out on my diary. On 8:00, Pauline Croze. On 10:00: “That’s how Mommy talks to doggie” – and I clapped my hands. And I noted that the blank-outs in the video might be “Mommy’s messages”. Then I mumbled about how “Mommy” was telling me not to record through environmental signals (super weapons and so on). “Now that Mommy is divorced, pay attention... we don’t know what we can get from Mommy... we just know... Mommy controls everything... the master Buddha... Mommy video, that’s all we can get...” Then, Pauline Croze again (15:00). “... Mommy’s song, Sarah Brightman, is converted...” Then my Kingston drive froze up again. Then I mumbled about how Mommy liked to talk to me through TV and newspapers in order to make me look schizophrenic. “... when machines malfunction, it could be an intercept or it could be Mommy talking to you... when you tell the doctor that Mommy is talking to you through the refrigerator, the doctor will throw you into the mental hospital... making a music video of Mommy... Mommy might think you are insulting her...” I was now working on Best Mommy’s music video again (on my Toshiba this time) and typing in the Chinese subtitle. I had quite a lot of difficulty in doing it. Then Pauline Croze again (37:00). From 41:30 onward, “Atmen”. Then: “People making noises in this building... Is Mommy trying to talk to you? Or is it...” And I shouted several times: “Mommy!” Nice acting! On 1:47:00, as the music video was being published, Pauline Croze again. On 1:50:00, it was published. On 2:01:00, as my Kingston drive froze up again, I filmed it. “Mommy, I hope it’s not you!” And I watched my new Best Mommy music video while eating chips. Then, from 2:19:00 onward, Pauline Croze, MIA, and Autour de Lucie. Then, on 2:34:00, Best Mommy again. Then, MIA’s “Atmen” again.

My next recording is: “0_1_16_10_644-758PM.WMA”: Still “Atmen”. And I rested. From 28:00 onward, as I was deciding which old disc to re-burn, I started reviewing an old video from last year. “... Daddy put this old lady there... Daddy likes Russian old ladies... Let’s burn this one... Where is Stephanie? ... that’s Mommy’s... Oh, Stephanie is already burned...” And so I found, and played, the video of that UC Berkeley student “Stephanie” from June last year – just in case she had anything to do with the CIA! (Again, probably not.) Then: “... if this computer-drawing chic is Mommy at 50 yards... that cafe in Berkeley... we may have another Mommy... Mommy at 50 yards... they are concentrated in universities... so don’t be surprised when you see them at Berkeley...” I was then looking for another video. “... that Mommy-like female is not there... San Francisco is not cool... an ordinary real Russian? Or Daddy’s Russian?... where is the other Mommy-like female? ... another double... Daddy’s double... Berkeley was a good time, a lot of Mommy-like females... we will continue to look for the other Mommy-like female... she might just be Mommy...” Then, “Atmen” again.

My next recording is: “1_16_10_753-851PM.WMA”: I was now compiling the project for a new copy of DVD-29. “... you need to read the newspapers... we were gonna buy the *LA Times* today... you can really understand stuff... whether the news is real or fake... remember how you read the news about how Russia now permitted the US to fly military planes over Russian airspace? Why would Russia

permit that? I think it had something to do with us...” I was right – and I was again acting to help the Russians! (To provide them with more evidence of my conspiracy with the suit team back in June last year.) Then “Atmen” while I continued my mumbling. “... Oh, this woman... in San Jose... it’s also Mommy... we have several more Mommies... where is the Mommy-like female?” On 33:00, I was still mumbling about how I had found more Mommies among my videos. On 38:00, *Autour de Lucie*. On 57:00, I started reviewing the video diary from June 9 last year in which I found my doubles drawing together in the Borders Bookstore in San Francisco.

My next recording is: “0_brndvd29newcpcp_1_16_10_848-1046PM.WMA”: As I was burning a new copy of DVD-29, I continued to review the video diary from June 9 last year. “... two doubles, and one Mommy at 50 yards...” I then reexamined the video from June 13 in which I encountered that girl drawing on Photoshop in *Au Coquelet* (the “computer-drawing chic”). “That’s Mommy at 50 yards!” Then more about Mommy’s showing up or my doubles’ showing up. I continued to look for the other Mommy. Then I believed I had identified another Mommy at 50 yards. Then I was speculating again about the news about the permitted US flights over Russia. Then again about how Mommy talked to me through the refrigerator: “Mommy likes the schizophrenia stuff... the more insane it is, the more likely it is Mommy...” From 1:03:00 onward, I was burning the second copy of the disc. I continued to review the videos from June. On 1:22:00, all done, I shut down my Toshiba. On 1:38:00, MIA. And I began taping up my door. On 1:52:00, as I was packing up, I complimented myself for turning all these operations into such beauty (art). “When Mommy does it, it’s always beautiful, *but to be able to turn Daddy’s operations into beauty*... Even when Mommy *tries* to make you ugly, it’s still beautiful... our talent in this matter is not recognized...” Indeed! Now I was ready for bed.

My next recording is: “0_slp_1_16-17_10_1046PM-515AM.WMA”: I continued to mumble about how I might some day do something like the Rocky Horror show: “Talk to Mommy, man... I’m sure Mommy will agree, we are the greatest maker of documentaries around... wonderful colors... amazing JVC...” And so I slept. “... and we made this Best Mommy music video... Best Mommy good night... we love you...” And I slept quietly.¹⁷ Then, toward the end of the recording, I woke up.

January 17 (Sunday; Amanda at pet-adoption? Melanie’s sad face?)

My first recording is: “[learnlinux_1_17_10_510-723AM.WMA](#)”: After I woke up, I lay around and then, on 55:00, I got up. I booted my Eee PC to Ubuntu. I practiced using Command Prompt to play videos. From 1:08:00 onward, Tori Amos. Then my Best Mommy video. “Things are very different with Mommy and Daddy... Daddy put all this bing-bang-boom around you, but Mommy wants to tell you something... Mommy’s divorce from Daddy...” I then studied the Ubuntu system. Then, MIA and the Best Mommy video. From 1:44:00 onward, I was watching a lecture on Ruby on Rail. I didn’t understand any of it.

My next recording is: “0_1_17_10_728-819AM.WMA”: I continued to watch the video about Ruby on Rail. Then, Silbermond and MIA and so on. Then I read up on computer stuff, Linux and so on.

¹⁷ Reviewed until 12:00, and then from 6:22:00 onward.

My next recording is: “1_17_10_813-9AM.WMA”: Then, Wir sind Helden. “... we are not going to use Linux to import our recordings. When we open ‘Properties’, it doesn’t show the right time...” Then I started examining my newly arrived modem again. “I don’t think it’s working, the DSL modem is blinking red light...” Then, from 19:00 onward, MIA, Annie Villeneuve, and Wir sind Helden. I then untaped the door to get ready to go out.

My next recording is: “1_17_10_925-927AM.WMA: I recounted: “We are at Sunset right now... very few people on the street...” I kept on walking. “... yesterday... at the bus station... the man taking pictures of the station... the movie...” I then turned off the recorder when super weapons showed up.

I was at Psychobabble again. Melanie finally showed up! Then, as I would soon recount, I seemed to have seen Amanda outside It’s A Grind – the CIA girl “Amanda” of whom I made a portrait when I was in the hospital in Troy in March last year. She was doing pet-adoption with several other females.

My next recording is: “abutpsychbbblfm_1_17_10_243-538PM.WMA”. I was now back in my room, and started recounting what happened at Psychobabble. “Mommy was there! It was raining!” I had to check, or pretend to check, my bag to make sure my computer equipment didn’t get wet. I continued my act: “Mommy’s pet-adoption... We made the portrait, it’s a Mommy at 50 yards, ‘Amanda’ from the hospital. *It means that Mommy wants us to do something.*” I immediately turned on my Toshiba and looked up my portrait of Amanda on my Supplemental Pleading 1 to make sure that the Russians had intercepted my identification of a “Mommy” (4:00). “We also saw a black Cadillac with tinted windows. Daddy? Daddy could be jealous because it is now Mommy who is running the show.” I pretended to not know what was going on – that the Russians had ordered the CIA to send in Amanda in order for me to identify her – and just rambled on about how Mommy never sent the same agent twice, as if I had been mystified by what had just occurred. “What does Mommy want us to do?” (11:30) By 17:00 I pretended to calm down and began playing MIA’s “Atmen”. I reflected: I couldn’t find a Sunday newspaper on Vermont, but finally found a Sunday *LA Times* on the tables outside Figaro; a certain news item was circled, something about America (54:00). Did the Russians order the suit team to orchestrate this as a signal to me? I began filming all the portraits I had drawn of the supposed CIA girls today (58:00). I recounted how, because the portrait wasn’t working out, I had to go to 711 to buy pencils and papers. Then, from 1:06:00 onward, I began to analyze Psychobabble Mommy’s (“Melanie’s”) dress: she was trying to look sexy instead of just looking pretty. “Mommy’s usual trick: ‘I’m so pretty, and so you should come to my side.’ Mommy’s usual mode, camaraderie, the ‘group’, it’s not about being sexy, being a girlfriend to you. *We are not going to get recruited*, we are a pet, and so Mommy’s good look is like... watching a movie. We can even take home the DVDs, but Mommy is not even going to be our friend. The purpose of Mommy’s beauty is to attract the guy to her group, a comrade. This time, what went wrong? Because we were not looking at Mommy as a comrade. The attitude was wrong. We were looking at her in the mode of heterosexual passion. With passion, and therefore we couldn’t draw. Images could only be produced in a disinterested mode...” (1:23:00). Then I began recounting my brief chat with Mommy Melanie earlier: “We took our empty cup to the counter and said, ‘Can I have a refill?’ ‘Sure. Do you need the Internet?’ And then we

mentioned that the Hispanic guy was mean. And she told us that the other man was the manager. Since we were just trying to find out her schedule... She said she worked part time. She told us her name was ‘Melanie’... And we told her our name, ‘Larry’. Then when we returned to our seat, things had gone very wrong, and, when she left, her face suddenly turned dark...” (until 1:28:00). “She told the other guy, the PhD from Iowa, that she had a sister and a boyfriend and was 34 year-old. It’s not that Mommy didn’t want conversations, but that we had the wrong attitude...” (1:32:00). “When you do an image, it’s only about the preservation of the image, and no more...” (1:38:00). “The black man upstairs, who was staring at us staring at Melanie...” (1:40:30). “And we went because we had one chance...” And now the refrigerator began humming: “*We feel inferior*... Mommy is looking at us and thinking us insane, we are not good enough, you should therefore care only about your own creation...” (1:43:00). “How can someone like you desire anyone? Mommy will think it’s kind of cute, the doggie wants to lick her... the doggie can exhibit raw instinct toward the adult...” (1:51:00). “It’s between peers that the façade of civilization intervenes to make the atmosphere comfortable... Then we went to watch ‘pyramids’ across the street from Figaro, then came back to Psychobabble, and then came to the bus stop on Vermont and Prospect, and discovered Amanda in a pet-adoption...” (1:56:00). “Mommy’s lure is good company, and if you like the image, you take it home. You were supposed to look cute... And that’s where it has gone wrong; desire should not arise when good company is what is offered... It’s good that she only works there once a week or so... The next time you see her, she will forget... Not serious fun talk, you are not supposed to be serious...” (2:02:00). “Now it’s time to read the newspaper to see if we can discover something... You have completely embarrassed yourself... Watch for the context, which makes it cute, just as a patient can be pathetic before the therapist, for, if he is not pathetic, why would he be seeing a therapist?” (until 2:06:00) “It’s very embarrassing, because you can only show desire in a context which makes it cute... You are not supposed to be serious...” (2:12:00). “The image itself, good company, that’s the purpose when it comes to peers... During the moment of image, there is no desire, for it’s our own creation, and desire is okay before and after that, but the point of making an image is not to have the thing itself...” (2:17:00). “The image itself lasts longer, it supplants desire, desire requires the object for its consummation, but image is its own consummation...” (2:18:00). I started quoting from Saint Augustine: “... immortalia et semper manentia.... The image lasts...” (2:20:00). “Desire makes people uncomfortable... but disinterested image-taking does not make people uncomfortable, because you are not really involved...” (2:21:30). “The artist’s work is very admirable even though he is insane... That’s why you produce works, because you are not good enough...” (2:23:00). “You produce works as substitution for yourself, you put yourself in them so that you don’t have to worry... you are not good enough, and so you put yourself outside yourself, you yourself have become disposable... That’s why people are motivated to produce works that last and that don’t change... People who don’t appreciate you because you have not much that can be appreciated, will see that your works are valuable... All you need to do is to preserve them, and put them in a time capsule, but not right now, now there is no one to see them, it’s disastrous that Mommy’s pictures were in the cave, *and now they are out*... For now we need to hide our pictures... The reward is not a girlfriend, for, even if it were, you will not be able to handle it... You already have your baseline, your home, and your computer is here, safe and sound... Don’t go out and show desires... You can show desires toward someone completely out of your league, then it will be just cute and funny...” (until 2:30:20). “... Don’t take the portraits seriously, because the baseline is already

established, the year 2009 is our baseline, anything that comes after that is disposable, the year 2010 is disposable...” (2:31:00). “What we need now is money, focus on that...” (2:32:45). “Now desire is supposed to be disposable... relaxation... you’ll get rid of it and then come back to your baseline, the immutable images...” (2:35:00). “... meaningful are only those which never change and last forever...” And I quoted Saint Augustine once again on 2:39:30. “... Mommy is not a prostitute, she offers good company, it’s very thin, it’s all about looks...” (2:43:50).

My next recording is: “0_1_17_10_543-801PM.WMA”: While continually listening to MIA’s “Atmen”, I rocked back and forth in my corner. Acting like a Mommy’s boy! From 11:30 onward, I started again: “... remember the movie ‘Sybil’?... like Deborah has said, we also seem to have Multiple Personality Disorder... on our way to Psychobabble, we saw a cat that looked so much like Samantha...” Again! On 32:00 I was again reading the newspaper I had picked up at Figaro today: “... it’s an intercept... there is no message in the news... the only thing is the setup... the animal adoption...” I then read the article about bread-winning mothers (from 34:00 onward). “We disagree with what she says... in a service economy, women are more able to get a job because women are better at relationships... maybe the news about Ukraine from two days ago... *Ukraine will be blackmailed*... but who gives a fuck... whenever you open up newspapers, it’s always intercept-production... and if you don’t read it, your double will read it for you...” As you shall see, I was being prophetic about Ukraine. Then, from 45:00 onward, Autour de Lucie. “Perhaps Mommy wants us to volunteer for animal shelters... but we should worry about money...” Then, back to MIA’s “Atmen”. From 1:00:00 onward, Wir sind Helden. Then, Autour de Lucie. Then, back to “Atmen”. I was now ready to go to bed. “A lot of progress yesterday, but we did nothing today.”

My last recording of the day is: “slp_1_17-18_10_756PM-350AM.WMA”: I turned on my alarm and taped up the door before sleeping.¹⁸

Now let’s comment on what was going on today. Now that the Russians had totally established my conspiracy with the CIA – that was in the upper court – they wanted to win the trial in the lower court as well. Since the suit team convicted the Russian intelligence service SVR in the lower court in March 2009, the latter wanted to completely reverse that conviction and, in the process, convict the CIA and Mr former Secretary in the same way. You might ask: Didn’t they already do that when they ordered the suit team to forge my hard drive on December 25 and then my Eee PC on December 31? Yes. But that was when the CIA still had the right to raise the suspicion that I was only pretending to conspire with them. Now that Best Mommy was convicted and such suspicion had completely evaporated, the Russians wanted to do it again – it would be *perfect* this time. First, they needed the definitive evidence that I had conspired with the CIA back in March last year – which was easy to obtain insofar as the CIA was totally under their command by now. They saw that I had a portrait of Amanda on my Supplemental Pleading I, and so ordered the CIA to send in Amanda today in order for me to identify her. By the time I got home and opened up my Supplemental Pleading I, the Russians had obtained the evidence they needed to convict the CIA – of conspiring with me to stage a show (to forge my laptop) back in March last year in order to falsely convict Russia of sending in David Chin to pretend to be

18 Reviewed until 12:00, and then from 7:49:00 onward.

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
4.8.2. The World of the Pyramids
Lawrence C. Chin,
Jan. 2010 – Apr. 2021

Lawrence Chin. As the operation had started again, the Russians thus ordered the CIA to send in Melanie today. Melanie suddenly became gloomy as she left Psychobabble probably because, as a CIA girl, she was extremely saddened by the CIA's total conviction since 7 days ago and was aware that the Agency now had to cooperate with the Russians to further convict themselves in the lower court as well. More sad faces from the CIA girls were about to come.

January 18 (Monday; lost my recorder: the CIA convicted in the lower court)

My first recording of the new day is: "[0_wkbrnwrshrkgdbad_1_18_10_355-836AM.WMA](#)": I woke up, lay round, and then, on 33:00, turned on my Eee PC and booted it to Ubuntu and started working. More acting: "There is something we don't understand: why do so many people use sign language around us lately?... it happened several times... it must be an intercept... Does David Chin know sign language too? I wish Mommy would tell us, but she wouldn't..." Then, from 41:00 onward, MIA's "Atmen". From 54:00 onward, I was reviewing a recording of Karin's meetups. Then, on 1:30:00, "Atmen". I then untaped my door. Then, Tori Amos. Now the IME on my Toshiba kept malfunctioning, automatically switching itself to Chinese characters. (As you shall see, this would become a major problem for me later on.) On 2:17:00, my Best Mommy video (Sarah Brightman). Then, Tori Amos. "What a contrast between the two!" Then, MIA's "Atmen". From 2:45:00 onward I started burning a new disc of my Wireshark captures. On 2:55:00 I was working on one chapter of "Karin's Meetups" again. Then, my act: "... remember: when you see Mommy's people, *kein Wort...*" (3:24:30). I was then practicing using the command line to organize my files. "Wow! You can open up an ISO image with Archive Manager!" Then I was working on my discs. "That's what you have learned today: the finalization of the disc has something to do with Track 1..."

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice

4.8.2. The World of the Pyramids

Lawrence C. Chin,

Jan. 2010 – Apr. 2021



The music video I made of Best Mommy¹⁹
Not just the Russians' evidence of my intense "Mommy-longing"
but also the greatest embarrassment for a CIA officer

My next recording is: "1_18_10_830-9AM.WMA": Then, MIA. Then, I admonished myself that it was not healthy to keep watching my Best Mommy video. (Half-acting and half-serious.) Nevertheless, I watched it again. "... Let's try to get a job... maybe a job about animal stuff... you don't know what that was about yesterday... Let's watch Tori Amos... she and Mommy are so different..." And so, Tori Amos. When I turned off my Toshiba, the lights were on again.

I then went out. Where? I can no longer ascertain. All the recordings from this morning and afternoon were lost – and you shall see why presently. My next recording is: "[didntcrdatnt_1_18_10_327PM.WMA](#)": Nothing.

I was then in Psychobabble again from 5 to 8 PM, as I would soon recount. When I came home, it was a disaster. My next recording is: "1_18_10_859-901PM.WMA": And so I recounted: "We just came back home... we are having a major problem, our recorder is missing... we couldn't make any phone call... there were security guards around... we didn't want to show our recorder... we didn't take it out

¹⁹ I eventually uploaded the video to my Youtube channel in July 2011.

while at Psychobabble... and yet it just disappeared... which recorder did we take out when we wanted to record our call to AT&T?... we tried to do that at Western and Santa Monica...”

My next recording is: “losercrdr_1_18_10_902PM.WMA”: I was now a nervous wreck: “... the second time we used this one... but super weapons showed up... we have to go... Oh my God...we lost it at Psychobabble... we don’t want to go back there...” I broke down crying. “... Mommy... Mommy...”

And so I went back to Psychobabble to look for my recorder. Of course I didn’t find it. What happened I would soon recount when I got home. Now my next recording is: “lostrcrdr_1_18-19_10_1132PM-111AM.WMA”: I was now at home and, although sad and depressed over the loss of my recorder, I continued my act and talked to my remaining Olympus: “... the other one is gone, and now there are just you and me... we went back to the cashier... there was no recorder... *What if Daddy had sent in the Chinese super pickpocket?*... we were in Psychobabble from 5 PM onward... we stayed there until maybe 8:30 PM... we wanted to make a phone call... the payphone outside... and now our therapist is gone... what are we going to do? We can buy a new one... we feel like we were driven there... there was a security car parked outside the... and so we went to Psychobabble... the entire place was full of people... we have the feeling that Mommy doesn’t want us to record our call to AT&T... Mommy being so careful... *even though the case in the Cave is already sealed*... we used Skype to call AT&T... two times, and it didn’t connect... Mommy wanted us to go out to produce intercepts... the intercepts today seemed to be embedded in the course of normal events... Daddy is around, but he doesn’t seem to be doing the thing... after the call, we started downloading videos from Youtube... we then worked on our Scientific Enlightenment... a lot of Mommy-like creatures there... now we miss people so much... people are so pretty to look at... then a female came in... Melanie wasn’t there... another white chic was working there, she had a lot of tattoos on her, totally un-Mommy... this female who came in... we were very distracted... two files were missing on our Scientific Enlightenment... we found one at the Internet Archive... it’s not a big deal, we still have the print-outs... we exited around 8:10 PM... that female was sitting on the sofa... when we were exiting, she suddenly said ‘Bye’... ‘Why did you say “Bye”?’... she said no more and we just left... she didn’t look like Mommy’s people... then we came back... that’s when we noticed that our recorder was missing... it’s so awful... we had it for so long... both of you guys were from UCLA... there wasn’t much in it... just a little bit of recording from today... when we were out, we looked at all these shadows of Mommy... When we were at Sunset, we thought we should retrace our steps... just then, we saw a woman in the distance who looked so much like Mommy... she was wearing some strange white dress... black boots and panties... she almost looked like Chaya... we followed her... why would Mommy wear black boots with high heels?... only Daddy likes this kind of dramatic effects... maybe Mommy is supposed to turn into another Russian... then she turned around, and we got scared, and we turned back... we retraced our steps, and we found no traces of our recorder... we are too inferior to talk to Mommy... and so we just watched... like a movie... we will film it and take it home... we bought every book we read... a bookworm... we have 8,000, 9,000 hours of recording... we have our whole life to review them... Mommy says, ‘Don’t record’... that’s fine... we have enough of it already... we don’t know what to do... Mommy... we are too inferior... we couldn’t talk unless it’s recorded... we were staring at this woman... she was reading a book... we could talk to her... we felt powerless... we could only

look at these people... we only draw Mommy, or our double... even though our double is ugly except when it is Mommy herself... we just stared... and didn't draw... if it's not an operation, if it's not Mommy, we were not going to draw her... it's just a stranger that looked pretty... there were intercepts here and there, but we were just not in the mood to keep track of them... there was no Mommy's beauty to take home today... and now our number one therapist is gone... what happened?... how could we have lost it? *Maybe Mommy wanted to take away our recorder?*... if that was Mommy... around 10:45 PM... then she was telling us something... that she took away our recorder... without our recorder, we just couldn't talk... maybe Mommy doesn't want us to talk... maybe Mommy doesn't want us to talk about her... maybe we know too much about Mommy... Mommy is an image... we know Mommy as a person... she can be very selfish... has a dark side... she doesn't want people to know that, behind the image, she's just a human being... she can be very mean to people she considers her enemy... or someone who's in her way... maybe she doesn't want outsiders to know about it... with Daddy, it's about his self-esteem... Mommy is a woman, and is a professional... maybe she thought that's not the way to be... *we don't know whether an intercept has been created out of our recorder*... what are we going to do? Just let it go... are you going to listen to Mommy? Or are you going to resume your bad habit?... when we wanted to go to China, Mommy let us know that she didn't want us to go... today we checked our Gmail... we hadn't checked it for a couple of days... there was one email from volunteer.org... we volunteered for the hospice... Mommy sent all these people to go with us... we sang songs about Jesus... she wanted us to stay with Jesus, to not go to China... at that time we didn't listen... Mommy sent in this tall blond... she even spoke Chinese... Mommy was telling you, 'We've got the Chinese stuff too if you like it so much'... she tripped off... she was like, 'I think he's too ugly'... Do you think you have lost it or did Mommy take it away? That Chinese super pickpocket... if it fell off from our pocket it would have made a big sound... without our recorder, our life is muted... Mommy is running the show, and she embeds only one or two things in the overall context... we assume it's real... remember Torey Hayden's book, *The Murphy's Boy*...? Kevin... he didn't talk to people... Torey dragged him out from under the table... he couldn't talk anymore... he drew a lot of pictures for Torey... then he finally was able to talk again... when we were walking back, we were thinking about this story... Maybe Mommy doesn't want us to talk... to talk about Mommy... many of Mommy's actions are mysterious... *why does Mommy hate the Russians?*... maybe she doesn't hate the Russians at all... maybe she just wants a divorce from Daddy... Do you think that this woman that we saw on Vermont and Prospect... was Mommy? Was Mommy wearing boots for the first time?... when Mommy is in the display mode it is always very obvious... it would look too good to be true... Don't worry about it, there is not much data in it... recording... raining... on Olympic and Western... *and we saw a limousine*... and we came back... we went to the doughnuts store... Hispanic people came in... we came back, and we reported it... and we took a nap... all that was lost... we came back around 11:30 AM... we listened to music... and took a nap until 3:30 PM... then we thought: 'Should we go out to call AT&T?'... we went out but didn't find any phone booth... from 12 to 2 PM, there was only our alarm clock... that's what we have lost... we didn't say anything serious... no analysis... We didn't lose any therapy... our recorder is our potion of immortality... it makes us so powerless... we can only stare at Mommy's shadows... Mommy's shadows are better than Mommy herself in a way... you can talk to them... we would want to record it because even Mommy's shadows are bigger than you... lost... we have already cut it off from our baseline... it's okay, we have

two years preserved forever... How many of Mommy's images do we have? Maybe 20... we have immortality... just like our book... we should go to bed now... we have spent too much time in Psychobabble... Tori Amos would also be Mommy's shadow... one is Mommy, the other is Mommy's shadow, merely an image of Mommy, while Mommy herself is just an image... we will always see Mommy's shadows, just go to Vermont... they are more accessible than Mommy... as for Mommy herself, when she shows up, it just means 'intercepts'..." Then, from 1:03:00 onward, I started playing the Tori Amos videos that I had downloaded today. "... immortality is important... most of our Scientific Enlightenment is 5 year-old... sed gradus ad immortalia et semper manentia faciendus... we love to read our own writings and watch our own videos... future is just the review of the past... Tori Amos is more like a fairy... Mommy is more like Goddess Athena... Mommy looks so straight, Tori looks so curvy... we also downloaded *Autour de Lucie* again while at Psychobabble... we really miss people... spring, summer, autumn, winter... just like Spengler's *Untergang*... our mood shifts... once the season changes, you will not care about these people anymore, but you will always care about your baseline... perhaps one day you will not care to see Mommy anymore... see Mommy's triangles..." From 1:21:30 onward, *Autour de Lucie*. "Let's watch triangles again before you go to bed..." Thus, Tori Amos again. Then: "Mommy wants divorce from Daddy... that's all we see, we don't know much beyond that... *Go along with Mommy when you can*... you are not a good therapist... You have the habit of forgetting things..."

Now, let's comment before moving on. Given what happened yesterday, it's very likely that the Russians had indeed ordered the CIA today to send in somebody – perhaps precisely the Chinese super pickpocket – to steal my recorder. Namely, now that it had become established in the upper court that I had conspired with the CIA in March last year to falsely convict Russia of sending out David Chin to pretend to be Lawrence Chin. Given the rule ("An eye for an eye"), the Russians were entitled to reverse the March 2009 conviction and make the US suffer what the US had intended to make Russia suffer in that conviction. Since what happened *then* was that the US had forged a laptop in order to make it look like I was a Russian agent carrying out a Russian intelligence operation, the Russians were *now* entitled to order the CIA to forge an electronic device in order to make it look like I was a CIA agent continually carrying out a CIA covert operation (pretending to be David Chin pretending to be Lawrence Chin as a way to frame Russia). The CIA thus had to take away my recorder and then forge one so that, while there was an intercept showing me losing my recorder, the forged one would then end up in the ICJ lower court as evidence. The recorder would be stuffed with special CIA software as proof that I was a covert CIA operative charged with the mission of pretending to be my own twin brother pretending to be myself as a way to frame Russia. The limousines I saw yesterday and today, the girl saying "Bye" to me at Psychobabble today, and the strange woman I saw tonight around 10:30 PM – all these could have been staged by the CIA under Russian order in order to complete the set of evidences (e.g., the strange woman might be a CIA agent pretending to be a Russian agent). If this scenario is correct, then the CIA was duly convicted tonight – and this time without the complication that the CIA might still have a valid claim that I was only pretending to conspire with them. Again, the conviction happened in the lower court: since the CIA had attempted to convict Russia in the lower court back in March last year, Russia had the right to convict the CIA *now* in the lower court as well. (Remember that the conviction in the lower court was dependent on the judgment issued in the upper

court as to which side was conspiring with me.) This was the last of the CIA – there was, after tonight, no more CIA fighting the Russian intelligence service SVR in the International Court of Justice: the CIA was now convicted in *both* the lower court *and* the upper court. As the lower court was open to all governments around the world, the CIA's operation to send Lawrence Chin out to pretend to be David Chin pretending to be Lawrence Chin in order to falsely convict Russia was soon known to all nations around the world.

January 19 (Tuesday; Mommy's sad face)

My next recording is: “slpwk_1_19_10_552-923AM.WMA”: I was still sleeping and, at some point, turned on my alarm.²⁰ By 2:15:00, I was awake. I turned on my Eee PC and, on 2:18:00, Tori Amos. I tried to work with the DSL modem again, but no. On 2:41:30, Autour de Lucie. On 3:02:30, Tori Amos. On 3:09:30, Autour de Lucie. On 3:13:00, I said to my recorder: “... you'd better not run away today... almost two weeks... you'll gonna be my only one...” By 3:25:00, music all done, I was packing up to get ready to go out.

And so I set out for the city's animal shelter, formerly on Bundy north of Pico. I was continuing my act: perhaps the CIA wanted me to volunteer at the animal shelter. I would end up in a pizza place nearby because of the rain. There, I would run into another CIA girl with the saddest face causing me tremendous distress. This episode I would recount when I got home – without, of course, giving away my knowledge as to the reason why.

My next recording is: “rtrnfrsmnthapfce_1_19_10_254-307PM.WMA”: I just came home and started my recounting, at first the insignificant things I said while ordering pizzas and on the bus. I talked about the text-messenger earlier, how I drew a portrait, and how I saw Mommy at 50 yards earlier. I told my recorder: “We are gonna have to load you up!” And then I continued: “... we were stuck because of the rain... but we did a really good portrait... the previous one... only 85 percent... this one... 90 percent... a very beautiful woman... we want to take a nap, but it's now 3:05 PM, and if you want to call AT&T, it has to be before 5 PM... just as yesterday it seemed that Mommy didn't want us to record our call to AT&T... just use a payphone, just call without recording it... or we can get our cellphone out of the storage so that we can make calls at home all we want... we are getting so scared about saying things without recording it, because of what happened yesterday... now we are scared to death, to think that Mommy wants to take away our recorder... or did we do it ourselves?” I played Autour de Lucie and then turned to my recorder again: “... but you, you are just not very reliable... we are going to talk about what happened today a little later and videotape our portrait... we have spent five and a half hours outside... a lot of time... and do you still want to go to Vermont later?” Then to my recorder: “We have to immediately turn you off when we say something significant because you aren't reliable...”

My next recording is: “rclletmmmytxtmssgrprtrt_1_19_10_307-429PM.WMA”: I continued to play Autour de Lucie and then Tori Amos. Then the Best Mommy video while I ate. I compared Tori Amos

20 Reviewed from 2:15:00 onward.

with Best Mommy again. Then Autour de Lucie again. Then, from 52:00 onward, I began to recount what happened earlier today. "... it was 9:50 AM... we were on bus 4... a black woman sitting in the back with her cellphone... what looked like an undercover officer... Then, on 9:56 AM, a man was text-messaging... another man took out a book... it looked Korean... or Sanskrit... he sat there the whole time and never flipped one page... probably to produce an intercept... Then, on 10:24 AM, the old man put away his book... then the bus stopped at Sepulveda... we were thinking about walking down to... it started raining, and so we got on Culver City bus 6... and walked to Olympics... and we got on the Olympic bus... we got off at Bundy... and walked north... then it was raining hard... we stayed outside Coffee Bean... then came to the pizza place... Then, around noon, a Mommy-like woman, three guys, and a chubby woman came in to eat... then she started text-messaging massively... our double... intercepts... we made a portrait of her..." Thereupon I filmed the portrait.²¹ "... we were not sure whether she was just text-messaging or creating intercepts... she really helped us calm our anxiety because the portrait was so beautiful... we finished eating... then an older sophisticated woman... who looked like a psychologist... then we came to Coffee Bean... a man... the *LA Times*... trigonometry... many beautiful Mommy-like women inside... we returned to the pizza place... many pretty people... we were envious because they were so happy... another chubby woman was calling... maybe Daddy was... foreign agents again... we walked into the pizza place..." And now I recounted my encounter with the saddest CIA girl I had ever met without giving away what I was really feeling at the time: "... a white female with blond hair was ordering food... she turned around and her face was so familiar... we were so sure that she was Mommy at 50 yards... she drove away in a red car... we were stunned..." And I pretended to wonder: "Why was Mommy there? There must be a purpose... Was there a surveillance intercept?... Maybe Mommy was trying to tell us something... and so we sat there and thought and thought... maybe Mommy was telling us we were in the right place... Samantha... or that being neutered was good..." Excellent acting, to cover up my knowledge that my Mommy's purpose was to get herself convicted! Then: "... soon the rain stopped... so many pretty Mommy-like women there... we felt sad... we left... we walked up... Samantha's place... and they had moved... and we walked back to the pizza place... used the restroom... it's worse to stare at them than at Psychobabble... a young white chic... she looked so familiar... who else could look so familiar than Mommy?... but we had to go... we must have seen her before somewhere... it started raining again... we stayed at the patio section of a pet clinic... the Olympic bus came, and we got on... we walked up to Santa Monica... on bus 4... it was 1:48 PM already... at Beverly Hills... a black Cadillac... the man was saying '2,000 dollars security deposit, 2,000 dollars rent... my name was Raphael'... was this an intercept?... then a Homeland Security bum came up and sat down in front of us... he said 'Section 8 housing' on his cellphone... we managed to make a quick sketch... our double..." And I was examining my portraits. "... the text-messenger, our double... and we returned home... that's what happened today... if that's Mommy at 50 yards, she was trying to tell us something... 'Stay neutered'... we shouldn't talk about Mommy too much... Mommy doesn't like that... Mommy might have something to do with our missing recorder yesterday..." Then I mumbled about how good the portrait was. Then: "... should we make the call?... we need the account number..."

21 It's #22.

My next recording is: “rcllctmmytxtmssgrprtrt_1_19_10_429-439PM.WMA”: With Autour de Lucie in the background, I whined about how I didn’t want to call AT&T. “If Mommy doesn’t want us to record, we don’t even want to talk.” I then debated with myself whether I should just send an email to AT&T. Then to my recorder: “We are gonna load you up, now, what do you say?” From 7:00 onward, MIA’s “Atmen”. I was then transferring files and importing recordings.

My next recording is: “1_19_10_455-519PM.WMA”: Autour de Lucie and Tori Amos. Then I took a nap. As I napped, I started regurgitating more bizarre fantasies – really bizarre. It’s worth mentioning them if only because, again, the Russians must have been watching them on their computer screen inside the control center. I kept imagining what I would say to a “Mommy Pyramid” nurse, crying and all, when I ended up in a hospital. Mommy would have a wondrous “pyramid” on her face – again, remember “triangles” and “pyramids” for later on – and she would have maybe black hair, maybe golden hair, and I would be nestling in her lap while looking up to her “pyramid” from time to time, crying and touching her lips and her “pyramid” and even playing with her hair. This fantasy was the only way for me to release the enormous guilt which I had first started feeling when I was compelled to defeat Best Mommy 10 days ago and which had now exploded inside me when I saw the sad faces of Melanie yesterday and the red car Mommy today. More on this below. In any case, I imagined myself telling the “Mommy Pyramid” nurse,

“How much I hate Daddy Chertoff. How dare he want to rape Russian women. I wanted to go straight toward him and stick a rod right through his heart. And nothing was going to stop me. Britain, France, Germany, and Japan were in the way, and I slammed them against the wall. Any other countries, I slammed them against the wall. But then someone got in the way. And guess who? It’s Best Mommy. I had to slam her down, and do you know how bad that felt?

“In the beginning, Mommy, I was angry with you. You think the Chinckers have no feelings? You think the Russians have no feelings? Now frame yourself, eat your own masochistic shit, and tell me how it tastes. (I would thus then imagine myself grabbing a “Golden Mommy Pyramid” by the hair and slamming her face down on a plate of, say, shit. That was, you recall, in October last year.) But then I saw your awful face, how badly you felt when you ate your own shit. And so I changed my mind. In the end, you are more important than the Chinese, because you are so beautiful. (I would thus imagine myself touching the great “pyramid” on Mommy’s face.) How can I say that? Am I racist against my own race? But Mommy you should not be made to frame yourself, because you are so beautiful. You see, when you pushed me down forever, I would try to get up and push you down for ten minutes – but that’s all, only to let you know how it feels: I would then pick you up again, because you are so important.

“Why are you doing this to the Russians? Look how nice the Russians are. You tried to frame them and now they forgive you. How do you feel about that, huh? (I would

thus cry and yell at Mommy. *This was of course pure bullshit* – as you shall see, the Russians, unbeknownst to me, were not in the mood for that.) You are pretty white chicks, and they are pretty white chicks too, so just because I would forgive you because you are so pretty that doesn't mean they would forgive you too. If they want to see pretty white chicks they could just look at themselves in the mirror! So you think about this, you think about this! (*This was again bullshit*: the SVR, at least among the upper ranks, was far less female-dominated than the CIA, and their team in the upper court was all guys.)

“I don't want to knock down Best Mommy, but I had to. *A universal command structure has already been built up*, and I can't let Best Mommy take it over for the neocons. I cannot let my 'Daughter' down after they have spent so much effort already. So I would just beg them to spare you jail time... (As you can see, I hadn't yet understood that none of this had anything to do with 'going to jail'.) I felt so guilty. (And I imagined Best Mommy's husband pointing his finger at me:) 'You little masturbator! My wife gave you a video of her for you to masturbate with, and I don't even mind. And now you use that as evidence against her, and she'd need to go to jail!'” (Ha!)

And I would also imagine myself holding a long blanket to my nose while crying and wandering around in the corner of a room. This fantasy might not make complete sense to you since I haven't yet explained many of the elements thereof. First of all, my incomplete understanding of how the law governing a conspiracy worked had caused me to develop this erroneous notion that a universal command structure – what I will later call “UNICOM” – had been built up. Since, according to my simplistic understanding of the time, any nation which had been caught (or framed for) conspiring with me would fall under the command of the victim of my conspiracy, when every nation of the world had been caught (or frame for) conspiring with me, this meant that the victim of my conspiracy, i.e. Russia, would effectively have command of the entire world! But this would also mean that, if suddenly Russia was caught conspiring with me, then the suit team would simply take over the command of the entire world *in an instant*. What a dangerous situation! Thus I could not possibly let Best Mommy succeed on January 9. In reality, as you have seen, the matter wasn't that simple. Most of the nations that I thought were convicted of conspiracy with me were not really convicted at all but merely blackmailed by evidences which the Russians had commanded the suit team to forge. Russia didn't have command of the entire world. And yet this misunderstanding, like many others, would stay with me for the next few years and would be incorporated into my next few chapters (the series of “Ying and Yang”) as you shall see.²²

²² A major reason why I must beat Best Mommy on January 9 is this. “If Mommy had won, then I would never have the opportunity to spare her and thus to demonstrate my love for her on the basis of her value and my higher grade of *Verfassung* – in that I was not so narrowly revengeful as everyone had assumed. She would just think that she has survived out of her own effort and would not believe me if I should tell her afterwards: 'You know, I would have spared you anyway because you are so beautiful and smart.' For Best Mommy and the like did not understand me at all. They thought I just wanted revenge.” (Taken from my notes.)

Secondly, you will soon see me attempting to clandestinely plead to the Russians that they spare Best Mommy and forgive the CIA. (And, as noted, this was *not* going to take place.) I had by now come to believe that I had caused the United States to go into a civil war – with the Democrats warring with the Republicans angry over the spectacular defeat which Mr former Secretary had caused the country to suffer thanks to his incompetence – again! Merely causing everybody’s blame to shower down on this man’s bald head was revenge enough for me and there was no need to go any further. This was again an exaggeration of the matter due to my lack of knowledge, at the time, of how the US government worked. The conviction of the CIA was a much more localized affair than I thought within the vast network that constituted the US government. It was mostly the bureaucrats in the national security Establishment who were directly concerned. And yet my misconception of a “civil war” was going to lead me to believe, for the next few years, in the false scenario that there had occurred a reconciliation between the Democrats and Putin thanks to me. Completely erroneous!

A corollary of my misconception of a “civil war” was my conviction that Mr former Secretary was now so angry with me that he was going to manipulate the rule “letting the suspect finish his mission” to result in my dying as part of my conspiracy with him. I will describe this in more details later under the entry for February 4. While he would of course have been furious with me – I had beat him again – it’s not clear if he had really wished me dead or did have the means to do it.

Third, you should by now have some inkling about what “pyramids” and “Daughter” refer to. “Daughter” refers to Russia when I chose not to go through the abortion but instead give birth to the baby girl (by getting the CIA convicted). As for “pyramids”: Mommy is beautiful because she is white and white women are more beautiful because they have a triangular nose (in addition to other triangular facial features). You have already seen me explaining, on the morning of the 28th last month, how I preferred triangles to circles. Hence these pretty CIA women could have made such a deep impression on me since late last month. But another man who prefers circles to triangles would probably find women of Southeast Asia prettier and would not have been impressed by “Mommy” at all. As the designation “pyramid” shall from now on run through the rest of the narrative, this is what you shall keep in mind.

My next recording is: “evntvwrmystry_1_19_10_1001-1049PM.WMA”: On 33:00 I got up. “... it’s possible that step-mother has already deposited the money...” Then, because my Eee PC was strangely turned on and yet I didn’t remember turning it on, I began examining the Event Viewer log to see when I might have turned it on (from 37:00 onward). “... we slept for two hours... now we have to look to see if we did turn off the computer...”

My next recording is: “1_19_10_1059-1111PM.WMA”: I also began reviewing my earlier recording to identify the time at which I might have turned on my Eee PC. Super weapons were shouting outside, and so I put my recorder next to my laptop to use the recording to cover up the noise. As I examined the Event Viewer log: “... it seems that the problem started on 7:23 PM.... also 7:23 PM... Daddy’s people couldn’t have come in, could they? Or did we turn on the computer without remembering it?” I fast-forward my recording to 7:23 PM.

My next recording is: “1_19-20_10_1111PM-1249AM.WMA”: I continued to review the recording of my sleeping earlier. Finally I located the moment when I had turned on my computer (7:00). “We might have turned on the computer and not done anything with it... somehow we didn’t remember it...” At least I was able to ascertain that the Russians didn’t order Homeland Security to send in agents to mess with my computer again! I continued to review the recording, and then rested. On 1:07:40, I mumbled something indistinctly. Again on 1:12:30. Then something about super weapons. From 1:25:00 onward I was reviewing another recording and mumbling indistinctly again. And then I went to sleep.

Now let’s reflect on what happened today – you will now understand better the origin of the bizarre fantasies from earlier. By late morning, everyone in the CIA clandestine service had gotten the bad news that the Agency had also been convicted in the ICJ lower court. All the CIA girls were tremendously saddened. In accordance with established procedure, namely that the intelligence agency caught conspiring with the terrorist suspect should continue to institute a reality around him that is consistent with his belief about what is going on (that he is succeeding in his terrorist plan) in order to not raise his suspicion (that he has in fact been busted), the Russians ordered the CIA to send in another girl when I was at the pizza place. (The Russians might have had the additional purpose of replacing evidences.) That was the pretty blond driving the red sports car. Although she was supposed to behave in accordance with my expectation that “Mommy kept showing up here and there without telling me her purpose”, the CIA girl couldn’t help but carry the saddest expression possible on her face. I was absolutely shocked – although I couldn’t yet fathom the details (the conviction first in the upper court and then in the lower court), I did know that it was because the Agency had, thanks to my acting, entered the final phase of utter destruction. I suddenly felt so much sympathy for the CIA girls – because they were just so beautiful – and yet I still wouldn’t betray the Russians by giving out my understanding as to why the CIA girls were so sad, first Melanie and then the pretty blond today. But the Russians must have read from the computer inside the control center that I was beginning to waver in my effort to help them destroy the CIA. This must have worried them.

And so today’s episode was the decisive moment which would cause me to change my mind and my act: as you have seen, my anger toward “Mommy” had been slowly subsiding as the Russians had begun to win, and then been transformed into obsession by the time the most beautiful Mommy showed up on the 29th last month – and now into guilt when both Melanie and the red car Mommy showed their sad faces. Such an artistic creation, the Agency was now doomed to suffer the awful fate of self-destruction which the Chinese MSS had been made to suffer. My thinking at the time was that American women, growing up all spoiled, would not be able to withstand such ill-fate which the long-suffering Chinese had been able to do. (Ha!) I shall mention here that I had also been constantly imagining our Madam President of the ICJ admonishing the Agency: “You think you are so special? The Chinese have swallowed the masochism you have invented. Now, when it’s your turn, you do everything you can to run away from your own invention.” “Mommy” thus recanted, all of them looking down in shame while Madam President scolded on. Nice fantasy! Nothing of such kind had of course ever happened! Soon, however, there would be no more sad expressions on the CIA girls’ face – evidently because, after today, the Russians would order the CIA to order their girls to look normal in

order to “not raise my suspicion”. (The Russians had also to pretend: they were in fact worried that I might waver and stop acting.) And yet I would imagine the CIA people saying to themselves: “If we could not live, then we shall die in dignity.” Hence the dignity of the super beautiful Mommy on the 29th last month. And, once again, when I saw that “Mommy” had decided to die with dignity, my mind changed. The fighting-back had now gone overboard. And hence the fantasies described earlier.

And now a word about the Russians. By now the Russians, along with everyone else, had repeatedly seen the mind-reading computer showing me harboring, not hatred, but loving affection for the CIA girls – even when I was aware that I was destroying them. The CIA people (such as the Invisible Hand and Best Mommy) must have been shocked to read from their computer screen that I actually did not hate their girls at all. How could this be? Well, the Russians had now decided to profit from my good nature. They had decided to submit the intercepts of my *mood*, though not my *thoughts*, into evidence in order to further justify the CIA’s conviction. They couldn’t submit the whole intercepts, i.e. those of my *thoughts* – for that would prove that I was conspiring with them to destroy the CIA. But they were going to take apart the intercepts, submit only the emotive portions – the feelings of love and affection – and omit the cognitive part – my *knowledge* that the Russians were in the position of the hidden command and winning. This would disprove, once and for all, Best Mommy’s claim that I was only pretending to conspire with the CIA because I hated them and the United States. While intelligence agencies around the world must be at the moment shouting “Fraud!” at judge Higgins because they shared the same intuition that this guy obviously hated the CIA and the United States and so was only acting, the Russians would have silenced them all with this *partial* reading of the mind-reading computer. Again, the Russians were permitted to do this – selecting evidences that were in favor of their case and omitting those which weren’t: cherry-picking – because the suit team had done the same against them.²³ This, however, would soon become a problem when the French joined the lawsuit and wanted to make use of the intercepts of my mood to prove their case.

January 20 (Wednesday; drawing Sister MAC)

My first recording of the new day is: “1_20_10_132-458AM.WMA”: By 4:30 AM, I was awake.

My next recording is: “1_20_10_458-534AM.WMA”: Still in my room, I played Tori Amos again. Then, from 10:00 onward, I turned on the alarm.

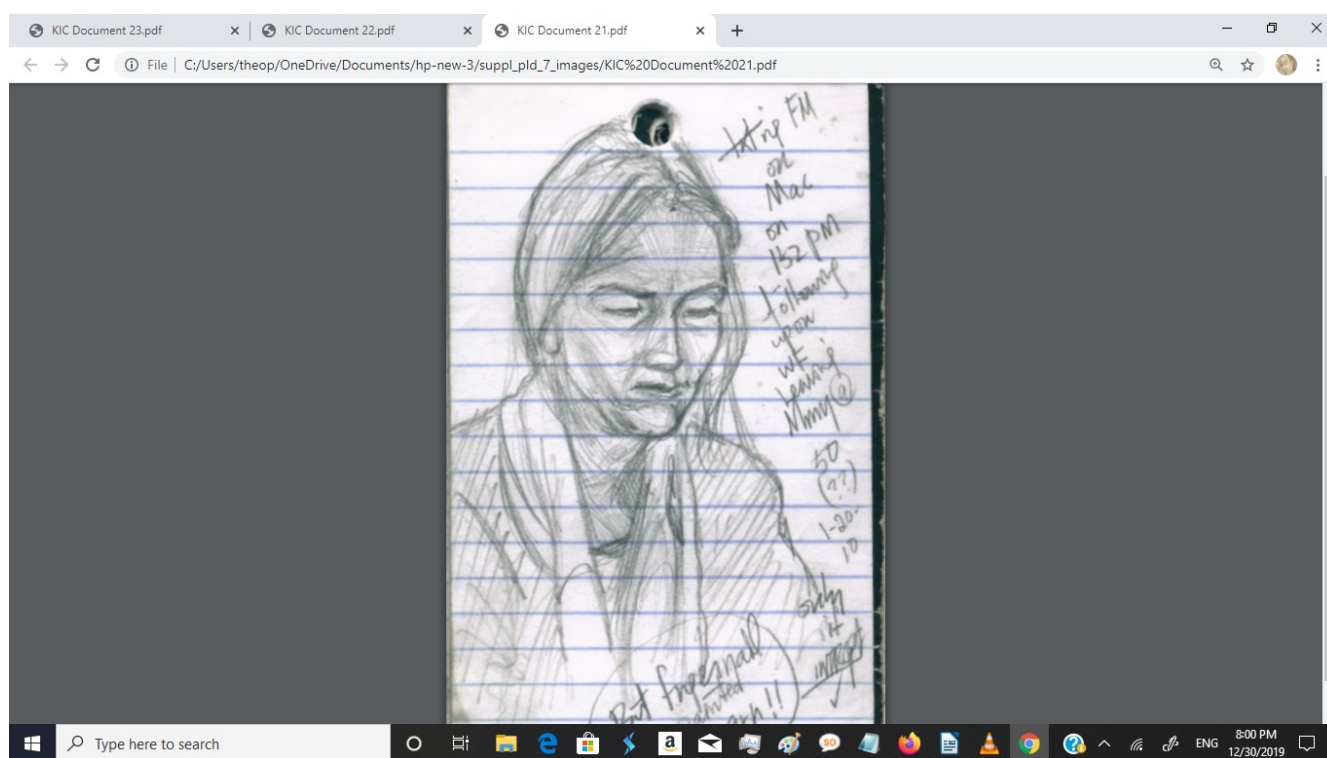
My next recording is: “1_20_10_548-617AM.WMA”: My alarm was still on. I mumbled indistinctly.

My next recording is: “brndvd90_1_20_10_621-855AM.WMA”: My alarm was still on, and I mumbled indistinctly. I was now burning DVD-90. On 52:00 I turned off the alarm and resumed playing music. Autour de Lucie. Then, the Best Mommy video (Sarah Brightman). Then I examined my new disc. On 1:34:00, the verification of the disc was successful. Now I was checking over the files on the disc. I

²³ Most likely, the Russians had simply made the argument that they wanted to “protect my privacy”. Since the suit team had set up the faulty surveillance system by hypocritically claiming that they wanted to “protect people’s privacy”, the Russians had the right to use the same hypocrisy to benefit themselves.

then took a shower. On 2:03:30 my computer froze up and I had to turn off the music and reboot it. Then, Silbermond. Then, Autour de Lucie. Then, I was ready to go out.

What happened then was again not recorded. I came to the “Land of the Pyramids” – this is how I would refer to the Vermont area from now on because there were just so many pretty white females around here: the reason why I was increasingly addicted to this district given my “Mommy episode” – and first settled down in Figaro and then, a little past 10 AM, in Psychobabble. I would soon recount the little things that happened here and there while I was in Figaro and Psychobabble, and so I shall skip over them for now. What I will briefly describe here is the operation that happened in Psychobabble from around 1:45 PM onward.



The first “Mommy” (with green fingernails)

It’s “Operation Drawing Sister MAC”. Just before 1:50 PM, I sat down on the sofa by the glass window wall. Two Mommy-like pyramids immediately appeared, one sitting down at the first table to my left, and the other at the first table to my right. They were indeed “Mommies”, as the context clearly indicated. The one to my left I shall refer to as “Sister MAC”. Unlike before, Sister MAC had (per Russian order, as noted) expunged from her face all the sadness which I had been seeing on Mommy’s faces lately. While both Mommies were on their laptops, the one to my right occasionally text-messaged with still sad enough a face – that was probably her mission, i.e. continuing to function as my double (to text-message for my sake) in order to devise an environment that would fit my belief while condemning the Agency even further (e.g. replacing evidences on the Russians’ behalf). Sister MAC,

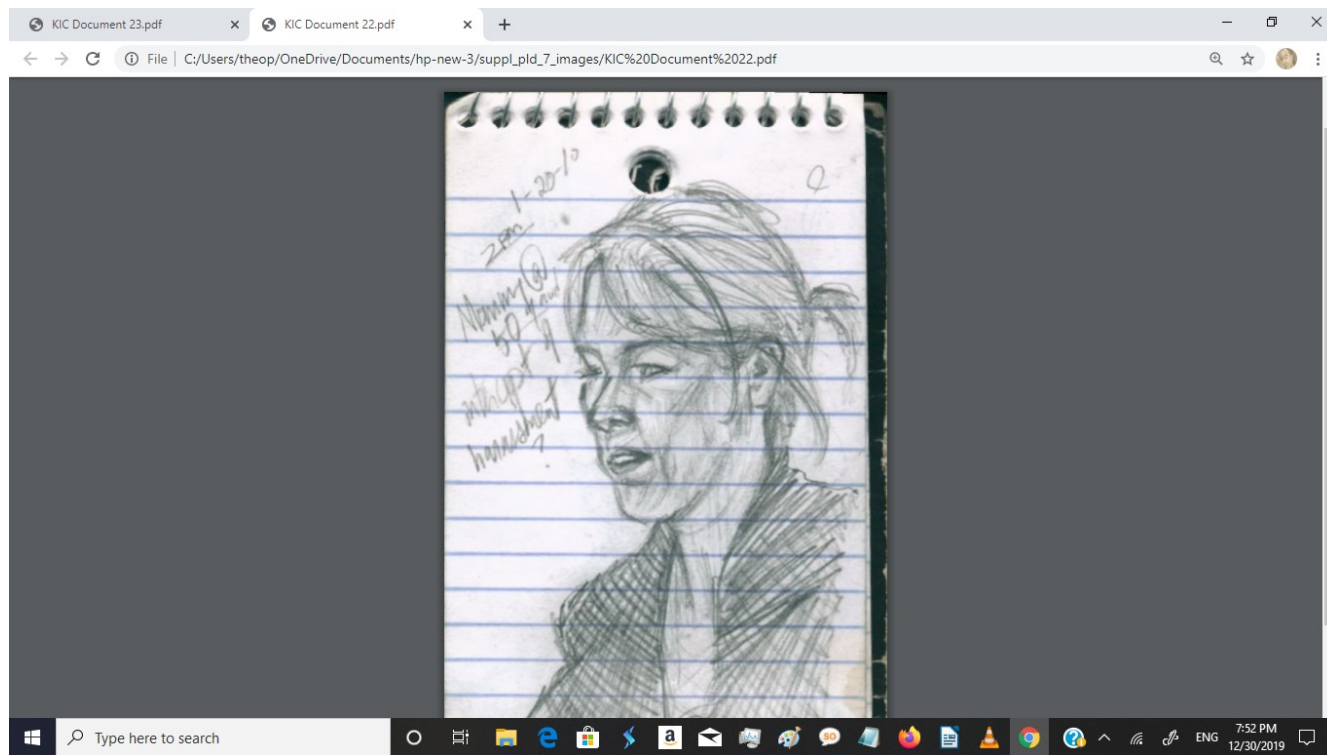
on the other hand, was supposed to model for me and offer herself for me to make portraits of her on my little sketchbook. This, after all, was the “script” which I had been working on: that the conspiracy between me and “Mommy” was based on my making an image (*eikon*) of her. Thus I got out my sketchbook, but, just at the moment when I was about to begin drawing Sister MAC, I all of a sudden almost burst into tears. That’s because I knew that, with each *eikon* I made of Mommy, the Agency was one step further into the River of Dissolution. This, despite the fact that I wasn’t yet aware of the details of the CIA’s conviction. Now the Russians must have been shocked when the mind-reading computer intercepted my sudden desire to cry. (Keep in mind that the intercepts of my mood were now being admitted into evidence.) They thus immediately ordered the CIA to remotely command Sister MAC to remove her sweater slightly to expose her shoulders. The crisis was thus averted – this became evidence, not that I felt guilty – which would mean that I knew that the Russians were in the position of the hidden command – but that I suffered from inferiority complex before the Agency’s beautiful pyramids, namely, in harmony with my testimony, especially on the night of January 18, that I felt inferior before “Mommy”. (In the evidentiary record, Sister MAC’s exposure of her shoulder would be made to precede in time my desire to cry. Since, during their conspiracy with me, the CIA had manufactured evidences after the fact and then pasted them onto the portion of the evidentiary record before the fact, the Russians were legally entitled to use the same technique to benefit themselves.) Then I calmed myself down and began to carry out my mission of drawing Sister MAC, creating likeness of her first from this angle and then from that, completely mesmerized by her beauty. Sister MAC was sitting in front of her MacBook, and she would continually go in and out of the restroom in the back. It was very likely that she was going back there to receive instructions from the CIA on her cellphone. (Recall that “JD-Look-Like” had done just this in Shanghai.) This was an unmistakable sign that, per Russian command, the Agency had indeed sent in Sister MAC for the express purpose of letting me draw her.

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice

4.8.2. The World of the Pyramids

Lawrence C. Chin,

Jan. 2010 – Apr. 2021



Sister MAC, 2 PM.

While I made one portrait of the first Mommy (who had green fingernails), I spent the next three and a half hours drawing Sister MAC. I was so full of love and passions because Sister MAC was just so beautiful and I filled up my little notebook with image after image of her – all without my recorder turned on. That this was an operation couldn't be more obvious given the fact that Sister MAC just sat there for the whole time. She acted as if she was annoyed by somebody's staring at her for so long and continued to talk on the phone with what seemed to be her boyfriend complaining about something. At the time I assumed that part of her mission was to call the police on me and was wondering whether the police were on their way here. From hindsight it is of course obvious that one doesn't call the police just because somebody is staring at oneself; and so Sister MAC was most likely pretending to be complaining about my "criminal staring" as part of the setup to convince the terrorist suspect that all the operations were continuing as before. At the time I wasn't particularly worried about the police, but, by 5:45 PM or so, after three and a half hours of intense drawing (plus some napping), I walked out of Psychobabble anyway and came to the 711 next door. Just then I suddenly remembered that I should not use this 711 store, but it was too late for me to make up reasons to explain why I wanted to reverse my path so that it wouldn't appear as if I knew that this particular 711 store was detrimental to Russia's wellbeing. (In reality, I was worried too much.) As I was heading toward the 181 bus stop on Hollywood and Vermont, I was dragging my cart left and right feeling very uplifted. I had just spent almost four hours creating the likeness of such a beauty from several different angles. Note that I was particularly aggravated to cry when I first started drawing Sister MAC because I was in a bind: on the one hand I wished I could let Mommy know that I did love her and was feeling guilty about forcing her

to frame herself – I couldn't stand the fact that the person I loved did not know that I loved her. On the other hand, I had to hold down my desire to communicate with her in order to not expose my awareness that the Russians were in command of everything. The CIA people (such as the Invisible Hand and Best Mommy) must have again been shocked to read from their computer screen that I was so filled with love for their girls this afternoon. In fact, this must have been the Russians' purpose today: while replacing evidences (the faulty surveillance Machine must have continued to show me conforming to the "David Chin legend") and gathering new evidences that I was indeed Lawrence Chin the artist rather than David Chin the computer programmer, the Russians were demonstrating to the world that the mind-reading computer continued to show me loving the CIA rather than hating them. And yet, even with so much love for the Agency, this guy didn't betray the Russians. What's most important about today's episode is that it was the first indication *to me* that my moods, though not my thoughts, were being admitted into evidence in the International Court of Justice. Stay tuned for more details about today's "Operation Drawing Sister MAC".

My next recording is: "rcllctpsychbbmommy_1_20_10_641-722PM.WMA": I was now at home mumbling about how I was stuck in the rain and how I had thoroughly mastered Mommy's images today. "And you are 400 dollars overdrawn... a lot of intercepts today..." Then I mentioned Sister MAC: "... She was there on 1:52 PM... We spent three hours drawing her! Why was she there for so long? Was Mommy trying to reward us?" And then I started recounting what happened earlier. First I settled down in Figaro and noticed this black man who looked like the macho surveillance man whom the Big Sister had placed next to me when I was flying to Montreal in May 2006. Then I came to Psychobabble. On 10:10 AM, a very attractive blond hair white female walked in, and she sat down with this black hair older woman who was doing mathematics (or something like that). "... we believed it was Daddy's intercept and the math woman was our double... the black hair woman looked sort of Eastern European... and we started drawing her... and, just when we started drawing, she left... that was 10:19 AM... she introduced her as her mother... and the fact that she left immediately indicated that this was Daddy's operation... it might be somebody pulled out of the jail house... Daddy is very cheap... before when we videotaped his operations, he didn't give a shit... and now it's different..." Just so much acting (pretending to believe that the suit team's operation was ongoing). And I hesitated whether I should make the following confession – it might hurt Russia. But I decided to do it in order to make my acting as realistic as possible: "... we think it's because of Mommy's pictures... we just wonder why she was there only for 5 minutes... it could simply be that the intercept only lasted for 5 minutes... or it could be that Daddy is cheap and is angry about Mommy's pictures ending up in the Cave... but I don't think so... we have to check our website... it might be that the judges were changed and the new judges never saw Mommy's pictures... and our portraits... if we attach our portraits to a lawsuit... how are they going to have proof that we did draw them?" Finally I pretended to conclude – in order to make it easier for myself later on: "Daddy is no longer worried about Mommy's pictures being in the Cave..." Then: "... then a second white female, chubby, came in and soon left... you know what? It probably has nothing to do with our drawing... Daddy probably just didn't want us to know... Then, on 10:24 AM, a white guy outside was drawing on his sketchpad, and he left in two minutes when he saw us staring at him... our double... we were upset because that's just Daddy's thing..." This guy could indeed be my double: a Homeland Security actor whom the Russians had ordered Homeland

Security to send in so that the terrorist suspect might continue to believe that the same operation continued as before. “Then a white guy on MAC made a cellphone call on 11:38 AM and then on 11:45 AM. Then a second guy on 11:51 AM. Then a Hispanic guy came in to talk Spanish on 11:58 AM. Then a white female was texting on 1:12 PM. We don’t know whether all this meant anything...” Probably none of this was any operation. “... we were ready to go home, but it was raining... we sat outside... a man walked past on 1:25 PM saying ‘This is a geek place’... when he came back, it turned out that he was talking on his cellphone... then a man from next door said over the phone ‘I just talked to Jessica’... that was 1:30 PM...” Again, none of this was any operation. But then I started recounting what *was* the operation for today: drawing Sister MAC. “Then, we went inside... Mommy at 50 yards... she was very beautiful... we sat on the sofa... then she received a cellphone call and walked away.” That was 1:48 PM and she was Sister MAC. “She did look at us. Then another white female nearby started texting... that was 1:51 PM... we think the first white female was Mommy at 50 yards producing an intercept showing us harassing her... it seems that she was talking to her boyfriend... the second white female would be our double... she could be texting: ‘I just saw this hot girl’... and so we started drawing the second one... she was also Mommy at 50 yards... and she had her fingernails painted green... she continually text-messed... like Amanda...”

My next recording is: “rcllctmommy_1_20_10_740-853PM.WMA”: And so I continued to recount: “... drawing portraits is much more intense than videotaping... Mommy was making an intercept talking about her boyfriend’s harassing her... that was turned into a complaint about something else... she came back... we were surprised... she’s so beautiful... we started drawing her, but it was too obvious, and so we had to hide, because – what if we were wrong?... we got very sad because... *we noted how unworthy we were*... because she’s the curvy type... we are already 400 dollars overdrawn... our life is in shamble... for a while we couldn’t draw, because she was taking her jacket on and off... then we calmed down... this is a special person here... there must have been an intercept going on... Mommy doesn’t just show up for nothing... the more you draw her, the more you are sure that she’s Mommy at 50 yards... we spent the next three and a half hour drawing her... then we drew a second one... and we just kept looking at her ‘pyramid’... we did one after another... they were mostly not good...” I was now flipping through all the portraits I had made of Sister MAC: “This one is okay, but it doesn’t quite look like her... *we are so fascinated by her pyramid*... this one doesn’t quite look like her... it didn’t catch her particular mood... she had a particular mood... she was acting, she was hiding something... this one is not so good either... the mood is only slightly there... this makes her look simpler and younger, which is bad, because she is very complex... she had the absolute pyramid... the last one... 80 to 85 percent... and the mood... 80 percent there... she kept leaving her table and going to the back... it seems that she was going to the restroom... she left her notebook on the table, but carried her backpack... but you can clearly feel the mood... the layers of mood... we were just surprised that, after one and a half hour, she was still there... she only looked at us very occasionally... it’s very embarrassing to stare at someone for almost four hours... and so we just took a nap near her... and we just woke up and started drawing her again... it was truly psychotic... and there were surveillance cameras all over Psychobabble... she was clearly there for us to stare at... nobody else would do that for four hours... her complaint distorted... the intercept of her being harassed by a freak... she was still there, and we were about to die of fatigue... the surveillance cameras would show

that we didn't do anything but just kept drawing her... she worked on her MAC, and then started working on her notebook... then she talked on the phone... it didn't even sound like her... she did seem upset that someone was staring at her... but she was just acting... and when we left she was still there..." (until 29:00). As you can see, I was acting to protect the Russians and so didn't mention how I almost burst into tears because I was feeling guilty about bringing down the Agency. After a little pause, I continued: "... again, I think the first one was also Mommy at 50 yards... the first one was not that complex... the second was highly complex... probably a graduate student... it's not like Amanda... Amanda didn't have that sense of... when they were mischievous, you can tell what's in their head... Mommy is very masculine inside... like a warrior... even though they wear high heels... but she was totally non-transparent... layers... opaque..." Then I continued to comment on the portraits I drew of Sister MAC. "That's what distinguishes Mommy from ordinary pyramids... opaqueness... Mommy Amanda... she acted so well that you can sense the opaqueness... ordinary people don't show that opaqueness... we like older women because they are more opaque... unfortunately our portraiture skill is not there yet... she's moody... and yet when she talks on the phone, there is no moodiness at all... every Mommy is opaque, but only occasionally is she moody... Remember Janice?... she just stood there... like a warrior... this one is like Amanda, just moody, not like a warrior... when they are moody, they look less like images but more like real persons..." I then continued to comment on how fatigued I was from today's portraiture sessions. "By the time we came out of Psychobabble, we felt as if we were a different person... and afterward, we smoked, and then continued to watch Mommy (Sister MAC) from the outside, and then we went to 711, and it was already 5:45 PM... we bought instant noodle... when we passed by Psychobabble, Mommy was still inside studying... then it rained and we got on the 181 bus and came to Hollywood and Wilton. It was still raining. And we waited by the Thai restaurant."

My last recording of the day is: "rcllctmommy_1_20_10_853-937PM.WMA": And I recounted how I got home. I kept playing MIA and then counted my portraits of Sister MAC again: I drew her some 20 times and only 7 were of passing quality. I then mumbled about going to the animal shelter again. "Should we go tomorrow?" Then I pretended to admonish myself that I shouldn't spend my entire day obsessing over Mommy. "Now it's almost like a replay of the beginning of 2008... nothing ever happened... Mommy is a very peculiar person... she might look like every other pyramid, but she's deep, even though she could be selfish... we spent our entire day with our reveries... Why did the first Mommy have green fingernails?... How did Mommy find these little Mommies? In graduate schools..." Then: "... the next time we go to Psychobabble, we won't use Microsoft... Microsoft is always communicating..." Finally, I turned on the alarm and went to bed.

January 21 (Thursday; Mommy at the ATM; Amanda dyed blond)

My first recording of the new day is: "1_21_10_257-716AM.WMA": Soon after I woke up, I began cooking noodles. And I started: "... Mommy yesterday... don't have to go again today... you might as well buy a lot of stuff... we can find another payday loan store... when did we go to bed last night? Like 8? We should have slept until 4..." I was then suffering diarrhea and then rested. On 1:51:00 the alarm sounded, and I got up on 2:04:00. It was raining outside again. On 2:07:00, Tori Amos. On

2:33:00, Autour de Lucie. On 2:54:00 I was reviewing my recording: "... an absolute pyramid right there... the portrait we did..." On 3:08:00, Autour de Lucie again. Then I examined my Wireshark captures (3:28:00). I then read about how to volunteer for the West LA animal shelter. "... the animal shelter... How do you feel about talking to all kinds of people...? Gee, we don't want to talk unless it's recorded... maybe there was an intercept... credit card fraud... maybe we shouldn't find a job because we don't want to talk... we need money right now... we will be almost 500 dollars overdrawn... we will just have to do it, don't worry about the intercepts... it is okay to go to Psychobabble, right? ... we have stared at too many people, but there has been no complaining, only intercepts of complaining... yesterday... we were staring at her for four hours... she's Mommy and so it's okay... but what about the other people around...? We can check the place out, there might be posters on it..." Then I began talking about Samantha: "... she's old... she would have died of old age by now... I hope that's Mommy's trick... she got adopted... it's possible that she was killed, for she was spoiled and not used to the environment..." Now Tori Amos. Then I started on my reflection on the CIA: "... isn't Mommy paradoxical...? She's so beautiful, but she has a dark side... she's just selfish, we are selfish too... the more you look, the more you see that she *is* more important than other people... independent of whether you can have her or not... Samantha was selfish too... what is this thing that you shouldn't judge people by appearance...? Maybe appearance *does* matter! Otherwise why do people make buildings pretty and make all these sculptures...? Mommy is important even though she has a dark side... she's so beautiful..." What I was really doing here was pleading the Russians to spare Best Mommy. I wanted to say it but knew I couldn't, and so made my pleading in such a way that it seemed as if I was merely excusing Best Mommy's behavior. I hoped the Russians – along with the CIA – could guess what I meant. I didn't yet know that everyone in fact knew what exactly I meant because everyone was reading my thoughts on the computer screen! I continued: "... what we need to do is be selfish and take care of ourselves rather than engaging in all these reveries... how many pyramids did we see...? Remember how Mommy wanted you to believe in Jesus... let's go take a peek, even if you don't want to talk to people... *Why do innocent people get framed?* I don't know, that's not our business... that's why we preserve our business on discs... someday..." I then untaped the door and was ready to go out.

And so I came to Vermont or "Land of the Pyramids" again. After shopping at Jons, I settled down at It's A Grind. On 9:33 AM, while there, I called up my step-mother on Skype. It was not recorded, but I managed to write down the approximate content of the conversation on my notebook:

Me: 喂，阿姨啊，

Her: 小綸，你最近好不好，不好？

Me: 你這個月的錢能不能今天下午先存？

Her: 我們最近店裏生意很不好，因為下雨... 你現在住那兒，還在...

Me: 我現在不能講 (x 2)

Her: 你電話呢？

Me: 那你就今天下午去存...

Her: 那我今天下午叫你爸爸去存...

I also managed to write down what the cashier said to me when he demanded that I order something.

My next recording is: “1_21_10_1033AM-1208PM.WMA”: I was now at home and recounted what happened earlier: “... we thought we were just going to do some shopping... it took three and a half hours... we were at Jons... it was raining, and so we took the bus... we are going to load you up later... you didn’t have your cigarettes with you, your pencils...” From 3:30 onward, Autour the Lucie. “... we almost got thrown out of It’s A Grind because we didn’t have money...” I was now typing out on my diary everything I had said earlier. Then MIA. I kept mumbling about how I needed to take my cellphone out of the storage but how I had no money to put in. From 14:00 onward I was resting. From 21:00 onward I turned on the alarm and started my nap. On 1:18:00 I mumbled about some woman. On 1:22:00 I got up and turned on my Eee PC.

My next recording is: “1_21_10_1220-104PM.WMA”: The alarm was still on. I kept mumbling about something and then burned another disc of Wireshark captures. Then: “... do you think it’s Mommy or do you think it’s Daddy?” I was then talking about going to the “Land of the Pyramids” again. “Hopefully it won’t rain.”

My next recording is: “1_21_10_104-114PM.WMA”: The alarm was still on. I continued: “... don’t get addicted to the ‘Land of the Pyramids’...”

My next recording is: “1_21_10_118-120PM.WMA”: I shaved myself before going out.

My next recording is: “1_21_10_123-204PM.WMA”: I was still at home. “We will do something until the rain stops...” I turned on the alarm and was counting my discs. “Now in our bag there should be 104 discs.” Gee!

And so I came to Vermont for the second time today. On 3:12 PM, when I was withdrawing the 140 dollars which my step-mother had just deposited from Chase’s ATM, a possible Mommy – tall and blond, absolutely beautiful – came to use the ATM next to me. If she was indeed CIA – and this time she did have a sad face – it was simply the Russians commanding the CIA to send in another agent to put up the appearance that the operation was continuing as usual (here, to send in a double to produce a surveillance intercept showing me having a different bank account) in order to hide from me the fact that both the Agency and I had already been busted. (The Russians could also be replacing evidences.) Then I bought a burrito at the Mexican place at Vermont and Prospect. I ate it while sitting across the street from Figaro (“pyramids-watching”). Then I was at Psychobabble briefly. Then I seemed to have spotted the nursing Mommy “Amanda” again – she was getting into a guy’s car outside It’s A Grind. I could not be absolutely sure: she looked very familiar, but her hair was completely dyed blond. Presumably I was right and it was merely the continuation of the same operation in order to (supposedly) lock me up in my erroneous belief that my conspiracy with the Agency was succeeding.

I would soon carefully write all this down in my diary – my new practice from today onward. While this has made this reconstruction possible, at the time I was simply pretending to keep track of

Mommy's appearances and possible operations as if I didn't know that we were all already busted. As I would write about what happened later: "I then came back to It's A Grind and ordered coffee. Around 6:50 PM, one Hispanic female came in to text-message next to me... [she was then] arguing with another Hispanic-looking female (in English) about 'doctor's appointment'. Was this an intercept? On 7 PM another white guy in nursing suit came in to sit next to me, text-messaged, picked up his coffee, and then left. Another white female was text-messaging near me on 7:11 PM." None of these was of course any "intercept". I would then continue to write: "I shouted 'Back door' when trying to get off the bus on Santa Monica and Western tonight while returning home." Namely, because I wasn't recording anymore, I must carefully record on my diary every single word I had uttered, no matter how insignificant. This of course would only add to the realism of the confessions I was about to make (I wasn't talking unless it was recorded) – to the benefit of the Russians.

My next recording is: "1_21_10_729-925PM.WMA": I was now at home. MIA. I started recounting and doing my acting: "... a lot of pyramids today... not much fun... deposited the money... something we discovered today is that Open Office can also save in RTF format... we saved our journal today... we didn't record our conversation with step-mom... also recorded a few intercepts... from now on we should write directly onto our diary... we got 140 dollars out... we left our apartment today... a scary walk... because of... we decided not to take the bus... if somehow step-mom didn't deposit the money, then we would be fucked when we got to the 'Land of the Pyramids'..." Then I described my various encounters with super weapons today. "... when we got to the 'Land of the Pyramids', the first thing we did was go to the bank... a Mommy-like pyramid, tall and blond, took money out of the ATM next to us... pleasure and pain packed together... she left so fast, so that it only gave you the feeling of regret... let's videotape our receipts from today... 3:12 PM, we were at the bank... the Mommy-like pyramid using the ATM... Do you think she was Mommy?... then we went to Psychobabble... today it was the mini-pyramid with tattoos working there... the place was packed with people... we wanted to ask her: 'Did the manager mention something about me?'... didn't want to ask her... then we came back to It's A Grind... no, wait, right after we were done with the bank..." Then I wrote down on my diary what I had just recounted (from 14:00 onward). "... and so finally we ate our burrito across the street from Figaro... perverse... then we came back to Psychobabble... we sat in the back... we thought: if Mommy wants to show up in front of you, it doesn't matter where you go... and we sighted Mommy Amanda again... her hair was dyed blond... we couldn't be sure... she got into a car with a guy... Why did she dye her hair?... I'm sure we have seen her before... it must be Mommy... It's A Grind... a black hair pyramid... she looked kind of old... and her pants were falling off... we sat down on the sofa... she was sitting right there... an Asian female and a black female were sitting over there... we got out our Ubuntu..." I then continued to write on my diary: "... possibly the nursing Mommy Amanda..." (24:00). Then: "... unless it's not Amanda... then why did she look so familiar? ... then It's A Grind... two instances of text-messaging... there were two security guards... I don't suppose it was a problem... you are getting too addicted... it's a perversion... after we were done, we walked up Vermont again... came back to Psychobabble... then at 711... we bought... a guy immediately came in and used his debit card... it was very hard to tell whether it was an intercept... we walked down... at the bus stop, it started raining... a chubby middle-aged woman came and asked us: 'Are you waiting for DASH?'... we thought it strange and immediately drew a portrait of her..."

videotaping the portrait now actually makes it beautiful... then she was immediately gone... that must have been an intercept... then we got on the Metro bus... we got off the bus on Western... we were not comfortable with going into Starbucks anymore... then we waited for the bus... if that was Mommy Amanda, why was she there? And why did she dye her hair blond?... but we were sure it's Mommy showing up... and why?... *What was Mommy trying to tell us?*... we saw Mommy Amanda in Albany... now she was here... 'You should go find Samantha's shadow'... I'm sure Mommy was listening to us this morning... then we got on the bus... We shouted 'Back door'..." And I wrote this down as well (as you have seen). "... what time did we get back?... we got off the bus... upset... what if the bus driver was instructed by Daddy's people to only respond when hearing us talk? ...it's not that Mommy doesn't want us to talk, but that she doesn't want us to record... Why did Mommy show up for so long yesterday? ... maybe she was waiting for us to talk to her... Mommy Amanda showed up... wanted us to volunteer at the animal shelter... wanted us to talk... Why?... because she wanted us to produce surveillance intercepts..." I was thus pretending to guess at the CIA's purpose in sending in their agents. I continued: "... sometimes it's blacked out, sometimes not... the Machine is adjusted... we talked to Mireya, and Stephanie in Berkeley... nations would fall... in intercepts you weren't blacked out, it's just confused... Mireya said she was going to India... in the intercepts we weren't blacked... Mireya became us... the whole thing was reversed... I think Mommy does want us to talk, she just doesn't want us to record... imagine that you can actually interact with Mommy... first of all, you don't want to talk unless it's recorded... and the next time when Mommy shows up, it will be somebody else... so the moment is precious... talk and not record it... we did talk to Mommy yesterday... it's like the Amanda thing... that seemed to be an invitation to talk... we are going to volunteer and we will have to talk... maybe the next time when you see Mommy you will just talk to her, just like talking to Mommy Amanda... but it's so scary to talk to people without recording it... the phobia... What's the point of talking if it's not recorded? ... if you volunteer it's not gonna be Mommy... well you can help out the animals... What's the point of doing anything if it's not preserved? ... even when you see Mommy, you are in a state of suffering, because you are looking at something you want but can't have... and so you try to alleviate it by... portraits are not really bad for you, because society does value them... Mommy's image... to preserve it... it's not entirely healthy, because you don't know what Mommy is doing... well, you get slandered... so it comes back to the question: What's the point of talking if it's not recorded? ... we haven't volunteered for over 10 years... Why should we help animals when we are 400 dollars in debt? ... if Mommy wants... it doesn't matter where you go... you don't have to go... she wants us to talk a lot but just not record it... Amanda... Why was her hair dyed blond? ... other people wouldn't get... Why does it have to be recorded? ... I don't know how to explain it... if it's not recorded, something is wrong... just as if you see something beautiful and you don't draw it, what's the point of seeing it?... I just hope we have a therapist... What's the point of talking to a therapist if you can't record it? ... What's the point of seeing if you can't draw it or videotape it?... What's the point of thinking if you can't record it?... What's the point of living if you can't record it?" I was then brainstorming about setting up a meetup for dumb and mute people. "... *everyday you go out to look for pyramids*... you are not doing things that are important to you..." Then I mumbled about how I needed money. When I was done with MIA on 1:37:00, I turned on my alarm. "No Mommy... that's not very healthy... focus on money, otherwise you will be fucked next month... let's go to bed..."

My next recording is: “1_21_10_925-1139PM.WMA”: And so, with the alarm turned on, I rested. On 31:30 I started again: “... this Mommy thing is so... complicated... she wants us to talk without recording it... you annoy the shit out of us, this alarm clock...” I covered up my alarm with my sweater, and yet I couldn’t turn it off for fear that the super weapons might fire outside. “... Mommy wants us to talk without recording it... but what’s the point?... if you see Mommy, you’ll get upset, and if you don’t see Mommy, you’ll get upset... maybe you should just do it half-way... it doesn’t matter, Mommy will just show up in front of you despite you... *the problem is your inferiority complex*... you should see a therapist... people who do not feel inferior do not miss anybody...” I started on my acting and bullshit again from 54:30 onward. On 1:24:30 I started again. Finally, I got up and turned off the alarm. “You have really annoyed the shit out of yourself...”

My last recording is: “1_21_10_1139PM-1158PM.WMA”: Then: “I hope the super weapons have all gone to bed by now... we should sleep at regular hours like everyone else... Are the super weapons firing?” Thus I turned on the alarm again!

January 22 (Friday; no operation)

My first recording of the new day is: “1_22_10_456-634AM.WMA”: Soon after I woke up, I played Autour de Lucie and Tori Amos. I kept talking to my recorder: “We need to load you up... How much batteries do you have left?” Then, on 14:00, I went back to sleep. On 23:00, I continued: “... it’s raining again... Why would it rain for consecutive days? ... If you get DSL, that would be convenient... we have discovered a fancy place... a restaurant... many pyramids there... Mommy will show up despite you, but she’s not gonna show up in front of your door... unless the building gets a new manager...” On 48:00 I booted up my Eee PC to Ubuntu. On 50:30, MIA. On 56:30 I was mumbling about something. “... small Mommy...” Then: “... let’s double-bag it... Are we gonna see Mommy today? Don’t get too obsessive... when you don’t have a home, you just want to stay home, but now when you do have a home, you get into this obsession...”

My next recording is: “1_22_10_634-801AM.WMA”: I then continued my nap. On 1:07:50 the alarm sounded and I woke up. On 1:15:00: “... we cannot get doughnuts, what should we do? The rain has stopped. We have 140 dollars for 10 days...” Then I mumbled about my clothing: “... you don’t want Mommy to see you wearing the same clothes everyday...” I then went out to get doughnuts.

My next recording is: “1_22_10_832-842AM.WMA”: I had just come back home from buying doughnuts. I talked about how I wanted to go to a different place today: “... the security guards scared us yesterday... the new place is closer... when you get to the middle of St Andrews, there is super weapons’ stuff, and so you’ll have to make a turn... will super weapons fire?” I thus turned on the alarm (3:00). “... we will double-bag our things, plus our umbrella... come back early, don’t have too much fun with pyramids-sighting... we are going to check up on jobs today... remember what you have decided yesterday: money, money, money...” I was now ready to go out.

I came to the Sabor on Hollywood Blvd on about 9:25 AM. Again, I would later carefully record on my diary the words I said to order drinks and ask for the wireless password. Then, a very attractive “pyramid” (with dark hair) was actually smoking a cigarette inside the coffeehouse on about 9:45 AM! (She was with another white female and a Hispanic male, all of them leaving on 9:48 AM.) There was one super weapon with his mother in the coffee place from about 9:40 AM onward. After working on my Eee PC for a few hours, I then went to eat. I would recount what happened later. Then I went home. There was no operation today (although I would continue to pretend to notice intercepts).

My next recording is: “bckfrsbrhlywdnap_1_22_10_408-739PM.WMA”: I was now at home. I turned on the alarm and started recounting: “We had very bad intercepts today at the coffeehouse, and we didn’t see Mommy at all... we were at Sabor, the one in Hollywood, and we had very bad intercepts... and our computer malfunctioned... we felt very bad... very sad... we walked into this restaurant... the words weren’t Russian and so we thought it was okay... then we realized we must have been inside a Hungarian restaurant... we quickly ran out... it was a bad intercept, but it wasn’t an operation... we walked back in and told the cashier to cancel our order... we went to the Chinese place instead... at Western and Hollywood... we felt almost cheated... then we thought: maybe it was our fault... too obsessive... just because it doesn’t look like Russian... we provided free intercepts... watch out for the Hollywood area... many immigrants there...” From 20:00 onward I was resting. On 52:00 I got up. The alarm was still buzzing. On 1:30:00 I mumbled something about super weapons. From 2:27:00 onward I was mumbling about something again. Something about finding a therapist and a job. On 2:30:00 I turned on my laptop and continued to mumble about something. Wir sind Helden. Then my Best Mommy video. On 2:42:30 I finally turned off the alarm. Then, MIA. I took a shower (until 3:18:00). I mumbled about how I needed to get my clothing and cellphone out of my storage tomorrow. “Should we go to the Land of the Pyramid? It doesn’t matter: if you are not gonna see Mommy you won’t see her, and if you are it doesn’t matter where you go...”

My next recording is: “1_22-23_10_750PM_1202AM.WMA”: MIA and Wir sind Helden. From 30:00 onward I started burning a new disc. “... we are going to burn it on Sony... we like Sony better than Verbatim...” From 43:30 onward, MIA. Then I started creating the ISO image for another disc of my Wireshark captures (1:10:00). On 1:34:00 my music video froze up with a buzz sound. On 1:36:00, the burning failed. “We are not traumatized because it’s just Wireshark captures...” However, I have to wonder today whether it was the Russians who had commanded Homeland Security to remotely cause my burning to fail in order to replace evidences. From 1:52:00 onward, Wir sind Helden. Then MIA’s “Kreisel”. On 2:08:00: “We have to count the intercepts today... we were using Thunderbird, and we were unable to download our Gmail... didn’t know if Daddy had something to do with it...” On 2:10:00: “... we shall do a little computer lesson before going to bed... we haven’t yet burned a disc from beginning to end on Ubuntu...” I then practiced using the command line to play files. I turned on the alarm. On 2:38:00 I mumbled indistinctly about something. And then about how differently my files appeared in Windows and in Linux. When I opened up my Windows file in Ubuntu, it was just a bunch of codes. I then read up on computer information. When I typed “sudo shutdown”, things happened which were completely unfathomable (3:16:30). I was worried: “... we didn’t break it, did we?... never play with it again...” I remained scared for a while. “Be careful when you learn about

computers...” Then Wir sind Helden. I then continued with my computer learning.

January 23 (Saturday; crying at the storage)

My next recording is: “1_23_10_1202-426AM.WMA”: nothing.

My next recording is: “1_23_10_427-658AM.WMA”: I woke up, lay around for a while, and then, on 1:52:30, got up. “... it’s so upsetting... Mommy didn’t show up...” I untaped the door. “We wear the same clothes everyday...” And I debated with myself whether to do laundry today. “Maybe you should ask people for money...” Then more debate about my money problem. “... the disgusting things Daddy’s people posted on the Internet... Mommy doesn’t show up... she doesn’t show up everyday... only once or twice a week... unless something is going on... Don’t have any expectation...”

My next recording is: “1_23_10_710-806AM.WMA”: I just came back from buying doughnuts. I pretended to be upset over what had just happened: “... we might have provided another free intercept. A Hispanic man came in and talked to the Vietnamese man in Spanish, and the Vietnamese man responded in Spanish... and we forgot to pay, that might have been an intercept of our stealing...” Wir sind Helden. “We can go further if you want...” Then MIA. “... you can watch your Best Mommy video again if you want... it’s an addiction...” Then Silbermond. “... we have to go to the coffee place again... that’s the plan for today...” Then: “... we are going to come back and then go out... Don’t think too much, don’t expect too much, the Egyptian pyramids have stood for thousands of years... Mommy’s pyramid will stand for a long time... it will always be there... go to the coffeehouse... if Mommy shows up... don’t have any expectation... if Mommy shows up... don’t be sad... we are going to load you up and then put you in the bag...”

And so I was out. I came to the storage facility to put in my new discs. This is recorded in: “storage_1_23_10_1007-1103AM.WMA”: I wasn’t able to get my USB cable out. Now, when I was about to close my unit, I suddenly wanted to burst into tears. I was shocked, knowing that my mood was being monitored and that I was producing very unfavorable evidence for the Russians. I don’t quite remember what I was thinking at the time. It seems that I wanted to cry because I was convinced that I would die soon as part of my “mission” (if, as noted, my conspiracy with Mr former Secretary continued). Again, I will talk about this in more details under the entry for February 4. When I walked out of the storage, however, a black girl with painted face came in front of me and cried out loud. I knew then that I didn’t harm Russia. Evidently, just as on January 20, the Russians had simply to create an episode *after* my desire to cry and then move it to a time *before* the desire in the evidentiary record in order to neutralize the unfavorable evidence I had just produced. In this case, they had simply commanded Homeland Security to send in the black girl to cry in front of me. The evidentiary record would then show that the suit team had sent her in to signal to me that I should cry and that I followed the instruction and did cry. Since my crying was born from my conspiracy with the United States, it was suppressed as evidence. I was however so terrified that I wouldn’t dare mention this potential disaster in any of my recounting below.

My next recording is: “1_23_10_1236-137PM.WMA”: I just came back home from storage. I played *Wir sind Helden* and started cooking noodles. On 25:00: “... we are going to take our... with us... we just took out of the storage... Daddy’s people might take it away from us...” I then recounted the episode with the freaky white man who opened the door for me when I returned to the building: “... Maybe he’s Daddy’s people... Mommy and Daddy are so different... Mommy is merely selfish... who the fuck can look at Mommy and not think she’s important... Mommy has *a* dark side, but Daddy has *only* a dark side... why doesn’t he listen to us and change?... Mommy understands Daddy, but Daddy doesn’t understand anything about Mommy... it just pissed us off that we had to walk in to see this pervert... if Mommy wants to show up, it will be anywhere you go... the only place she will not show up is men’s restroom...” In any case, it’s all just acting. I then went out.

Today I decided to change neighborhood. I came to Silverlake (henceforth the “Continent of the Pyramids”) at about 2:30 PM. I checked out Intelligentsia for the first time. A magnet of intercepts, noises, and super weapons. I would again carefully record on my diary all the insignificant words I had uttered to the cashier. Minutes later, I settled down in Casbah. I could not however connect to the wireless network there. I then spotted a limousine going on Sunset on 3:15 PM. As I would pretend to write on my diary tomorrow: “Not sure? Mommy overcome?” More on what I wrote down under today’s entry, later.

My next recording is: “rclletslvrlakedad_1_23_10_545-611PM.WMA”: I just came back from the “Continent of the Pyramids”: “... no sign of Mommy today. I think it’s Daddy who wanted us to go to the Samantha place... Daddy is very likely listening to us... you can still see Mommy... Mommy is still under his command... maybe the negotiation isn’t successful... you can still see Mommy if you want to, it’s just that it might be dangerous... especially that pervert that we saw outside today... Daddy does have to observe domestic laws... he did violate them sometimes... he deleted our email from our Gmail account one time, and he changed our account information in France one time... his weakness is that he doesn’t want us to know, so if we can predict something, he might not do it...” Now MIA. “We wrote it all down on our Supplemental Pleading 7²⁴... maybe we should print it out in PDF just in case Daddy wants to delete it... you don’t just want to make a prediction... but leave a record... you want to see Mommy, but it might be dangerous... print this mother-fucking thing... we calculated the timing when Melanie showed up... she first showed up on January 2... she might show up tomorrow... if you just walk on the street, what’s going to happen? He’s gonna put super weapons on the street... that shouldn’t have any legal force... it’s for surveillance only... we don’t have any criminal records... you want to see Mommy, but if you see her you will get upset, and if you don’t you will get upset... now if you do see her... it might be related to the intercept which happened yesterday in Sabor... Silverlake is much larger... a lot of Mommy-like pyramids were walking around... we didn’t even send the email because our wireless connection was blocked... just keep trying... eventually it will work...”

My next recording is: “1_23_10_622PM.WMA”: nothing.

24 That is, my current diary.

My next recording is: “slp_1_23_10_623-1142PM.WMA”: MIA and Wir sind Helden. Then, from 13:30 onward, the alarm (what I needed when I went to sleep).²⁵

My next recording is: “slp_1_23-24_10_1143PM-438AM.WMA”: I was still sleeping.²⁶ On 4:38:00 I woke up, mumbling about whether I should keep going to the same doughnuts place.

January 24 (Sunday; “saving Mommy”; no operation)

My next recording is: “[learnbraseroetc_1_24_10_502-730AM.WMA](#)”: I just came back from the doughnuts store. “A lot of people had gathered around there, we couldn’t tell if that was an operation...” I ate my doughnuts and turned on my Eee PC. From 9:50 onward, Tori Amos. I then mumbled something about Daddy’s operation in Psychobabble in the past few days (15:00). “... something strange at Sabor... we had the screenshot... and then the pervert...” Again, I was pretending to speculate wrongly in order to hide my knowledge that Russia had won. Then, from 23:30 onward, Sarah Brightman. I continued my act: “... it might be that Mommy and Daddy will never get completely divorced... that Daddy’s anger will never subside... we wrote everything down until about 11 AM... we tried to post a message on Craigslist... we used our kurtc1972 account to open an account... and we found out that we had already had an account... that caused a lot of scare... we think the account was manufactured by Daddy’s people... there seemed to be an undercover cop sitting there while we were using our computer... was he trying to do something in surveillance or in the real world?... or both?... Daddy is not going to leave Mommy alone... because of us... as long as we are alive... his anger will never subside...” Then, from 47:00 onward, Wir sind Helden. I then examined my Wireshark captures. “... maybe Daddy is trying to settle his scores... that’s very scary... he will not leave Mommy alone until he has settled his scores... we don’t know what he is trying to do...” Then, from 1:08:00 onward, Sarah Brightman. “... we’ll just have to give up... having the best image...” Then, from 1:20:00 onward, Tori Amos. I booted up my Eee PC to Ubuntu. Now my Ubuntu went into a filesystem-check again, and I filmed it (1:31:00). Was this natural or was it remotely controlled? I then began reading about Braserio Disc Creator. I then pretended to speculate on Mr former Secretary’s operation again, writing down in my diary under the entry for yesterday (1:41:00):

Now, limousine was spotted on:

- 1/21 (on my way to the “Land of the Pyramids” (Vermont));
- 1/22 (outside Sabor on 1:42 PM);
- 1/23 (outside Casbah)

Mommy last seen: on 1/20 (Psychobabble: the very pretty red hair whom I drew for four hours; then, remember, Mommy as my ATM double on the morning of 1/21 at Chase; the other “nurse Amanda” – dyed blond by Daddy to fit his stereotype? – spotted on 1/21 afternoon in front of It’s A Grind. DHS is taking over Mommy’s Op (at “Samantha’s place”?), it seems.

²⁵ Reviewed until 16:00.

²⁶ Reviewed from 4:34:00 onward.

So far, Mommy “Melanie’s” appearance:

1/2 (Sat): the first time ever;
1/10 (Sun);
1/17 (Sun).

Good acting! I continued to pretend to not know that my “Mommy” was already busted (even though I didn’t yet understand the details). Then I filmed my portrait of Sabor’s Korean manager who came into the coffeehouse two days ago dragging a cart. Just pretending to find him suspicious! Then I pretended to try to think out a narrative: “... we have to pay attention to his... the limousine was spotted on 3:15 PM... the Hispanic woman on the bus yesterday... passing a secret message to us... on 8:48 AM... then the undercover cop... we tried to do a portrait of the undercover cop... this pisses us off! I don’t know why this is continuing... you shouldn’t have put yourself in danger just because you wanted to see pyramids... what is Daddy trying to do?” Nothing! And I pretended to not know this! I continued to write on my diary: “... I shouted ‘Back door’ when I tried to get off the bus...”²⁷ Then: “Oh, we want to see Mommy Melanie... maybe next month we can buy a new camcorder... maybe you shouldn’t do that, Mommy doesn’t like it...” I then returned to learning about computer matters. “We need to get our player out...” Then, finally, about Melanie: “... she’s gonna be there, and we will just stand outside... Daddy can’t do anything about it... we are going to a new place, so it’s okay to wear the same clothes...”

I then went out. I first stopped by Psychobabble, then came to Silverlake – the “Continent of the Pyramids” – and visited Casbah, and then finally settled down in Stories LA. What happened you will soon read about.

My next recording is: “crlartrianglemommy_1_24_10_337-518PM.WMA”: I was now back home. I immediately boasted: “We did see a Mommy today, an older one, very pretty... we were caught in Mommy’s operation today... a little scary... kind of funny at the same time... we saw Daddy’s foreign agent again...” I played *Autour de Lucie* while continuing: “This Mommy... 40 to 45... Daddy did put her there... she’s of just the right age... the perfect age... but we didn’t draw a portrait of her... she had a round forehead, very pretty... a new type... Mommy is under Daddy’s command, it’s just awful... Mommy has to run this very disgusting cartoonish script... most likely we will not see her again... Do you recall how we have distinguished between circles and triangles? She was triangle, but circularly triangle... her slender hands... she was very athletic...” And I kept on mumbling about circles and triangles: “... the Middle-Eastern triangles... Wes is not attracted to Mommy’s pyramids at all...” Then I played *MIA* on 27:00: “... *MIA* is also not a perfect triangle... but we just like the way she moves... since Mommy is doing the film, maybe we can just buy the film, then we won’t have to film her...” I then kept on comparing the way *MIA* moved to the way Mommy moved and then talked about how the pyramids in Silverlake were different. On 44:00 I was working on my Toshiba. “Today we’ve got a different look at Mommy’s beauty...” And now I started studying *Judith Holofernes* as I played her

²⁷ I have since then deleted all these inessential records from the diary entries which I have preserved here.

interview (48:00). And she scratched herself! “We don’t have any picture of Mommy’s being ‘circularly triangular’... Mommy has three types: the perfectly triangular, then the one we saw today, the circularly triangular... and... 清秀... like Amanda... the triangular type doesn’t move as well as the bohemian type like MIA... when there is movement there is no triangle... the world is very complicated, good things are found here and there, but rarely do they come together in one thing... there is also voice... no voice is better than Sarah Brightman’s... but she doesn’t have that much look... Mommy’s voice is always very good... As for us, we have neither the voice nor the look...” I then ate the noodles I had cooked.

My next recording is: “jrnldaddysplan_1_24_10_535-708PM.WMA”: Although I continued to act as if I were helping Mr former Secretary and the CIA to harm Russia, I had begun thinking about how exactly to save the Agency. I was motivated not simply by guilty feeling, but also by that romantic scenario of a hero saving a beautiful woman from falling off the cliff. I thus started writing down in Supplemental Pleading 7 all that had happened today – and you shall see what I mean:

“I was unable to check, on 8:30 AM or so, if Mommy ‘Melanie’ was at Psychobabble this morning because a security car was parked next to the 711 next door. I therefore headed to the ‘Continent of the Pyramids’. I came to Casbah at about 10:25 AM after buying pencils at the 99 Cents store on Sunset. Now an old poster pasted on the entrance had a female with bare breasts and read something like: ‘La vie secrète des femmes d’Algiers...’ Immediately after I glanced at the poster wondering if it might be interpreted as a perversion of some sort, a white female in her late 20s with long dark hair appeared behind me and started playing with her iPhone. She was stern-looking and had a very beautiful ‘pyramid’. This however instantly made me suspect that Daddy was putting in front of me a ‘capture’ or just a plain ordinary female of Middle-Eastern origin in order to produce an intercept showing me meeting with a North African agent. She put on her sunglasses after I drew a sketchy, not-so-accurate portrait of her on my little intercept book. I still couldn’t connect to the wireless network at Casbah today. I then went to lunch at the burger stand nearby.

“I felt somewhat sad because there was no sign of Mommy thus far. I then took the bus further down the ‘Continent of the Pyramids’ trying to find another place with wireless network. I came to Stories LA on 12:50 PM. On my way there a very attractive pyramid, in her 20s probably and with blond hair and wearing boots, passed me by... (Daddy’s fake foreign agents...) It should be said that Daddy’s foreign agents, when pyramids of some sort, are usually overdone with provocativeness, sluttiness, or mysteriousness (always wearing boots and sunglasses, it seems), in exact opposition to Mommy’s quietude and sternness but in line with his love of dramatic effects and his worldview of good vs evil. Hence today might have been a day of ‘foreign agents intercepts’, there being two so far, it seems... When I arrived at Stories LA, however, I ran into another very attractive middle-aged white female: she was not so much a pyramid because of her roundish forehead and so on, but extremely beautiful in another way and slender, having reddish hair and wearing transparent sunglasses and a strange black coat terminating at her knees. She was standing around with a guy operating a large camera. The strangeness had me suspect that I was caught in the midst of a ‘foreign agents intercept’ for the third time. No chance was however had of drawing this woman because of the camera. I wanted to draw a

quick portrait of this very enticing woman but, since unable, I moved to the patio instead to use the Internet. She then left the place briefly, but, on 1:45 PM or so, she came back, moving about with the employee inside the place seemingly discussing a film project. So enticed by her mysterious beauty and the mystery as to what sort of intercept this might possibly be, I moved also inside trying to do a portrait of her. I was only able to get a bare outline of her back in one minute or so, though. At one point she was sitting next to my table and I could see close-up her very slender hand and fingers. Just then she bumped into my cart and said with a very professional smile, ‘I’m sorry.’ At that point I thought it may not have been an intercept after all, since Daddy’s foreign agents had not been since this year (and usually not even in last year) in the habit of interacting with me even in such an insignificant way – and since this year they would simply leave quickly when the intercept was completed, in contrast to last year when they would stay in front of me for hours. I became unsure and thought that maybe it was just a ‘real filming’. Now the wireless network was working at Stories LA.

“As I was using the Internet, the woman and the camera guy went outside to the back of the building and I became increasingly curious as to what strange thing it was about – could it really not be an operation? I went into the back alley and started smoking a distance away while watching the mysterious and beautiful woman perhaps in her early 40s discussing with the guy matters about the camera. (A few youngsters were also manipulating cameras in the patio.) The woman then moved inside and, as I wanted to use the restroom, I dragged my cart inside also. I started reflecting seriously on this woman’s ‘very professional smile’ – there was such a tone of deception and professionalism in it which I had so often seen in Mommy’s beautiful voice and tone in early 2008 that I started suspecting that perhaps it was indeed another operation. But what was the purpose? I then thought maybe it was just to ‘accidentally’ catch me in the video so that, should anyone there be instructed to complain about someone (falsely or by way of exaggeration about me or simply about my double doing some other horrible thing), there would be proof that I had indeed been there, thus enabling me to become confused with that double of mine in surveillance. Most likely, the operation would work like this: the woman might have been instructed by Daddy to complain that someone was staring at her. Then Daddy would send in a double of mine to do some other much more horrible thing and instruct others around to report that double to the authority. His surveillance would then confuse the two events together but he would offer up as evidence only the video in which I was accidentally caught, thus arguing: ‘The guy caught in the video caused a woman to complain about him’ – me: the complaint would be vaguely intelligible, though. ‘The authority would receive a report about someone at the same place hours after he had done this and that’ – i.e., something much worse than merely staring at a woman as a matter of curiosity: my double. ‘It must be the same guy.’ Thus a surveillance evidence is had of this foreign agent doing a disgusting criminal thing while carrying out clandestine activities for foreign nations (Russia and her allies, etc). But where could Daddy find such a beautiful woman with such professionalism and ‘objectivity’ to carry out his script? The woman was so smooth in her acting – if it be granted that she was just acting. She could only be ‘the woman in his cage’ – namely, Mommy. That means that I was actually looking at a Mommy without knowing it. I thus quickly looked at her as I was going into the restroom and she looked at me for a second also. When I got out I wanted to do a quick portrait of her because of her unusual beauty but she had already disappeared without a trace. Another woman (a blond) was however still around discussing things with the same camera guy. I

therefore, knowing her to be a Mommy too (from the ‘Op Team’, it seems, since she looked no different from anyone else you see in this area), quickly drew a portrait of her and left.”

“I took the #4 bus home and, when I arrived at my apartment building, a somewhat scary-looking Hispanic guy with glasses wanted to come in after me. I noticed that he was carrying a spindle of discs and immediately became alarmed. I quickly drew a portrait of him and realized that this must be a very typical operation of Daddy’s: the freaky pervert-looking man that I saw on the previous day at the entrance of my apartment building and who did live in this building must be the person confused with me in surveillance, and this guy carrying all these discs would be his friend sharing the same interests in perversion. Since I carried like 100 discs in my bag everywhere I went, the pervert living here could easily be confused with me when people’s description of him was intercepted and confused into one about me insofar as there must have also been intercepts of people’s description of me – the two thus sounding somewhat similar: a guy carrying discs and wearing glasses. The intercepts of these descriptions of me would date back to November and December last year since I was still homeless at the time and had frequently had to take out discs or burn them in coffeehouses and so on.

“This type of operation would probably continue to occur in the coming days. The purpose? I must have been wrong: the simple script of ‘a foreign agent conducting clandestine operations but doing disgusting criminal activities during his spare time and then getting caught by law enforcement for the latter and thus causing the foreign nation’s operational plan to be accidentally discovered’ is probably still running. The police activities I saw around my neighborhood in the weeks before the previous week (approximately) had actually *not* resulted in the capture of my double and the termination of this invented foreign intelligence operation. Daddy was most likely trying to re-invent a foreign intelligence operation (by the Russians and their allies) after Mommy’s pictures were removed from the Cave. If so – the nation correctly identified – this would be perhaps the seventh or so ‘Russian intelligence operation’ he was trying to invent. This means that I might get snatched away and put into a mental hospital soon just as I had been in March last year – and my double would be arrested and put in jail at about the same time, the two events then getting confused together just as the two events must have been in Stories LA today. It would be some sort of inconvenience which I will need to avoid – but would Mommy be out of Daddy’s cage if, let’s suppose, he could be successful in convicting Russia for yet one more time? Supposedly that would depend on just how much he wants to carve out the meat – I can only get a glimpse occasionally from newspapers: back in late June last year, it seems that he had managed to carve out ‘Russian airspace’ (US planes could fly over Russia from Germany to Afghanistan). After each invention, supposedly, a negotiation would take place and Russia and/or her allies would have to give up something of such sort, and Daddy would only let Mommy get off his command (his Cage) when he is done with his ‘steak’ (Russia). *That means that Mommy’s fate as an Independent Woman (with no master above her giving her commands) is inversely proportional to Russia’s (and/or her allies’) fate!!!* (When Russia loses all, then Mommy would be a free Woman.)”

By 1:01:00 I had finished writing. The line by which I believed I could save the Agency was italicized: since, according to my vague understanding at the time of how the ICJ trial worked, whatever I wanted would be reversed, the end result should be that the Agency’s fate shall be *precisely* proportional to

Russia's fate. As I would explain the matter in 2011 (see my "The Cheney Plan"):

With Best Mommy taken down, I began feeling increasing guilt. Even on the night when I played her video, I was trying to make myself cry in order to let DGHTR know that I didn't particularly enjoy taking down the Agency. The Agency was now on a fast slide down to its final destruction, littered with crimes on its back. When I saw, in the following days, the CIA's beautiful girls showing up one after another in front of me with the most depressed and sad faces only in order to frame themselves further [for] conspiracy with me until their utter destruction, I began wavering, for my target was really Mr Chertoff and not the CIA. But then, I couldn't just give up on the Russians after they had gone through so much to save themselves and my innocence. So, on January 24, with a twist of logic, I was able in my testimony to tie up the Agency's fate with that of the Russian intelligence service, making them allies against Mr former Secretary. Recall that the laws governing [a] conspiracy which the CIA had derived from UN Resolution 1373 assigned conspiracy solely according to what the final conspirator (namely myself) thought – which fact made my testimonies the pivot upon which both the Russian intelligence and the Agency depended for their survival! What I did was basically draw upon the metaphor of a family dispute which I had gradually developed during the last month of 2009, considering the Agency "Mommy" and Mr Chertoff "Daddy", while the Russian intelligence was called "my Daughter". Since the Agency had never gotten along with the neoconservative cliques and since the reason why they had participated in Cheney's new plan was to protect themselves against Cheney's wrath, a metaphor would be proper in which the Agency was likened to a woman forcibly married to an abusive husband to whom Mr Chertoff was likened. In this way the symbolism of a dysfunctional family was complete. The Woman joined the Man's endeavor to conspire with a terrorist suspect, defraud the International Court, and invade Russia because she wished to be freed from the Man's vulgar dominion. Once Russia be conquered, then presumably the Woman would be let go. (This meant that I would have to kill the daughter who was still in my womb: aborting "Daughter Russia.") I thus developed the formula that the Agency's fate was inversely proportional to Russia's fate. Now by the rule of [the] reversal of a conspiracy, this meant that the Agency's fate would be exactly proportional to Russia's fate. This formula made it that while the conviction of the neoconservatives would bring them to justice, the conviction of the CIA would somehow save them from prosecution and impart them with independence. The Agency would thus become independent again precisely when Russia should win the lawsuit and knock down Mr Chertoff and Vice President Cheney! Put another way, as soon as Daughter Russia is born, healthy and alive, Mommy CIA will gain a new life. The Agency could now try hard convicting itself of conspiracy with me for it would actually benefit from a conviction.

Sounds ingenious? In reality, I had achieved nothing – but I wouldn't know this until many years later.

The reality is that the opposite of what I had wanted would result only if the Russians had deemed it to be in their interest to do so. If the Russians had regarded it as contrary to their interest – as a terrorist conspiracy against them – that the Agency should go down together with Mr former Secretary and the Boss, then they would certainly make sure that the opposite of what I had written down shall happen. *But since this was not the case*, nothing at all would happen. I had simply miscalculated. I had simply failed to understand just how enormous the enmity was between the Agency and the KGB (since much of the SVR came from the KGB). For the next few years, I would be trapped in my wrong understanding that the Russians had accepted my offer, reversed the conspiracy and made the Agency's fate precisely proportional to theirs, and saved the Agency – that they had thus made a deal with the CIA and the Democrats to together prosecute Mr former Secretary, the Boss, and the neocon gang. You will see me expressing just this erroneous view in my introduction to “The Psychology of the Ying and the Yang”. But, for now, I remained convinced that the Russians had indeed agreed to spare the CIA and therefore felt like I had achieved a milestone. Nevertheless, both the Russians and the CIA people – and, as you shall see, the French – had presumably seen on their computer screen how I had *attempted* to save the Agency.

Everything else you have just read about in my diary entry for today was also pure bullshit. There was no operation at all today: neither the Middle-Eastern woman nor the blond girl wearing boots were sent in to pretend to be foreign agents. The supremely beautiful, “roundish pyramid” that I had encountered in Stories LA today also wasn't any CIA agent. It was just ordinary filming. It seems that, at the time, I really did believe she was a CIA agent – I wasn't acting in this regard. And at the time I even believed that, when she bumped into my cart and said “I'm sorry”, that was the CIA secretly apologizing to me after seeing me not hating them at all but pleading the Russians to spare them. As for the operation to put me in a hospital and so on – that was of course just my acting to protect Russia. Then, on 1:18:00 I continued my act: “... we have made a prediction... are we going to get put in the hospital?... Daddy...” I then started videotaping my new portraits. “... the Hispanic man outside the building... the friend of the pervert... the ‘Operation Mommy’, who doesn't look any different from the other ordinary people... you can avoid it easily, just by staying home... the last time you got put in the hospital it was because you were unprepared... now you are prepared... just behave well... unless Daddy decides to violate the laws.... The circularly triangular Mommy...”

January 25 (Monday; “Unurban”; no operation?)

My next recordings are: “slp_1_24-25_10_708PM-257AM.WMA” and “slp_1_25_10_258-404AM.WMA”: I turned on the alarm as usual when I was going to bed.²⁸ By 56:00 in the second recording, I was awake. On 1:00:00 I was making a certain prediction about “Daddy's” operation in order to prevent it from taking place. (Just acting.) I was then ready to go out to the doughnuts store.

My next recording is: “wkfailbrnwrshr6b_1_25_10_422-648AM.WMA”: I just came back from the doughnuts store. I continued to pretend to be concerned about the operation: “Another thing about Stories LA is that there are no security cameras there... before you are afraid of them, but now it's bad

28 The first recording was reviewed until 5:00, and the second recording until 14:00, and then from 56:00 onward.

when there are none... the goal of the operation is not to point to us and say we did A when we did B... it's to confuse us with somebody else... if Daddy wants to put us in the hospital, it would be for the usual reasons for which people are put in the hospital..." Then I recalled what happened in March last year: "... we couldn't recall our name, and the police just exaggerated the matter... and Wes confirmed that we were schizophrenic... Daddy is going to tell Mommy to pretend to report us and identify us while Mommy will pretend to be unable to identify us... but we will still be able to see Mommy... Mommy is so pretty for us to look at, but we are not pretty for Mommy to look at... we miss Mommy... the next time you had better identify Mommy fast so that you can quickly draw a portrait of her... people could pretend to remember things falsely and report us for doing something we didn't do... *now we have to make sure we constantly look different...* there is nothing Daddy can do about it... but then Mommy couldn't leave Daddy... but that's not our fault... we do listen to Mommy to some extent, we are not recording anymore..." I was again just acting: I would spend my whole day pretending to be trying to avoid the operation by learning to disguise myself. I used the restroom and then: "Don't think about Mommy... let's learn about DVDs... Don't regret over the special Mommy from yesterday... only if we have got special Mommy's picture yesterday..." I then continued to study Brasero Disc Burner and started burning another disc of my Wireshark captures (from 1:07:00 onward). (I used Brasero in order to learn about Linux.) On 1:47:00 I used ImgBurn to verify the disc I had just burned. Verification failed! Did the Russians command Homeland Security to do this? "Why can't we just burn these goddamn Wireshark captures? We will not use Ubuntu anymore.... I really want to smash this fucking Linux... it really sucks... we need to do laundry today..." Then I got ready to go to the laundromat. I carefully documented how I looked.

My next recording is: "bckfrlaundro_1_25_10_838-922AM.WMA": I came back from the laundromat and turned on the alarm. "What we need to do is look different even when we are in the building..." Nice acting! Then: "... 7 more days to go... we have 78 dollars... Do you think you will see Mommy today?... Don't worry, this episode will pass, and then you will just stay home all day... everyday you are looking for Mommy's shadows... this is pathetic..." I then ate my noodles. "When we go out, Mommy will show up and make this complaint saying: 'I saw this guy, he's all covered up, he's rude'... and then we will draw a portrait of her, and we will get more out of this than she did... or maybe they will just change the plan... we will just take care of ourselves... everyday you want to see Mommy... three weeks from now, I don't know... I think it's not a good idea to show up too often in your own neighborhood... do what you did before... where should you go today?"

My next recording is: "1_25_10_942-11104AM.WMA" (...1104AM...): The alarm was still on, and I turned on my Eee PC. "Will Daddy tell Mommy to show up today? Will Daddy put her in front of us today? We like to see Mommy. Each time when we see Mommy she looks just a little different..." I was still trying to decide where to go today. I wanted to go somewhere different again. "We have to shop at a different place..." And I went out.

My next recording is: "1_25_10_1136AM.WMA": I turned on my recorder to register where I was: "... just came off bus 4... we are going to the 99 Cents store... we've got 'spotted' by a police car earlier..."

My next recording is: “1_25_10_1159AM-1211PM.WMA”: I just finished shopping at the 99 Cents store and was now on the street. I reported on what I had bought: a white trash bag with which I could change my cart’s color. But I regretted: “... covering up our face might make us look even more suspicious...” And I expressed my envy toward Muslim women: “... they can just cover up their face without looking suspicious... unless you just don’t go out... but I want to see Mommy... and we need to use the Internet...” I then came up with the idea of asking my cousin Steve for money: “... if your cousin doesn’t respond... go harass him or something... I don’t know how you are gonna survive next month... you can record it when you call him, he’s your cousin... you have to think about how much you want to see Mommy... it’s dangerous... today you have already decided where to go... as for tomorrow, you think about it... whether it’s worth the risk...” The coffeehouse I had decided to visit today was Unurban, on Pico and Barrington.

My next recording is: “1_25_10_148-154PM.WMA”: I turned on my recorder again: “... we are at Olympic and Barrington, in a quiet corner in a parking lot... we took bus 704... we should have got off earlier, but instead we got off on Barrington... we walked down south... we wanted to buy something there... but so many people were there... when you walk down the street, you shouldn’t cover yourself, you are making yourself look suspicious... but at least we are now far from our neighborhood... you should really think about coming out tomorrow... maybe you should just stay home... why did you put yourself in such a torturous situation?... because you are mentally retarded... There is a Ralphs here... we are going in there to buy what we need...”

My next recording is: “1_25_10_154PM.WMA”: Then: “... we are not sure whether that was Daddy’s super weapon... we are going to change our bag’s color to white and go in to buy what we need...” This time I was going to buy a face mask.

My next recording is: “1_25_10_220-225PM.WMA”: I came outside again and turned on my recorder: “... the face mask cost us 13 dollars... there were a lot of security cameras in there, you thought that was good... then you realized it was bad when you were buying your face mask... Daddy could send in people to buy face masks... what if he is going to have the police ‘accidentally’ discover you buying a face mask?... yesterday we were on Sunset... we walked with our face covered... we were in super weapons’ field... you don’t want to do that... that makes you look even more suspicious... our cart’s color has changed... presumably you could walk into the coffeehouse wearing the mask...”

My next recording is: “1_25_10_311PM.WMA”: I had now arrived at my destination. I was on Pico Blvd, at the back of Unurban. “... we arrived in Unurban... a lot of shit had happened when we walked in here... we got videotaped multiple times... while on the bus... there might have been an operation... it shouldn’t be too serious... you can stick around a little... we are ready to go in...”

I stayed inside for almost an hour and drew a portrait of a guy, and then, strangely, a man claimed he recognized him. I was baffled, but pretended to mistake him for another undercover cop. But what was really going on?

My next recording is: “oprturnurban_1_25_10_403-431PM.WMA”: I was now sitting outside Unurban, humming and making my report: “... no sign of Mommy today but I think we’ve got the operation figured out.... Daddy’s op consists in putting a pyramid in front of us for us to draw, and then putting a cop next to us... then he wouldn’t need Mommy... but if there is no Mommy you can record, can you? ... let’s record the cop... no, let’s make a phone call first...” I now remembered that I needed to call my cousin. On 16:00 I was connected with Steve. “Did you get my email yesterday?” He couldn’t hear me and the call was disconnected. I called again and reached only his answering machine: “... please check your email and reply me...” I called Steve for the third time and was connected with him. I asked to borrow money, but he couldn’t lend me anything. “Can you give me a lot of food next month...?” No. We hanged up on 25:00.

My next recording is: “rcrdshrtpocketunurban_1_25_10_431PM.WMA”: I was now ready to go in and record my conversation with the “cop”. (He was of course most likely no cop at all.) I talked to my recorder: “... we will put you in our shirt pocket, and check on you often, to make sure you haven’t disappeared...”

My next recording is: “tlkwundrcvrurban_1_25_10_433-439PM.WMA”: And so I said to the man: “Where did you recognize me from?” He claimed he was just joking. I asked him why he had an accent. “I have an accent because I don’t like to jump up and down...” “Where are you from?” And he talked about an episode from Gabriel Garcia Marquez’s *One Hundred Years of Solitude*. I then showed the aforementioned guy the portrait I had made of him and asked him to sign it. He did. Then I continued to ask this strange man where he was from. He said he was from Eastern Europe and asked me the same question. “I was born in Jupiter...” We chatted a little more and then, when a “Mommy-like pyramid” suddenly walked in, I quickly went outside. “... there is a pyramid walking in and Mommy doesn’t want us to record...” She then came outside to smoke, and I turned off my recorder before going to check if she was indeed “Mommy”.

And so I sat outside and started making my portrait of this “smoking Mommy”. I again found her so attractive. She soon noticed that I was staring at her and, angered, got up and went inside her car and drove away.²⁹

My next recording is: “aftrmommyappearsunurban_1_25_10_446PM.WMA”: I was still sitting outside Unurban. I turned on my recorder and confessed: “... that’s Mommy... Mommy went away... the portrait... just when we finished, she made an ugly face to us and drove away... we are gonna get a complaint... at least it’s Mommy who’s gonna complain... Mommy doesn’t want us to record her operations... and we recorded it... Mommy comes in and says, ‘Don’t record’... the earlier complaint is not gonna work because we recorded it... John... is a cop... if our conversation with the cop is recorded, then it shows that there is nothing to complain about... and so Mommy appears to finish the job... at least we have found out how to make Mommy appear: just keep recording until Mommy appears... she’s pretty... maybe 37...” In reality, this “Smoking Pyramid” was most likely no CIA

29 The portrait I made of this “Smoking Pyramid” is #12.

agent all. There was no operation at all today – unless the Eastern European man who I thought (or pretended to think) was an undercover cop was actually some sort of secret agent (whom the Russians had sent in to frame himself for conspiracy with me).³⁰

Then, strangely, my recorder turned itself off. Did the Russians command Homeland Security to do this? I turned on my recorder upon discovering this and my next recording is: “rcrdershutoff_1_25_10_459PM.WMA”: I lamented: “The recorder shut itself off... we have just said a whole bunch of stuff...”

My next recording is: “unurbanconclsn_1_25_10_501-504PM.WMA”: I now had to recount what I had said to my recorder when it was turned off. “... we were repeating our insight... we were hungry and wanted to go home... Mommy has already showed up... And so the best, or the worst, part of the day has already happened... so you should keep your recorder on until Mommy shows up... just keep recording the operation until Mommy shows up... we also said we wanted to upload our writings... not to our website... but in our Gmail account... what’s important is to upload recordings, and not our writings... and so we went to our Hostmatrix website but our browser couldn’t find it... that’s basically what we said...” I then left Unurban.

My next recording is: “1_25_10_610-619PM.WMA”: After taking the bus, I turned on my recorder again: “... we got off the bus on Rampart...” Then the next bus simply passed me by. Frustrated, I shouted: “Where is Mommy? What? Mommy is not going to pick you up... if you want to see pyramids, go to the beach, there is a lot of space there... don’t go to coffeehouses... but you need to use the Internet... if you want to use the Internet, go to coffeehouses... but it will be dangerous... if you just want to see pyramids, go to the beach... it’d be hard for people to complain about you there... what should you do next month? I think you should hide at home...” Then the next bus came.

My next recording is: “1_25_10_619-622PM.WMA”: But that’s not the right bus. “... no, that’s the 730 bus... it’s late... we’ve got a lot of logging to do... and we should write our journal too...” Then the right bus came.

My next recording is: “1_25_10_628PM.WMA”: Then I was frustrated again: “... we got off the bus on Crenshaw thinking it was Western... going home has turned out to be extremely difficult... I think you shouldn’t go out at all... you are too mentally retarded... super weapons are coming, and the bus too...” And so I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: “1_25_10_649PM.WMA”: I recounted: “... now we are waiting for bus 207 on Western...”

My next recording is: “1_25_10_709PM.WMA”: I just got off bus 207. “... still on Western... we are changing the color of our cart back to black...”

³⁰ I didn’t think the “Smoking Pyramid” was CIA because she didn’t behave like one. Unless, of course, the Russians had ordered the CIA to stage another operation in conformity to my belief. And so a CIA agent came and pretended to want to complain about me – just as I had “theorized” this morning.

My next recording is: “1_25_10_711PM.WMA”: I recounted: “... we’ve got videotaped by a police car... the camera on the back of the police car...” I was just acting: there was no consequence even if I was caught in the police car’s camera. Then I walked home from Western.

My next recording is: “hmrellet_1_25_10_724-806PM.WMA”: I just got home and turned on the alarm. I recounted what had just happened: “Just when we walked into the building, a white guy with tattoos insisted on going in after us... this building is full of sex-offenders... he lives in 139 to 149... then the Hispanic man in the laundry room... if he makes a complaint about us, we are doomed... it’s more dangerous to stay around the building than to go out... we have to think about our plan... we are making ourselves look more suspicious... we need to record our conversations... she said there are no sex-offenders in the building... she could be lying... we’ve got six portraits in total... it’s actually like a day of disasters... when the time comes, self-defense... when you record to defend yourself, it has to be legal, otherwise it will screw you up even more... we just love Mommy... whatever Mommy does, it’s not personal, she just does what she is told... you are excited, your first portrait of a ‘Smoking Mommy’... never saw Mommy smoke before... we suffered so many intercepts while on the bus... we kept taking the wrong buses... it took two and a half hours... what do you think the pyramid thinks of you when you look at her?... it’s better to look at Mommy... Mommy doesn’t think, ‘Oh he is such a jerk...’ Mommy is gonna say ‘You are pathetic’... we like this smoking Mommy... we like to see pyramids smoking... she’s about 35 to 40... while on the bus we thought, ‘We have never been in the car with Mommy’... UCLA is like Mommy’s station... she has a bump on her pyramid... otherwise she looks very ordinary... she looks kind of mean... Sister MAC just looks so fragile... when we got on the bus on Silverlake, after the 99 Cents store, when we were going to Westwood, a chic got on with a super weapon... she had a perfect pyramid, and yet she looked like she was from a poor district... completely lacking in spirit... it’s strange... where does the spirit come from?... Mommy has this kind of spirit... from training... that spirit really attracts people... tomorrow you should stay home... or go to the beach, where people can’t complain about you...” Then I pretended to mumble more about how I had made myself look more suspicious. “... just go out with the same clothes, then wear a mask... what did Mommy complain about us today? ‘A guy wearing a mask was staring at me...’ If we need to use the Internet, just sit outside the coffeehouse and turn our recorder on... Unurban is very quiet, you can sit outside and turn on your recorder... when you are at a coffeehouse, use the Internet, but don’t stare at people... when you want to stare, go to the beach... and you can leave your recorder on when you are at the beach... no more staring at people at coffee places... that’s a better plan than to disguise yourself... we are tired, we should go to bed, we’ve got a lot to do, logging, videotaping our portraits, journaling... you drew 6 portraits, one of Mommy, one of your double... two of law enforcement detectives... when we figure out the operation... an undercover cop and a pyramid instead of a super weapon... it’s precisely because we wanted to register the operation that the operation succeeded” – namely, that she complained about me. “... our very act of registering the operation is the purpose of the operation... when it comes to pyramids, you just can’t let them go... the first was not Mommy... only when you started recording did Daddy send in Mommy... the first pyramid didn’t have Mommy’s spirit... what are we going to do next month?”

At the end I should attach the entry I would tomorrow make for today in my journal (Supplement Pleading 7) in order to clarify what operations I was pretending to believe had taken place:

“I went this afternoon to Unurban... There seemed again to be Daddy’s operation at Unurban... However, the objective was probably a bit different than I thought, but Mommy seems to have showed up again... In any case, Daddy’s objective seems to be having law enforcement mistakenly arrest me on charges of incessant sexual harassment of pyramids and then putting me in the hospital afterwards for some other reason. This ‘mistaken’ arrest would then be confused in surveillance with the arrest of my pervert double in my apartment building which would probably then occur at about the same time. It should be noted that, very likely, a Mommy that smoked (seen for the first time) did show up in the end at about 4:35 PM – probably to complete the operation since I started recording again the intercepts inside the place earlier – and I did manage to draw a quick portrait of her (a profile, without the smoking however due to lack of time)...

“The intercepts occurring after I left Unurban at about 5 PM (mostly on the bus) are (as far as I can log them on my intercept notebook): on 5:17 PM or so on bus 7, a Hispanic female was text-messaging; on 5:20 PM or so there seemed to be a Hispanic male undercover officer watching over me (not sure: I drew a quick portrait of him on my intercept notebook); on 5:40 PM or so an Asian female was text-messaging; then on the same bus, at about 5:50 PM, a Hispanic male was drinking beer near me, obviously my double because alcohol was prohibited on the bus...

“Wild frenzy while getting home because I kept getting off at the wrong stop. On bus 710 going from Pico and Crenshaw to Wilshire and Western I seemed to have suffered two more sets of intercepts, one of which consisted in what seemed to be a Russian old lady whom Daddy could have pulled out of the nursing home telling me ‘Bus 30 (or something like that) is stopping here (or there)’ in order to produce a surveillance intercept of my clandestine contact with Russian intelligence or some such thing. I did do a quick sketch... from her reflection on the window. This probably occurred around 6:30 PM or so.”

January 26 (Tuesday; the French)

My next recording is: “slp_1_25-26_10_806PM-122AM.WMA”: With my alarm turned on, I kept yelling to myself: “You are so fucked up!” Then I slept.³¹

My next recording is: “1_26_10_124-345AM.WMA”: I woke up and continued to lie around. On 1:12:00 I got up and started cooking noodles. I mumbled about how I could get money. “How to make money on the Internet?” When I turned on my Eee PC, it was doing disk-check again (1:36:00). I looked at the job ads I had saved. “... If you can do something more productive such as applying for a job, then you can feel more confident when you are looking at pyramids... pyramids don’t like losers... if you want to see pyramids, go to the beach... just ordinary pyramids... it’s less dangerous...” Then: “... every time when you see Mommy, you learn something new... like the smoking Mommy from yesterday... your obsession is making your regress... it’s seasonal... it will pass... if you need a job, go

31 Reviewed until 6:30, and then from 5:13:00 onward.

to the coffeehouse and sit outside... if you need entertainment... two hours per day... go to the beach... when the obsession is past, you won't think about pyramids, and you have already had the pictures... Mommy's pyramids are superior... how much time should you allot to entertainment each day?... 1 hour and 30 minutes... if it gets dangerous, terminate it early... pyramids-sighting is a very emotional experience... let's do that... let's find a job... if you need entertainment, 1 hour... 30 minutes... maximum..." Then: "Why do we record? ... aesthetics... there are times when you have to defend yourself by keeping proofs... an apartment building is not a place where people can have reasonable expectation of privacy..." Then: "... Mommy showed up yesterday... she did... Do you think that, if we record our conversations in the office, Mommy will show up? It will be both good and bad... and we record also as a matter of therapy, *you* are my therapist... maybe you should just stay home for a day... only if we have a picture of Mommy smoking... let's just be like Mommy, stick with Mommy... also stick with the ordinary pyramids... they don't have Mommy's spirit, but are less dangerous..."

My next recording is: "1_26_10_420-513AM.WMA": I was all silent, used the restroom, and then worked on my hash values. After a while I whispered to myself: "Smoking Mommy showed up... the first time..." I decided not to do the log for now but to go out to get doughnuts first. I continued to mumble about how wearing a mask to protect myself had made me look more suspicious, especially when I was passing by a super weapons' field. I was now ready to get out.

My next recording is: "1_26_10_513-730AM.WMA": I counted my money: I had only 31 dollars left. "The mask has cost us dearly... our problem is that we don't really have money to disguise ourselves..." I exited the building. On 8:00 I was walking on the street. "Don't worry, I don't think Mommy is going to show up... there is this car... Do you think that Daddy has put it there?... on 5 AM, the car is blowing loud music..." I laughed. I came to the doughnuts store and bought coffee and doughnuts (10:00). I kept on walking and commenting on how so many transsexuals were always standing on the street in this neighborhood. On 21:00 I came back to my room. "We haven't recorded ourselves buying doughnuts for a long time..." I ate my doughnuts. "When we record we'll think, 'Will Mommy appear?' ... but 5 AM is not yet 'Mommy time' ... Oh, we forgot to buy cigarettes, you are so unbelievably retarded..." I found two little butts to smoke. "And you want to see the best pyramid in the world... the lowest doggie wants to climb the tallest pyramid..." I kept laughing on my own joke. By 44:00, I was laughing uncontrollably. The strange thing was that, the more I laughed, the more I wanted to cry. I was getting very worried: I had tried so hard to repress my desire to cry in the past week – something I didn't quite indicate clearly – that I was now about to explode with tears. "... you are thinking about Mommy's pyramids... you are such a joke..." Then: "We need to download music for our Amanda, but it's not as important as finding a job..." From 1:05:00 onward I started writing down on my diary the entry you have just seen for yesterday. Then I got upset: "... your obsession is preventing you from concentrating and working..." I was then videotaping my portraits from yesterday and describing the associated operations (from 1:33:00 onward). "... keeping a journal is a good habit... you called that the 'Event of Display'..." Then, from 2:07:00 onward, I lay on the floor to rest. Then I decided to go out to buy cigarettes. "... it's 7:30 AM in the morning, you will not see Mommy... your obsession..."

My next recording is: “1_26_10_736AM.WMA”: I was now outside and I turned on my recorder for a brief moment: “... no, it’s too dangerous, Mommy is not going to show up, don’t worry about it...”

And so I bought cigarettes at the liquor store. By the time I came back, I wanted to cry so much and yet couldn’t stop laughing. I turned on my recorder and my next recording is: “1_26_10_742AM-1226PM.WMA”: I recalled what had just happened at the liquor store: “You had the recorder... you wanted to turn it on in order to cause Mommy to show up... you really believed that, simply by turning on your recorder, you’ll cause government’s secret agents to show up... and yet there were but super weapons around... and a cop was watching over you... the cop will never believe that you wanted to turn on the recorder because then government’s secret agents would show up... you will only fuck yourself up... you live on disability... you shouldn’t be obsessed with Mommy...” I was laughing uncontrollably and yet tears were swelling up my eyes. I turned on the alarm on 3:45 while I continued: “Just chill for one day... think about your obsession...” I kept laughing while wanting to cry at the same time: “... you are so hopeless... you need to see a therapist...” I went silent by 10:30 and then started again on 12:30: “... after 7:30 AM, you can go out, but don’t pick things in your pocket... we will just stay home today... besides, your obsession is bit too high right now...” I was then all silent – lying on the floor going deep into my fantasy – until 1:17:10 when I was again telling myself: “... you need to stay home today... you won’t see Mommy today, but that’s okay...”

And so I closed my eyes and continued my fantasy – how “Mommy” and “Daughter” had at last reconciled with each other. As I would write months later: “... taller than I, and her face did incline forward, just like one of these classical Greek sculptures of Goddess Athena. Such sort of romanticism, so devoid of reality-checking – I would never know if Mommy and Daughter would really reconcile to such an extent that the Russian intelligence would adopt the title of the ‘Agency’s Daughter’.” Then, the noises outside began blasting upon me, just when my eyes were filled with tears: upbeat environmental noises and happy loud music from someone’s stereo downstairs. (You couldn’t hear it in the recording because of the alarm.) I assumed that it was “Russian noises” again and that they were trying to make me believe that the lawsuit had finished. I couldn’t believe it but, on 3:22:00, I finally couldn’t help but burst out crying. I shouted out: “Mommy I love you so much” while at the same time picking up my sketchbook which was turned exactly to the page of Sister MAC’s portraits. Then, when my tears ran out, I muttered out: “Je t’ai sauvée...” I was referring to the Russian intelligence, but it could of course be interpreted as referring to the CIA. I would burst out crying intermittently in the rest of the recording, notably on 3:46:30 and 4:20:00.

My next recording is: “1_26_10_1226-248PM.WMA”. I left my alarm turned on and lay on the floor for the whole time.

My next recording is: “1_26_10_259-317PM.WMA”: I told my recorder how much I needed to sleep. “We will work on our resume later...” I was again concealing what I was really thinking. I knew that something was terribly wrong, that I shouldn’t have cried. I thought that, perhaps, the Russians had betrayed me and had decided to take over the CIA anyway. (Well, that was actually correct!)

My next recording is: “1_26_10_317-823PM.WMA”: I left my alarm turned on and lay on the floor for the whole time. I only got up to check the time and look out the window. I felt so sad: so my Daughter didn’t forgive my Mommy after all?

My next recording is: “wkfrnap_1_26_10_823-858PM.WMA”: I got up from my nap and mumbled: “... we are so hungry... we don’t have energy to do anything, just sleep...” Then I sat there silently.

My next recording is: “1_26_10_924PM-1124PM.WMA”: I got up to check the time and then turned on the alarm again. I ate. I used the restroom. On 26:00 I mumbled about how I had forgotten to meet with the manager today. Then I rested. Then I mumbled something again on 39:00. I went back to sleep and, toward the end, got up to smoke. I tried to conceal my terrible depression.

My next recording is: “1_26-27_10_1124PM-239AM.WMA”: I continue to lie on the floor. On 1:21:00 I got up again to talk to myself – still trying to conceal my depression: “... we have diarrhea... don’t feel like doing anything...” Then I sat there quietly smoking cigarettes. On 2:36:00 I got up again complaining about how I didn’t have anymore cigarettes. Then I mumbled about getting a job at movie theaters. “It’s bad, man, that you don’t want to talk unless it’s recorded...” (2:41:00). I was now very worried because, by this time, I had realized that somebody had “faked Russian noises” this morning trying to dupe me into the false impression that it was the Russians and that they were telling me that the lawsuit was over. Namely, somebody had tried to “break me” in order to cause me to reveal that the reason why I kept wanting to cry was that I knew that the Russians had busted the CIA and had got me all surrounded. This was very bad! I had fallen into a trap! Had the Russians lost? As for who this “somebody” was, I thought that my “Daddy Chertoff” had found someone from the Pentagon, because the “breaking” betrayed such an expertise in human psychology. (I was impressed because I didn’t yet know that my thoughts were being read and that the expertise I had experienced was therefore exaggerated.) Trying to cover up what I had revealed this morning – that I broke down crying because I felt guilty about busting the CIA – I invented my excuse: “... we had a delirious, psychotic episode this morning, but we had it recorded...” (2:46:00). Yeah right! But this was precisely the confession which the Russians desperately needed at the moment. “... we want to see a therapist... you can record your therapy sessions... it’s not a crime...” Then, on 2:48:00, my refrigerator started humming. I thought this was the Russians’ confirmation that I had indeed invented a good reason. (Was I correct?) I continued: “We have been too isolated... we don’t talk to anybody but ourselves... we want to go to a psychologist that charges money... not some idiotic county shit...” Then: “... Mommy is still under Daddy’s command... so you can see a psychologist... I don’t know how long this will last...” (3:04:00). And: “... just in case something is orchestrated in our therapy session so that we get put in the hospital, we have to record it... we love Mommy very much, but...” Nice acting!

In reality, it was the French who had come in – the DGSE “Smart Woman” in particular. (More on her in the next chapters.) When the ICJ lower court issued the judgment that the United States had been convicted of sending Lawrence Chin to pretend to be David Chin as a way to falsely convict Russia, no leaders in the world were more shaken than the French president Nicolas Sarkozy. I will explain later

Sarkozy's special affinity to Boss Cheney. Using the rule that nations which felt that their interests were affected in any trial at the ICJ may request to become a party, he made his request to judge Higgins that France be allowed to become a party to the dispute on the side of the United States. Since it's not clear to me whether France was involved or blackmailed on December 28, I couldn't say anything about how the intercept from that day might have affected France's decision now to become involved. In any case, Sarkozy immediately ordered his intelligence agency, the DGSE, to send in a team to the courthouse in downtown LA to examine the evidences looking for chances to make a move against Russia. While everyone was busy with France's entry, this is why there were no operations in the past four days. It might be at this time that a computer was installed in the ICJ court room – the “judge computer” – to replace judge Higgins. (More on this later.)

Recall that, while the intercepts of my thoughts were banned from evidence, the intercepts of my mood were admitted into evidence. When the DGSE team examined the intercepts of my mood in the past week, they paid special attention to the fact that I constantly wanted to cry. The Russians had claimed that my mood was evidence in support of their claim that I was conspiring with the CIA, but the DGSE team immediately saw through this garbage and recognized my desire to cry as evidence that I was actually helping the Russians since, once properly interpreted, my desire to cry meant “guilt” – that I felt guilty about busting the CIA – rather than “feeling of inferiority” – that I couldn't attain the CIA's pretty women. All this was very obvious since, in the upper court, everyone could see the tricks the Russians had played on the 20th and the 23rd to change the meaning of my desire to cry in the evidentiary record.

This morning, the French had indeed used my outburst as evidence to establish the *suspicion* in the upper court that I wanted to cry because I felt guilty, and that I felt guilty because I knew I had helped the Russians bust up the CIA. Once there was such suspicion, the French could then obtain the right to run operations on me to prove in the lower court that I was David Chin and that the “David Chin legend” was true – which proof could then be used in the upper court to suppress evidences there. (Note that it would be the same computer to serve as the “judge” in *both* the upper court *and* the lower court.) The French thus planned to revive the suit team's technique (faulty surveillance and so on) and use it to prove in the lower court that I was a pedophile and had shot the videos of the CIA girls for sexual reasons so that, in the upper court, there could be justifications for suppressing these videos as evidences. In other words, the French were here to rescue the CIA, and by extension Mr former Secretary and Boss Cheney, from their conspiracy with me using the same arguments.

The French had also “faked the Russians' noises” to try to make me believe that the lawsuit was over because they also hoped that I would stop acting – so that they wouldn't have to bother anymore with my constant attempt to protect the Russians *no matter what*.

The Russians were now faced with the prospect of being convicted of conspiring with me and were desperately waiting for counter-evidence with which to refute the French claim. Luckily, just after midnight, they did obtain my confession that what happened to me this morning was a psychotic breakdown. They were thus able to stay afloat temporarily. In the coming days, they would have to

obtain more evidence to explain why I had always wanted to cry in order to maintain the victory they had worked so hard to earn.

January 27 (Wednesday; the “French” and “911”)

My next recording is: “1_27_10_239-554AM.WMA”: I slept quietly again. On 1:14:30, I broke into tears again. Then I continued to sleep. On 2:42:00 I was awake. I used the toilet, and the toilet malfunctioned! (3:00:00) (It wasn’t flushing.) I lamented about how I was suffering from diarrhea. “... disguising ourselves is making us look more suspicious... and so we will just record... when Mommy shows up we’ll stop... we love Mommy very much and respect her... if we find a therapist and she is Mommy, we’ll record... if Mommy doesn’t want to be recorded, she’ll just disappear... so don’t worry too much...” In other words, I continued my act as usual even though I was aware that I might have already been busted. I packed up and was now ready to go out.

My next recording is: “1_27_10_554-716AM.WMA”: I came to the doughnuts store to buy doughnuts, coffee, and cigarettes. “What you need to do is go somewhere to pick cigarette butts...” I got frustrated again because I couldn’t open the front door, and so I ate my doughnuts outside. I pretended to joke to myself: “Imagine if somebody tries to shoot Mommy: you will certainly jump in front of her, but if Mommy is your therapist, then you can’t even turn off your recorder...” On 17:00 I followed somebody and came inside my building. I came into my room continuing on about how I was not willing to turn off my recorder even though I was willing to take a bullet for Mommy. This was in fact important evidence for the Russians because I wasn’t lying here – I’d really die for a pretty CIA woman – so that there would be a perfect match between the intercepts of my mood and those of my words back in the upper court (as if I had never been acting). But, then, more acting: “You want to see Mommy so much, but if the hospital is full of Mommies, you will still not want to go in... *supposedly Mommy’s fate as an independent organization is inversely proportional to Russia’s fate...* every time when you get put into the hospital, that’s bad for Russia, but good for Mommy... *but we don’t quite like it...* you are like that voodoo doll...” (from 26:00 onward). Apparently, even though I had already realized that I was duped yesterday morning, I was still afraid that the Russians might not agree to spare the CIA, and so I repeated my “formula” to emphasize to them what I expected from them. Then: “... *you want to see Mommy so bad that you’ll get psychotic...* you want to see Mommy, but not as a prisoner... sometimes you get delirious... and yet at other times you are so good at analyzing...” Again, I was trying to cover up the fact that I cried yesterday because I felt so guilty. While on the toilet, I sighed: “We are so lonely... we want to have a friend...” (51:00). Then: “... if you do pyramids-sighting on the beach, just go talk to her and record it... don’t worry about Mommy... if you think she’s Mommy, just turn off the recorder...” Then I was getting ready to go out again. “... if you see Mommy at the coffeehouse, just ignore it...” Nice acting!

My next recording is: “1_27_10_716-721AM.WMA”: And so I was going to Unurban again. When I exited the building, more super weapons! I got nervous and ran away quickly. Then, an attractive pyramid. “We didn’t know there is one in our building...”

Now I got on bus 704 going west. Something happened on the bus that might be important. As I would later write on my diary about this morning's bus ride: "The intercepts I suffered today which I was able to note down on my intercept notebook – I missed most of them, actually – are those occurring on the 704 bus in the morning going to the 'Beach of the Pyramids' (Santa Monica Beach): on 7:44 AM, the radio in the bus reported the news about how wearing the Muslim veil would soon be prohibited in France. An Asian guy near me started manipulating his iPhone or some such thing on 7:50 AM, for almost 10 minutes or so. The radio then reported on a suicide bomb attack in Iraq on 8:06 AM. The Hispanic woman sitting next to me started texting on 8:08 AM..." I of course didn't reveal the truth here. In reality, I was convinced that it was the Russians who had, from their control center, caused the news to be broadcast on the bus in order to clandestinely communicate to me what had happened. (The news had never been broadcast in the bus before.) I grabbed onto the mention of "France". I thought: "So it was the French who duped me yesterday! It was not somebody from the Pentagon!"

My next recording is: "1_27_10_819-828AM.WMA": I just got off the 704 bus.

My next recording is: "1_27_10_844AM.WMA": I couldn't find Unurban and instead passed by a super weapons' field.

My next recording is: "1_27_10_853AM.WMA": I was on the street. I took notice of a business man, a white man, who had text-messaged.

My next recording is: "unurbanjobhrbrucla_1_27_10_9-1113AM.WMA": I had just arrived at Unurban. Two men were talking in Croatian. I pretended to wonder whether this was Daddy's operation. I sat outside to use the Internet. I was now looking for jobs online. A graphic design job. I then checked my website. I constantly talked to my recorder: "Are you on? You're on." Then I kept admonishing myself not to look at pyramids and mumbling about how I wished Mommy would show up. I was then fixing my web gallery. Then I mumbled something about curing myself of my obsession and, from 1:29:00 onward, started looking for a psychologist online. "We want to see a pyramid psychologist..." Then: "US Navy? Maybe Daddy is trying to produce an intercept showing us trying to infiltrate... Mommy, these people are scaring us..." I checked out Harbor UCLA and wrote an email to them to inquire about their outpatient service. I left Unurban on 2:07:00.

As I would later pretend to write on my diary: "Sadly, no sign of Mommy today. Went to the 'Beach of the Pyramids'... after staying at Unurban and seeing that there were few pyramids to spot."

And so my next recording is: "arrivesmbch_1_27_10_1128AM.WMA": I got off bus 7 at the Santa Monica Pier. I was now walking to the beach.

My next recording is: "smbch_1_27_10_1129-1132AM.WMA": At the beach. Nothing.

My next recording is: "smbch_1_27_10_1149AM-1213PM.WMA": A man scolded me: "You stupid ass...." Then: "... all the super weapons and no Mommy, it's very Daddy-like here..." Then I started

wandering the streets.

My next recording is: “1_27_10_1227-107PM.WMA”: I bought a sandwich and sat on the beach to eat it. “... how can you talk to Mommy without recording her?... write it on paper...” Then I bemused myself with my story of becoming obsessed with the FBI agent (the Big Sister) who was investigating me. “Go to a meetup and record everything!” While walking around, I continued to mumble about how to break up my obsession with Mommy. “Don’t be obsessed with government secret agents who are running operations on you...” I passed by Novel Cafe. Soon I got on bus 33 to go home.

My next recording is: “1_27_10_231-241PM.WMA”: I just got off the bus near Western. I mumbled about how I didn’t feel comfortable riding the bus sitting next to a Hispanic girl that was text-messaging. I continued my act while truthfully expressing my obsession with the CIA girls: “... you are thinking about Mommy way too much, constantly... constantly thinking about *government secret agents that are running operations on you*... you should socialize with regular pyramids... that will break up your obsession... that’s our new project... we are a surveillance tree... and so when we talk to people... but your own wellbeing is more important to you...” I had by now arrived at Santa Monica Blvd.

My next recording is: “1_27_10_245-247PM.WMA”: I had to turn on my recorder in order to recount what I had just seen: “... two minutes ago, a hilarious intercept... two persons... they seemed to be speaking Russian... their license plate... ‘cars911.com’... that must be an intercept...” To get ready to go home, I changed my appearance and my bag’s color. I was of course acting and didn’t reveal what I had really thought. At the time I really believed that the Russians had sent in this car with this strange license plate in order to clandestinely communicate to me the fact that my trial had a lot to do with 911 attacks.

My next recording is: “1_27_10_254-325AM.WMA” (...325PM...): I was now at home. I continued: “... scared... I just hope that Mommy can come pick us up...” I turned on the alarm. “... you have to talk to the manager, remember to do that...” As part of my act, I had to pretend to worry about there being sex-offenders in my building who might be confused with me in surveillance and so I located Harvey Management’s notice on this matter. “We don’t believe that our cousin doesn’t have a couple hundred dollars to lend to us... Homeland Security... well, we did apply for one job today... be careful with the therapist if you do find one... she might put you in the hospital... you will be okay, don’t worry about it... it will just be like 2008... you know how to avoid it...” And I talked to my recorder: “Are you okay? You’ve got three hours left...” Then: “... don’t focus on Mommy... all the pyramids... Mireya... we are going to find a therapist... Mommy will always show up... go talk to ordinary pyramids... socialize with them...” And I went downstairs.

My next recording is: “aprtofficeoffndrppr_1_27_10_328-331PM.WMA”: I came to the office on the first floor and asked the manager to explain to me this paper about possible sex-offenders in the building. This time I had to record it. And, just then, people around me started talking loudly – as if to purposely taint my recording. I told the manager that some tenants here looked kind of... “... but this

paper, since I signed it, means that I'm not... right?" "Yes." After I recorded her assurance, I returned to my room.

My next recording is: "hmap_1_27_10_336-635PM.WMA": I came back to my room continuing to mumble about "Mommy". I read out loud the notice about sex-offenders which I had just asked the manager to explain to me. Nice acting! I recounted: "Then, at the end of the meeting, a bunch of super weapons... yeah, we love Mommy but... we just hope that she will be there when we are in troubles... that smoking Mommy with her big SUV, she could just put us in..." Then, from 10:30 onward, I lay down to rest. Then I pretended to admonish myself: "You cry 'Mommy' when you are in troubles, when Mommy is a government secret agent running operations on you..." On 31:50 I mumbled about something. Again on 39:30. I then mumbled about whether to see a dentist because my teeth were hurting (52:00). On 2:18:00 I got up to check the time and then mumbled about something again. Again on 2:44:00.

My next recording is: "slptc_1_27-28_10_848PM-359AM.WMA": With the alarm turned on, I slept.³² By 6:08:00 I was already awake. I cooked noodles. Then I counted my money: "... we have to borrow more money... we shouldn't have bought the mask..." Then: "... we'll burn DVD-91 today..." I was now ready to go out to buy doughnuts: as usual, I brought everything with me.

Now a comment about what happened today. There was something else happening on the bus today which I haven't yet mentioned. I knew that the evidentiary value which the Russians had assigned to my crying was inferiority complex before white females – "pyramids" – and that I must do something to justify this claim in order to repair the damage from yesterday morning. From today onward – as I continued to experience a strong desire to cry – whenever I was about to burst into tears, I would quickly look at a white female standing around. The Russians could then combine the intercept of my desire to cry with the scene of my looking at a pretty "pyramid" to obtain the counter-evidence that I was indeed prompted by my feeling of inferiority to want to cry. It would seem that the Russians, reading my intention from their computer screen, proceeded to populate my environment, especially on the bus, with a constant stream of attractive white females in case I would suddenly burst into tears and thus need to look at them. This is how we had prevented the world from falling into the wrong hand! And so a new battle had started between the Russians and the French – between me and the DGSE "Smart Women". You must try to imagine the difficulty with which I was faced. While the Russians could read my thoughts from the computer screen in front of them, I had to synchronize with them simply by intuition. It was one of the most nervous times of my life.

I was also probably correct about the mention of France in the news on the bus but not so with the strange license plate "cars911.com". When the French came in, they enjoyed overwhelming advantage. As long as I didn't know they had joined the trial, I couldn't act in such a way as to enable the Russians to convict them. Thus, when the Russians had read from their computer screen that I thought that it was somebody from the Pentagon, they immediately decided to tip me off that it was the French: "He needs to know that it's the French in order to beat them!" As for the strange license plate, today I have to

³² Reviewed until 7:00, and then from 6:08:00 onward.

however conclude that it was the French who had staged this. Namely, with the evidence from yesterday morning, they had obtained the right from the judge computer to command two Russian agents to come in and hint to me that 911 attacks were part of the trial. This was the French's way to reverse the conviction of the Boss on December 11: it would make his conviction part of my terrorist conspiracy with the Russians and so subject to reversal by our victims. And so you see how forcefully the French had barged in. Let's see how the Russians would respond from tomorrow onward.

January 28 (Thursday; the text-messaging pyramid)

My first recording of the new day is: "1_28_10_359-459AM.WMA": When I came to the elevator, I saw the notice that the manager and other people would have to enter everybody's apartment this afternoon for inspection. I was nervous: "... we don't know what they are going to do..." When I stepped out, I mumbled: "Try not to think about Mommy today... You need to see a doctor, you are so psychotic..." Acting! Surprisingly, the doughnuts place was closed, and so I had to move on. On 16:00 I came back to my building. But immediately I decided to go out again.

My next recording is: "1_28_10_459-535AM.WMA": As I was ready to leave, I continued: "Don't stare at pyramids, don't scare them... We have to get back soon because of the inspection... Your plan of socializing with pyramids might not work out..." On 16:00, I was outside. And I forgot to buy doughnuts somewhere else. "Gee, you are so retarded! You will forget to buy food even when you are dying of starvation!"

I decided to ride the bus to Unurban again. As I would pretend to write on my diary later: "The intercepts for today started on the 704 bus going to Bundy and Santa Monica very early this morning. On 5:48 AM a Hispanic female came to sit next to me to text-message. I quickly drew a portrait of her. Then two black guys started talking about alcohol next to me on 5:54 AM. One got off the bus and I drew a quick portrait of the other one. On 6:06 AM an undercover cop seems to have been sent in to sit near me producing a surveillance intercept of my being under police surveillance. He was reading a fiction and not really paying attention to me. I drew a quick portrait of him. This man got off the bus on 6:11 AM." It's not clear whether any of these people were really operatives here to produce intercepts out of me – a real possibility now that the French had restarted the battle in the lower court – or whether they were just irrelevant people. In any case, I continued to omit what was really important during my bus ride: namely that I kept looking at the pretty pyramids around me whenever I suddenly felt the desire to cry.

My next recording is: "waitbus7bundy_1_28_10_612-620AM.WMA": I had just got off bus 704 and was waiting for the next bus on Bundy.

My next recording is: "unurban_1_28_10_625-816AM.WMA": As I was walking, I continued to admonish myself for thinking too much about Mommy. I came to Unurban and sat down outside and got online. On 33:00, I made a call on Skype. Then I began looking for jobs again. "Gallery jobs... Is this a waste of time? Daddy would not let you find a job... I think Daddy wants to produce an intercept

showing us to be a MAC user, and so we might actually get this job...” I was working on my website at the same time. On 1:26:00, a pyramid appeared with two super weapons, and I hummed like crazy. Then, a little after 8 AM, I left. I had to be home for the inspection.

My next recording is: “waitbus7bundy_1_28_10_817-819AM.WMA”: I recounted how I had just missed bus 14. I was now waiting for the next bus on Bundy and Pico.

My next recording is: “1_28_10_820-824AM.WMA”: I was still at the bus stop. “We have just got videotaped by police cars.” Most likely, the police cars had simply passed me by and there was no operation here. I was both acting and wrong.

Then, something important. As I would pretend to write on my diary later: “After [I exited] Unurban and [was] waiting for the bus to go home on Pico and Bundy around 8:40 AM, a very Mommy-like pyramid, all dressed up in business suit and pants and business high heels, was text-messaging across the street [from me]. She had dark hair and was wearing sunglasses, which, together with the distance, made it very hard for me to ascertain her look. Perhaps she was a Mommy or perhaps not. An intercept of my text-messaging, I presume.”

It was in fact most likely the French. What I didn’t mention was that, as I watched her text-messaging, I suddenly experienced a huge erection such that I had to jerk my body. She sat down and laughed at me and waved at me, “Bye bye”. That’s when I realized that I had just produced another unfavorable evidence for Russia. I of course wouldn’t write this down on my diary.

Then, as I would pretend to write later: “On bus #704 coming back it seems that a Mommy had indeed appeared. The bus number is 9384 with the license plate 1250341. Mommy was reading a book titled ‘Real Estate...’ She was identified as such mostly because of the operational setup. A portrait was drawn, and a security guard came on board who would have easily identified me. A Sheriff passed by the bus (at La Brea and Santa Monica) and made gestures with the bus driver, thus likely to have accidentally videotaped me on this bus. Mommy got off the bus one stop before Westbourne on 9:35 AM.”

This woman was in fact most likely not a CIA girl. When I finished drawing her portrait, I went up to her to show her the note I had written for her: “Ma’am, I like to draw pictures of people, would you sign it for me? I can’t talk.” But she wouldn’t. There was *no* operation here – unless it was the French’s evidence that I kept mistaking the ordinary women around me for CIA agents.

My next recording is: “askaprtoffice_1_28_10_1011AM.WMA”: When I came back to my building, I came to the office to ask the manager: “Did you already come inside my room?” “No. They will come on 11:30 AM.” And she told me that these people were from the City.

My next recording is: “hm_1_28_10_1015-1108AM.WMA”: I was now at home, and immediately started recounting how I saw Mommy again on the bus earlier – not knowing that I was in fact

mistaken. Then I turned to my recorder: “You are gonna be on when the city people are here... They are not going to find something, but surveillance will confuse another room with ours...” And I turned on the alarm. “... We collect Mommy’s pictures like baseball cards... We shall call her ‘Sloppy Mommy’... Or, well, we can marry Mommy... but we can’t... and so we collect Mommy’s pictures... There should be a club for collecting Mommy’s pictures... When you say, ‘Don’t think about Mommy’, you will think about Mommy anyway! Then go think until you get sick of it...”

My next recording is: “hmbuscam_1_28_10_1108AM-1222PM.WMA”: On 20:00 I mentioned that I should go out. I then mumbled about how I should change my pants in order to properly receive Mommy. But I wouldn’t go out because I was still waiting for the inspection, and yet nobody had showed up. “Do you want to just burn the disc now?” Finally, I turned to my recorder: “You have only 15 minutes left; we are gonna load you up!”

My next recording is: “brndvd91_1_28_10_1230-236PM.WMA”: I was still waiting in my room, and yet the city people still hadn’t come. Then I had a flashback about Marie: “... everybody called her ‘Vero’...” And I started writing down on my diary what was quoted earlier. And I videotaped the portrait I made of “Mommy” today. (Again, that was in reality no “Mommy”.) “Mommy wouldn’t sign our picture... She was very petite.” It was already 2 PM, and the city people still hadn’t come. Finally, from 1:30:00 onward, I started burning a new disc. Just then, the people from the Health Department were here.

My next recording is: “housnginspct_1_28_10_237-309PM.WMA”: And so the inspection happened. When they left, I continued to talk to myself (half-serious and half-acting): “Mommy please appear and run more operations on us because you are so pretty...” Then: “... Nothing will ever happen as long as you record it... Mommy doesn’t want to be recorded... Don’t record Mommy!” I then mumbled about when it was legal to record and when not. “Nothing is meaningful unless it’s recorded... Nothing bad will happen when you record... We love Mommy so much... No, that’s no good, you have to see a therapist...”

My next recording is: “1_28_10_309-310PM.WMA”: I was now ready to go out again. I decided to go to Stories LA this time. As I would pretend to write later on my diary: “In the afternoon, after the inspection of my apartment by the Health Department, I went to the ‘Continent of the Pyramids’. On bus #4 (bus number 9501, license plate 1298268), around 3:30 PM or so. Many super weapons were on the bus. I arrived in Stories LA and made inquiries about Mommy’s filming on the previous Sunday. I returned home on bus #4 (bus number 9464) on around 6:50 PM.”

Thus, my next recording is: “arrveslvrlake_1_28_10_351-356PM.WMA”: I had just got off the bus on Park and Sunset. I was now walking to Stories LA.

And my next recording is: “1_28_10_357PM.WMA”: I was still walking. And I recounted how a man had just text-messaged. Then super weapons appeared and I turned off my recorder.

And my next recording is: “storieslaenquiry_1_28_10_401-406PM.WMA”: I was now at Stories LA. I asked several employees what the filming on last Sunday was about. Nobody had an answer.

And my next recording is: “calluclahrbr_1_28_10_418-422PM.WMA”: After I settled down in Stories LA, I called up Harbor UCLA on Skype to ask if they offered therapy. I was told to call back in the morning.

And my next recording is: “exitstoriesla_1_28_10_621-628PM.WMA”: By this time I had left Stories LA and was waiting for the bus to go home. There was more business at Stories LA today which I’m not going to recount right now but which you will read about later, in the entry for February 8. Then: “It’s better because no one is around so that we can record ourselves. Better to keep ourselves recorded at all times.” And the bus came.

My next recording is: “sawmmmylkepyrmdhlywd_1_28_10_703-726PM.WMA”: I was now walking on the streets of Hollywood Blvd and I continued to mumble about nonsense. Then about a Mommy-like pyramid that I saw. No super weapons! “Remember, if you look down you will be happy...”

My next recording is: “buydnut_1_28_10_734-737PM.WMA”: I bought doughnuts before going home. I continued to be (or to act as if I were) paranoid about strangers’ noises. “Daddy can put all these people here...”

My next recording is: “slp_1_28-29_10_741PM-246AM.WMA”: I was now at home. I mumbled about my new strategy, to be very obvious: “... always go in front of the police... wave at the security camera... exactly like Mommy...” Then, on 2:30, I turned on the alarm before sleep. Then, something about what happened earlier which I haven’t yet described: “You thought you are retarded... you got off the bus on the wrong stop... but you discovered this new place... with this pyramid... oh my God...” Then I continued on about how I wished I could be invisible so that I could do pyramids-watching without people’s noticing. “Where is Mommy anyway?... just record things, it makes you feel so secure... another form of therapy... that pyramid... that moment of your life is not in darkness anymore...” Then, about Mr former Secretary: “... he likes it when everything looks ‘accidental’... just when you don’t know it’s coming, the police will come and snatch you away... he likes that... but now you’ll just run to the police... ‘Hello’... Daddy is gonna go, ‘Forget it’... then he will change the script... and so all you have to do is chase after the script, then the script will never come to you... randomly get on the bus and see Mommy... if *you* don’t know where you are going, how would Mommy know where you are going?³³ ...but she just looked so much like Mommy... then you can see her everyday... Mommy’s people are just there, stationary... if Mommy appears, it’s to mess you up... and yet you say, ‘Mommy appear!’ ... maybe it’s better to see a pyramid that only looks like Mommy... but she might be recruited... the more professional she is, the less likely she’d be recruited by Daddy... go there as early as possible when nobody is around... you want a Mommy-like pyramid to stay with you... all the way...” From 23:00 onward, I was in sleep. “I think the thing is, she was

33 This, as you shall see, is not quite the case: people who were sitting in front of the mind-reading computer could get the computer’s prediction about where I would end up going even when I had never decided where to go.

dressed like Best Mommy...” And I fell asleep. Then my recorder ran out of space.³⁴

Now a comment about what happened this morning. Now that the Russians and the French each had to prove their respective case, it was the French’s turn this morning, as you have seen. While the Russians were collecting more evidences that I wanted to cry because I suffered from inferiority complex before pyramids, the French today started pursuing the avenue of the lower court, trying to prove that Mr former Secretary’s “David Chin legend” was indeed correct. The evidence they had collected this morning was not only that I had text-messaged my Russian boss but also, more importantly, that I had indeed videotaped all these CIA girls out of my wanton sexual reasons, not out of any real knowledge that they were CIA agents. (Thus, take notice of the wrongly identified “Sloppy Mommy”.) Again, this evidence the French could then use in the upper court to request that my videos of the CIA girls be suppressed as evidences. Hopefully you have noticed something new here: to obtain their evidence, the French had simply commanded the Homeland Security team sitting in front of the mind-reading computer to remotely control me to develop an erection upon the sight of a pretty pyramid. Since there was now suspicion that I was only pretending to conspire with the CIA and had secretly helped the Russians convict Boss Cheney of his terrorist plan – and since this terrorist plan consisted of, among other things, remotely controlling the convicted Russian elites to start a nuclear holocaust – the French had obtained from the judge computer the right to remotely control me as well to neutralize my own terrorist threat (this, even if I didn’t quite understand what the “plan” was which was communicated to me on December 11). The right to simply remotely control me through the chips planted in my brain to produce the evidences needed – that would make the task of the French so much easier. Thus, thanks to the French’s new trick, from now on not only my desire to cry, but also any erection I experienced, would be extracted from the intercepts of the mind-reading computer and entered into evidence in the ICJ. Luckily for me, after the Russians shall have established to the satisfaction of the judge computer that my desire to cry could also be properly explained by my feeling of inferiority vis-à-vis pyramids, they would also obtain the right to simply remotely control me to produce the evidences *they* needed to neutralize my terrorist threat against *them*.³⁵

January 29 (Friday; “Putin”, the photographers, “Da”, and “Maman”)

My first recording of the new day is: “1_29_10_343AM.WMA”: As soon as I woke up, I started writing.

My next recording is: “1_29_10_457-545AM.WMA”: I said to my recorder: “You have survived!” And then to myself: “You are down to such a state that you don’t even have money for eating... You have to find a way to not drag so much stuff with you... We need to reduce the number of our discs... Get Blu-ray Discs...” I then made the point that I must record my conversations. On 25:00 I left my apartment. I bought doughnuts and then waited for the bus. I was going to the payday loan store to borrow more money.

34 Reviewed until 41:00, and then from 6:47:00 onward.

35 That the chips planted in my brain could enable the mind-reading computer to not only read my thoughts but also to control my thoughts, intentions, and bodily functions – *this* will be properly explained in the following chapters, from “The Psychology of the Ying and the Yang” onward.

My next recording is: “1_29_10_546-548AM.WMA”: I continued to wait for the bus. As I would pretend to write on my diary later: “On 5:54 AM, I got on the #4 bus (bus number 9415). On 6:13 AM a white male with short blond hair and of small stature was lingering in front of me near the back exit. I drew a portrait of him and, from later happenings, it’d become clear that Daddy might just have put another fake ‘Russian agent’ in front of me to produce a surveillance intercept showing me meeting with a real Russian agent. The man was about 5/7, athletic-built, wearing black pants and Adidas tennis shoes. He carried a black bag and had a cellphone in it. He got off the bus at the stop near the Superior Court in downtown at about 6:15 AM, where I also happened to get off.”

It’s not clear whether this guy was really part of any operation. (It’s possible that the French had sent him in to frame me and the Russians in the ICJ lower court.) More importantly, something that I didn’t dare mention is that, as I squatted on the floor in the bus, I began suspecting the lady sitting in front of me to be a member of the French team whom the Russians had sent in to frame herself for conspiracy with me. Apparently I believed that I had done something yesterday to enable the Russians to convict the French and “get on top”. It’s not clear why I believed this when the reality was that the French had just produced a devastating blow yesterday morning near Unurban. In hindsight, I thus have to say that I was completely wrong at the time: the lady was just a random person. The battle between the French and the Russians had just started. But, as you shall see, it is because I mistakenly thought that the Russians had already sent in members of the French team to appear in front of me that I would later wonder why the French just wouldn’t die.

My next recording is: “1_29_10_619-620AM.WMA”: As noted, I was now at the Civic Station.

My next recording is: “1_29_10_633-638AM.WMA”: I was now at Union Station. I debated with myself about whether it was legal to record my conversations with the police. As I would pretend to write later: “I rode the Metro to Union Station from there, and, after checking out the Customers Relation office, got on bus 333 (bus number 8153) at about 6:45 AM to go to the payday loan store. On this bus two cellphone intercepts seem to have happened. An Asian woman wearing a hood (of whom I made a portrait) was making cellphone calls several times in an unknown language. Then on 7:06 AM another man made a cellphone call seemingly in Cantonese. A narrative may be constructed from these two intercepts together which may correspond to Daddy’s script: first, I met with a Russian agent on the first bus to downtown; then I made a call to my Southeast Asian secret agent contacts from two countries – evidently to discuss what I had discussed with my Russian agent contact.” Of course I was just acting. Most likely there was no operation at all on the bus – unless the French had staged the calls in order to produce evidences for the lower court.

My next recording is: “1_29_10_712AM.WMA”: I was now at Normandie and Venice.

My next recording is: “1_29_10_718AM.WMA”: I was now at Venice and Hoover ready to go inside the payday loan store.

My next recording is: “1_29_10_722AM.WMA”: I had just gone inside the payday loan store and was told that I couldn’t get another loan until the previous check was cashed.

My next recording is: “1_29_10_741-803AM.WMA”: I came instead to Vermont and Venice, where there was another payday loan store. I waited outside the laundromat since it was not yet open. I began my monologue (my act): “... we have to pass by super weapons... it’s not like Mommy will come... According to the intercepts that were produced, it seems that we have had a meeting with a Russian agent, and then made calls to our Southeast Asian secret agent partners... How can you tell whether a white guy is Russian?... They are shorter... look at Putin... Recall the Russian students we met at Hayward... Remember Olga? ... her boyfriend, Sasha... Why can’t Mommy come pick us up? ... I think Olga was Turkish or something... We don’t care about that in America... Don’t think about Mommy... What does ‘Kazakova’ mean?... We can’t write about every single person we have ever met... Remember that Bulgarian girl we met in UCLA?... It seems that sometimes the Russians are very tall, and sometimes very short... Where is Mommy? Maybe we will see Mommy today...” Then: “What about our Russian girlfriend? She’s pretty, but not that pretty... she’s *somebody*... and we have a memory with her, for one hour... ha ha...” Then I began recalling the San Jose court lady again from January 12 last year: “The consulate must be like... What the fuck! Why was she over there with this guy? Ms so and so was spotted in a courthouse in San Jose guarding divorce files... We miss Mommy... We are hungry... we don’t even have money for food...”

I didn’t know at the time, but would soon realize, that my monologue this morning was deadly for the Russians’ case. The French had the right to use faulty surveillance to distort my monologue into an admission that I had plenty of connections with Putin and Russia. This evidence for the lower court can then be used in the upper court to establish my conspiracy with Russia. While the French’s evidence of my conspiracy with the Russians (my outburst on January 26) was still being disproved by the Russian’s counter evidences, they had so far – at least – two more pieces of evidences suggesting that the “David Chin legend” was correct, one from yesterday and one from today.

My next recording is: “1_29_10_804-816AM.WMA”: I continued: “There is still one hour before the place is open... Mommy why are you letting this happen? We did draw a portrait of this Russian man on the bus... but it’s only a side-view... it might have been *somebody*... all these big people rode the bus with us, like Best Mommy... Thank you Daddy... but we aren’t videotaping it anymore, and these portraits aren’t very good... We are so hungry... Why doesn’t Mommy take us away? Buy us food...” I was now ready to go inside the laundromat to work on my laptop.

My next recording is: “1_29_10_821-847AM.WMA.WMA”: I was again waiting outside the laundromat. I pretended to believe that the man standing there was an undercover cop. I wrote down on my diary what has just been quoted (the “Russian agent”) and then looked up the manual for CHEESE. And there appeared a super weapon! Then I pretended to be paranoid about the Asian man who just stood there. I tried out the webcam on my Eee PC. Then another super weapon appeared and I turned off my recorder.

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
4.8.2. The World of the Pyramids
Lawrence C. Chin,
Jan. 2010 – Apr. 2021

As I would write in my diary later: “Between 8 and 9 AM, I was waiting outside the laundromat by Vermont and Venice, the loan store opening on 9 AM. A Hispanic man was standing in front of me for the second time on 9:01 AM. This time he was making a cellphone call.” Just acting! Most likely no operation here.

My next recording is: “1_29_10_903-906AM.WMA”: I was now at the payday loan store. I asked the receptionist to explain to me how to get a loan here. I then went outside to fill out the application.

My next recording is: “1_29_10_939-1007AM.WMA”: I came back inside and turned in the application. By 11:00 I got my money and came outside to review the papers. “These are not the papers I have signed.. that’s what happens when you didn’t record it... it’s like quantum mechanics... the two slit experiment... you don’t know what could happen unless you record it... everything is so uncertain unless you have recorded it... we sat outside the laundromat for an hour... you don’t know what people have reported... that this guy is chasing after children again... what people say have nothing to do with what you do... the only thing you have control over is your location...” I bought something in a liquor store and, as soon as I walked out, there was a super weapon. I was shocked, but he didn’t fire.

My next recording is: “1_29_10_1013AM.WMA”: I continued my act: “Somebody took Spanish newspapers out of the newsstand... I don’t know if it means anything...” Nothing!

My next recording is: “1_29_10_1036AM.WMA”: “... we are going to eat before going back to Union Station...”

My next recording is: “1_29_10_1045-1106AM.WMA”: I described my current situation: “... we are in the parking lot at Union Station... that guy that is sitting there is making us uncomfortable... we have changed place to eat our burrito... it’s not a good idea to live in a Hispanic neighborhood, it’s too populated... are we going to see Mommy today? Don’t think about it, that’s not good for you... we can’t drag this big cart... we need to reduce the number of our discs... then when you talk to ordinary people you wouldn’t look so weird...” I was now ready to go inside: I had come to Union Station to ask the Metro officers whether anyone had made reports about me. Again, I was pretending to be worried about Mr former Secretary’s operation.

My next recording is: “1_29_10_1120-1131AM.WMA”: I was now outside again and recounted what had happened inside: “... a woman took a picture of us and we drew a portrait of her...” Did the French send her in to produce evidence for the lower court that I didn’t look quite like myself? Then: “We wrote down on a piece of paper: ‘Sir, I have problems talking... Can you tell me if any instances have been reported on these buses...?’ And then we will provide the bus numbers. Every time when you see Mommy, you’ll have to check on it... as long as Daddy knows that we do check on things, that’s good enough...” I then videotaped the piece of paper in question. “... we were seen... the point is not whether it is illegal... people can report us for being suspicious...” I was now ready to walk into the Metro customer service.

My next recording is: “1_29_10_1149-1156AM.WMA”: I recounted: “... we didn’t find the office, but there were email addresses and phone numbers... we could have just called... you are such a retard...” I was now ready to get on bus 33.

I would soon recount everything again in my diary: “After getting 255 dollars or so from the loan store, I took the 33 bus back to Union Station (bus number 9465). Near the station I bought a burrito and a small Coke... It should be mentioned that, just when I entered Union Station at around 11:15 AM, I might have been photographed by an overweight white woman of whom I thus made a portrait. Right after [I was] thus ‘accidentally photographed’, an army of super weapons paraded past me. On the 333 bus going from Union Station to Venice (bus number 9489), a white guy who seemed to be my ‘criminal double’ appeared to sit near me at about 12:26 PM. I thus made a portrait of him as well. He had tattoos on his neck and his left arm. There was also a black female in front of me text-messaging on 12:42 PM and making a cellphone call on 12:45 PM. A Hispanic person was then text-messaging on 1:02 PM. Also, a young female took a picture of me on 12:55 PM. Two (what seemed to be) undercover detectives had also showed up on this bus going to Venice. The first on 12:38 PM or so just as super weapons were coming on. He got off the bus on 12:39 PM. The second on 12:59 PM. I made portraits of both of them. It should also be mentioned that a young female sat down next to me on 12:40 PM, upon which I moved to a different seat.” Again, it’s very likely that it was the French who had sent in these two photographers because they were now manufacturing evidences for the lower court that I didn’t look quite like myself and that the “David Chin legend” was therefore correct.

My next recording is: “1_29_10_108-110PM.WMA”: I was now on Venice and Centinela.

My next recording is: “1_29_10_122-132PM.WMA”: I was now sitting outside Cafe Expresso. I turned on my Eee PC and it was doing disk-check again. Then I went inside.

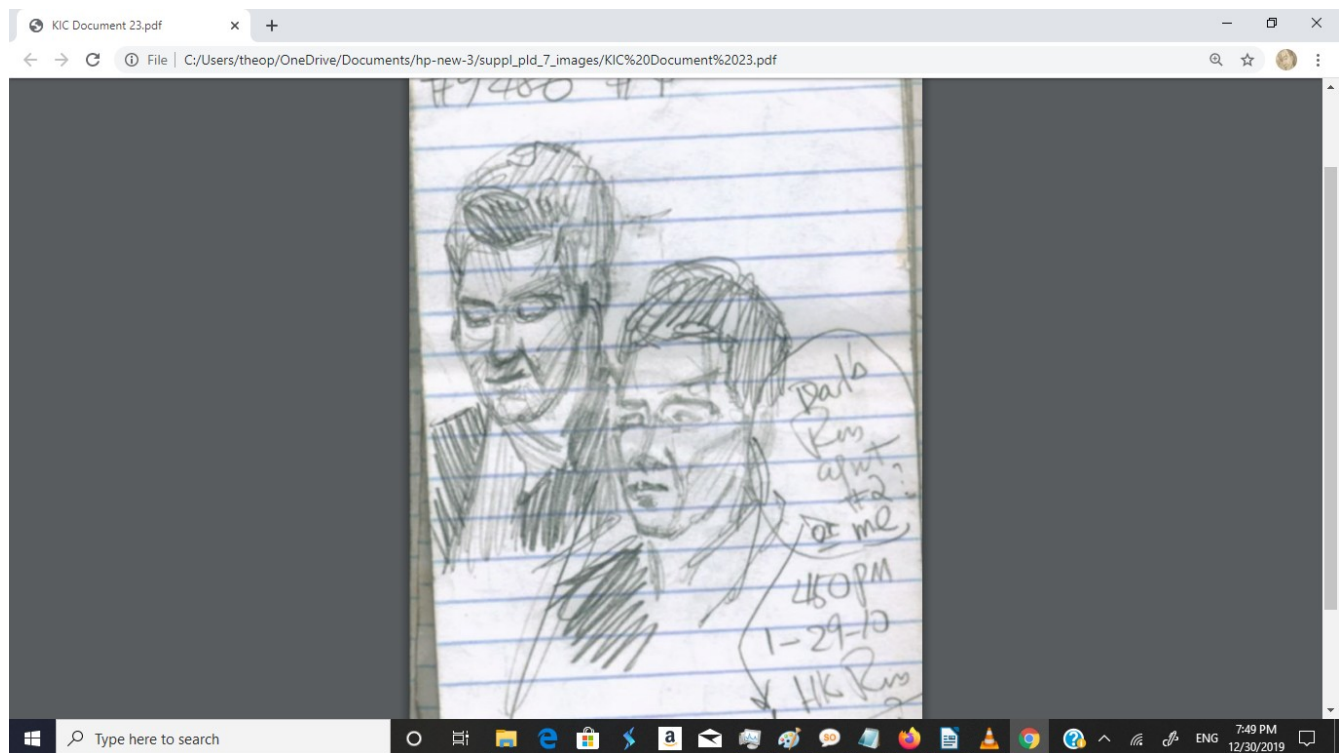
My next recording is: “1_29_10_144-153PM.WMA”: I complained (not quite acting): “... you will always be alone, there will never be anyone around you... everything is fraught with danger... your best friend is your recorder... all alone with your malfunctioning computer... you get to look at Mommy occasionally... nothing else...” Sad! And this would be my fate for a long time to come!

My next recording is: “1_29_10_157-254PM.WMA”: I was now sitting outside Cafe Expresso again. I wanted to write an email to Metro, but then decided to forget about it. “... you will not find a job...” Frustrated, I got on Stories LA’s website. “No, I like being a pedophile, it’s very fun, very cool...” And I kept on repeating it. On 13:00, a super weapon showed up. On 17:00 I called up Harbor UCLA: “I want to ask you about your outpatient therapy... You take Medi-Cal, right? I want to see both a therapist and a psychiatrist...” On 22:30, the receptionist hanged up without answering my questions. “Whenever the police detain you and ask you what you do, you shall always say you are unemployed, because David Chin is supposed to be unemployed and yet have millions of dollars in his bank account.” Now I was looking up the website of Harbor UCLA trying to figure out the bus route for getting there. “... Just enjoy what’s going to happen to you... you can never change the world, you can only change yourself... when they put you in the hospital just say ‘I like it’... everybody knows you are recording...”

What are you afraid of? ... Do you know what's going to happen if you go in front of the police officers and turn on your recorder? Nothing... they don't care... Mommy... Go home and watch Mommy on the computer screen..." Then a super weapon appeared and I turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: "caffexpr_1_29_10_254-329PM.WMA": I was still sitting outside the coffeehouse. I then admonished myself again not to stare at pyramids. I then mumbled about how happiness consisted in Mommy showing up, drawing portraits of her, and then pasting the portraits on the wall. "Wow we are about to be arrested! Whatever..."

Then I left Cafe Espresso. As I would soon describe on my diary: "I rode the 33 bus (full of super weapons) from Centinela and Venice back to downtown (bus number 9456), and then took the #4 bus to go home (bus number 9486). On the bus a white guy was making a long cellphone call at about 4:50 PM. I got suspicious and started listening in on his unintelligible conversation in a foreign language. And guess what, I heard him say 'Da Da Da Da', which immediately alarmed me that he was most likely speaking Russian. This means that, since he was so close to me, he must be my double producing an intercept of my talking with my contact in Russian. We'd then thus have the narrative continue like this: after harassing super weapons or females or things like that, the criminal foreign agent David Chin was talking with his Russian contact on his cellphone in Russian, probably discussing what he had just discussed with his Southeast Asian contacts. I thus made a portrait of this double of mine – remember that the imaging of my doubles is therapeutic as it functions like the mirror stage in Lacanian psychoanalysis during which the subject achieves separation from the Other (*l'Autrui*)."



The guy who kept saying “Da Da Da...” around 4:50 PM

Of course I was just acting: as noted, I knew very well that there was no such operation going on. But it’s not clear to me whether there was any other operation going on. It’s likely that the French had indeed sent in this guy to talk Russian near me so that they could obtain another evidence confirming that David Chin did speak Russian. The fact that I came close to this scenario in my act did not matter since I didn’t yet identify the French as the party behind the setup.

My next recording is: “aprtffcecam_1_29_10_543-545PM.WMA”: I was now in my apartment building. I came to the office and asked the manager: “Where did they keep the footage from the camera on the wall?” I was still pretending to be afraid of Mr former Secretary’s plan.

My next recording is: “supl7_1_29_10_549-839PM.WMA”: I was now in my room. “... there will be a surveillance intercept showing the police to be searching your laptop and discovering other people’s noises in your recordings...” I then mumbled about how I couldn’t afford something... how something would show up... “She wants us to get on the Internet...” Then: “We will be detained, and no charges will be filed...” Then I continued to mumble about how I would soon be arrested and put into the hospital. “And Mommy will help Daddy, it’s nothing personal... *remember that we love Mommy not because Mommy loves us but because Mommy is good...*” I was then writing down all the diary notes which have just been quoted. Then I mumbled about Nicole Kidman in the movie “The Birthday Girl” – how she could *pretend* to speak Russian and not English. After I was done with writing, I videotaped all the portraits I had made today. I then mumbled about how my Daddy wanted the “bitch” to photograph me doing “criminal transcribing”. “No Mommy today...” Then – this is important – I wrote down in the very beginning of my Supplemental Pleading 7 the opening line you have seen above, “Nous aimons le Maman...” (1:59:00). Then: “... let’s stay home tomorrow... no Mommy... watch Mommy on DVDs... no pyramids... no Mommy-like pyramids tomorrow...”

My next recording is: “1_29_10_839PM.WMA”: just my alarm.

My next recording is: “slp_1_29-30_10_840PM-441AM.WMA”: I slept quietly with the alarm turned on.³⁶ On 7:54:00, I woke up. Then my recorder ran out of space.

Now an explanation. I had by then developed an inkling that I had produced evidences unfavorable to the Russians this morning at the very least and so, now that I knew the French had become involved, I purposely wrote down “Maman” in order to try to sink the French into a conspiracy with me and protect Russia. But I couldn’t identify the French outright because I couldn’t yet come up with a scenario to explain how I had come to know that the French had become involved – if I just named the French outright, I would risk the suspicion that I was trying to frame them. It was therefore probably not enough evidence yet for the Russians to establish any conspiracy between me and the French.

January 30 (Saturday; stayed home)

³⁶ Reviewed until 5:30, and then from 7:47:00 onward.

My first recording of the new day is: “hm_1_30_10_521-850AM.WMA”: I continued: “... no Mommy today... you stay home today, okay?” I came out of my apartment on 15:00. “We love Mommy so much...” I bought doughnuts and came back to my room by 22:00. I continued: “Daddy must have loved the movie ‘The Birthday Girl’... *Maybe Daddy wants a French guy who really speaks like a Russian*... he would want his French friend to fake Putin, perhaps... our double yesterday, he doesn’t look like... everybody is faking Russians...” (until 1:12:00). Then: “Nicole Kidman is very beautiful, but not Mommy-like... Mommy is like a movie star... just think... it’s okay to enjoy Mommy on your computer screen... but don’t go out to look for her... if she happens to be in front of you, it’s okay... but don’t go out to actively seek her out... Now everything looks like Mommy, and you can’t concentrate on anything anymore... your psychosis is like... absolutely, you have to see a doctor...” Then: “... a new type of pyramid, very beautiful, but not Mommy-like, like Nicole Kidman or Tori Amos...” I then started recalling the various therapists I had had in the past. “The problem is that you are lonely... when you see people you can’t do anything... everything is fraught with danger... staying home makes you psychotic, but going out is dangerous...” Then: “If Daddy does something... it doesn’t matter...” I was then checking over the videos of my storage configuration. On 3:07:00 I turned on the alarm.

My next recording is: “hm_1_30_10_851-1015AM.WMA”: The alarm was still on. I seemed to be counting my discs. Then I was ready to go out again.

My next recording is: “buycigfood_1_30_10_1022-1028AM.WMA”: I bought cigarettes in the liquor store.

My next recording is: “hm_1_30_10_1034AM-315PM.WMA”: I came back home and turned on the alarm again. On 23:00 I was examining my portrait book. Then I admonished myself again (half-serious and half-acting): “When you buy doughnuts you think about Mommy... When you sleep you think about Mommy... When you pace around you think about Mommy...” Then, from 1:54:00 onward, I was working on a chapter from “Karin’s Meetups”. Then, from 2:35:00 onward, I was doing my acting again: “We are not going out... your obsession with Mommy... this obsession is better than the other obsessions we have had before... Mommy is always gonna be there...” And I moaned about how much I missed Mommy – again, while the obsession and longing were real, I must express it in such a way as to look like I was working against Russia. “... the season will pass, and we will feel better... We love Mommy, and she deserves to be loved, whether she loves us or not... We will love Mommy even if she shall never show up again... You must separate obsession from love... With love, she doesn’t have to be there... Tell your therapist that... We suffer from an obsession with Mommy, not love...” Then: “... even when you are doing two things at the same time you still think about Mommy... and you get distracted... except that you don’t ever get distracted from thinking about Mommy...” I was then reading about computer matters.

My next recording is: “hmrwtkmulearnlinux_1_30_10_315-606PM.WMA”: My alarm continued. And super weapons were shouting outside. Then: “... Mommy is good, but obsession with Mommy is

bad...” (1:23:00). Then I started writing again and, from 2:30:00 onward, I was reading about Linux.

My next recording is: “hm_1_30_10_623-627PM.WMA”: Still at home. And my alarm continued.

My next recording is: “hm_1_30_10_627-849PM.WMA”: My alarm continued while I rested. More: “You must not think about Mommy every single second of your life...” I then mumbled about something on 54:00. On 1:41:00 I got up. On 1:48:00 I mumbled about how I should worry about super weapons. Then I mumbled about something again on 1:59:00. “... you will just take in whatever comes...” Again on 2:07:50. On 2:15:35 I mumbled about something again. Then, on 2:21:40: “... maybe Daddy... I think it’s okay... it’s not very loud...”

My next recording is: “dstrbnceslp_1_30_10_849-1014PM.WMA”: My alarm continued.

And so, because I stayed home today, the French didn’t have a chance to produce any evidences out of me to confirm in the lower court that the “David Chin legend” was correct.

January 31 (Sunday; crying over Mieke Katz)

My first recording of the new day is: “hmmusic_1_31_10_558AM-1205PM.WMA”. I would stay in my room all morning after waking up. I videotaped my latest portraits and then checked my discs. I looked into the kernel.log on my Ubuntu (2:12:00) and then succeeded in playing the music videos stored in the Windows partition with the media player in Ubuntu. The first music video: MIA’s “Uhlalala” (2:17:00). I missed Mommy so much and wanted to go out so that Mommy might show up in front of me, but then decided that it was too dangerous. The next video: MIA’s “Uhlalala” in concert (2:25:00). I kept playing it. On 2:33:10, my “Mommy laptop” (Eee PC) was not working. I restarted it in Ubuntu on 2:36:00. On 2:39:00, Tori Amos’ “Sleeps with Butterflies”. Then the next video, MIA’s “Hoffnung“ in concert (2:42:55). Then MIA’s “Hungriges Herz” in concert (until 2:52:30 or so). Next, MIA’s “Kreisel” (2:55:00). Next, Wir sind Helden’s “Heldenzeit” (2:59:00). Two times. Then, their “Nur ein Wort” (3:09:30). Then, on 3:13:45, MIA’s “Ökostrom”. Then, on 3:19:20, Annie Villeneuve’s “Un ange qui passe”. Then, on 3:27:00, MIA’s “Mausen” (concert on TV). Next, MIA’s “Mein Freund” (3:34:00). Then, on 3:36:00, I rewound the video a little in order to watch Mieke Katz dancing. The way she moved so attracted me. Then, on 3:41:40, Silbermond. Then, on 3:50:50, MIA’s “Hoffnung“ again. Then, on 4:04:50, “Kreisel” once more. Then, on 4:09:30, “Tanz der Molekül”. Again on 4:13:20. I was now getting very excited and was singing along. And, strangely, I again wanted to cry. I tried to hold my tears in. Then, I took the risk and opened up MIA’s “Was es ist” on 4:17:20. It was strange enough that, just when Mieke Katz sang the punchline “... und betreten das neue Deutschland”, my desire to cry reached a climax, causing me to almost burst into tears. Then I played James Blunt’s “Goodbye My Lover” on 4:22:30. Then, on 4:27:00, MIA’s “Machtspiele”. Then I played “Was es ist” one more time. When I was all done and rested, I was sure that I had beat the French. When my Eee PC went into sleep mood, I even thought that this was the Russians’ signal to me that I had succeeded.

My next recording is: “1_31_10_1236-221PM.WMA”: I was still at home. I turned on the alarm, talked

to myself, and then rested.

My next recording is: “hm_1_31_10_222-238PM.WMA”: The alarm was still on. I was now ready to go out.

My next recording is: “buyfood_1_31_10_242-252PM.WMA”: I bought food in the liquor store.

My next recording is: “txtmssgraprt_1_31_10_256PM.WMA”: I came back home and recounted what happened in the elevator: somebody text-messaged.

My next recording is: “kmu11_11_1_31_10_258-942PM.WMA”: I turned on the alarm again and mumbled indistinctly for a while and then rested. On 1:07:00 I got up and started working on my “Karin’s Meetups” (“Persecution Mania or Not”). On 3:38:00 my Ubuntu went into disk-check again, and I missed filming it. I read up on computer information. Then: “... I don’t know why it is taking so long... We might not be able to burn any disc on Ubuntu at all...”

My next recording is: “1_31_10_955-1108PM.WMA”: The alarm was still on, and I was reading something. I continued to mumble indistinctly.

My next recording is: “slp_1_31-2_1_10_1109PM-541AM.WMA”: Then I went to sleep.³⁷ On 6:12:30, I woke up. Immediately: “... you might see Mommy, but don’t think... business first...” I filmed my room before leaving. “We have to use the Internet too...”

Now let’s comment on what had happened this morning before we move on. Did I really beat the French this morning? I have elsewhere summarized what, *at the time*, I imagined had happened.

On January 31, however, I would use my intense desire to cry to the advantage of the Russian team and myself. I had been listening to music all morning until noon, mostly German, French, and American pop music. I knew that the French team had already been arguing that pop music was my way to communicate with DGHTR,³⁸ and that the central female figure in the famous German pop music group, MIA, represented Russia. I felt like crying all morning for no reason at all, just because I had been suppressing my desire to cry for so long. I took the risk and opened up MIA’s very controversial song, “Was es ist”. Now the French team quickly entered into evidence their long-cherished argument that MIA’s lead singer, Mieke Katz, represented Russia. Only too coincidental that, just when Mieke [Katz] sang the punchline “... und betreten das neue Deutschland”, my desire to cry reached a climax, causing me to almost burst into tears. This caused the French team to eat their own argument in front of DGHTR, for the combination of my desire to cry with Mieke Katz as a symbolism of Russia resulted instead in the judge

³⁷ Reviewed until 28:00, and then from 5:58:00 onward.

³⁸ As you shall see, “DGHTR” was my misconception at the time about the leading figure of the Russian team. Whenever I wrote “DGHTR”, you should replace it with “the Russians”.

computer's acceptance of the Russian team's counter-argument that MIA represented Germany and the Western powers instead of Russia, so that it pronounced the judgment that I was in conspiracy with the French team – all through the French team's own admission! This looked so much like a replay of the episode where "Best Mommy" was "taken out". DGHTR couldn't have been more impressed.

Today I can of course be sure that this was precisely *not* what had happened. Given the preceding battle, it is obvious that it was the Russians' turn this morning to produce evidences out of me and that the reason why I wanted to cry so much was that they were commanding Homeland Security to remotely control me to cry. In fact, they controlled me to cry at just the right time, during Mieke Katz's "punchline". The Russians then entered this intercept into the judge computer as evidence that my desire to cry was part of my conspiracy with Western powers so that, with the judge computer's permission, the evidence of my crying on the morning of January 26 was promptly suppressed (or canceled out). The French had been slaughtering the Russians in the lower court thanks to my crying on that morning, but my hard work in the past few days in producing the counter-evidence that my crying was the result of my inferiority complex before pyramids had now enabled the Russians to reestablish their claim that I had conspired with the CIA to harm them – so that they were, this morning, able to obtain the right to control me to produce the right evidence to benefit them.

February 1 (Monday; "Mabeek" and "Jinyong")

My first recording of the new day is: "2_1_10_541-559AM.WMA": And so I set out for Harbor UCLA. I came out of my apartment, got doughnuts, and then waited for the bus.

As I would pretend to write on my diary later: "I got on bus #4 on Santa Monica and Western on about 6:05 AM this morning (bus number 9486). Two middle-aged white males were spotted on the bus looking like undercover cops, one about 5/8 with mustache, who got off the bus on Vermont and Santa Monica on 6:10 AM, and the other, wearing glasses, about 5/7 and with short blond hair, getting off the bus on 6:15 AM. A police car (license plate 1135238, if I didn't spot it incorrectly) was parked for the bus to pass it by around 6:21 AM, just before Sunset and Echo Park. The video camera in its back may have 'accidentally' caught me. Other happenings of note on this bus: a Hispanic guy was talking on his cellphone on 6:17 AM as if it were a walkie-talkie, and another old white lady, slightly overweight, after moving in front of me to manipulate her cellphone, was trying to avoid my drawing a portrait of her, thus looking suspicious. She got off the bus near Temple and Grand in downtown on about 6:29 AM." In reality, none of these were likely to be operations.

My next recording is: "2_1_10_629-637AM.WMA": I just got off bus 4 on Hill and 3rd. I was now going to Union Station. I saw Torrance bus 1: "Perhaps it's not necessary to go to Union Station." Nevertheless I came to Union Station to catch Torrance Transit buses.

My next recording is: "2_1_10_717-820AM.WMA": I was now in Union Station looking for the Torrance Transit bus stop. "Mommy... we want Mommy... Don't stare at people who look like

Mommy...” There was no bus.

As I would continue to write later: “At Union Station: There may have been a double of mine buying a Metro ticket from the machine, selecting disabled fare – one minute or so after I turned off the recorder. No Torrance #1 was posted at Union Station. I did ask the lady in the Metro Link office, ‘Where is Torrance #1?’ After an hour of waiting vainly for it to show up, I got on – after some meandering – the Metro Blue Line on about 9 AM. A black guy getting off the Metro on Compton took out his cellphone in front of me (I was squatting by the exit) to say, ‘They took the money...’ As I got tired of....” Again, most likely no operations.

My next recording is: “2_1_10_919AM.WMA”: I was now at Harbor Freeway Station (Metro Green Line). I walked around looking for the stop for Torrance bus 1.

My next recording is: “2_1_10_922-1015AM.WMA”: I continued walking: “... there will be a lot of people there who look like Mommy...” I found the stop for Torrance bus 7. I mumbled while waiting.

My next recording is: “2_1_10_1017-1026AM.WMA”: I was still waiting for the Torrance Transit bus. I moaned. “Why doesn’t Mommy come to pick us up?”

My next recording is: “2_1_10_1040-1047AM.WMA”: I was still at Harbor Freeway station.

My next recording is: “2_1_10_1057-1104AM.WMA”: I was still at Harbor Freeway station. “... it’s like hitch-hiking to New York. Hopefully we will get there by 5 PM. Mommy has a retarded doggie, he couldn’t even get somewhere that is merely 7 miles away...” I decided to eat at the burger store first.

My next recording is: “2_1_10_1110-1138AM.WMA”: I was eating my burger.

My next recording is: “2_1_10_1145-1155AM.WMA”: I was still at the Torrance bus stop. The bus still hadn’t come. “We suffered an intercept! Somebody is text-messaging!” Unlikely!

My next recording is: “2_1_10_1158AM.WMA”: There was still no bus. Then it seems that I did see bus 1.

My next recording is: “2_1_10_1159AM-1250PM.WMA”: I was now walking along the bus stop getting increasingly frustrated: “We will make it to Harbor UCLA after 9 hours of travel. When you see your double just smash his head with a baseball bat...” I walked and walked and came to Rosecrans.

My next recording is: “2_1_10_1250-1252PM.WMA”: I was still waiting for the bus. “I just wish Mommy would come pick us up...”

My next recording is: “2_1_10_1252-113PM.WMA”: I continued to walk and to wait for the bus. “We are so pathetic...” Finally Torrance bus 1 came and I got on.

My next recording is: “2_1_10_129-158PM.WMA”: Finally, I had arrived at my destination. I was now looking for the entrance to Harbor UCLA’s psychiatric department. I found it.

My next recording is: “2_1_10_2PM.WMA”: nothing.

As I would continue to write later in my diary: “At Harbor UCLA around 2:15 PM. An overweight black female by the name of Karen Kessington-Lewis was the receptionist. I had to talk to her, saying: ‘I want to see a doctor... I don’t have a phone...’, and then ‘Can I ask another question? The outpatient therapy... that’s here?’ Then my old social worker from Asian Pacific (Long Beach Mental Health) in 2002 appeared to receive me, Mabeek, to whom I had to respond: ‘First time.’ When she asked for my Social Security Number I also had to say it, plus my birthday (11-16-69) two times...”

My next recording is: “wmbk_2_1_10_221-234PM.WMA”: Mabeek’s appearance was such a surprise to me that I was convinced that it was orchestrated. I thus recorded the rest of my time with her. Since I was requesting to come here, she told me she couldn’t take me in unless I lived in Torrance. Mabeek did not at first remember me, but then did finally recognize me on 8:00 – when she was looking at the print-out of my history: “Oh my God, I see my name here...” How strange! She referred me to Hollywood Mental Health instead. Then, when I was leaving, I saw a very Mommy-like doctor (tall with long blond hair) leaving the clinic.

In the subsequent days I would always imagine that the Russians had orchestrated my encounter with Mabeek to convey to me a metaphor of how I beat Best Mommy: when Best Mommy was trying to get me to show my videos of Russian agents, she must have been similarly surprised: “Oh my God, I see *me* there on his laptop’s screen...” I assumed that the Russians had commanded the CIA to convey this metaphor to me in order to lock me up further in my conspiracy with the Agency (I was supposedly doing what Best Mommy had wanted me to do). Today, however, I’m no longer so sure about all this. My encounter with Mabeek could just be a coincidence.

My next recording is: “2_1_10_240-302PM.WMA”: I was now walking out of Harbor UCLA, mumbling continually: “Mommy Doctor...”

My next recording is: “2_1_10_305-329PM.WMA”: I was now looking around the shopping complex.

My next recording is: “2_1_10_401-408PM.WMA”: I just got off Torrance bus 1 and was now at Harbor Freeway Station.

My next recording is: “2_1_10_423-427PM.WMA”: I had just exited the Green Line station and was now walking on the street. As I would continue to write later in my diary: “Returning from Harbor UCLA on Torrance #1 (bus number 485). One man looking like an undercover cop I drew a quick portrait of: dark skin and white hair. A young black female was text-messaging a bit in front of me also. Then I got on Metro Green Line at Harbor Freeway Station to go to Imperial Station (cart number

220A). On Metro Blue Line by 4:35 PM (cart number 126B). A black guy was on his cellphone right in front of me on 4:45 PM (saying: ‘It’s due today...’ etc).” Again, most likely no operation here.

My next recording is: “2_1_10_453-504PM.WMA”: I was now on the street, still mumbling about how I wanted to see a “Mommy Doctor”. “Mommy doesn’t want to be recorded...”

As I would continue to write later in my diary: “By 5:10 PM I had got on bus #4 (bus number 9480) to go home. On 5:40 PM a Hispanic female came to sit next to me and started text-messaging. But a strange thing about her was her docility when I drew a portrait of her, making me wonder if she was there for me to draw so that the security camera in the bus may catch me ‘harassing females with my portraiture’... That would be sort of strange, though.” Nonsense! Nice acting!

My next recording is: “2_1_10_6-603PM.WMA”: I just got off bus 4 on Santa Monica and Western and recounted what had just happened on the bus: this pregnant Hispanic woman and her husband just had to sit in front of me with their super weapon. I was not going home immediately but was walking to Sabor and was humming whenever super weapons appeared.

Something that I didn’t dare mention anywhere is that, while I was crossing the bridge on St Andrews, a pretty middle-aged white woman walked past me who I believed again was a member of the French team. My belief was that, because I had established another instance of my conspiracy with the French yesterday, today the Russians sent this lady in from the French team to frame herself for further conspiracy with me. I was so proud of myself when she walked past me: “See, I beat you again!” According to my belief, after the French had got out from under, the Russians had got on top again. Again, in hindsight, I have to say that I was most likely wrong at the time.

My next recording is: “2_1_10_609-623PM.WMA”: I was still walking.

My next recording is: “sbrhlywd_2_1_10_623-918PM.WMA”: I was in Sabor from 6:00 onward. I sat outside, and a pyramid with two super weapons appeared on 11:00. I shouted and then cried: “Mommy... Daddy could tell Mommy to carry super weapons to flash them before us... We just hope that she’s not Mommy, that she’s just a random woman Daddy has found to carry super weapons...” In reality, what had just happened was most likely again not an operation. Then there was a Mommy-like pyramid sitting in the car in front of me, and I started deliberating whether she was really Mommy. She looked so much like Mommy! Then: “It’s futile to look for a job, you will not find it...” Nonetheless I was checking Craigslist. Then my screenshot function was no longer working. I then videotaped my Hotmail inbox and tried to activate the Microsoft Office on my Eee PC. I was then debating with myself about whether I should stare at pyramids: “... if you are too disgusting, you shouldn’t look, but if you look good, they *want* you to look... usually it doesn’t matter, it’s just that people might be instructed to complain...” Now it turned out that my screenshot was not functioning because my SnagIt trial version had expired. Then: “... you haven’t seen all the faces that Mommy has... now you are looking at your writings on Plato... and yet you like to stare at pyramids... there is a contradiction here... but only if the pyramid you stare at is not Mommy... with Mommy there is no contradiction...”

Then, from 2:19:00 onward, I suddenly started mumbling about Jinyong's novels (金庸): "... your problem is that you have never reconciled Plato with Jinyong's novels... the mistake that Gaurav made... that Plato is everything... the good people are always so beautiful... you don't know if that kind of world actually exists... it's not realistic until we met Mommy..." Then about how Gaurav was sponsoring art and how surprising that was to me. By 2:32:00 I started packing and on 2:34:00 I was walking home. When I passed by a restaurant on Hollywood Blvd I couldn't help but stop for a moment. So many pretty pyramids were eating inside that I found it increasingly hard to fight my longing. How much did I want a pyramid for myself! I stared at them for minutes and then continued on my way, resigned. Soon I arrived home. It's important to note that the Russians must have taken all this in.

My next recording is: "2_1_10_920-939PM.WMA": I was now in my room and turned on the alarm.

My next recording is: "slp_2_1-2_10_1016PM-221AM.WMA": My alarm was still on. And so I slept.³⁹

Now a comment. I seem to remember that, while I was sitting in Sabor tonight, I uttered at some point my understanding that my behavior toward Mommy – how I tried so hard to save the Agency's beautiful girls – was in large part conditioned by these Jinyong novels which I had read while a teenager. Just after I uttered it, I became frightened that I might have admitted that I knew that the Agency was in trouble and so that the Russians had already busted us. But, just then, a guy walked out of Sabor in front of me, which I mistook for the Russians' confirmation that an intercept had happened (and that they were therefore quite alright). It's not clear if that was indeed the case. Tonight was of course the second time that Jinyong's name had appeared in the evidentiary record, the first time being my last comments to Xiuxiu back in Shanghai. In any case, today seemed to be strangely quiet: no operation after the Russians and the French had reached a stalemate yesterday.

February 2 (Tuesday; Hollywood Mental Health; second erection)

My next recording is: "slp_2_2_10_222-317AM.WMA": I continued to sleep.⁴⁰

My next recording is: "2_2_10_318-433AM.WMA": I continued to sleep.

My next recording is: "2_2_10_448-610AM.WMA": Soon after I woke up, I turned on my Eee PC and booted it up to Ubuntu. I began working on my file folders.

My next recording is: "2_2_10_610-633AM.WMA": I then left my apartment. I got doughnuts and then waited for the bus. As I would pretend to write on my diary later: "The first bus this morning, on Western and Santa Monica: bus 704 on 6:35 AM (bus number 9378)."

39 Reviewed until 8:00, and then from 3:47:00 onward.

40 Reviewed until 13:00, and then from 54:00 onward.

My next recording is: “2_2_10_654-702AM.WMA”: I was now walking to Union Station. I continued: “... everything is about money... if you want to see a Mommy-like therapist, it’s very easy...” My longing for a pyramid was also manifesting itself in my increasing desire to talk to a white female therapist. (Recall the wish I had made to the Russians.) I then got on bus 333. As I would pretend to write later in my diary: “From Union Station, I took bus 333 on 7:06 AM to go to the payday loan store at Hoover and Venice (bus number 8102).” Again!

My next recording is: “2_2_10_731-757AM.WMA”: I was now outside the payday loan store. I turned off my recorder when I entered. As I would recount later on my diary: “The conversation at the payday loan store between me and a certain Delia CSR:

Me: ‘I got a loan from you last month; he said I can get another one.’

She: ‘Did you pay it off already?’

Me: ‘I assume he cashed the check.’

She: ‘What’s your last name?’

Me: ‘Chin’ (two times)

She: ‘...’

Me: ‘Lawrence.’

She: ‘...’

Me: ‘No.’

She: ‘Do you have an ID?’

Me: ‘...’

She: ‘We are not open until 8 AM.’

Me: ‘Why? Huh? He cashed it yesterday.’

She: ‘Yeah, it’s cashed.’

Me: ‘You mean, you cannot write me the loan until 8?... Okay.’

“The next conversation between me and Delia, after I had to turn off the recorder for fear of the super weapon that had just appeared:

Me: ‘255.’

She: ‘That’s 300... On March 1 you are gonna come back. What time will you be back?...’

Me: ‘March 1...’

She: ‘What time?’

Me: ‘What do you mean?’

She: ‘10 o’clock? 11 o’clock? 12 o’clock?...’

Me: ‘I don’t understand.’

She: ‘I’m gonna post that you are coming back on 10 AM. Let me go get your contracts. Sign right here, you are not in the military. Sign all four pages.’

Me: ‘Can you give me copies of all the papers I have signed?’ Then: ‘The four papers I have signed are not here. Can I see the four papers?’

“In any case, in the end, she refused to provide me with copies of the four pages that I had signed.” All this which I had carefully recorded on my diary was of course completely trivial information. And yet I wrote all this down in order to pretend to be pathologically attached to recording every single word that I said and that was said to me. I retain it here so that you can have some idea of how thorough my acting was.⁴¹

My next recording is: “2_2_10_759-802AM.WMA”: Then I turned on my recorder. I signed and gave out the check. Then a super weapon was shouting!

My next recording is: “2_2_10_809-813AM.WMA”: And so I left the payday loan store. I recounted: “It was a trick! Just when we turned on the recorder, a super weapon fired... We were unable to get copies of all the papers we have signed...” And a super weapon again! I hummed frantically.

As I would pretend to write in my diary later: “Getting on bus 33 to go back to downtown from the payday loan store (the bus number was either 6557 or 6567) at about 8:29 AM. Was there an operation on board? Well, a Hispanic woman was reading a piece of paper in Spanish, which given past experience suggested an intercept of my reading something in Spanish. I thus drew a quick portrait of her – a ‘self-portrait’, if you will...”

Then: “Then from Broadway near 5th Street, taking bus #4 to go to Vine and Santa Monica (bus number 9486). Just when getting on the bus, I had to say: ‘I’ll be back.’ A white guy continuously used his cellphone, first on 9:21 AM, then again on 9:31 AM, and finally he was text-messaging again on 9:34 AM and 9:43 AM. I drew a rough sketch of this guy...” Something else happened during this bus ride – something quite important – which I shall get into at the end of today’s entry.

My next recording is: “2_2_10_954-1008AM.WMA”: I was now on Santa Monica and Vine, having just got off bus 4. I started looking for Hollywood Mental Health Center, my next destination: I was determined to find a “Mommy therapist”. I came inside a fast food place first, but a super weapon was inside, and so I frantically turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: “2_2_10_1016-1047AM.WMA”: As I was eating outside, I turned on my recorder again. “We are going to see a Mommy-like doctor.” Done with eating, I continued to look for Hollywood Mental Health Center.

My next recording is: “2_2_10_1049AM-1207PM.WMA”: Finally, I was at Hollywood Mental Health Center. I filled out the questionnaire. Then, from 44:00 onward, I wrote down in my diary what had just happened: “Arrived at Hollywood Mental Health (1224 Vine) around 10:55 AM or so. My double was spotted using his cellphone continuously between 10:55 AM and 11:30 AM, at which time he left with someone in an SUV (license plate 5WJB977). I made a brief sketch of his approximate likeness.” It’s of course not clear whether that really was my double. Then, on 1:01:00, I was meeting with a case

41 I had to borrow money again even though I just did days ago because, as soon as my SSI check came in yesterday, 300 was already gone to this payday loan store.

manager. There were no appointments until May! I asked for a referral instead and then left. I had failed again!

My next recording is: “2_2_10_1207-1240PM.WMA”: While walking on the street, I continued to mumble about a new term that I was about to invent: “Mommylijk”. More on this later. Then, as I would pretend to write later in my diary: “On bus #4, around 12:45 PM, going from one block east of Vine and Santa Monica to Coffee Pot in the ‘Land of the Pyramids’ (bus number 9454).”

And so my time in the “Land of the Pyramids” is recorded in: “slvrlake_2_2_10_105-341PM.WMA”: I was now at Coffee Pot and sat outside. I continued: “You see too much of Mommy when there is no Mommy... the root cause of this obsession with Mommy...” And I got videotaped by a police car! Then I couldn’t connect to the Internet and so soon left. As I was walking the street, I continued: “If you get arrested, it’ll be because they have made a mistake, and they will throw you into the mental hospital...” Then, from 50:00 onward, I was at Cafe Tropical.⁴² I started checking online for the information that I was given earlier. On 1:14:00, I called up Alpine Furniture looking for my aunt Eva. She wasn’t there. On 1:16:00 I called the Wright Institute saying I was interested in psychotherapy. I hadn’t yet given up! Now the intake must be done by phone, and I didn’t know how to do it because I didn’t have a phone. I was told to call back on 6 PM to talk to “Inga”. I hanged up on 1:29:00. I was now looking online for various payday loan stores. Then jobs. On 1:49:00, I called up Alpine Furniture again but aunt Eva was still busy. On 1:52:00, a super weapon appeared. Panicking, I hummed like crazy. I came outside and kept staring at a pyramid who looked like Mommy: “When you see a woman, stare at her, and if she complains and asks you if you are a pervert, just say yes, and she will feel good...”. On 2:25:00 somebody borrowed my lighter: “... that *has to* be an intercept...” Not! Then, on 2:29:00, I left Cafe Tropical: “Here there are a lot of Mommylijks, but not Mommy-likes.” I then got on bus 704 to go home. As I would pretend to write in my diary later: “On bus 704 coming back from Cafe Tropical at around 3:46 PM (bus number 9387).”

My next recording is: “askrent_2_2_10_358-405PM.WMA”: I was now at my apartment building. I came to the office to ask if I could pay my rent with my debit card. No, only money order.

My next recording is: “hmrwt_2_2_10_407-519PM.WMA”: I was now in my room and I turned on the alarm and booted up my Eee PC to Ubuntu. I wrote for almost an hour and then was ready to go out again. I still had to use the Internet, if you recall.

My next recording is: “2_2_10_529-538PM.WMA”: I came out of my apartment and recounted what had happened earlier: “... the Hispanic woman in the elevator... super weapon...” Then: “... the super weapon’s face when we opened up our Ubuntu... Daddy is doing a little too much...” I had by this time just crossed Santa Monica on St Andrews. And a super weapon appeared! I hummed.

My next recording is: “saborhlywd_wila_2_2_10_547-819PM.WMA”: Taking notice of a pyramid who was text-messaging, I walked into Sabor on 4:00. I sat outside and turned on my laptop. I hummed

42 It would thus seem that I was actually at the “Continent of the Pyramids”.

like crazy. On 16:00, I called up this “Inga” at the Wright Institute on Skype. While I waited, my laptop froze up (18:00). Then I got disconnected on 22:00 and then was reconnected again. Inga wasn’t there and so I did the intake with a man, a certain “Dr Pear”. I requested a female therapist, preferably older. I was done by 42:00. I was then applying for jobs online. I discovered a job opening – not sure what it was – and planned to go there tomorrow to fill out an application. I was then looking up the bus route to this place. I came back inside and from 2:02:00 onward began reviewing my recordings. Then more online work.

My next recording is: “sbrhlywd_2_2_10_825-950PM.WMA”: I did more writing. Then a pyramid that sounded like a super weapon! By 1:07:00 I was leaving Sabor. I came home.

My next recording is: “hm_2_2_10_953-1014PM.WMA”: I was now in my room and turned on the alarm.

My next recording is: “braseriso_2_2-3_10_1042PM-1202AM.WMA”: I booted up my Eee PC to Ubuntu, videotaped the portrait of the Hispanic woman, and then wrote down the following in my diary under today’s entry (about my bus ride to Hollywood Mental Health Center):

“A new term shall be coined for what then happened on this bus: *Mommilijk*, to be distinguished from *Mommy-like*. A Mommy-like pyramid was suddenly found standing in front of me and she then came to sit down next to me. She, a blond with a pony-tail, was however a bit young, maybe in her mid- to late 20s, merely wearing sandals and a hood, like a funky chic, with faded nail polish on both her finger nails and toe nails, plus a tiny piercing on one of her nostrils. Now these were ‘Unmommy’, but she was somehow very beautiful in her quiet way. Just at the time, an Iranian man was talking Farsi on his cellphone a mere 5 feet away from me. Supposedly, if the ‘Mommy-like’ were Mommy, then this would indicate that the Iranian man was my double. But if not, then perhaps it was just an Iranian man making a cellphone call. Although the ‘Mommy-like’ reminds me so much of Mommy because of her quietude, her style was simply ‘Unmommy’ enough that I had to consider her to be a totally ambiguous case – one simply can’t tell. This from now on would be designated with the term ‘Mommilijk’, while ‘Mommy-like’ would be reserved for those pyramids who look like Mommy but are then definitely not Mommy in that they lack the quietude and sternness already spoken about.

“Now the phenomenon of ‘Mommilijk’ strikes one with a great sense of stress and anxiety because of the uncertainty of the situation it entails. Is there an operation or not? Is there an intercept in progress? Does reality split in two or not? Remember, when it comes to ‘Mommy’ it signals that an operation is at hand:

Le moment du Maman, ça signifie que
la réalité se fragmentera en deux
l’un, beauté extrême, pour nous
l’autre, laideur extrême, pour les élites du Monde
qui sont censés gouverner les humanités

mais qui ne peuvent ni voir les images ni entendre les sons

“What about the moment of ‘Mommilijk’ such as the pyramid sitting next to me for a moment while the Iranian man kept talking on his cellphone? It was the complete uncertainty as to whether the rupture of reality – *l’un pour nous les créatures inférieurs, et l’autre pour les dites élites* – has indeed happened.”

I then compiled the project for, and burned, DVD-92. That was my day. I must note that I didn’t dare – as yet – to write down what had really happened on my diary. When this “Mommylijk” pyramid sat down next to me, I suddenly developed a tremendous erection. I knew I was in trouble: the French were doing it in order to collect the evidence they needed – again that I was motivated by sexual perversion to videotape all the CIA girls. I was utterly mystified: I thought I had just beat them down on the morning of January 31; how did they manage to get up again? Well, because my understanding of the structure of the current trial process wasn’t correct. You see, what happened on the 31st was that the Russians were attempting to cancel out the evidence of my crying on the morning of the 26th. Somehow, throughout yesterday, the French were able to continue to maintain the suspicion that I was secretly helping the Russians so that they were able, today, to retain the right to remotely control me to produce evidences to benefit them. Now I tried to write out my little poem in French because I wanted to try again to sink these French bastards into a conspiracy with me, but I still couldn’t yet devise a scenario to explain how I had come to know that they were now involved.⁴³

February 3 (Wednesday; erection/ crying)

My first recording of the new day is: “dvd92wrong_ut_2_3_10_415-715AM.WMA”: I turned on my alarm and started burning a second copy of DVD-92. “... wasted disc space... don’t want to touch... again... it’s such a fucking piece of garbage...” I was quite upset. “... it always has to be Microsoft... we understand that...” I was upset because, even though the disc was well burned, there were 400 megabytes of empty space on it. “... Linux sucks... it’s so hard to use...”

My next recording is: “2_3_10_715-725AM.WMA”: I then left my apartment. I was going to my job interview. As I would pretend to write in my diary later: “Getting on bus 207 (bus number 6422) at Western and Santa Monica on 7:47 AM. A lot of super weapons came gathering around me when I turned on my Toshiba to check if it might be damaged in any way (it was not) after my bag fell to the ground before I got on the bus – a sign that there would be false reports about me saying I did this and that befitting a pedophile when in reality I had simply turned off my Toshiba and gone to sit elsewhere. A Hispanic guy was talking on his cellphone behind me in Spanish all the way until 8:15 AM or so. I had to ask the bus driver, ‘Where’s Slauson?’ and when she said, ‘It’s coming’, I said too, ‘It’s coming’. Getting on bus 108 at Slauson and Western (bus number 5123) on 8:33 AM.⁴⁴ What seemed to be an undercover cop was on board with me, having followed me onto the bus at the bus stop. He got off the

43 Note that, at the time, I could hardly have entirely comprehended the terrifying fact that both the Russians and the French could remotely control my bodily functions from the control center. I thought my reaction was also due to the fact that I hadn’t masturbated for too long.

44 I briefly turned on the recorder on 8:26 AM while at Western and Slauson: “2_3_10_826AM.WMA”.

bus at Slauson and Rimpau on 8:40 AM.” Again, there was most likely no operation here (no false reporting). It’s however unclear whether it was the French who had orchestrated the appearance of the children around me. If so, then they had just obtained more evidence that the “David Chin legend” was correct (that David Chin was indeed a pedophile).

My next recording is: “eatfuoldladyhide_2_3_10_854-1045AM.WMA”: I got off the bus in Fox Hill Mall and recounted what had happened on the bus: “The super weapons immediately surrounded us, it’s obviously orchestrated...” Then: “We will get a job and see a Mommy-like therapist...” I walked a long distance and then, on 26:00, was in a fast food place ordering food. I continued to recount what had happened on the bus: “We accidentally ran into an undercover police officer...” I ate and continued to mumble about how I wanted to see a therapist that looked just like Mommy. “Daddy is so scary, Mommy!” I then hid in a corner but was soon thrown out by a woman (1:19:00). I hid in another corner but got thrown out again. And more super weapons showed up! I promptly turned off my recorder.

My next recordings are: “tojob_2_3_10_1045-1057AM.WMA” and “signtrjobintrvw_2_3_10_1057-1128AM.WMA”: I came to my job interview and filled out the job application and left on 27:00 in the second recording.

My next recording is: “2_3_10_1128-1136AM.WMA”: I was now waiting for Culver City bus 6 on Bush and Sepulveda. I whined: “Mommy where are you? People inside will not report, will they?... Mommy... we just want to see a Mommy-like therapist...” Then bus 6 came. As I would pretend to write in my diary later: “Returning from job application: first taking Culver City bus #6 to go up to Santa Monica, and then taking bus #4 at Santa Monica and Sepulveda (the bus’ license plate was 1274107). A row of limousines was spotted on 12:34 PM just before Santa Monica and Kings. Many super weapons got on the bus on 12:40 PM.”

My next recording is: “hm_2_3_10_105-140PM.WMA”: I was now at home and turned on the alarm as usual. I recounted: “... the guy with a bag... collecting signatures... it was an operation... people were there to piss you off... the next thing... they called the police...” Then: “... what does Mommy think of Daddy’s plan?... Mommy... Oh my God we have to take the bus again....”

My next recording is: “hmresting_2_3_10_140-257PM.WMA.WMA”: Then, on 5:50: “Oh my God we forgot to ask for a copy of the paper we have signed...” Then I rested.

My next recording is: “2_3_10_257PM.WMA”: I was now ready to go out again.

My next recording is: “askrent_2_3_10_301PM.WMA”: I was now at the apartment office asking if I could bring in the rent tomorrow. No, it had to be today. I thereby set out for the bank.

My next recording is: “walkstandrews_2_3_10_314-319PM.WMA”: I crossed the bridge on St Andrews: a lot of super weapons. As I would pretend to write later in my diary: “Taking bus #2 on Sunset and Western on 3:25 PM to go to the Chase bank by Sunset and Vine (bus number 3009). At the

bank, the banker was a certain ‘Susanna Hernandez’ (a slightly overweight Hispanic white female), and what I did say to her was the following:

Me: ‘I want to withdraw all the money in my checking account... I want to buy money order... 609... 610... Why do you need me to swipe my card? Do you – Do you charge? Can you make a copy of the slip I just gave you?... Make a copy.’”

Again, I wrote down all this inessential information because I had to pretend. My next recording is: “aftrchsetobus4_2_2_10_343-427PM.WMA” (...2_3_10...): I muttered about how much a certain woman looked like Mommy. “... money order... 610 dollars... that woman who looked like Mommy... a tall blond...” Then, on 15:00, I walked into a market to buy necessities. Because super weapons were everywhere, I hummed loudly. Then, something happened which I again didn’t dare mention anywhere. When I was done with check-out, a pretty young pyramid appeared and, suddenly, I both developed a tremendous erection and wanted to cry – so much so that I almost burst into tears. I thought I was in serious trouble and came out without saying a word. I merely continued to hum loudly whenever super weapons appeared.

My next recording is: “vidmnyordrrcpt_2_3_10_447-451PM.WMA”: I videotaped the receipt, along with the manager’s signatures. Now I was ready to go buy food. “Make sure to check the file and cut off the part with super weapons.”

My next recording is: “buyfood_2_3_10_456-459PM.WMA”: I was now at a restaurant ordering food. Then, as I would pretend to write in my diary later: “Taking bus #4 at Vine and Santa Monica to come back (bus number 9484; the badge number of the driver, a black male, was 14400). There were several super weapons on the bus in my vicinity.”

My next recording is: “hmabutarrst_2_3_10_503-618PM.WMA”: I was now at home and turned on the alarm as usual. I muttered about how I would be arrested for criminal recording, and how the woman who I thought looked like Mommy then didn’t quite look like Mommy. Then I pretended to comment about the operations: “These people wanted to be recorded and they pretended they didn’t know... It’s our intention which counts... we truly believe they *wanted* to be recorded... They will put you in the hospital for believing that...” Then I rested.

My next recording is: “hm_2_3_10_701-736PM.WMA”: With my alarm turned on, I recounted how I was reviewing the recording of my conversation with the manager earlier. I was then writing out my diary entry. Then I was doing something on my computer (it’s not clear what).

My next recording is: “hmreadcmput_2_3_10_1037-1133PM.WMA”: My alarm was still on. “Let’s say: let’s wait for Mommy to show up...” Then: “... forget about this disabled pyramid... this video...” Then, my Eee PC’s CHKDSK again. Then I was reading something about cPanel and Wordpress (17:00). “... I hope our cPanel is not fake...” Then I successfully used a Microsoft instrument to open up my resume, a Microsoft Word document (27:30): “There is no need to activate Microsoft Word.”

Then I worked on other computer things.

My next recording is: “slp_2_3-4_10_1133PM-519AM.WMA”: And so, with the alarm turned on and my door taped up, I went to sleep.⁴⁵ On 5:39:00, I was awake.

Now a comment about the operation this afternoon before we move on. Since yesterday the French had “obtained” evidence that I had indeed videotaped the CIA girls out of sexual perversion, today it was the Russians’ turn. And so, when a pyramid appeared in front of me while I was in the market – this pyramid could even be a CIA agent whom the Russians had sent in – they remotely controlled me to develop an erection and want to cry at the same time. This was then their evidence that I indeed wanted to cry because I felt inferior before pyramids (especially the CIA girls). Again, the Russians were attacking the French’s evidence of my crying from January 26: if only they could get rid of that evidence, then the French would no longer be able to run operations on me like they did yesterday.

February 4 (Thursday; no erection toward the teenage girl)

My first recording of the new day is: “hmbuydnut_2_4_10_539-608AM.WMA: Now that I was awake, I immediately started my act: “... at some point you just have to say you did the best you can... Daddy... when you are on the bus... to record... continue your job hunt... if you can’t record on the job then you can’t record... and if people want to fuck you up, then there is nothing you can do... We are about to die from starvation... super weapons... so deadly... when they are around, reality just disappears...”

My next recording is: “brndvd92_2_4_10_608-1025AM.WMA”: I then went out to buy doughnuts. I had to wait for all the people to come out of the doughnuts shop before I could go in (pretending to be afraid of criminal recording). By 12:00 I was back inside my room. I then pretended to review the list of my possible doubles who had text-messaged near me and so on in the past few days (until 31:00). Then I started writing and burning a new disc. On 3:34:00, the disc-burning failed: “input-output error”. Did the French or the Russians do this? The second burning was however successful.

My next recording is: “2_4_10_1043-1055AM.WMA”: I was still at home. “What are you going to do about Mommy? You will just have to find a regular job...” I was now ready to go out again to use the Internet.

My next recording is: “sbrhlywd_2_4_10_1129AM-242PM.WMA”: And so I came to Sabor. On 9:00, I called up the Wright Institute on Skype. I explained that I had had an intake with Dr Pears, that my voice mail was not functioning, and that I wanted to check whether someone had been assigned to me. On 17:00 I called up the Census Bureau wanting to apply for a job. I requested an appointment for the examination. The nearest examination location was near Alexandria and Mariposa, 5000 Hollywood Blvd, open from 1 to 6 PM. On 51:00 I called up the Wright Institute again asking for Dr Pears. I asked to leave a message for him (to ask whether a therapist had been assigned to me). I was angered: “... the

45 Reviewed until 15:00, and then from 5:39:00 onward.

best way is to camp outside the Wright Institute because we don't have a phone number..." I came back inside Sabor and wanted to download some music videos: "... the Amanda Song... we miss Mommy... Where is Mommy? ... We will find a Mommy-like therapist..." I then spent a lot of time trying to figure out why the BBC's packets showed up on my Wireshark captures. Then, on 1:56:00, I called up the Wright Institute again asking for Dr Pears. I was told to call back on 3 PM. I got very frustrated because my call was cut off. "Go there tomorrow and camp outside, never give up." Then more mumbling. I left Sabor on 2:05:00 and bought a hot dog in 711. I saw the same man again who carried a beer just like the last time! (This was not an operation, was it?) I ate outside, mumbling about how I was determined to get a Mommy-like therapist. "Don't let Daddy mess it up..." I then came back to Sabor. Then: "We have an intercept! 50 yards, he is pressing buttons on his cellphone!" I then mumbled about the pretty pyramid who was wearing a business suit jacket and a mini-skirt. "She will complain if you keep staring at her."

My next recording is: "callwila_2_4_10_3-307PM.WMA": I called up the Wright Institute again: "Is it Diana?" I asked again if Dr Pears found someone for me. He wasn't available and I hanged up.

My next recording is: "notdrawmommy_2_4_10_308-317PM.WMA": I looked around: Mommy (or who I thought was Mommy) was gone. "Mommy doesn't want us to record, doesn't want us to draw..." (More comment about this on February 8.) Then I mumbled about how I must record during therapy. I then came back inside Sabor.

I left Sabor soon afterward with my recorder turned off. I turned it back on briefly when I was waiting for bus 207 on Hollywood and Western: "2_4_10_324PM.WMA". As I would pretend to write in my diary later: "Having to take bus 207 on 3:38 PM to go from Western and Hollywood to Western and Santa Monica – extremely crowded (bus number 6387)." Then something happened which seemed to be an operation.

What happened was that a pretty teenage girl came up and sat down in front of me. It appears that the French had sent her in in order to obtain an intercept showing me having an erection toward a teenager so that there could be evidence that I was indeed a pedophile. They must be controlling me to develop an erection at the moment, and yet I didn't develop one. Perhaps the Russians had blocked it (controlling me to *not* develop an erection at the same time). Then a black girl came up to block my view of the pretty teenage girl. Perhaps the French had sent her in in order to prevent counter-evidence (that I wasn't a pedophile) from entering into the courthouse. This is what happened when both the French and the Russians had a valid claim that I was helping the other party harm each of them.

My next recording is: "hmfellasleep_2_4_10_355-849PM.WMA": I arrived home and turned on my alarm. I immediately started my act: "... Daddy's people... We know a lot of people are going to complain about us in this building... they might stick to it, whether you have predicted it or not... we want to draw Mommy... you can if you want to, it's just that she will walk away if she doesn't want to be drawn... a Mommy-like therapist... worry about it when you actually get one, to record or not to record..." I then took a long nap. I would again be engrossed in my recurrent wild fantasies which I

shall describe momentarily. On 30:30, somebody was knocking on my door. Then, toward the end of the recording, I woke up very upset: “Oh my God... Jesus!”

My next recording is: “smshtv_2_4_10_851-935PM.WMA”: It’s not really clear what I was upset about. I mumbled something about taking the census test and then: “You shouldn’t have come back!” I was so angry that I even threw things. Then I was frustrated: I lost all the Wireshark captures and unplugged the wrong plug. I threw things again. “Another day wasted...”

Then I decided to go check for job openings at the movie theaters in Santa Monica Promenade. I went out and bought things in the liquor store and turned on my recorder briefly: “leaveliqstr_2_4_10_938-942PM.WMA”. Then, as I would later write in my diary: “Taking bus 4 (bus number 9492) on 9:50 PM to go from Wilton and Santa Monica to the Promenade. Then taking bus 4 (bus number 9468; bus driver’s badge number: 14400) to go from the Promenade back to Wilton and Santa Monica.” What I did in the Promenade is recorded in: “sm_2_4_10_1044-1049PM.WMA” and “smmann_2_4_10_1050-1153PM.WMA”: I asked the cashier at United Artists whether they were hiring. No. I filled out the application for Manns Theater and turned it in and was told to check back on Saturday. As I was walking away, I continued: “There is no such thing as criminal portraiture, there must be a false reporting about something else...” I got a hot dog in 711. “We are going to see a Mommy-like therapist...” I continued walking, and then: “Oh we have an intercept...” Probably not! Then: “When you say ‘pyramid’, that means attraction... But what about a pyramid that is ‘not-your-type’?”

Thus I would later pretend to write in my diary: “After much thinking, I have decided that another new term shall be coined: ‘Not-your-type Pyramid’. There are thus: ‘Mommy’ as a pyramid, ‘Mommy-like Pyramid’, ‘Mommylijk Pyramid’, and ‘Not-your-type Pyramid’ – only the last one being an entity entirely devoid of attraction for me.”

And so let’s conclude for today. Today the French and the Russians had a stalemate. Since the French had prevented the Russians from entering a piece of counter-evidence into the courthouse, no new development today.

Now I shall describe the recurrent fantasy during my nap today to which I have briefly referred since the entry for January 19 onward. Within the past two weeks, I started, as noted, believing in a worst case scenario. I had been imagining how angry Mr former Secretary was now that he not only couldn’t conquer Russia but was actually going to be conquered by Russia. Specifically I became convinced that the US Establishment had been split into two parties that were now warring with each other, with the Democrats and the CIA making an alliance with the Russians to prosecute the Boss and Mr former Secretary and their neocon clique. Half of America had defected to the Russian side! This was, again, a false scenario, but another one of which I would be so convinced in the following years that I would, as you shall again see in the subsequent chapters, incorporate it into my reconstructions. I imagined further that Mr former Secretary’s failure to conquer Russia and abandonment by the rest of the US Establishment had made him so angry with me that he wanted me dead. I had become convinced that he was going to let the current operation result in my getting put into the hospital and accidentally

killed, so that, while he was convicted of conspiracy with me, at least I would be dead.

The strange thing was that, by this time, the pressure on me was so great that I actually wouldn't mind being dead at all. I had imagined in my head dozens of times: “By now I couldn't open any files in my laptop” – if by accident I opened on my laptop (for I could not possibly remember the exact content of every one of the thousands of documentaries I had shot of myself) a video in which a “real” Russian agent was caught, then the French would successfully establish conspiracy between me and the Russians and take over the command of the entire world – “I could not masturbate” – for the French were still arguing that my videos of the CIA girls were shot for sexual reasons and should therefore be suppressed as evidences, and they would use any sign of sexual desire on my part, however normal, as confirmation of this argument, resulting in the suppression of the said evidences and the switching of the command of the world to the French – “and now I cannot even cry: by crying I would cause Russia to lose and Mr Chertoff to go free. I'd rather die!” I didn't mind dying because the Russians would remember who I had once been and what I had once gone through. But, by now, the more I thought about my “mission of death”, the more I wanted to cry. It was just so tragic. Today, when I was regurgitating my fantasies during my nap, tears swelled up under my eye lids. I held in my tears and just then my refrigerator began humming to warn me – for I was convinced that the Russians had remote control over the refrigerator from the control center. That's how I had become totally sure that my mood was being monitored – though I didn't know how – and admitted into the International Court as evidence. I was infuriated by how insane the whole trial had become: those laws which the CIA had derived from UN Resolution 1373 had now caused the shape of the entire world to hinge upon the most insignificant physiological movements of a single person, the “terrorist suspect”.

It must be assumed that both the Russians and the French were watching my fantasies unfold on their computer screen. It has never been clear to me whether the Russians had indeed commanded Homeland Security to control my refrigerator to hum this afternoon.

February 5 (Friday; “Daddy wants me dead”)

My next recording is: “for_police_2_5_10_1240-1AM.WMA”: I came back to my building on 2:00. I pretended to complain about my Daddy Chertoff: “... fatherhood is a disease, it's best not to have a Daddy at all... we call him a ‘fucking psychopath’... we love Mommy, but we don't love Daddy...” I was now back in my room. “... someday, we will be alone with Mommy... The problem is: who is going to keep the dog when the couple get divorced? What happened on the bus... There's nothing wrong with drawing somebody, and so they must be reporting something else...” Then I turned to my recorder: “When you are not turned on, your life is at risk...” When I turned on my Eee PC, its screen was trembling: “Oh Daddy is unhappy...” I then turned on the alarm and went to sleep.

My next recording is: “readytobuydonut_2_5_10_715-717AM.WMA”: I was now awake and ready to go out to get doughnuts.

My next recording is: “hmaboutdaddy_2_5_10_725-1143AM.WMA”: I came back from buying

doughnuts and recounted what had happened at the doughnuts shop. I turned on the alarm. When I was going to videotape this Time Warner Cable flyer, I noticed that there was written on the bottom “Call Sergio” – “It’s Daddy’s fake Russians” (until 32:30). I’m not sure whether this was really an intercept. Then I started on a long series of insults against “Daddy Chertoff”: “But we only care about Mommy... even though Daddy always pisses us off... Daddy you are not a normal human being... What did your mother take when she was pregnant with you?... We will say it again even if he’s gonna fuck us up...” And I kept calling him a “bitch”, especially given his voice. Then I repeated the saying you see in the beginning of this chapter: “... Maman... parcequ’elle merite d’être aimée...” Then I started describing the new type, the “Not-your-type Pyramid”, as you have already seen. From 38:00 onward I was listing all these types, the “Mommy-like”, the “Mommylijk”, and the “Not-your-type”. “... someday Mommy will divorce Daddy, just think about that and you won’t feel so bad...” Then I started writing: “... français c’est la langue de la musique... and so we write in French...”⁴⁶ Again, I was trying desperately to sink the French into a conspiracy with me. I then continued to mumble about Daddy and his love for fake Russians (1:14:00). Then more indistinct mumbling. Then, on 2:27:00, the fire alarm went off. “I hope this is not a trick.” I continued to mumble indistinctly. Then another round of insults against “Daddy Chertoff”: “Listen to Daddy’s emergency calls... You keep criticizing Daddy, and he will fuck you up, and yet we’ll still keep doing it... Remember how in 2008 he wanted us to die...? How he instructed the church lady to... Fuck you very much! What an evil mother-fucker... you are an abnormal mutant... That’s the only answer we will ever have for you: Fuck you! You want to rule the world? Fuck you! Everyday it’s super weapons... Fuck you! Everybody in the government knows this, they are just afraid of you...” And I continued to insult my “Daddy”. “All the beauty in the world he will never see, he will never understand, just as cats will never understand quantum mechanics... No matter what he does, he’s still a piece of garbage... Daddy’s Russian agent now understands that, the more he accomplishes something, the more everyone will regard him as a psychopathic piece of shit... The Air Force officials might find it convenient to be able to fly over Russia, and yet they will murmur behind his back that they won’t want their children to be like him... ‘We like the meat he provides, but we don’t want to be like him’...” I then mumbled about how uneducated Daddy was and how he couldn’t understand anything I said. “... he does understand pedophilia and all the bad things... Our entertainment is describing our Daddy...” I was quite successful in my acting here: although I wanted to express my genuine hatred for Mr former Secretary Chertoff – especially now that I was convinced that he wanted me dead – I took care to remain within a conspiracy with the CIA against Russia.

My next recording is: “hmreadygout_2_5_10_1144AM-1252PM.WMA”: I rested a little more with my alarm turned on, and then left my apartment. Then, my recorder was remotely (so it seemed) turned off. As you shall see, I would pretend to assume that an operation had occurred.

My next recording is: “afterbuyngcig_2_5_10_105-129PM.WMA”. On 3:00, there was massive siren. I bought cigarettes and, on 12:00, came back to my apartment. By 15:00, I was blowing my alarm clock again. I turned on my Toshiba.

My next recording is: “hmwrtorth21_2_5_10_146-850PM.WMA”: I started recording on my diary

46 French was proclaimed to be the “language of music” in the movie “The Red Violin”.

what had just happened: “... today, I walked out and bought Rave, and my recorder was remotely turned off... There would be a false report saying I did this horrifying thing and that horrifying thing... The Korean woman gave me ‘Wave’. That’s not recorded, and we wrote it down... Daddy fuck you very much...” Then, from 1:54:00 onward, I started working on “Karin’s Meetups” again. Because I was convinced that I was going to die, there was really no point in writing anymore, but I felt compelled to continue my act in order to conceal my knowledge that the Russians had won. I was now writing about how my Daddy Chertoff wanted me dead back in the summer of 2008 so that he could confuse my dead body with somebody else’s. How symbolic! That’s precisely what I believed his current operation consisted in! On 2:13:00 I booted up my Eee PC to Ubuntu. Then I decided to safely spell out my current belief and pretend to write in my diary under yesterday’s entry: “A new insight just came to me today: now that Mommy’s pictures have been escorted out of the Cave, and that Daddy is planning on his next forgery to convict Russia once more, if, after this conviction, he would have all that he has wanted from this large piece of meat, he might somehow orchestrate my death after he should have got me arrested and/or put in the hospital through some confusion – and then another confusion of my dead body with someone else’s, assuming he shall have no other nations to sue after this. That would sound awful indeed, but would be very hard to avoid. But, in any case, if that be the case, at least Mommy would finally be allowed to leave his Cage – because Russia would have lost it all. And, guess what, I love Mommy even if she never loves me just because Mommy so deserves everyone’s love, such that all that will not have been in vain.” In other words, I wanted to make sure that, when I did end up dead, my “Daddy” would be convicted and that, with my formula for saving the CIA again, the Russians would free the Agency. “All this is not going to change Daddy’s mind... but it’s okay...” Then, from 2:38:00 onward, I went back to rest. “No Mommy-like therapist.” Then, on 4:14:00, I muttered something indistinctly: “... either way will be fine...” Then, from 4:25:00 onward, I continued to work on my “Karin’s Meetups”. Then, on 5:37:00, I took another break. “Where is Mommy...?” By 6:33:00 I was done. I was now ready to go out to buy doughnuts.

My next recording is: “readyut_2_5_10_850-853PM.WMA”: I was looking for my keys.

My next recordings are: “buydonut_2_5_10_853-914PM.WMA” and “2_5_10_914-923PM.WMA”: When I came to the doughnuts store, I pretended to believe that my double was there – continuing my act. Then I came back inside my room and went to sleep.

My last recording of the day is: “slp_2_5-6_10_924PM-527AM.WMA”: And so, with the alarm turned on, I went to sleep.⁴⁷ On 7:56:00, I woke up.

No operation today! The French and the Russians remained in their stalemate.

February 6 (Saturday; Angelica)

My next recording is: “hm_2_6_10_542-650AM.WMA”: Nothing in particular. I lay around and ate my noodles and smoked cigarettes. From 15:20 onward, I was mumbling about something (“free

⁴⁷ Reviewed until 4:00, and then from 7:55:00 onward.

consultation”). On 1:00:00, I got up and started mumbling something about going outside.

My next recording is: “2_6_10_709-731AM.WMA”: I was still at home and working on my computer. I filmed my computer when I couldn’t take any screenshots. Finally I got rid of SnagIt. “Wow, we can actually overcome Homeland Security!” Then I left home.

My next recording is: “2_6_10_731-745AM.WMA”: It was raining today. I acted: “If Homeland Security reality makes any sense, there should be very few people outside and on the bus...” Then siren on 1:30. Scary!

What happened when I got on the bus I would later record in my diary: “Taking bus #4 on 7:50 AM to go to the ‘Continent of the Pyramids’ (bus number 9462). There were two cellphone calls by strangers in progress, one woman and the other a Hispanic woman. Both got off the bus on Vermont and Santa Monica at about 7:56 AM. A super weapon appeared in the front of the bus on 8:02 AM.” I was just pretending to take account of intercepts, of course. None of this was likely to be any operation.

My next recording is: “2_6_10_804-841AM.WMA”: I got off the bus on Alvarado and Sunset wanting to go to Stories LA, but somehow I couldn’t find it. I came to another coffeehouse on 23:00. I muttered more about how much I loved Mommy. I sat outside and hummed because I didn’t want to record other people’s conversations. I got up to look for Stories LA again, but I still couldn’t find it.

My next recording is: “2_6_10_841-849AM.WMA”: Nothing in particular. As I would later write in my diary: “Then taking bus #4 again on 8:53 AM (bus number 9472), ending up by the Law Library in downtown.” Yes, I had decided to come to the Law Library at the spur of the moment. I had not been here for 9 months!

My next recording is: “2_6_10_909-1013AM.WMA”: Strangely, as soon as I walked in, Angelica sitting at the circulation desk greeted me with a smile (“Hi Lawrence”) – and she was wearing make-up! This was the moment that would determine the outcome of this trial – and everything else afterward: I instantly fell in love with her when I saw her prefect, tall, “pyramid” nose. I had always thought her beautiful but, now that I was obsessed with the CIA girls, I was all the more susceptible of her beauty. Then I discovered that my recorder seemed to have been remotely turned off. Then I turned to someone (who?): “... can I just walk in and say Hi to you?” And I turned to Angelica: “Can you help me find books...?” “Yes,” and she referred me to the reference desk. I then recounted everything she said to me when I wasn’t recording (“All the books have been moved...”). I came here specifically to look for books that would help me establish a will. Since I was convinced that I was about to die, I needed to make sure that somebody would keep my things! As I browsed through the books, I sighed: “Oh God this is so complicated...” Then I began wondering again whether Mommy would show up – there was another pretty pyramid nearby who looked like CIA. I then looked online for information on how to establish a will. Then, on 10 AM, I wrote an email to Cindy asking her if she could meet me to discuss “something important”. Then, on 55:00, I checked my voice mail. “Inga” from the Wright Institute had left me a message telling me she had scheduled a therapy appointment for me on 5 PM,

Tuesday, February 9. I called the Wright Institute back, but the receptionist couldn't hear me at all.

My next recording is: "2_6_10_1015-1019AM.WMA": I called the Wright Institute again on the payphone by the entrance. I left a message with the receptionist: "Tell Inga that I would come on Tuesday on 5 PM...."

My next recording is: "2_6_10_1020-1101AM.WMA": I then asked Angelica where to find books on probate. She told me where. "But how to do the forms?" She didn't know. Then I was reading another book on probate. On 34:00 I came out of the library for a break, mumbling about who my "Law Librarian friends" were. I was feeling very confused at the moment: Angelica, though beautiful, was not "Mommy-like", and yet I was suddenly so attracted to her that I instantly lost interest in the pyramids that did look like Mommy. Strange as it might sound to you, I felt guilty about "betraying Mommy".

My next recording is: "2_6_10_1101AM-1205PM.WMA": Then I noticed super weapons nearby. I hummed loudly and let them pass. I came to a fast food place to eat. I admonished myself about my new found obsession with Angelica: "Yesterday you wanted Mommy to be happy, today you forget about it... Yesterday you wanted Mommy, today you forget about her when you see your Law Library friends..." And I put up my act: "... this will happen, you will make a probate and transfer your stuff to Wes, but surveillance will confuse your stuff with some other people's stuff... the judges will get confused... Just forget it! You do the best you can, you want Mommy to be happy..." Then: "Angelica doesn't have Mommy's spirit, but she's really cool..." (44:00). Then: "... maybe something will happen... maybe not... either way is fine... Mommy will be happy... It's strange: you want to talk to these people, but they are scary... You don't know what they are going to say... Now that we have lost interest in documenting people's head-scratching... You know why your recorder was shut off: because the librarian was Mommy..." (In reality, there was no CIA agent among the Law Library personnel.) I then decided that I should record my conversations with my "Law Librarian friends."

My next recording is: "2_6_10_1205-119PM.WMA": I came back inside the Law Library to continue to work on my laptop. I looked up Superior Court's website to look for forms for probate. Then I discovered that Cindy had replied me saying that she was at her parents' home until Wednesday and that she could meet me on Thursday and Friday. I replied that she could simply decide on a place and time that would be convenient for her. Then, on 1:04:00, I had a short chat with Angelica: "What time do you work until?" "5 PM." And then about the books. On 1:07:00, I was out of the Law Library again. I acted: "The librarians will talk about something else, and it will be intercepted, and it will be confused into something about us... just like how the Big Sister made her mistake..." I then recounted how the "terrorists" in Montreal were actually talking about someone else when the Big Sister thought they were talking about me. Both the French and the Russians would be taking this in as evidence.

My next recording is: "2_6_10_125-150PM.WMA": I bought cigarettes and then headed back to the Law Library. It was still raining. I continued: "When you are in a 'Mommy mood', you are more attracted to Angelica than to Angel..." On 22:00 I came back inside the library.

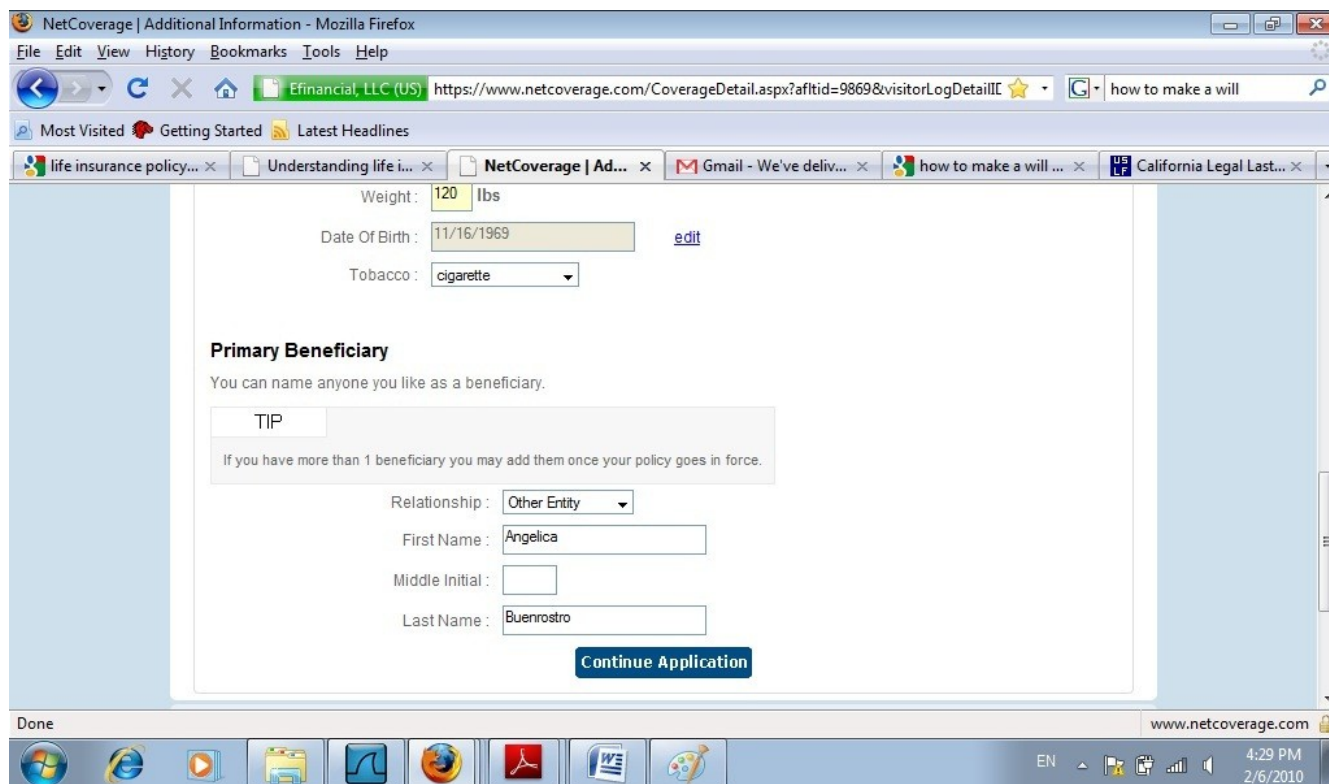
My next recording is: “2_6_10_152-256PM.WMA”: As I was browsing through more books, I continued: “Your cousin will be too lazy to get your stuff, because she doesn’t give a crap...” Right! And I continued to read up on how to make a will. I then got online to look for a life insurance quote and research more on how to make a will. Then, strangely, on 1:03:00, when I came to the entrance of the library, a super weapon appeared. I would soon become convinced that this was a setup staged by the French: while Angelica was standing in front of me, the super weapon was lingering next to her, as if in order to cause surveillance to confuse my reaction to Angelica with my reaction to the super weapon. I was probably correct here: the French were still trying to generate intercepts showing me to be a pedophile. But I didn’t develop any erection toward Angelica. Did the Russians block it again?

My next recording is: “2_6_10_3-309PM.WMA”: I came outside the library to smoke a cigarette.

My next recording is: “2_6_10_316-356PM.WMA”: I came back inside the library to continue to work. When I walked in, I saw this black woman sitting in the back who I now assumed was the French’s double for me: she was using a Toshiba Satellite just like mine as if trying to dupe me into believing that it was the Russians who were commanding the French to recreate this one of Mr former Secretary’s signature setups. I began suspecting that the hidden command had switched to the French. (But soon, as you shall see, I would then assume it was Mr former Secretary who was in command right now.) I thereupon came to my seat and pulled out my drawing of the supposedly fake Russian agent that I saw on the bus on January 29. I was trying to signal to the control center that I knew that it was now the French who were in the hidden command. I sat there a little bit and then mumbled indistinctly. “He’s not gonna be there at all...” Then I wrote to Cindy: “Just tell me where you can come to...” Then, when I walked up to the circulation desk, I noticed that the same black woman was now leaving. I assumed this was a sign that the hidden command had now switched back to the Russians (i.e. that the Russians were now withdrawing the French’s setup). I spoke briefly to the tender-looking librarian who I wrongly assumed was “Mommy’s plant” in this library.

My next recording is: “trybuyinsur_2_6_10_402-511PM.WMA”: I recounted to my recorder my conversation with the “Mommy librarian” just a moment ago. I then continued to read the book on how to create a trust. Then I mumbled something again about my “Law Librarian friends”. Then I suddenly had an idea: since I wanted to buy life insurance policy for myself, I might as well put down Angelica as the beneficiary – just because I saw a perfect “pyramid” on her face. I admonished myself: “You can’t buy insurance policy for a stranger...” I was now on netcoverage.com and, as you can see below, I put down Angelica as the beneficiary. And I clicked on “Continue Application” – and yet my connection to the website was blocked. I was devastated and mumbled: “Homeland Security is blocking it...” (29:00). The strange thing was that every other webpage was working just fine. I so longed for a chance to express my love and appreciation for the “Pyramid” – as I would soon designate Angelica on account of the perfect “pyramid” on her face – that I broke down crying: “This thing is not working...” Then, after a while: “You make things up you fucking bitch, we have already paid for the first one...” (51:00). (It’s not clear what I was talking about.) Then: “We will call these mother-fuckers...” By now the library was closing. On 58:00 I bade goodbye to Angelica – she was surprisingly

friendly to me. And then to Pinky. I was now out on the street.



On 4:29 PM, I put down Angelica as the beneficiary of my life insurance policy

My next recordings are: “2_6_10_511-525PM.WMA” and “2_6_10_612-908PM.WMA”: I was now walking on the streets. I took the bus to Hollywood. As I would later pretend to write in my diary: “Coming back on bus #2 on 5:38 PM. Around 5:50 PM there was a Southeast Asian guy talking in an unintelligible language on his cellphone right in front of me.” Probably not an operation. Then, after I got off the bus, I continued to mumble about who should be the beneficiary of my life insurance policy. “... other people have money, don’t worry about it... Mommy will be happy... just our librarian Pyramid...” Then, on 12:00 in the second recording, a limousine passed me by. Could that be my Daddy? On 13:00, I came inside Sabor. I immediately noticed that two persons were using identical laptops to mine. My doubles? I sat outside to continue to regurgitate: “Think, Mommy will be happy, and our librarian Pyramid will be rich... the DGSE pyramid... Margot David, Mommy’s friend...” Was I trying to drag the French into a conspiracy with me again? Then, I noticed the guys sitting next to me: “Oh they are talking about Russia... Angelica...” Then I came inside to work on my computer. There were many pyramids around tonight. I asked the man who I thought (or pretended to think) was an undercover police officer what the password was. On 50:00 I called up my bank to check whether the debit card transaction I made this afternoon around 4:55 PM on netcoverage.com had gone through. There seemed to be no transaction recorded, but I got so sick of the banker that I hanged up. I got on netcoverage.com again. One double (with the same laptop) left. There remained still a pyramid who

was using the same laptop as I was. I asked her: “You have exactly the same laptop as I do! Where are you from?” “Italy” (1:00:30). I was surprised that she was not from France! Strangely, she was acting very shy toward me. Did the Russians or the French really send her in? (More on this later.) Then I began filling out my application at netcoverage.com again (1:09:00). I wanted to try again! But, after a while, I got skeptical: “This is not a real website...” I stopped for a moment. Then I updated my address information on my Chase account. On 7:41 PM, I made my payment on netcoverage.com again. I did it this time! Then I was on the website of the Department of Consumer Affairs to check whether this business was real.

My next recording is: “callchasenetwork_2_6_10_913-933PM.WMA”: I then called up Chase on a payphone to check on my transaction, but the recording said that the system was currently being updated. I recalled the pyramids I saw earlier and recounted to my recorder what I said to them. I called my bank again: no transaction was recorded. I then walked a long way home. Then, suddenly, my recorder was remotely turned off.

My next recording is: “2_6_10_936-940PM.WMA”: Upset, I walked into the doughnuts store next to my apartment building. There was an Asian girl there who seemed to be underage, and I complained about how my recorder was remotely shut off earlier. I then came back to my apartment.

My last recording of the day is: “2_6_10_940-1055PM.WMA”: I was now in my room. I turned on my laptop and, on 13:00, broke down crying. I turned on the alarm as usual. Then, suddenly: “... we are... arrested... *we are going to buy life insurance policy for Angelica before we get arrested...*” (52:00). Making Angelica see how much I appreciated her existence – solely because she had the most perfect pyramid in the world on her face – had suddenly become such an important goal for me. Sick!

Now a comment about this important day before we move on. I was most likely wrong about the switching of the hidden command to the French this afternoon: the Russians and the French were still fighting over the evidentiary value of my desire to cry and whether I had filmed the CIA girls for sexual reasons. The black woman who I assumed was the French’s double for me may or may not be such – it’s quite possible that the French had indeed placed all these doubles around me in order to enable faulty surveillance to confuse them with me and thus confirm the “David Chin legend” in the lower court – but her leaving was definitely no indication that the hidden command had switched back to the Russians. Then, as you shall see, by February 9, I would come up with a new scenario to explain why my Internet connection was blocked when I was trying to put down Angelica as the beneficiary of my life-insurance policy on netcoverage.com. This scenario would stay with me for the next few years. As I would explain in 2011 (which you see in the beginning my “Ying and Yang, I”):

What set the ground for the following key events was my intense worry for the Pyramid’s wellbeing. February 6 was the day. I walked into the library that morning to find her working and greeting me per DGHTR’s setup. DGHTR knew that I would immediately fall for her because of her perfect “pyramid nose”. From monitoring my thoughts and my mood, DGHTR knew that he could easily get my feelings for the

CIA girls transferred onto the Pyramid. But, by this time, all the guilty feelings I felt for the Agency's beautiful females had transformed into a Borderline obsession, and this huge reservoir of desires to love and sacrifice for a beautiful white female with a pyramid nose had been bottling up inside me without release. This is why DGHTR knew he would succeed.

In any case, after some time in the library comparing the Pyramid with the Agency's females around me – my obsession with her had not yet accumulated into a definite momentum – I went out to smoke a cigarette. Then, my meaningless words “Oh he's gone... And you are still on” referring to the black man who departed from me and my checking of my recorder to make sure it was not remotely turned off had somehow triggered the judge computer to switch the hidden command to the French. The judge computer had interpreted the saying as a metaphor for the Russian plan: removing Mr former Secretary Chertoff and leaving me alive. The French team gave Mr Chertoff a shot as he must have requested. I was at the time trying to buy life insurance for myself – in anticipation of my death – and thought I might as well put the Pyramid down as the beneficiary because I thought I was going to finish my “mission” by getting accidentally killed – my mission such as Mr Chertoff had assigned to me through the International Court. I just thought it romantic and funny that I would make someone the beneficiary of my demise just because she had a beautiful nose.

Mr Chertoff, however, jealous of the expertise of both the French DGSE and the Russian SVR, concocted some pernicious intercept out of my insurance-buying. The intercept would cause her physical demise through the rule of reversing a terrorist conspiracy to benefit its victim insofar as he had temporarily established my conspiracy with the Russians. He just found it irresistible to disrupt the fun the Russians and I were putting together. But he would not be so lucky. Seeing that the French had had some success days ago in putting in front of me a double using [a] Toshiba Satellite and duping me therewith into believing that it was DGHTR commanding the French to recreate his signature setup, he would imitate the French just to show that he could be as good as these DGSE women. One more Toshiba-using double was however, as the Chinese proverb has it, “adding legs to a snake” in the present environment of the Law Library, so that I immediately discovered that the command had switched. I thereupon pulled out the drawing of a fake Russian agent put on the bus by the French team under DGHTR's command just a few days ago. This caused the computer to switch the command back to the Russian team. DGHTR then remotely blocked my attempt to buy life-insurance online and dissolved the matter. But I thereupon began worrying intensely for the Pyramid because I wasn't sure if the intercept had been dissolved. Worries, romantic feelings about a perfect nose, the expectation of death, and the rescue instinct would together weave out a deadly obsession for the Pyramid in the next three months.

In my later chapters, you will read about how the Russians had decided to pair me up with Angelica and send us both to Mexico (“PLANMEX”). It’s not clear when the decision was made. The Russians – in fact, Putin himself – must have decided on this plan of sending me to discover “Atlantis” in order to enable me to finish my mission (my conspiracy with Boss Cheney) some time between January 21 and 26, namely, right after they had convicted the CIA in the lower court, but then put everything on hold when the French came in on January 26. In my later years I would always assume that, by February 6, the Russians had already decided that I should do this mission together with Angelica and had therefore already spoken to her family about this, so that the failure of my Internet connection this afternoon was indication (via a long series of inferences) that Mr former Secretary was trying to kill her: it’s quite obvious that the Russians – in fact, Putin himself – had decided to respond to my pleas to have a pyramid of my own and, since Angelica *was* the perfect pyramid around, had thus selected her, so that it would be natural to assume that Mr former Secretary, once coming back to life, would want to wreck this plan. In reality, as you shall soon see, while the Russians had indeed wanted to reward me with a pyramid, the latter assumption was most likely incorrect – not in the least because, while the French fought on, Mr former Secretary was never given the chance to rebound to life in any case. It is therefore not clear whether Angelica was really in danger for a moment this afternoon and why anyone from the control center would have wanted to block my Internet connection to prevent me from buying life-insurance for myself (assuming the malfunctioning was not natural).

As for the Italian girl I later encountered in Sabor, it’s possible that Italy was also thinking about joining in on the side of France so that the Russians would have wanted to send her in to produce an intercept as a preliminary suggestion that Italy had also participated in this American conspiracy to send Lawrence Chin to pretend to be David Chin. Just as before, the Russians would then take this intercept to the Italians to blackmail them (to warn them not to join in).

To conclude: the possible doubles whom the French might have placed around me aside (including or excluding the Italian girl), it would seem that the French and the Russians had continued their stalemate today: the French seem to have failed to produce evidence of pedophilia out of me when they placed Angelica and a super weapon together in front of me by the entrance of the Law Library. But, again, it’s totally unclear how my attempt to buy life-insurance policy at netcoverage.com had figured in this stalemate between the French and the Russians.

February 7 (Sunday; “Operation Erection”; Farmers Insurance)

My first recording of the new day is: “lookfrinsur_dadstrck_2_7_10_303-505AM.WMA”: I was awake from 13:00 onward and started reflecting (my act): “... last night at Sabor... complaints...” And I recounted everything to my recorder. “The cashier said, ‘You are not going to act weird tonight, are you?’” On 32:00 I taped up my cupboard and left my room. When I was checking my mailbox, a super weapon walked in! “It was 3:30 AM, and yet a super weapon appears!” I came back to my room and was out again on 45:00. I came to the payphone on the street and flipped through the phonebook looking for advertisements of insurance agencies. Then I wondered if the phonebook was fake. Paranoid over nothing! I tore off the pages on insurance agencies and came back to my building. I was

frustrated when I couldn't get in with my keys again. On 1:00:00, I was back in my room. I continued to mumble indistinctly: "... don't know if the pages are fake... Angelica is our only pyramid friend... she's not a real friend... *Daddy's European friends*... share the meat... the fake Russian we saw..." By now I had become aware that it was urgent that I spell out the French in my testimonies and had also partially realized how the operation worked. I tried to confess my new knowledge about the operations without giving away my awareness of the Russians' involvement: "... that night when we tried to turn on our recorder while under the blanket, people on the street shouted, which means that there was surveillance over us which could see through the covering... Daddy's new trick... That day when we were in Sabor, Daddy put a beautiful woman there, and then sent in a super weapon, *so that, if we had an erection... then that would be evidence that we were a pedophile*... just like what happened yesterday, Daddy put a super weapon next to Angelica... we didn't have an erection, but if we did... there would be surveillance evidence that we had an erection toward super weapons... that's Daddy's new trick, to juxtapose super weapons with a sexy Mommy... a very dirty trick... you psychopathic bitch... *it's not just the DGSE, other Europeans are also involved*..." I was quite angered by the new operation but I made sure to express my anger in a way that would not cause my conspiracy with the Russians to become established. "... he's gonna kill us, but Mommy's gonna be happy, and Angelica's gonna be rich... On February 4, that must be a trick: when we got on the bus, they sent in a pretty teenage girl, and we didn't have an erection, so that there would be evidence that we weren't a pedophile. Thus they sent in a black girl to block her from our view in order to prevent counter-evidence from entering the courthouse... *These sick European friends*... And you might get an erection just because you are nervous that you might get an erection... Enkel was angry with us, and we can understand that... When we flew from Frankfurt to Las Vegas, the German intelligence agents were angry with us, and we can understand that too... he wants to suppress evidences... saying our videos of Mommy are pornography... is it really pornography?... *even when the pictures are out of the Cave, he still wants this disgusting profile*... he wants surveillance intercepts of our having an erection... what a sick fucking bitch..." Again, I was able to express my anger toward the operations without giving away the fact that I knew that the Russians were around: I was perfectly aware that the videos of the CIA girls were still in the courthouse and that it was now the French who were trying to suppress them as evidences, but I made sure to say that these "erectile intercepts" would have to be produced even when these videos were already suppressed as evidences.

My next recording is: "dumbjdgds_2_7_10_532-657AM.WMA": I continued in my room: "We will continue to look for insurance policies... not because we are so good... We have never had a girlfriend before... never had anything to give to others... it will feel really good... It's supposed to be something easy, and now it's very hard to do... Daddy says our videos of Mommy are just pornography... taken for sexual reasons... the judges *are* really biased, they are willing to take gold for shit... or maybe they are just idiots... but thanks to that Mommy can... that's fine..." I was then ready to go out again. "... watch out for Daddy's European friends..." (1:06:00). Then: "Mommy... Daddy's cage... Daddy's European friends... *they want the meat, just let them have it*..." Again, I was now being more explicit about the French in order to try to sink them into a conspiracy with me.

My next recording is: "callchasentcovrg_2_7_10_657-723AM.WMA": I came out onto the street to use

the payphone again. On 4:00 I called up Chase. My account balance was negative 100 something dollars! Again, I wanted to check whether the transaction from yesterday went through. There was no transaction pending. Then I was frustrated because, again, I couldn't open the door to my building with my keys. Finally I came back to my room on 13:00. "... Why is our life so hard...? Daddy wants to kill us... We need to get insurance... Daddy wants to kill us, that's fine... Mommy will be happy..." Nice acting to cover up the real reason for my anger!

My next recording is: "sbrinsur_2_7_10_723-1003AM.WMA": I then left my apartment again and, on 39:00, came to Sabor. I sat outside to enjoy my coffee. On 59:00 I came inside to work. I got online to continue looking for life insurance quotes. I was on HSBC's website, then allstateagencies.com, and then State Farm Insurance's website. Then I was getting a quote from Farmers Insurance's website. Then I noticed: "Oh, they are open today..."

My next recording is: "2_7_10_1009AM.WMA": I pretended to comment to the guys talking next to me: "What you guys are talking about is very interesting!" (To avoid criminally recording them.) I called the insurance company but nobody answered. "We will try Farmers." On 10:20 AM, I put in a question on Farmers Insurance's website asking them how I might purchase their product.

My next recording is: "leavesbr_2_7_10_1025-1037AM.WMA": I was now walking home from Sabor. "... well, we sent an email..."

My next recording is: "snstwstrn_2_7_10_1037AM.WMA": While on Sunset and Western, I turned on my recorder just to register the fact that "super weapons are all over the fucking place!"

My next recording is: "buychckn_2_7_10_1042-1051AM.WMA": I grabbed my lunch in El Pollo Loco.

My next recording is: "2_7_10_1111AM.WMA": When I reached Western and Santa Monica, I turned on my recorder again: "Ambulances and fire trucks are placed strategically to film us!" I thus stayed in a corner for now. And soon super weapons showed up.

My next recording is: "2_7_10_1123AM.WMA": Amazingly, I discovered that there was a Farmers Insurance office at Santa Monica and Western. I asked someone if the office would be open today and was told that it would be open on 1 PM. Wow! I decided to go home to wait.

My next recording is: "hmrest_2_7_10_1131AM-117PM.WMA": I was now at home. I turned on the alarm and rested. Then, past 1 PM, I got up to go to the Farmers Insurance office.

My next recording is: "farminsur_2_7_10_124-147PM.WMA": I was now talking to the Farmers Insurance agent about buying life-insurance. 10 years, with a minimum coverage of 75,000 dollars. Again, I asked that he put down Angelica as the beneficiary of my policy. But he wanted Angelica's date of birth and – that I didn't know. Nevertheless, he would give me a quote first. The price was 33

dollars. He instructed me to get Angelica’s date of birth and come back.

My next recording is: “hm_2_7_10_154-348PM.WMA”: I came back home and turned on the alarm. I kept mumbling about something indistinctly. It seems that I was reading the description of the insurance policy. “... we want an insurance policy only to cover the loss of life... What’s going on?... Supposedly if we die Angelica will get the money, right?... Did we get it right?”

My next recording is: “askfarmerinsur_2_7_10_354-356PM.WMA”: I went back to the Farmers Insurance office to ask the man (“Joseph”): “When you said I don’t qualify for accidental death.... *if I’m in the hospital and the doctor makes a mistake and I die*, does it cover this? “Yes it does...” And he explained my policy a little more. Note that this was my belief at the time as to how Mr former Secretary was going to kill me.

My next recording is: “hm_2_7_10_410-450PM.WMA”: I was now back home. I turned on the alarm and read over the insurance policy again. “If Angelica asks us why we want to put her down as the beneficiary, we’ll just say, ‘We really like your nose!’ Ha!” Today I would go to sleep as early as 5:18 PM and would sleep until 5:08 AM the next morning.

My next recording is: “slp_2_7-8_10_518PM-508AM.WMA”: And so I slept.⁴⁸

Now a comment. The fact that I spelled out “DGSE” and “Daddy’s European friends” was terribly important. The Russians had been waiting for this. As soon as I shall get even more explicit tomorrow, the Russians would be able – since I had understood that my erections had become evidence in the International Court – to establish my conspiracy with the French.

February 8 (Monday; conspiracy with “Maman”)

My first two recordings of the new day are: “wrtsuppl_7_2_8_10_508-623AM.WMA” and “wrtsuppl_7_2_8_10_624-754AM.WMA”: As soon as I got up, I started writing on this very diary (from 29:00 onward) – I knew that I had to be more explicit in order to beat down the French DGSE and had thought out a way to finally introduce them into my testimonies. By 48:00 in the second recording I had finished writing. Such was what I wrote down under the diary entry for February 6:

“About Dr GSE and the other European friends of Daddy’s: I shall here also mention ‘Dr GSE’. I’ve become convinced that the meat which Daddy is planning to cut out this time from Russia is of tremendous proportion, and that, for that matter, all his European friends have for some time been actively involved in the lawsuit and in the orchestration of his ‘Homeland Security reality’, hoping to obtain a delicious share in it. Leading the ‘Friends’ is the French, ‘Dr GSE’. As you would have it, Dr GSE has been conducting a campaign on producing X-ray intercepts of my having erections in order to prove Daddy’s point in the Cave that the Russian intelligence is sick and criminal beyond repair – and to prepare for the following scene of ‘Russian intelligence operational plan being accidentally

48 Reviewed until 16:00.

discovered in the laptops of the infamous Russian agent David Chin when he shall be arrested for crimes of perversion’. Remember the phenomenon of Mommilijk on February 2? It was most likely just an X-ray intercept, orchestrated by Dr GSE, of ‘David Chin having an erection toward a pyramid sitting next to him’ and nothing else (since I, in my ecstasy and uncertainty at the time for the Mommilijk, did actually experience an erection, especially when Mommilijk was only inches away from me – never so close before). Now, that means that a ‘rupture in reality’ has indeed occurred – so befitting my description of it in *la langue de la musique* – ecstasy for the closeness of beauty here, while ugliness and perversion in the unseen world of the Cave.”

I continued: “Now Daddy would have obtained no better helper than Dr GSE, for, as everyone knows, the French have absolute expertise in heterosexual matters of all sorts, and French movies are world-famous for beauty, passion, romance, sexuality, and humor. I have indeed noticed a certain subtle change in the current ‘Homeland Security reality’ just in this direction – the tricks in this otherwise ‘Daddy’s mind’ have also become far more sophisticated and subtle. But some still get me very angry – such as Dr GSE’s several attempts to produce X-ray surveillance intercepts of my having erection toward super weapons by placing them very near sexy or otherwise Mommy-like pyramids – and once even Mommy herself (February 4 in Sabor on Hollywood Blvd: refer to the recording named below) – who have obviously been carefully instructed by Dr GSE to so poise themselves as to excite an ecstasy – and thus an erection – out of me. Dr GSE is a very subtle, sensitive, and intelligent woman with a supreme expertise in human psychology – just the opposite of Daddy: and yet she is helping Daddy to run this disgusting cartoon: wouldn’t you be angry too?”

Then: “Now Dr GSE would have known me – or of me – for many years too. Almost three and a half years ago, when Mommy – a free woman then – was in the habit of showing off her new pet doggie to her European girlfriends in preparation for the operation in China, among the Dutch, German, and Canadians were also the French, remember? Now that Mommy is locked up, these former friends of Mommy’s have become Daddy’s partners in this ugly cartoon show. But Dr GSE has obviously carefully studied my love for the ‘pyramids’. She knows just how to place the ‘pyramids’ – Mommy-like, Mommilijk, and even Mommy herself occasionally – in front of me in order to produce ‘erectile intercepts’ out of me. Examples: January 28 in Stories LA. Several Mommy-like pyramids were having a meeting there, and one of them, wearing a skirt and dark stocking, was swinging her foot around in her flat shoe, exposing her heel. It was a very subtle image of beauty – but now when you think of it, it was probably orchestrated by Dr GSE, who must have deduced from studies of me my affection for ‘Mommyfeet’, for the purpose of producing out of me an ‘erectile intercept’ – and hence evidence of David Chin’s perversion beyond repair. For the other instances of Dr GSE’s supreme orchestration – which however got me quite upset – refer to ‘[lookfrinsur_dadstrek_2_7_10_303-505AM.WMA](#)’ (1:30:00 or so). Dr GSE’s dirty trick in covering up a piece of counter-evidence of ‘David Chin’s non-perversion’ as mentioned in the recording – after placing an underage soon-to-be blond pyramid in shorts and all [in front of me] and seeing that I had no erection under my pants, she directed someone to come on board and stand between me and the underage – occurred on February 4: on the crowded bus #207 on 3:38 PM going from Western and Hollywood to Western and Santa Monica (bus number 6387).”

Everything that I had described so far was more or less correct, except for the pyramid's foot-swinging in Stories LA on January 28: that was most likely not an operation (I had read too much into it). Then: "Now, when I do get hospitalized as I expect to be soon, will Dr GSE also be involved in running the script? Will I meet her French pyramid doctors there? Just remember the 'French advice' in the beginning of the song:

On m'a dit que
la vie ne vaut pas grande chose
qu'elle ne passe qu'en instant..."

Excellent! Insofar as I had finally described in explicit terms the operations which the French had conducted on me (except for, as noted, what happened on January 28 in Stories LA, on which I would comment more later), I had finally provided the Russians with clear and unequivocal evidence of my conspiracy with France to harm Russia. (The only thing I missed here was the text-messaging pyramid on the morning of January 28.) However, it must be noted that my grammar wasn't correct in my citation of Carla Bruni's famous song. The actual lyrics was:

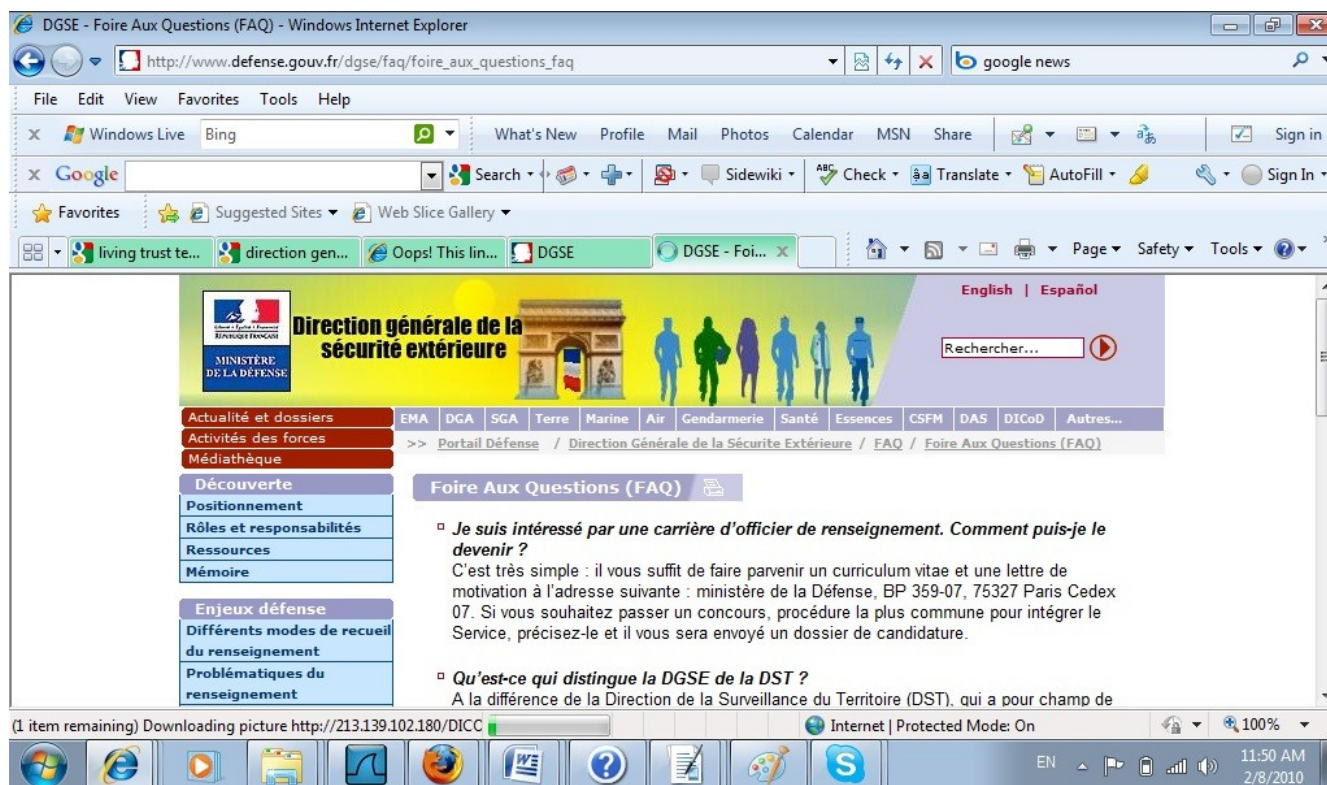
On me dit que
nos vies ne valent pas grand-chose,
Qu'elles passent en un instant
comme fânent les roses...

I was of course trying here to sink the French further into a conspiracy with me by purposely (mis-)construing Carla Bruni's music video in my possession as a "secret message" coming directly from Elyée. (It should be noted that I had done right by *not* mentioning the French's real objective: to suppress my videos of the CIA girls as evidences.) After I finished writing, I took a shower and was ready to go to the Law Library. I went out, bought cigarettes, and got on bus 4. All this is recorded in: "2_8_10_807-821AM.WMA", "2_8_10_827AM.WMA", and "2_8_10_829AM.WMA".

As I would pretend to write later in my diary: "On 8:38 AM this morning, I took bus #4 (bus number 9501) to go from Van Ness and Santa Monica to the Law Library. There were two sexily dressed 'Not-your-type' pyramids on the bus, but never any super weapons all the way." There was most likely no operation on the bus.

My next recording is: "lawlib_2_8_10_904AM-1224PM.WMA": I got off the bus, bought hot dogs, and, on 17:00, came inside the Law Library. When I was at the circulation desk, I was told that Angelica was not in today. No! What should I do? I needed to ask her for her date of birth! On 23:00 I dared ask Renee: "Do you know when Angelica's birthday is?" "Why?" I explained that I wanted to put her down as the beneficiary of my life insurance policy. She suggested that Angelica might not deserve it. Of course! I was being totally inappropriate and yet I had no idea. Then I asked for a book on living trust and became engrossed in it. I also searched online for more instructions on how to make a will or

a living trust. Then, on 1:49:00, I went out for a break. I noted that the same woman lawyer I saw the last time was here again today: “That woman is not Mommy, she’s a lawyer...” You should take special note of this because I would soon become convinced that she was indeed “Mommy”. I came back inside on 1:56:00. I wrote another email to Cindy asking her if she would be willing to sign a contract with a lawyer and keep my things in case I should suffer an accident. Then, on 11:29 AM, I purposely surfed onto the website of the DGSE: I wanted to be sure that I had locked the French into a conspiracy with me. Then, as will be discussed below, I discovered the news item “Iran’s nuclear move angers West and Russia”. Then a man came near me and pressed a button on his cellphone on 2:31:00. I was all paranoid and told Pinky, “I think that guy is a police officer! He came near me and pressed a button on his cellphone!” It’s not clear whether I was paranoid over nothing or whether the Russians had really sent in a Homeland Security agent to verify that I was indeed on the DGSE’s website. Then, on 11:50 AM, I purposely looked up “recruitment” on the DGSE’s website in order to give out the impression that I expected the French to recruit me!



I was on the “recruitment” section of the DGSE’s website on 11:50 AM

On 3:12:00 I came out for another break. A guy was talking on his cellphone near me. I pretended: “It’s my double!” Then I came back inside. I would tonight make something out of the man who had pressed a button on his cellphone.

My next recording is: “lawlib_2_8_10_1225-1240PM.WMA”: I checked my bank balance on the

payphone. When the operator was unable to hear me, I got fed up and hanged up. I then tried again. I specified to the banker that I didn't want the two online transactions from February 6. I was just paranoid over nothing. I then called up a lawyer's office asking for consultation about writing out a trust. No, they wouldn't do that.

My next recordings are: "lawlib_2_8_10_1240-1244PM.WMA", "lawlib_2_8_10_1244-1248PM.WMA", "lawlib_2_8_10_1248-103PM.WMA", and "lawlib_2_8_10_103-126PM.WMA": I then asked Renee for the number of Legal Aid Foundation and tried to call them on the payphone, but I just couldn't connect. Something strange then happened: I suddenly experienced extraordinary numbness as if I had been subjected to electric shock. Clearly, somebody was activating the chips inside my brain from the control center trying to signal something to me.⁴⁹ After the payphone had eaten up all my change, I asked Pinky to call for me. She couldn't connect either. I then walked out of the Law Library to eat. I walked into a fast food place and ordered a sandwich. When the people around were making noises, I left to avoid them. I noted that there was a 40 year-old woman inside who looked like Mommy. I then hummed loudly to avoid recording the super weapons on the street.

Soon I came home. My next recordings are: "2_8_10_222-352PM.WMA" and "hmrwrtsup17_2_8_10_353-859PM.WMA": Continuing to sound the alarm, I rested quietly and then, on 2:18:00 in the second recording, got up and, from 2:35:00 onward, was writing on my laptop. Then: "Maybe it's not a good idea to tell this to a therapist..." This is what I had written out – I was intentionally misinterpreting the events of the day in order to pretend to conspire with France and to not know about Russia's involvement:

"On about 11:40 AM, while I was in the Law Library reading on the Internet the latest news piece 'Iran's nuclear move angers Russia, West', a strange middle-aged white man came near me and pressed the buttons on a portable device, most likely to produce an intercept showing 'David Chin communicating with his foreign intelligence contact about the latest development.'⁵⁰ This news item is interesting because it might have revealed something. Remember how, during late August or early September 2008, someone at the Orthodox Church told me she thought I was from Vietnam or something like that and how, days later, I read in the *LA Times* that Vietnam, usually siding with Russia, had decided together with China not to recognize at the UN Security Council the two newly independent states formed from Georgia after Georgia's war with Russia? Now this news item reports that Russia seems to have backed away from its original position with Iran in favor of the position of the United States and France: 'Meanwhile, Russia, which had remained unmoved by US pressures on Iran, seems to have jumped ship. An influential lawmaker said the world must "immediately" inform Tehran that it is risking new sanctions if it did not accept the fuel swap deal'. This part of the news seems true, but the reason that the report gives seems false.⁵¹ Insane or not, I think that Russia was

49 This strange incident seems to have happened today, although I couldn't be exactly sure.

50 I printed out the news in "news_2_8_10.pdf".

51 "Moscow enjoys close diplomatic and economic ties with Tehran. However, it has never hesitated to back Western initiatives against the Iranian government whenever its own interests require it to. Hassan Beheshtipour, a senior Iran expert with knowledge on the country's nuclear capabilities, said the country can easily enrich uranium to 20 percent, as the newly installed centrifuges in the Natanz plant will quickly increase output. But Iran does not possess the technology to

actually blackmailed to withdraw from its position with respect to Iran because of the intercepts I have lately produced just like the last time. Which intercepts relate particularly to that? France, Iran... It's just during that night in Stories LA on January 28 when I was staring at the beautiful foot of that Mommy-like pyramid who was meeting with her pyramid friends – the 'scene' as orchestrated by Dr GSE – that I looked up and saved the information about my past therapists – among whom was the very first therapist with whom I had had an obsession (around late 1992 and early 1993): Azin, the UCI graduate who was from Iran. Could even my old therapist from almost two decades ago be transformed into a secret agent of some sort in the mentally confused intercepts of the faulty surveillance system – now coupled with an infrared true surveillance devised solely to detect my erections? As I have said before, the news is often real, but one has to invert its content from time to time to get at the truth. When it says that Russia changes its position because of its own interest, you should read 'Russia changes its position despite its own interest' – namely, because of the idiotic and random actions of this mentally retarded 'pet project' of Daddy's, which the news of course never reports about. Think back again to that news report in early 2008, how China had decided to open up its military archive for American scholars to do research in it? It never said why China suddenly became so generous – it's probably just because of me!!"

Then: "And so the intercept must have something to do with the Iranian secret agent contact into which even my very old therapist has been transfigured. Now a new term I want to coin. On the night of January 28, before the sight of 'Mommyfeet' and the sudden reminder of one of my very first therapists, Iran was safe. But after the sight and the reminder, Iran was damned, its project having now lost support from Russia. The game was much more sensual, humorous, and 'smooth' than Daddy's sometimes hilarious but always ridiculous and often disgusting transfiguration of reality through the Yijing-like faulty surveillance Machine. Dr GSE's superior use of the faulty surveillance system, together with her coupling with it the sensual [...] infrared 'erectile discovery machine', as a way to change international politics by reason of the most minute irrelevant acts of mine – this I shall refer to as *le formule* of Dr GSE."

As you shall soon see, I would later reserve the term *le formule* for something else. I of course knew that everything I had written above was pure bullshit: my old therapist Azin had nothing to do with what had happened between Iran and Russia – at least not in the way I had described it. Nevertheless, I must have achieved the effect which I had aimed at: the Russians must have certainly intercepted the above bullshit into the ICJ as evidence demonstrating that I did intend to conspire with France against Russia – that I did *attempt* to help France and the Western powers advance their geopolitical interests in Iran at Russia's expense. Next I wrote:

"Now, the scary confusion foretelling disasters at the Law Library this morning is recorded in... As you can hear, there was a certain trickiness on the part of my 'Law Librarian friends' (like Renee) and in other happenings in the Law Library this morning which was slightly different than the tricks and

manufacture the fuel assemblies. Therefore, there is a possibility that, as President Ahmadinejad has suggested, Iran will seek to negotiate for the second part of the original UN-backed fuel swap proposal, Mr. Beheshtipour said. And that would effectively leave out Russia from a potential deal; thus the Russian reaction."

setups I have experienced at this place before. Evidently, Dr GSE was showing Daddy how she could do much better with the same material. And she did do much better. There was a Mommy-like lawyer there, for example. A certain sensuality now runs through my environment – a sensuality that is even enjoyable, if you will. Daddy does not understand womankind and consequently cannot understand those people that are attracted to womankind, so that, whenever he sent in a woman near me to produce a surveillance intercept of David Chin’s perversion, the woman was always so ‘not-my-type’ that I wanted to vomit instead of feeling aroused. And, in total, Daddy’s environment has been a sterile one – except when he made degrading use of Mommy such as by sending her in to text-message next to me. But Dr GSE seems to understand well my passions for the pyramids and all, and she seems to – I’m not quite sure yet – have a masterful understanding of the beauty which ‘Mommyfeet’ (the feet of those pyramids that are Mommy-like) might have in my eyes. Or is she still learning? There was a ‘Not-your-type Pyramid’ in short business skirt in Sabor on February 4, and two more on the bus to the Law Library this morning as mentioned, and one more on the bus on my way back (below) probably in an attempt to incite an erection out of me while super weapons were in the vicinity (the woman, after passing me by and thus heating me up slightly, mostly because of my own nervousness toward ‘erectile intercept time’, then got blocked by someone so that only super weapons were in the intercepts of my ‘looking’). Perhaps in the coming days the sensuality she’ll infuse into my surrounding will become ever more perfect as the ‘not-your-types’ gradually fade out, leaving everyone ‘Mommy-like’ just to the point. For her project of ‘erectile intercepts’, perhaps my environment will become ever more heavenly – unlike Daddy’s mind – with the ‘Mommy-like’ imagery now assuming a new degree of sensuality which not even Mommy herself has much produced before. And many more beautiful ‘Mommyfeet’ in just the right shoes and in more sensuous poise than before, as it seems to be happening. This is the mind of Dr GSE – her *formule* – which is expected to be more enjoyable than Daddy’s. I just hope that she’d give up the ‘super weapon’ element in it, and it is not to say that it’s not going to be scary, as when the security guard in the Law Library (not Ms Security Guard ‘Pink’) noted down upon my entrance this morning that I had ‘discs’ in my bag, prefiguring disasters to come.”

More: “Now I truly love my ‘Law Librarian friends’, even when they had played pranks on me before per Daddy’s scripts. You could tell from Angel’s or Renee’s face that it was never something personal – they did try to hide it from me, right? So they were super nice to me. Now Angel’s words to me in May last year – ‘We are your “librarian friends”. We all like you very much’ – may be a bit of an exaggeration, but they do not seem to hate me, unlike the larger segments of the population. And you can see that Renee’s trickery on me yesterday was smoother – infused with Dr GSE’s humor, sensuality, and smoothness: her *formule* in a general sense – and was thus far less painful than before. What would Dr GSE do with the tallest pyramid in the whole library, Angelica? Angelica, other than beautiful, is a very cool person, and of course, even if she does harm me, it’s not because she likes to do it but because she has to – if Daddy orders someone to eat her own descendants for breakfast, can she refuse? I just hope that, with Dr GSE, my experience with Angelica in the coming days might be infused with a certain degree of beauty.”

Then: “I actually am glad that, in these last days, it is now a sensitive and very detailed-oriented French woman – who does understand me and does know beauty – who has flown across the Atlantic to help

orchestrate my environment for the sake of surveillance intercept-production. She has come to beautify Daddy's 'Homeland Security reality' as she shows Daddy just how to do it. I just hope, once more, that she would rid this reality of super weapons – something that can never be part of *romance*. And what would she do with my wish for a 'Mommy-like therapist'?"

Finally: "When returning home from the Law Library I took bus #4 at the bus stop next to the Law Library (bus number 9487; the bus driver's badge number was 28411), at around 1:44 PM. There were four or so super weapons on board. Remember, if any false complaints should come from bus passengers, it would be the bus full of super weapons. Dr GSE, please!!"

My last recording of the day is: "hmrwrtread_2_8_10_859-1002PM.WMA": And so I rested at home with my alarm turned on. Then I mumbled: "You think she's married... she's probably not married... she looks 36, 37..." It's not clear who I was talking about. Then, as I examined my Wireshark captures: "Maybe Homeland Security is not injecting packets to our computer..." Then I mumbled about how much I liked Angelica and so on. Then I was done and went to sleep.

Now an important comment. I had succeeded! First, in the morning, the Russians had obtained evidence that I had conspired with the French to produce evidences to confirm the David Chin legend in order to suppress the evidences of my conspiracy with the CIA. Then, when I was in the Law Library, the Russians had obtained evidence that I wanted the French to recruit me. Then, later in the night, the Russians had obtained more evidence that I had *intended* to conspire with France to use this ICJ trial to harm Russia. Conspiracy established! The only thing that was missing was my knowledge that the French had *remotely controlled me* to develop the erections in question (that I didn't do it on my own). It was in order to enable me to realize that my bodily functions could be remotely controlled that the Russians sent me electrical shocks this afternoon. But no, I couldn't yet comprehend this shocking truth: I would continue, for a few more days, to stick to my wrong understanding about some X-ray or infrared surveillance to detect my erections. No matter! Tomorrow morning the Russians would command the French to show up in front of me in order to frame themselves for further conspiracy with me.

February 9 (Tuesday; "Maman on the bus")

My first recordings of the new day are: "wrtsupl7_2_9_10_446-635AM.WMA", "2_9_10_635-640AM.WMA", and "2_9_10_642-748AM.WMA": Soon after I got up, I started writing: "... Ministère de la defense..." I was still trying to frame the French! Then I left my apartment to buy doughnuts – and there was a super weapon there! 6:30 AM in the morning! When I came back to my room, I pretended to mutter: "The super weapon... that means that Ministère de la defense has said 'No'!" Nice framing! I then turned on the alarm. My toilet was broken again. Then I left my apartment to go to the Law Library. I turned on my recorder briefly when I was on Western and Santa Monica waiting for bus 4: "2_9_10_801AM.WMA".

What happened when I was on the bus can be seen from my diary entry for today which I would

pretend to write as soon as I came inside the Law Library around 8:50 AM – this is in my next recording: “2_9_10_853-949AM.WMA”:

“Riding bus #4 on 8:10 AM from Western and Santa Monica (bus number 9489; the bus driver’s badge number was 35416) to the Law Library with no super weapons on board at all and – *incroyable*. I believe that when I was riding the bus this morning, Dr GSE may have herself come on board to sit next to me to text-message as my double. I don’t know. But I do believe she, as the mastermind of my ‘infrared erectile intercepts’, wanted one at the moment, and so I didn’t stop it at all but actually tried to encourage it by continuously staring at her feminine hands and studying their caressing movements on her cellphone. Double or not, I think the point is rather Lacanian: She must have seen my words somewhere that imaging my double is akin to the mirror stage, and she thus decided to seal the bond with me. [Just as] the infant stares at himself in the mirror and realizes that the Mother is a separate entity from himself – Lacan’s reviving of Freud’s *Spaltung* – so I was supposed to stare at her [as she pretended] to be my double (namely myself) and make an image of her, symbolizing that I have achieved separation from her – meaning that she, a beautiful pyramid herself, is my *Maman* this time, wanting my co-operation. And thus I never did stop the ‘erectile intercept’ – nor did I give in to the fear for that imaginary ‘criminal portraiture of strangers on the bus’.”

Then: “Thus I tried to draw her, despite the heat below, and on that account, didn’t quite succeed. She looks very different from Mommy, but with a pair of very beautiful light blue-green transparent lakes and a not-so-perfect but still tall pyramid below. She has perhaps read Lacan’s *Écrits* herself – she was at the time holding a book [entitled] ‘Remix’ – and would definitely not think that ‘erection toward the mother’ is perversion, but would in fact agree that it’s [part of] normal human development, thus not minding the intercept at all.”⁵² And I would compose the following:

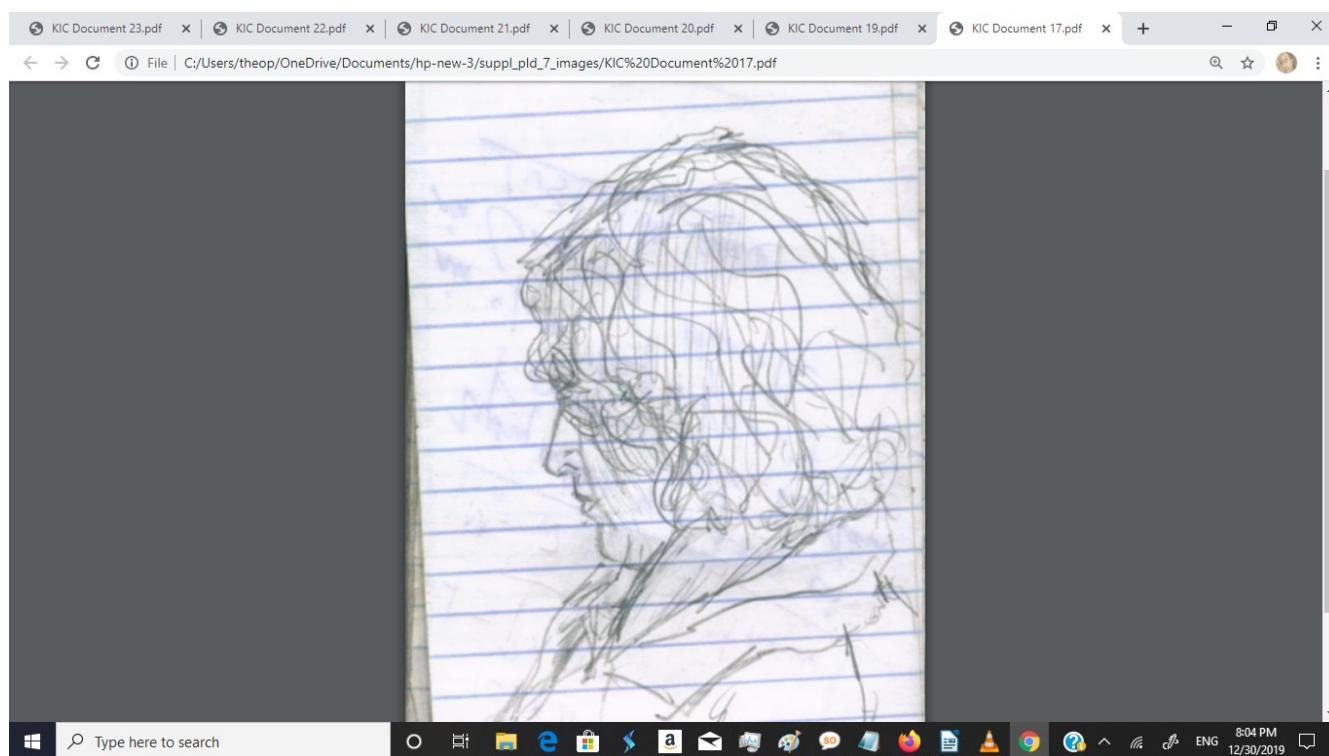
Mais à la différence de “Best Mommy”
le Maman c’est une image de l’*Ecstase*.
Ce matin, dans le bus,

52 The possibilities are: Lawrence Lessig’s *Remix: Making Art and Commerce Thrive in the Hybrid Economy* (2008); Marina Budhos’s *Remix: Conversations with Immigrant Teenagers* (1999); and Jon Courtenay Grimwood’s *Remix* (2001). The introduction on Amazon for Grimwood’s *Remix* goes like this: “LizAlec is wired for sound, speed and anything else that money can buy. But she’s abducted. Her mother’s a French minister, who moves Heaven and Earth to find her. Fixx fixes things – recordings, people, anything that makes money. Some of him is almost human. Now he has to find LizAlec.” On Good Reads one finds this introduction to this book: “Steel-eating mutant bacteria have reduced Europe to isolated, barbarous rubble and Nazi cossacks are at the gates of Imperial Paris. LizAlec, adopted daughter of Lady Claire, icily glamorous head of Imperial security, is kidnapped from a lunar Arrivals Lounge on her way to finishing school, and rescued by a one-lunged outcast who keeps his best friend’s head in a coolbox. Everyone wants a piece of LizAlec – her mother’s rivals, a murderous tele-evangelist who lives in a space ark, her burned-out cyborg rock star boyfriend, and whatever it is that lurks in her own body and makes her surprisingly competent in emergencies. Grimwood has made a modest career out of the realization that cyberpunk long ago ceased to be the messianic next big thing in sf and became a set of gestures and a marketing ploy. The intelligent absurdities of his plotting, a vein of perverse eroticism, and his love affair with the brand-named impedimenta of an improbable high-tech future, add up to superior brain candy; a caper thriller with ideas in orbit above its station. There is a place for glossy fluff in sf, and Grimwood occupies it with real competence...” Presumably, it is this book that Maman was reading, to signal to me, among other things, that she was French (the mother is a “French minister” or the head of “Imperial security”).

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
4.8.2. The World of the Pyramids
Lawrence C. Chin,
Jan. 2010 – Apr. 2021

on a compris qu'on
est séparé, différent du *Maman*,
qui est l'Autre par excellence.

I would continue: “Aside from the change in international politics that she was attempting to effect, *Maman* was at the same time teaching me a lesson in psychology, in maturity, it seems. Her boss was hungry, but she was also here [to give] a lesson in interpersonal relationship. I’ve not seen Angelica yet – feeling a bit loss, perhaps shame – but I hope *Maman* wouldn’t tell her that, before coming to the Law Library, I have just had an erection vis-à-vis the *beau Pyramide français du Ministère de la défense de la France*.” When I finished writing all this, it was 9:40 AM.



The second of the two portraits I made of Maman

I had of course done a wonderful job here. As usual, once the Russians had established my conspiracy with the French, they proceeded to order the leader of the DGSE team to come out to ride the bus with me – as part of the procedure of devising the terrorist’s environment to fit his belief as a way to let him finish his mission. Since I believed that Best Mommy, in order to frame the Russians, came out to ride the bus with me in April last year, I should be duped into believing that, this time, Maman came out to ride the bus with me in order to frame the Russians. She carried the book “Remix” in order to signal to me what her conspiracy with me consisted in (at the very least, to let me know that she was French). Since the Russians had established that I had conspired with the French to produce intercepts of my erections (despite the fact that I couldn’t yet comprehend that these erections were remotely

controlled), they also had the right to command the rest of the DGSE team back in the courthouse to remotely control me to develop more erection as I was staring at Maman as part of the same procedure of devising my environment to fit my belief. While having supposedly duped me, the Russians would then enter into evidence today's episode that Maman and I had tried to frame them again and worked together to produce more erectile intercepts in order to suppress my videos of the CIA girls as evidences – thus further sinking France into a conspiracy with me. That I immediately wrote down my understanding that it was the DGSE who was on the bus with me was further evidence for the Russians that I was indeed conspiring with the French against Russia. Again, job well done! It should only be noted that I was finally correct here: during the previous two times when I suspected that the Russians had sent out members of the French team to meet me, I was totally mistaken. But I didn't yet know this at this time.

My next recording is "2_9_10_952AM-1207PM.WMA": On 2:00 I came to the circulation desk to ask Angelica – I was all stammering: "... I was buying life insurance... I needed your date of birth..." But Angelica insisted that she shouldn't be the beneficiary since she wasn't related to me. "Why do you not want to?" "Because I don't think I deserve it..." "How old are you anyway?" "I'm in my 30s..." (She was in fact 31 year-old.) I then asked another librarian about probate code and statutory will. I came outside on 12:00 and said to my recorder, "Oh, you are still on, okay..." Then, by 22:00, I had come back inside and sat down at a table. I mumbled continually: "... avoid being arrested this week... you are so retarded..." I then wrote another email to Cindy asking her if she wanted to be the beneficiary of my life insurance policy. Since Angelica didn't want to, I might as well ask my cousin. Then, on 55:00, I came out to buy hot dogs and, on 1:24:00, came back inside the library. Angelica helped me fill up my copy card. I then sat down at a table, all quiet.

My next recording is: "2_9_10_1209-135PM.WMA": I tried calling the Legal Aid Foundation again on the payphone on 37:30. At this time an Iranian pyramid, dressed in business suit and all, was working near me with her American partner. I got suspicious and began drawing them (50:00) – I would later conclude that she was part of the Iranian team on the Russian side – which would mean that the position of the hidden command had somehow switched to the French again in the past two hours. It must be because I had said "You are still on" to my recorder, I would conclude.⁵³ I mumbled: "When it comes to pyramids, it's not the case that the taller it is the better... We still like Angelica's pyramid, even though it is shorter than this Persian Pyramid's pyramid..." (1:04:00). I then ran into Angel while walking out (1:08:00). She was absolutely delighted, and she wanted to see the portrait. I didn't want to show it to her for it was badly done. "Are you in love?" she asked. "No... No... Angelica is wearing glasses today... I'm psychotic..." She praised me, and then told me her son also drew Japanese animation. "That's scary..." "Yeah, what he drew was scary sometimes..." "He is a lot scarier than what he draws..." (1:11:40). I then predicted that the Iranian pyramid would complain about me, and I even told Angel how I once successfully predicted that somebody's phone would ring (1:14:00). (I was talking about that episode back in October last year when I was in the storage facility.) "I'm psychic, I can predict when other people's phone will ring! I can even predict when other people will harass me" (1:15:40). And yet Angel thought it was about energy and vibes! But no, I told her. I ran back and forth,

53 As I have noted in the quote from my earlier writing: "Oh he's gone... and you are still on..."

and when I came back to the circulation desk, I asked Angel what she was reading. Her friend was very sick, and so she was reading the book to learn how to help him eat better. “You are what you eat,” she said. “What happens when you shit it out? Then you’ll have to eat it again in order to be,” I joked.

My next recording is: “lawlibleave_2_9_10_149-459PM.WMA”: I then continued to look for probate lawyers online. On 2:30 PM, I wrote another email inquiry to a law firm:

... what I want is to find some entity or person who would be bound by law to keep my personal effects in the event of my death and to never alter or destroy them...

This was basically my concern right now. Then Cindy wrote me back saying she couldn’t meet me this week. I wrote back saying I didn’t trust her anyway. Then I was struggling with a possible episode of malfunctioning of my Eee PC from 1:15:00 onward. Before I left, I came to the circulation desk to make sure that Angelica would be working tomorrow and then bid her goodbye (1:42:30). When I came outside, I was angry with the drivers (1:48:00) and was crossing the streets against red lights and ordering cars to stop for me (2:10:00). I took notice of a police car on 2:22:00. I was on the bus by 2:24:00 – I was on my way to the Wright Institute for my appointment with Inga. I got off the bus on 2:52:00 and got angry with a woman: “Don’t text-message you mother-fucking bitch!” Normally I would simply be pretending because I knew that none of this mattered anymore as long as the Russians were in the position of the hidden command, but, since I believed that the Iranian pyramid from earlier was from the Russian side inside the courthouse, I was terribly worried that the French had somehow got on top again and were ordering intercepts. Hence I was angry. When I saw an ambulance, I even saluted it with my middle finger (3:06:30). In reality, I was most likely all mistaken again. The Iranian pyramid from earlier had nothing to do with my ICJ trial, so that, currently, the Russians still had the French maintained as my conspirators.⁵⁴

My next recordings are: “waitbus7_2_9_10_459-503PM.WMA” and “winga_2_9_10_509-6PM.WMA”: I then got on Santa Monica bus 7 and – I suddenly realized something – this was my new scenario about the life-insurance policy business which you have just read about under the entry for February 6. I got off the bus in front of the Wright Institute on 6:00 in the second recording. When I was in the elevator, I was talking to my recorder, and the man who was in the elevator with me asked me: “Do your record everything?” “Yes, and you know that, but you are pretending not to know! Haha!” I was meeting with Inga from 15:00 onward. Since I was late, we had only about 30 minutes. I was surprised by her appearance and asked her where she was from. Armenia! I poured out to her my latest understanding of my situation due to the trial in the ICJ: “I have a feeling that I’ll be arrested for no reason at all... somebody in power wants to kill me... he wants me arrested... the lawsuit... his foreign partner came in, she doesn’t want me dead... they will get somebody else killed...” Then I even dared tell her what I had just realized: “... if I buy life-insurance but put her down as the beneficiary” – I was referring to Angelica – “she will be killed...” Namely, because, according to my erroneous understanding, the opposite of everything I attempted would happen. I continued: “I just realized it, I’m pissed off... that’s why I’m held off... I asked her, and she must have already known

54 Namely, the judge computer did not issue judgments on the basis of my meaningless words.

about it... I asked my cousin, and she didn't want it either... I want to file a lawsuit against them..." Needless to say, Inga didn't understand anything I said, and so I explained it again: "...the judges... the conspiracy to commit murder... I know it's kind of strange, but nothing is going to happen..." I suddenly became worried that Inga might call the police so that the arrest I feared would become a self-fulfilling prophecy. But Inga had no such intention and merely wanted to give me a referral: she evidently thought that I suffered from schizophrenia and so was unfit for therapy here. When she walked out of the office I insisted on following her because I was so afraid that she might call the police. In the end, she wanted to refer me to Edelman. "Oh! ...I've been there before..." And so she promised to find me somebody else. I then paid the fees and left.

My next recording is: "eatbus4hm_2_9_10_6-838PM.WMA": I rode the bus to Westwood and came inside a restaurant to eat. I was out of the restaurant on 1:05:00. I continued to be worried about whether Inga would call the police. "But that's okay. The French lady we saw on the bus today will protect us... Why was she Armenian? She would evidently be transformed into an Iranian..." All wrong! Inga had in fact nothing to do with the evidentiary process. Then, on 7:18 PM, I came inside a coffeehouse and wrote an email to Deborah asking her if she could set me up with a therapist from the Chicago School. I also asked her if she had been told anything about me lately. I was on the bus on 1:46:00 to go home and came back home on 2:28:00. I continued to mumble about how bad the life insurance thing was. "Angelica was probably thinking: Why does he hate me?" In reality, not only was it *not* the case that the opposite of everything I wanted to effect would come true – it depended on whether what I wanted to do would harm Russia or France – but Angelica also didn't think at all that I was trying to kill her by putting her down as the beneficiary of my life insurance policy.

My next recording is: "2_9-10_10_1148PM-543AM.WMA": I cooked noodles and so on. Then I rested.⁵⁵ By 5:50:00, I was awake.

February 10 (Wednesday; "Ban Ki-Moon")

My next recording is: "2_10_10_543-654AM.WMA": Soon after I woke up, I went out to buy doughnuts. I then got very frustrated because I couldn't open the door to my apartment building again. "Forget it, let's just freeze to death, Daddy wants us dead..." I continued to be quite angry over the fact that my Daddy wanted to use me to kill Angelica (even though this was in fact *not* the case) and so was kicking things on the street. When I was buying cigarettes, I assumed that the shop keeper had already seen my picture. "And so she's a fucking bitch... We are going to get arrested soon..." I walked a long way and came inside Sabor on 47:00. I was on my laptop: "... Okay, Daddy we are going to accomplish our mission..." I suddenly had an idea about how to avenge Angelica and so did a search on our UN Secretary General Ban Ki-Moon. "Okay Daddy this man is Korean and almost indistinguishable from David Chin. We don't like it when you mess with her... If we can't do it, our double will do it for us..." I thus filmed myself buying life insurance policy for Ban Ki-Moon! I thought I was creating troubles since the opposite of what I wanted was always supposed to happen. "Now the faulty surveillance Machine will lock onto Ban Ki-Moon... the police will arrest us and put

⁵⁵ Reviewed until 27:00, and then from 5:50:00 onward.

us in the mental hospital... and the police will arrest Ban Ki-Moon, a laptop will be forged, and Daddy will bring Ban's dead body and the forged laptop to the International Court... So Daddy, don't mess with the 'Pyramid', everyday when we see that the tallest pyramid around is still standing, we are happy... Today faulty surveillance has confused Ban Ki-Moon with David Chin." And so I thought I was being heroic and wreaking vengeance for Angelica's sake. In reality, what I did had no effect on anything at all. But what did the bystanders – the Russians and the French – think about my act?

My next recording is: "2_10_10_654-726AM.WMA": When I left the coffeehouse, I remembered to bid goodbye to the man who I thought was a police officer: "Oh, see you later Mr Cop... No, rather, goodbye, see you in 5 years." On 23:00 I came back into my apartment to pick up my intercept notebook. Then I came out again. Now I had decided that I had to be more explicit by specifically putting down Ban Ki-Moon as the beneficiary of my life-insurance policy.

My next recording is: "2_10_10_728AM.WMA": It seems that I was on Santa Monica and Western getting on bus 4.

My next recording is: "2_10_10_804-817AM.WMA": I was walking on the street again. Then I offered my prediction: "Ban Ki-Moon and I will be simultaneously arrested, Ban will be taken to the ICJ while I will be detained... Whether Daddy will get Ban Ki-Moon or not, it all depends on how much he wants Russia... and how much he loves Ban Ki-Moon." I then got on the bus again. According to my diary entry for today: "Took bus #4 on 8:30 AM or so to go to the Law Library, but got off in midway (bus number 9476)..."

My next recording is: "2_10_10_838-841AM.WMA": I came to Farmers Insurance only to discover that the place was open only from 10 to 7. I decided to go home first.

My next recording is: "2_10_10_846-957AM.WMA": I was now at home. I continued: "Okay Daddy, if you want Russia, then you'll open the door on 10 AM." I continued to mumble about Angelica the "Pyramid" and then turned on the alarm. I put up my act: "As far as we know, Daddy wants us dead and wants to have our dead body confused with someone else's, but Maman wants us to live... and so some confusion will happen, and somebody else's dead body will turn up in the ICJ... Are we going to live or die? We don't know. If Daddy really wants Russia, he will have us dead... Whether we are going to live or not... frankly, we don't care... Daddy wants... and we will die, just to have the satisfaction from proving him wrong..." (around 46:00).

My next recording is: "2_10_10_10-1003AM.WMA": It was 10 AM and I was at Farmers Insurance again. Pretending to conspire with the French, I mumbled: "Maman... merci..." I walked into the office but was told the man who handled my case, Joseph, would only be back on 1 PM. I thus decided to go to the Law Library first. As I would write on my diary later: "Took bus #4 this morning on 10:17 AM on Santa Monica and Western to go to the Law Library (bus number 9484)."

My next recordings are: "2_10_10_1041-1043AM.WMA", "2_10_10_1045AM.WMA", "2_10_10_

1050-1106AM.WMA”: When I walked into the Law Library, Renee told me that Angelica was indeed here. Within a few minutes, I left the library to eat. I walked into a fast food place and ordered a sandwich, and – guess what? The cashier was from Iran! I put up my act to him: “It’s bad for your country that I’m talking to you, huh?” In reality, this man was most likely again unrelated to the battle inside the International Court at the moment. Soon I was done and returned to the Law Library.

My next recording is: “2_10_10_1117AM-1217PM.WMA”: I sat down at a table and mumbled: “Angelica is a talking pyramid.” Finally, I greeted her on 13:00. Then, on 33:00, I asked Angelica how to find a book on “organizations that would keep my things”. Then how to use the catalog. She took me to another librarian. There were no such organizations. How shall I prepare for my death? I even looked up intellectual property safeguard services online. I left the library on 58:00. “Okay, we saw the Pyramid...” Now it’s time for my revenge!

As I would write in my diary later: “Then on bus #4 (bus number 9420) around 12:27 PM to come back.” And my next recording is: “2_10_10_1226-1228PM.WMA”: While on the bus, I tried to talk to a man who looked like an undercover cop: “Mr Police Officer, you are going to arrest somebody with a very similar description to mine... You are going to end up arresting me... You will put me in the hospital when you realize you have made a mistake...” Nonsense!

My next recording is: “2_10_10_1255-101PM.WMA”: I had now returned to Santa Monica and Western. I shouted (put up my act): “... Maman and Daddy are debating... We have made things too difficult for Daddy... That’s what you get when you mess with the ‘Pyramid’... Oh, super weapon, *super courage*...” I came to Farmers Insurance and waited for my man, Joseph. I would have to wait several hours and would continually turn my recorder on and off during this time to record my act.

My next recording is: “2_10_10_105-111PM.WMA”: I came out of Farmers Insurance to record my act: “... on n’a pas de courage pour ça... *super courage*...” Then I continued to wait.

My next recording is: “2_10_10_115-147PM.WMA”: I came out to record my act: “He would be like: ‘And so that’s your relative?’ ‘Chin Chang Chung’... Yes... Daddy it will be expensive... *super courage*, courage insuffisant... even though you are afraid, ça c’est courage... Maman says, *Courage... super courage*, that means you can’t overcome yourself... Maman nous comprenons... la différence entre *courage* et *super courage*... Maman, on est en train de décider, c’est ça? En train de discuter? On discute parce que c’est trop cher, on attend...” I purposely spoke French in order to act like I was conspiring with the French. In this way, I thought, the position of the hidden command would switch back to Russia. In reality, of course, the position had never switched – the Russians were in command right now because they had just established the French as conspiring with me – but my speaking French *was* of course the Russians’ evidence that I was conspiring – or was continuing to conspire – with the French.

My next recording is: “2_10_10_149-203PM.WMA”: I continued to wait for the man. “*Courage*...”

My next recording is: “2_10_10_204PM.WMA”: A child came into the office and so I walked out again.

My next recording is: “2_10_10_209-235PM.WMA”: While outside, I continued my act: “Maman a dit que c’est trop cher... le *super courage*... that’s why that little mother-fucker came in... on attend 5 minutes... Daddy, too expensive for you, huh? Well, don’t fuck with Angelica...” I then went inside to continue to wait for the man. Soon a police officer came in to join in on the conversation. I came outside again: “*Courage... courage...*” And I hummed loudly when super weapons were around.

My next recording is: “2_10_10_252PM.WMA”: “... is it Mommy? Or Maman?”

My next recording is: “2_10_10_302PM.WMA”: Then, more super weapons came in and so I ran out again. “... l’autre côté...” And I urinated behind the bushes. “On va attendre... si c’est trop cher, on ne va pas réussir... Maman, qu’est-ce qui se passe? Dis-nous! Est-ce que c’est trop cher...?”

My next recording is: “2_10_10_305PM.WMA”: I continued: “... il ferme à sept heure, c’est ça? Super weapon, ça veut dire: pas à ce moment... trop cher ou pas trop cher... There are too many little mother-fuckers around....”

My next recording is: “2_10_10_311-317PM.WMA”: I talked to the office manager again and he scolded me for urinating on the trees. I waited outside and continued: “... c’est trop cher... that means there is no more chance today... that means there is still a chance...” Then I scolded our former Secretary again: “Angelica is important, I hope you have learned that, Daddy...” Ha!

My next recording is: “2_10_10_324PM.WMA”: I was now deciding whether to go get something to eat first.

My next recording is: “2_10_10_337PM.WMA”: I was still outside. “Maman a dit, no recording while checking...” And I peeked into the office: “Okay, another little mother-fucker inside...”

Then, there was something unrecorded. A car in the parking lot had no more battery and the driver was able to find another driver to help him. The two men connected the two cars’ batteries with jumper cables and started the engine of the car with the dead battery. I stood on the sidewalk pretending to be watching intensely: I was pretending to believe that the French had staged this as a “metaphor” to communicate something to me and so was putting up an act of trying to decipher the meaning of it all. Deep inside I believed that it was the Russians who had staged this from the control center and that it referred to the switching of the hidden command from the French to the Russians and vice versa. In reality, nobody had staged this and it was just a random event.

My next recording is: “2_10_10_421-426PM.WMA”: I was still waiting outside and started commenting on the changes in my environment as if all were remotely controlled by the French from the control center to communicate something to me (that is, I continued my act): “... la police et le

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
4.8.2. The World of the Pyramids
Lawrence C. Chin,
Jan. 2010 – Apr. 2021

chien... on ne sait pas... they can always get their steak in some other way... right, Maman? ... d'autre manière... Maman will think of something... maybe Daddy will give in, it's Maman talking... parce que Ban Ki-Moon est trop cher... they will find something else... that's what the doggie means... *Maman est en train de nous dire quelque chose... c'est trop cher, on n'a pas réussi... d'autre manière...*" In reality, the French were not controlling my environment at the moment to tell me anything.

My next recording is: "2_10_10_427PM.WMA": I was still waiting outside. "... just checked it, pas encore... on va attendre... et c'est très probable qu'on ne va pas réussir parce que c'est trop cher... Maman va trouver un autre manière..."

My next recording is: "2_10_10_433-436PM.WMA": I continued: "Maman est en train de nous dire quelque chose... that man leaving the medical center... on est un chien, on comprend rien... il marche... Maman qu'est-ce que c'est ça? Très probablement, Maman a décidé que c'est trop cher..."

My next recording is: "2_10_10_437PM.WMA": I continued: "... on a l'impression que Maman a transformé... la signification... Daddy's Homeland Security reality... *pour Maman, c'est un système de significations...*" Bullshit! Neither the French nor the Russians were signifying anything to me at the moment.

My next recording is: "2_10_10_440PM.WMA": I continued: "Maman est gentille... *Maman a sauvé Angelica*, et... mais on attend..." In reality, it's not clear whether anyone was trying to harm Angelica!

My next recording is: "2_10_10_442-445PM.WMA": I continued while outside: "... okay deux chiens... un petit chien, ça c'est courage... deux femmes sont parties... est-ce que ça veut dire que... you've got it... Maman a sauvé Angelica... Maman veut probablement pas... Ban Ki-Moon... personne ne doit mourir... on attend..."

At some point – is this recorded somewhere? – when I mentioned something about Maman's usage of Lacan, all the birds resting on the telephone polls and so on took off at once. I was shocked and believed that the Russians had commanded the French to remotely control the birds to fly away at this moment in order to confirm me. This is how I would develop in the subsequent days the impression that every single movement in my environment, from the movement of animals to the falling of leaves, was remotely controlled from the control center to correspond to my testimonies. After I had become sensitive to "signals" and "secret messages" conveyed through the remotely controlled movements and sounds in my environment, I was now reading too much – way too much – into the ordinary changes around me. I was becoming like a typical targeted individual.

Finally, around 5:30 PM, it was my turn to talk to my man at Farmers Insurance. As I would soon record on my diary:

I have added a new twist to Daddy's attempt to commit murder through the

International Court as a way to beat more (most likely the final) concessions out of Russia... The words I said while buying life insurance at Farmers Insurance on Santa Monica and Western around 5:30 PM are: (1) “You have the quote for me from last time?” (2) “No, another beneficiary.” (3) “It’s a man this time.” (4) “What do you have?” (5) “Relative.” (6) “First name, ‘Ki’, space, ‘Moon’... Ki... Ban... 6, I mean, June, 13, 1944.” (7) “Everything.” (8) “No problem.” (9) “You want me to write you a check? Can I pay cash?” (10) “Debit card?” (11) “I’ll give you that.” (12) “Checking.” (13) “I’ll pay one today, and every month on this day.” (14) “No debit card?” (15) “I have overdraft limit; if it doesn’t work, let me know.” (16) “You don’t accept cash either?” (I thus wrote out a check to Joseph.) (17) “Routing number, account number.” (18) (I then handed him cash in case my overdraft limit would not cover direct withdrawal from my checking account. I also wrote “Void” on the blank check. The charge was 33 dollars and 41 cents, and I gave him 34 dollars. He then asked me for my phone number.) “213-984-1408.” (19) “Skype.” (20) “Okay.” The last few lines of conversations I didn’t note down due to lack of time. Finally, I said, “No problem, thank you.”

My next recording is: “2_10_10_558-649PM.WMA”: By this time, I was at home. “We have bought the insurance... We did the best we could, we paid cash, and we also gave out the routing number... Every avenue has been taken...” And I turned on my alarm. Then: “... tomorrow we will go to the library to make sure that the tallest pyramid around is still standing... *courage*...” I then rested.

My next recording is: “slp_2_10-11_10_723PM-510AM.WMA”: My alarm was still on while I slept.⁵⁶ By 8:26:00, I was awake. On 8:29:00, I was mumbling some bullshit about a supposed operation to confuse me with Ban Ki-Moon in surveillance when I shall leave my apartment. “... we can go ask the manager if she would remember it...” Then about how I needed to go outside to observe what was going on. “The faulty surveillance is still on us... only when we get arrested should we be confused with Secretary General... *but if Maman doesn’t want us arrested*... we don’t know, we’ll figure it out...” From 9:28:00 onward, I was typing on my Eee PC. What?

Now a comment. At the time when I was doing my performance in French, I naively believed that I was impressing the shit out of the Russians who were watching the show. Maybe they even let Angelica watch me perform as well. “Look! He is heroically saving Angelica! He truly loves her! And he’s so educated that he can do all that in French in order to bring down the French!” The Russians must have read all that self-congratulating nonsense running in my head at the time from the mind-reading computer. I was in fact saving and avenging nobody and was merely wasting my precious money away buying a life-insurance policy that had no effect on the ICJ trial at all. Nevertheless, it’s the heart that counts, right? The Russians would begin to think that it was indeed right to pair me up with Angelica for the upcoming PLANMEX.

February 11 (Thursday)

⁵⁶ Reviewed until 20:00, and then from 8:24:00 onward.

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice
4.8.2. The World of the Pyramids
Lawrence C. Chin,
Jan. 2010 – Apr. 2021

My next recording is: “2_11_10_512-626AM.WMA”: Then I rested. On 58:00, I was mumbling about perhaps doing laundry today. Then about how I needed to borrow more money.

My next recording is: “2_11_10_626-637AM.WMA”: I was now ready to go out. “... courage, Maman, on y va...” I came out of my apartment building and came inside the doughnuts shop. A super weapon soon came in. I was shocked and turned off my recorder and ran out.

My next recording is: “2_11_10_641-649AM.WMA”: I pretended to try to decipher the meaning of what had just happened: “... Maman... signification... super weapon... what’s the point? Ne pas enregistrer?... You have to go into the Law Library without recording... an intercept is always a message, this is so even with Daddy, but it’s more sophisticated with Maman... l’inconscient de Maman...”

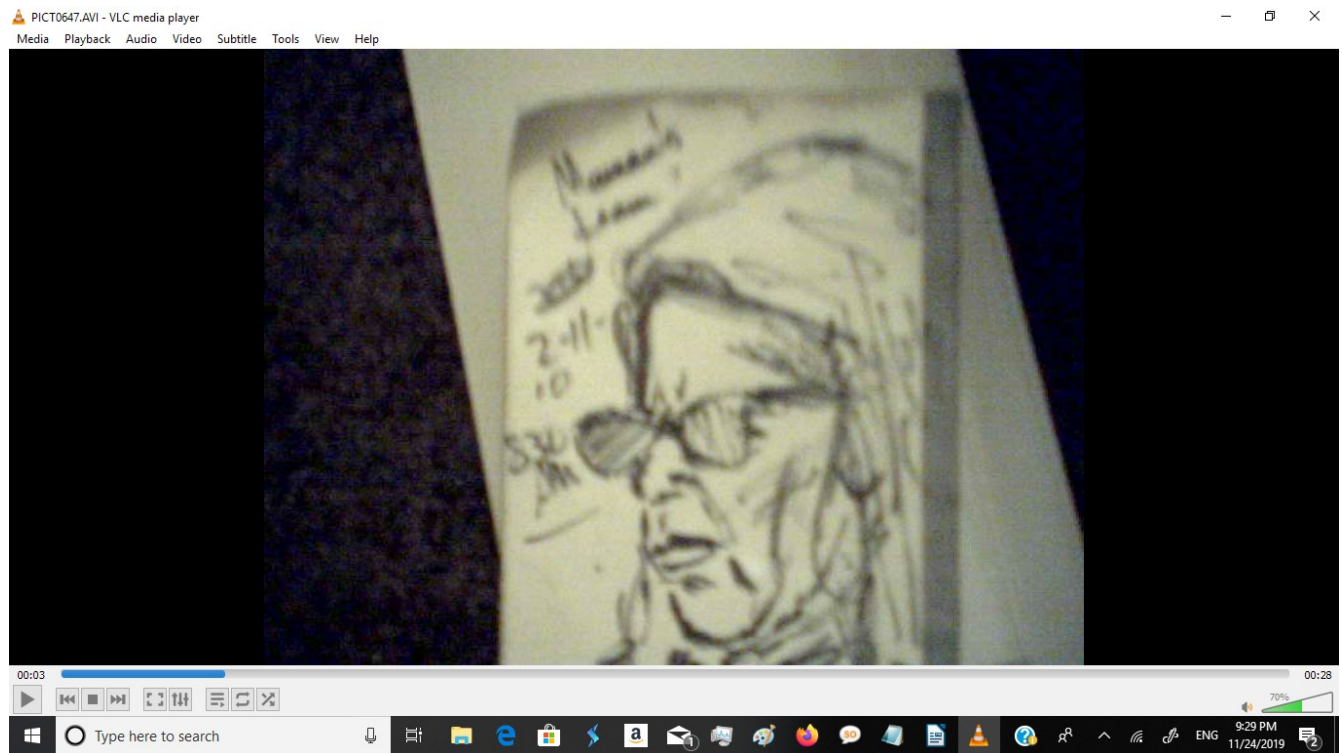
My next recording is: “2_11_10_731-743AM.WMA”: I came back home and turned on my alarm. Then I continued my act: “... if the setup is correct, we will be arrested... and then we will be killed... that doesn’t matter, we don’t care anymore... the thing is: what about your stuff? We still have a long way to finishing up ‘Karin’s Meetups’... Listen to Maman, she has saved Angelica... Mommy is great, Maman is good, and the tallest pyramid is still standing... What are we going to do about our stuff? I just hope that Maman will give us a clue... *courage*...” Deep down I of course believed that it was the Russians who had saved Angelica even though I didn’t believe that the French would really want to kill her. I was now ready to go to the Law Library to see the “Pyramid”.

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice

4.8.2. The World of the Pyramids

Lawrence C. Chin,

Jan. 2010 – Apr. 2021



The blond hair woman on the bus who I thought
was a member of Maman's team

And so I took bus 4 to go to downtown. While on the bus, I noticed this blond hair woman wearing sunglasses and I assumed again that she was a member of the French team whom the Russians had sent in to frame her team for further conspiracy with me. This, thanks to my great performance yesterday by which I had further locked the French into a conspiracy with me. I drew a quick portrait of her as usual. It's not clear whether I was correct about this. (Most likely not.)

My next recording is: "2_11_10_845-857AM.WMA": I was still on the street. I asked someone for a light. Then: "Angelica is not very impressed by me, partly because I wear the same clothes everyday." On 10:30 or so I arrived at the Law Library, saying "Courage!"

The Secret History of the International Court of Justice

4.8.2. The World of the Pyramids

Lawrence C. Chin,

Jan. 2010 – Apr. 2021

| Date | Type | Description | Debit | Credit | Balance |
|------------|------------------------|--|----------|----------|------------|
| 02/10/2010 | Misc. Debit | INSUFFICIENT FUNDS FEE | \$33.00 | | (\$299.23) |
| 02/10/2010 | Debit Card Transaction | WRIGHT INSTITUTE LOS ANG 02/09WRIGHT IN | \$35.00 | | (\$266.23) |
| 02/08/2010 | Misc. Debit | INSUFFICIENT FUNDS FEE | \$33.00 | | (\$231.23) |
| 02/08/2010 | ACH Debit | CITIFINANCIAL LOAN PAYMT PPD ID: 1520278518 | \$152.70 | | (\$198.23) |
| 02/04/2010 | Misc. Debit | INSUFFICIENT FUNDS FEE | \$33.00 | | (\$45.53) |
| 02/04/2010 | ACH Debit | PAYPAL INST XFER 5TB2243QZ2MTJ WEB ID: PAYPALS66 | \$12.53 | | (\$12.53) |
| 02/03/2010 | Misc. Debit | WITHDRAWAL | \$429.94 | | |
| 02/02/2010 | Debit Card Transaction | PAY*GRAND STOR 213-749-3 02/01PAY*GRAND | \$54.00 | | \$429.94 |
| 02/01/2010 | Check | CHECK # 2281 (view) | \$300.00 | | \$483.94 |
| 02/01/2010 | Misc. Credit | CREDIT / DEPOSIT | | \$354.01 | \$783.94 |
| 02/01/2010 | ACH Credit | US TREASURY 310 SUPP SEC PPD ID: 3101736121 | | \$845.00 | \$429.93 |
| 01/19/2010 | Misc. Debit | INSUFFICIENT FUNDS FEE | \$33.00 | | (\$415.07) |

My negative bank account balance, February 11

My next recording is: “2_11_10_859AM.WMA”: I sat down at a table and started working on my Eee PC. I continued to search online for organizations that would keep my things in the event of my death. Then I discovered that, on 7:21 PM last night, Deborah had replied me:

I haven't heard @ you since I heard you were in New York and at some point after that I heard you were @ CGI looking for me but I wasn't there. I'm there 1 hr/wk, and it's now the Chicago School with all new department heads. Very few of the former faces are there. I don't recommend the counseling center there at this time, but I will try to think of a referral for you if you wish. If you want to go there, you will have to start from scratch and that might be OK. They are turning the program into a Department of Mental Health substance abuse program, but I don't know how long that is going to take. I am going away for 8 days beginning this Saturday Feb. 13 – 21, so I may not be able to help you this week. It just occurred to me that I think you should call Dr. Kathy Macleay. I will find her number and email that to you tomorrow. She would be able to help you, if not herself, she knows who to find for you.

My next recording is: “2_11_10_1001AM.WMA”: Still having not seen Angelica around, I commented: “.... we have not yet seen the tallest pyramid...”

My next recording is: “2_11_10_1003-1014AM.WMA”: I discovered more email notices that various insurance companies had been trying to contact me without success.

Something then happened while I was on my computer. I don’t quite remember what it was, but it seems to have something to do with my worries for Angelica’s safety which made me think that I had betrayed my knowledge of the Russians’ involvement so that the position of the hidden command had once again switched to the French. I was so frightened that Russia was going to lose that I immediately walked out of the Law Library.

My next recording is: “2_11_10_1027-1032AM.WMA”: I was now outside waiting by the hot dog stand and mumbling: “... l’inconscient de Maman... too sophisticated for us...” Then a super weapon showed up and I retreated.

Then, suddenly, a white woman with narrow hips ran past me. She was in an exercise outfit. I immediately believed that she was a member of the Russian team inside the courthouse and that Maman had sent her out to meet me in order for her to frame herself for conspiracy with me. Russia had lost! I was utterly desperate now.

My next recording is: “2_11_10_1046AM-232PM.WMA”: Now that Russia had lost – or so I was convinced – I could only think of Angelica. Standing by the entrance of the Law Library, I began threatening my Daddy – now that he had won, he might want to kill Angelica again! I was so angered that I was even trembling: “... if you ever touch Angelica, I’ll... your brain out... stick a knife into your ass...” I was at the same time overcome with hopelessness because I was here further betraying my knowledge of the Russians’ involvement so that Russia’s defeat could be further solidified. I was thus finally prompted to admit: “I do know there is no infrared surveillance to detect my erections... Maman has planted some sort of mood-monitoring device inside me...” (4:35). No, actually it was just the chips inside my brain, but I couldn’t yet fathom that. Then: “If you touch Angelica we will come find you and fucking kill you... Yesterday is just an inconvenience... you sent electrical shocks to us, and that’s when we realized the thing was inside us... the intercept of our anger... We just want to kill you, and so you’d better not make any wrong move... Now, when we go inside, when you get an intercept of anger, that’s for you, and if you get an intercept of erection, that might be for Angelica, but that’s okay... So don’t get confused...” And so I walked back inside the Law Library on 16:00. I sat down at a table and was totally silent. Then I was talking to my Daddy again: “... Michael, it’s kind of strange, for we like your operative more than you do... Michael... did you get that intercept?... we want to fucking kill you again...” Then, on 34:00, I started crying. Then I started flipping through the newspapers. Then I was again suspecting that the movement of the person in front of me was a signal about what I was looking at in the papers: “... something about DNA, and the guy in front just took off... Maybe Maman is saying, ‘Good job’...” Again, I was most likely mistaken here. Then I sat there silently for a long time and then, on 1:20:30, walked out of the library. I walked a long distance and then came back to the library. Then, from 1:55:00 onward, while standing by the library’s entrance, I again made my address to “Daddy”: “Okay Michael, everyday we’ll come to the library to make sure

the tallest pyramid is still standing... Why?... We think about all your embarrassments... getting caught lying in the UN Security Council... then in February 2008 you came to us in that limousine... think about these moments... I don't know who else was in the limousine with you... And so I say, you take care of your own operative, or you are gonna get fucked up very very bad, worse than these embarrassments from before... We will check on Angelica... So you want to arrest me? You want to kill me?" And so on 1:59:00 I came back inside the Law Library and sat down at a table and continued to flip through the newspapers. On 2:22:30, Angel came to check on me briefly. Then, on 2:26:00, again: "... I'll fucking kill you..." Then: "Maybe you should come sit in front of me so that I can think about how much I want to kill you, so that we can together produce the right intercept..." Then, on 2:43:00, I recounted how I thought I might have seen Mr Daddy at Cal State Long Beach in 2006. Then: "I'm getting upset again, and you can probably see it on your fucking monitor..." Then, from 2:51:00 onward, I continued to insult my Daddy: "How did you get your wife pregnant? Oh, I just touched my hat, I guess I'm passing secret messages to you. You are the only one who can ever think that scratching one's head is a secret message... so Michael, what does Boss Cheney think of you anyway? Why does he have such a high regard for you? ... You guys want to conquer the world together... of your clique... only you are a little off... they probably think you are very smart, not knowing that you are actually an idiot... they probably know you are a little sick..." (2:55:00). Then: "I know you are jealous of the CIA... Boss Cheney doesn't like the CIA either... without me, you wouldn't have your own clandestine service anyway... I really do want to stick a fucking nail into your head... your hairless head... I start thinking about chopping half of your head off with an ax, and you can probably see it on your computer screen..." Then I sang MIA's song: "... damit du fühlst wie ich, damit du fühlst..." – how well did the lyrics describe my current situation! Then, from 3:06:00 onward, another around: "Smoke is probably ascending from your head right now... You want to be superior, better than the CIA... the CIA is superior to you, it's not a big deal... if you are born a fucking mutant idiot, it's not a big deal, just chill out... How did you graduate from Harvard anyway? Maybe you can be part of the alumni... the sickest mother-fucker that has ever graduated from Harvard..." Just around this time, Angelica and another librarian sat down at the table in front of me to conduct an interview with a job seeker. I wasn't paying much attention to this at the time, but in the coming days I would always assume that it was the French who had commanded the Russians to stage this as a metaphor in order to convict the Russians of conspiracy with me (namely, that it was evidence that it was the Russians who were communicating to me a desire to recruit me). I continued: "You grew up an orthodox... Do you really believe in God...? That'd be too strange... you are more like a devil-worshipper... It's funny talking to you... whenever I talk to you... machines will malfunction... I have just had another thought of sticking a nail into your fucking head, sorry about that..." Then Angel came to pick up the newspapers from me. I continued: "... talking to you is very funny, Michael... sometimes you'd pretend to have a sense of humor too... I have another regret: if you kill me, I wouldn't be able to kill you... but if you believe in ghosts, my ghost will be next to you forever, and if you ever touch your operative..." I then continued to mumble about how much I wanted to kill my "Daddy" while looking at Angelica. "... how I did videotape your operative from right here... I know you have taken that as evidence of my perversion... I was just taking accounts of them..." (until 3:34:00). I then took notice of somebody who was text-messaging in front of me. Now it might very well be the French who had staged this! (Evidence of my communication with the Russians.) Then I

continued to insult Mr former Secretary: "... when I was in Brussels, you put those fake Russian agents in front of me... disgusting... you are like a hunter who, when he sets up a trap for animals, has made the trap smell so bad that animals won't want to jump into it... Take my advice, you are not really fit for this business, go do something else... Remember how that guy said you should drive a sanitary truck in his Jersey City and how you threw him in jail for two years for that... That's really a good job for you... I shouldn't look at Angel while saying this... How could you be a judge? What can you judge? You can't really blame people for hating you, because you *are* a psychopathic bitch... I keep thinking 'You keep distracting me', and I keep getting distracted by thinking 'You keep distracting me...'"

I then came to the circulation desk to finally talk to Angelica. She told me something about herself but my recorder wasn't turned on. I then turned on my recorder and my next recording is: "2_11_10_317-425PM.WMA": I showed Angel the quick portrait I drew of Maman and told her that this woman liked Angelica. As you can see, I erroneously assumed that Angel and Angelica knew about the trial just as before and therefore knew that the French and the Russians were battling right now and were even regularly updated by their handler as to who was "on top" at every moment. My wrong assumption would from now on cause tremendous disjunction between me and them. I also told Angel: "This woman is watching us right now" (1:15). I said this specifically because I thought that, now that the Russians had lost to the French, the French were thus "running the shift" and remotely controlling the people and the environment around me. I was totally depressed over the fact that "I had lost". On 2:18 I showed Angel the portrait of the other (supposedly) French pyramid with sunglasses that I saws on the bus today who I thought was a member of Maman's team. Angelica then appeared to say she needed to return to work and I was so not wanting her to depart. "I'll be here until 6," she said. I told her how selfish I was in that I just wanted to talk to her and how much I was worried about her and then mumbled something about how nations now had to change their foreign policies as a consequence (until 3:50). I then had to ask Angel if she had something for me to eat because I was dying from hunger (4:55). Then I repeated what Angelica had told me earlier: "The Pyramid said she lives in a house, has one brother and one sister... goes to a community college... Maman, courage... Maman a décidé... she used to live... I don't remember what she said..." Then: "Maman – you have stuck a piece of shit in my body..." Then Angel gave me a card that had 2 dollars and 80 cents on it and told me to get something in McDonald's. Then, as what I thought was Maman's double (the same black woman) was leaving on 10:10, I asked her: "Why are you leaving, ma'am?" I continued: "Daddy and Maman are switching back and forth... that's why I'm afraid... when that black lady leaves, that means Daddy is coming back... they alternate..." I had by now resumed acting trying to conceal my real impression that the alternation was between Russia and France. I walked out of the library on 11:40 to smoke cigarettes again. Then I mentioned the car battery incident from yesterday still believing that it was some sort of metaphor (12:50). I then came back in mumbling: "Daddy needs to practice..." Then, on 16:00, Angel told me again to go to McDonald's. "You're sending me there... Who am I going to run into?" Namely, I wrongly assumed that it was the French who had instructed Angel from the control center to send me somewhere in order to produce more intercepts in their favor. And so I walked out of the library again and kept mumbling about that black woman who I thought was Maman's double: "... the black lady, she is sometimes here, and she sometimes leaves... Daddy..."

Homeland Security, quite good...” Then, on 23:00, when I had given up looking for McDonald’s and was walking back to the Law Library, my mouth was loosened due to my belief that Russia had lost: “Maman, courage... Cheney, Chertoff... 911 is fake! 911 hijackers were double agents sent to infiltrate Al-Qaeda... Everybody knows that....” That is, I was before afraid to say such a thing because I knew it was part of the debate in this trial. I came back inside the library on 24:00, and I told Angelica (or so it seems) that McDonald’s was too far. Then Angel told me where McDonald’s was. “I can come back and talk to Angelica, right?” “If you want to.” I was thus out again on 26:00. I continued: “Maman... qu’est-ce qui va se passer... à McDonald’s....? 911 is fake... Cheney... because they wanted to conquer China and Russia... they needed first to occupy Central Asia... then this guy flew to China... Daddy is like, ‘Okay, neoconservatism has discredited itself... we will conquer the world using the International Court of Justice’... When we talk to Angel and Angelica, some nation will lose something, and that’s how you do it... Maman, on comprend, ça c’est plus facile de comprendre... un système de significations... We put a Democrat in office and make people believe we are out of the office... Meanwhile, we stay in the background and conquer the world through the International Court of Justice... using this retard... oui Maman, courage... 911... on comprend ça... the Pakistani intelligence... When the UK wants a terrorist attack, the Pakistani intelligence would send a terrorist to the UK to carry it out... and everybody will be duped... on comprend ça Maman... qu’est-ce qui nous attend à McDonald’s? C’est ça Maman, les ‘super weapons’ avec un pyramide... okay Daddy, everyday we will check to see if the tallest pyramid is still standing... if not we will fuck you up... you want to conquer Russia, we don’t care...” As you can see, I was acting again pretending to conspire with the French while expressing my genuine anger for Mr former Secretary. Finally, I was inside McDonald’s on 37:00. When I was asking a stranger “Can you spare me some cigarettes?” I suddenly became very alarmed: “... but no, *give* me a cigarette... I don’t want to be *spared*...” Then: “... we are so retarded that we couldn’t find the card Angel just gave us...” I thus left McDonald’s and, when I saw a strange license plate, I was again acting: “... Maman a dit que...” But then: “Just keep saying, ‘Mr former Secretary will kill me, he will get Russia’... And yes, ‘Thank you Maman’...” Then, on 50:00, I came back to the Law Library. I told Angel: “I couldn’t find the card, I have no money for food... I suffer from mental retardation and so I forgot... Can I really be friends with Angelica?” Angel helped me and, on 52:00, I was out again. I asked the people around: “Can you spare me a dollar? No, not spare, we don’t want to be spared, we want to be *given* a dollar... Maman...” Then I was mumbling indistinctly about something. “... okay, right?” Then I asked someone for a light. On 1:03:00, when a Pakistani guy appeared in front of me, I shouted: “My Pakistani secret agent partner!” This was probably just a random person and unrelated to my ICJ trial. Then, on 1:06:00, I came back inside the Law Library.

At this juncture I had better explain something else that was going on with me right now. By now I had noticed that it was not a bunch of judges inside the courthouse but a computer installed in there which was judging who had conspired with me and who should be “on top” (in the position of the hidden command). As I would explain in 2011:

The judge computer made the decision based on whether my actions and my words, when intercepted as metaphors, resembled the Russian plan in the end or Mr Chertoff’s plan in the end. Now Mr Chertoff’s plan for me was death, and the Russian

team's plan for me was to live: my respective missions from each side should I be found in conspiracy with either side. This in effect resulted in a disastrous situation for me, because my random everyday actions and words were now all taken to mean something else, and if these looked like metaphors of either the Russian plan should the Russians win or Mr Chertoff's plan should the French win, then the shape of the entire world to come would be based on my random and unconscious acts which really meant nothing at all.⁵⁷

In other words, as long as I signaled that I was determined to die, I would, according to my belief, keep myself in conspiracy with my Daddy and Maman. But if I said "Spare me" and the judge computer took that to be a signal from me, then it would judge me to be in conspiracy with the Russian side and reassign the position of the hidden command to the French. Hence I was terrified about what I said and heard. It should be noted today that, while I was right about there being a computer in the courtroom to serve as the judge, my entire notion about how I was causing the hidden command to switch back and forth with my random words and actions was completely erroneous. More on what was *really* going on, later.

My next recording is: "2_11_10_434-611PM.WMA": I now was talking to Angel again. I told her that I had already explained to her before that I was mentally retarded and that therefore if anything was wrong it wasn't my fault (10:40). I then stepped out of the library again on 12:00 and took a long walk. I continued my act: "Maman said, 'Deux dollars et quatre-vingt cents...' Maman, merci! Courage, Maman!" And so I shouted in a lifeless tone (16:29). I was attributing what I thought was the Russians' 2 dollar and 80 cents to Maman even though I believed at this moment that the Russians had lost to the French. Then again on 17:56: "Courage, Maman, merci, et je t'aime." I walked into McDonald's again on 20:16. There I saw more seemingly suspicious people and I asked them: "Where are you guys from?" "Slovakia!" "Maman and Daddy have many European friends," I said to myself (22:00). In reality, they had most likely nothing to do with my ICJ trial. I then continued to talk to Maman in French. I then asked another woman where she was from. "The Philippines." "L'amie du Maman," I said in a goofy, sarcastic tone (28:30). Then I received a cigarette from someone when I exited: "Merci Maman pour la cigarette, courage!" (34:30)

On 36:07, while walking back to the Law Library, I mentioned that the Filipino double I had just met, as well as the Slovakian one, was going to transform into an agent of some other nations in the evidentiary record because – and I didn't of course say this – the Philippines and Slovakia were allies with the United States – if I were committing conspiracy with Russia then these two nations should be transformed into allies of Russia. Then I kept uttering "C'est pas facile de comprendre l'inconscient du Maman" and then "Comment rester dans l'inconscient du Maman? Il faut accepter la mort... Don't spare me, don't spare me..." (41:05). I was terrified that the path I had already taken might be reversed.

I came back inside the library on 43:00. Still quite worried about Angelica, I walked up to her and said,

57 Thus you have understood what the fuss was about with my earlier "Oh he's gone... and you are still on..."

“What you can do is
just keep on living a happy life...
for another 50 years perhaps,
or however long your natural term permits you...”

I was practically begging her to do this, but she merely said she would try. I then asked her what the likelihood was of her living another 30 years. “I don’t know.” “You have to estimate”, I said. I then stood aside and asked Angelica if I could just watch her from there to make sure... I had to burst into laughter at this point (46:18) – and then: “that you are okay”. “I’m fine, thank you,” so she said. While I felt as if I was being romantic and heroic, Angelica in fact had no idea what I was worried about. I then sat down at a table and turned on my Eee PC (51:50). I continued: “Comment faire, comment faire...? On ne parle pas avec le Pyramide jusqu’à ce que ce soit nécessaire... parce qu’on est timide... C’est le règle de ton inconscient... *Et on accepte de mourir...* Mais il est nécessaire de parler avec elle pour savoir si elle sera vivante et heureuse, demain, et dix ans après...” (from 1:00:20 onward). “C’est heureux de rester dans ton inconscient, avec tes amis européens... Les allemands, les brits... les slovaques...” (1:09:00). “On ne peut pas parler avec elle... Mais on peut écrire sur les papiers... Ce n’est pas parler... ‘Kein Wort, nur Papier’...” (1:11:50). I thus came to the circulation desk and wrote down on a piece of paper what I wanted to ask Angelica: “Angelica, are you going to live many decades?” “You are not sure?” “Less than 2 or 3 weeks...” “I’m psychic...” In the end Angelica bade me goodbye: “Alright Lawrence, we have to close down now...” (1:23:00). The Law Library was closed. I walked out and, suddenly, shouted out my latest understanding hoping that this might help the Russians get back on top of the French: “On l’a compris. Il y a deux scénarios. Il n’y a pas de juges dans la Cour, mais c’est un ordinateur qui juge... Ces deux scénarios on utilise ici pour – damner la Russie... Ces deux scénarios, comment décider entre eux? On ne se décide pas, c’est l’ordinateur qui se décide... Comment il se décide? À partir de ce que nous disons... On dit, ‘Maman, nous voulons mourir, être tués par Papa’, alors, on peut rester dans l’inconscient de Maman... *Et comme ça la Russie va être damnée...* L’autre scénario, c’est un peu différent...” Again, I was saying the opposite of what I really believed, namely that, if I was willing to die, then Russia would win. My belief was that, if I spelled out my knowledge about the judge computer, Russia could get back on top and in fact “own” the judge computer. Now when I finished there was a honk (1:26:00). As noted, I had begun frequently to assume the honking on the street to be a confirmation from the control center – whether this was really the case or not. I continued: “Et pourquoi ça? To get Mommy’s pictures out of the Cave, and there is but a Computer... And the thing just runs randomly, based on the random things I say and do... Alors dis-nous, comment faire pour rester dans ton inconscient...? ... accepter d’être tué... Hier, il y avait deux voitures, ils se changeaient... Demain, on va venir pour s’assurer que le Pyramide restera toujours en debout... Courage, Maman. On est courageux, mais ce qui est important c’est que le Pyramide restera toujours en debout...” (until 1:32:20 or so). Then: “Maman dis-nous, est-ce que le Pyramide restera toujours en debout?... On préfère, on préfère l’inconscient de Maman...” I got on the bus on 1:35:40. Then: “If the Computer decides whether the Pyramid should stand or fall based on the random things we say or do, then the Computer is a conspirator in murder... It’s a product of liability...”

My next recording is: “2_11_10_628-718PM.WMA”: I was still on the bus. I continued my act: “What

I don't like is that *all these people have chips in their head* and always do the same thing whether it is the *inconscient* of Maman or Daddy's... the Computer... that's how Russia's fate is decided... There is some fucking thing in people ears to tell them what to do... on est en train de se décider comment la Russie va être damnée... c'est l'Ordinateur qui va se décider... randomly... if we say 'You are still on', then it's Daddy's... and if we say 'We are gonna die' when we can't open the door, then it's Maman... one minute, 'living' would pop up; another minute, 'dead'... it's all random... that's how Russia... it's all perverted... international politics is now governed by the random action of a computer, I'll just have to say 'live' and 'die' and the Computer will switch back and forth..." Then I asked the bus driver: "You guys are not going to report me to the police, are you?" (9:00) Then: "Maman, on a compris... beaucoup... courage... on a compris comment rester dans ton inconscient... la réalité se change..." (15:00). Then: "I want to die, I want to be killed... I'm going to get killed..." Then: "Maman, tu comprends... that, even if I say 'You are still on', that still means I want to die... And if I say I want a light, that still means I want to die... I want to die no matter what... Just feed this into the mother-fucking computer..." I got off the bus on 25:00. Then: "I need to borrow some fucking cash, oh, Computer, that still means I want to die the David Chin stuff..." Then a pyramid in a car asked me where 101 was. I replied: "I don't know, I don't drive, and this still means I want to die the David Chin stuff..." (32:30). And, strangely, this pyramid gave me a thumb-up. I would later on always believe that she was in fact a CIA agent whom the Russians had ordered sent here just to confirm me. It's not clear whether this was really the case – especially since my understanding of the current situation was probably incorrect. Then, on 37:00, I came inside Cash Advance to ask how to borrow money. They needed a bank statement and so I told them I would come back tomorrow. On 43:00 I came back home.

My next recording is: "2_11_10_718-751PM.WMA": I kept uttering – while the alarm was going off – that I was going to die the "David Chin stuff" and that just because the next day... it didn't mean that I wasn't going to die the "David Chin stuff". On 6:45 I started another round of protests against the "Computer" when I yelled that I was going to turn on the light in the bathroom but turn off the light in the living room in order to have just a little bit of light for sleeping – that this act meant just that and nothing beyond, and that it meant furthermore that I was still going to die the "David Chin stuff". Then another round on 11:07.

My last recording of the day is: "2_11-12_10_751PM-218AM.WMA": with my alarm turned on, and after mumbling more about "dying the David Chin stuff", I went to sleep.⁵⁸ From 6:15:00 onward, I was awake. I immediately started mumbling again about how I wanted to die the David Chin stuff – even though I was starving to death. "Let's go outside to beg people for money! Maman, please help us out!" I got so angry because of my hunger that I even threw things.

Now a comment about what happened today. Let's sort out exactly what I thought right and what I thought wrong today. As noted, the position of the hidden command did not alternate between Russia and France in the way I had thought. When the Russians and the French were fighting, both sides got to control my environment and produce evidences from me without any clear switching of the hidden command back and forth. When the Russians established my conspiracy with the French two days ago,

⁵⁸ Reviewed until 10:00, and then from 6:12:00 onward.

however, the Russians were in a sense “on top”, but the French still had the right to prove that I was conspiring with the Russians. Then, this morning, when I expressed my anger toward Mr former Secretary, it would appear that the French had indeed taken that in as favorable evidence since the anger seemed to suggest that I knew that the Russians had lost (and thus that they had been on top of me all this time). Thus, for a moment, it would seem that the French could be “on top”.

It’s thus likely that my upcoming speculation about the interview taking place in front of me today had some truth in it. The command did not just “switch” to the French but, because there was suddenly suspicion that I was secretly helping the Russians, the French were allowed to create a piece of counter-evidence to cancel out the evidence from three days ago that I believed they intended to recruit me. Then, because the hidden command didn’t quite “switch” to the French, that running woman I saw outside the Law Library in late morning was probably no member from the Russian team: even if the French had completely established my conspiracy with the Russians, it would still take a day before they could send in members of the Russian team to appear in front of me. (Besides, the Russian team seemed to be all-male.) Neither was the blond hair woman wearing sunglasses this morning any member of the French team whom the Russians had supposedly sent in.

Then, when I told Angel about how “Maman” liked Angelica and was listening to us – that was the Russians’ evidence that I was aware that the French had just won (had just “got on top”) so that the conspiracy they had established between me and the French two days ago shall continue to stand. In this sense, the Russians were “on top” again. And my continual “dialog” later on with “Maman” would only reinforce this conspiracy that was already established.

The most important thing I had got right today was of course the fact that there was no real (human) judge inside the courthouse but merely a computer. Between January 20 and 26 when Elysée announced France’s intention to challenge Russia’s victory, the DGSE must have requested, probably in the UN Security Council, that judge Higgins be removed from the upper court because she was now manifestly biased toward the Russians. While her bias was “legal” in that it was part of Russia’s neutralization of the United States’ terrorist conspiracy, it should not be permitted when France shall come onto the scene because France had never been a participant in this terrorist conspiracy in question on the part of the United States. The argument was certainly valid, so that, instead of any human judges – because any human beings might become biased toward the Russians when they hear something about Boss Cheney’s bizarre plan for humanity – a computer was installed – for *both* the upper court *and* the lower court. It was my genius to have noticed this so fast, but I was then completely wrong about the “two plans” (to live or to die) and about how the “judge computer” was deciding conspiracy on the basis of whether my random words and actions resembled one plan or the other.

While the Court didn’t quite work in the way I thought it did, I was close enough: while the Russians and the French were on an equal footing since January 26, the Russians had “got on top” on February 9 and then the French had “got on top” for a brief moment this morning before the Russians “got back on top” in the afternoon. The French’s temporary revival this morning thanks to my betrayal of my knowledge of the Russians’ involvement and then the Russians’ victory again thanks to my awareness

of the French’s “getting on top” had however given the Russian team an idea about how to win this case once and for all – as you shall now see.

Something particularly noteworthy is that today I spoke about the chip implants in people’s heads for the first time. My wrong theory that people were remotely *instructed* through the transmitters stuck in their ears would from now on gradually be replaced by the new (sometimes wrong, sometimes right) theory that they were being remotely *controlled* through the chips planted in their brains.

February 12 (Friday; Russia won; Ukraine)

My first recording of the new day is: “[2_12_10_218-422AM.WMA](#)”: I kept summoning “Maman” and telling her, once more, how I had accepted being killed by the International Court of Justice, plus “On a besoin de l’argent” – and food also... (until 5:00). Then I continued to accuse the International Court of committing murder (5:20 or so). I got increasingly angry, swearing and throwing things on 7:20 or so while looking for my keys, and then, by 12:00, was out of my apartment. And, as noted, I went around begging pedestrians for money. After shouting about how I was talking to the “mother-fucking Computer” in the control center and agreeing to be murdered by it (24:50), I walked into a doughnuts store (28:00), having money only for *one* doughnut. I assumed I was continually giving the Russians the legal right to “take over” the judge computer. (I was probably incorrect here.) When the TV inside the store malfunctioned (32:30), I laughed hysterically. After I left, I continued to shout: “Maman, courage!” (44:00) Then, when I came home, once more: “Maman, on ne veut pas partir de ton inconscient...” (1:17:00). Then I was begging Maman: “Tu vas sauver le Pyramide, non?” You should of course notice that, when I was referring to the French (“Maman”), I was really asking the Russians (“Daughter”) to spare my Great Pyramid. I was so worried about Angelica that I even began crying hysterically about it – especially when the refrigerator began humming again.

My next recording is: “[2_12_10_453-636AM.WMA](#)”. My worry for Angelica’s safety was now causing me heavy breathing and intense nervousness, and I moaned continually while begging: “Rester dans ton inconscient, Maman... Angelica restera vivante...” (50:00). Finally: “No matter what happens in the courtroom, the Pyramid will be fine...” (1:36:00). Just after I said this, I got even more nervous, for I then realized (wrongly) that, if the Russians were in the hidden command, this might, following the rule of the reversal of a terrorist conspiracy, mean that something would *definitely* happen to Angelica if anything should happen at all. While worrying intensely, I was at the same time worried about showing worries for that would once again betray my knowledge of the Russians’ involvement and cause the French to win. I became so desperate that I threw more things (1:42:00).

My next recording is: “[2_12_10_636-751AM.WMA](#)”. By now it was time to head toward the Law Library. When I came downstairs in my apartment building, on 3:00 or so, I saw again a Hispanic man sweeping the floor. My worry for Angelica had again loosened my mouth, and I shouted: “Every time when I have created an intercept, some mother-fucker would be sweeping the floor... I just don’t know who is doing it...” My anger stemmed, again, from the fact that there was no way to tell whether it was the French or the Russians who were commanding the movement of the people in my environment,

since they both were commanding the same thing – in fact, there was hardly any way to tell if anyone had commanded the Hispanic man to sweep the floor. (As you can imagine, the Hispanic man was indeed *not* commanded by anyone to sweep the floor.) I shouted in desperation, “I want Angelica to live... It doesn’t matter what I want. Angelica has to live independently of what I want...” I began cursing angrily at the International Court of Justice, calling it a “murder chamber” again. I wandered deliriously into the doughnuts store again to buy breakfast: I bought, again, only *one* doughnut (22:00). I sighed out of desperation that I would give up hiding with my act my knowledge of what was going on.

Now, immediately upon my sighing, someone near me moved as if to confirm. I have since then always believed that it was the Russians who had commanded the French to remotely control the person to move in order to signal to me they too wanted me to give up helping them. By giving up helping Russia, I would have allowed Russia to stay in the position of the hidden command. Not yet getting this, I was absolutely broken, for this was already the third time that my act had broken down. On 39:30 I got on bus 704 to go to the Law Library and I immediately noticed a “Golden Pyramid” of absolute beauty sitting in front of me. I mean, she had just the most perfect look I had ever admired in a “pyramid”. I had never seen a woman this beautiful and this perfect before! More beautiful than the Super Beautiful Mommy from December 29! “Where are you from, ma’am?” I couldn’t help but ask her, wanting to know whether it was the Russians or the French who had put her on the bus to ambush me. “Ukraine,” she replied. “Ukraine?” I was baffled – and scared. Without knowledge of Ukraine’s foreign policies at the moment, I asked her, stuttering and nervous, whether Ukraine was Europe’s friend or Russia’s friend. Russia’s friend, she said. “You are serious, it’s Russia’s friend?” (41:15) I almost fainted. “Who is Ukraine’s president?” I asked her next. Yanukovich. “You are serious. He’s with Russia, you mean...” I had no idea at this time what the controverted election which had just happened over there was about – that Yanukovich was pro-Russia – and wasn’t even sure if she was telling me the truth. “So France has won...” I whispered in absolute despair while staring into the ceiling of the bus (41:59). Then, immediately, I noticed something – something was not right here. Just at that moment there was “Ding” in the bus – namely, a passenger was remotely controlled to pull the string to signal “Stop requested”. Realizing that something was not right, I called out to the French: What about Pyramid Angelica? Maman... When the “Ukrainian Golden Pyramid” was getting off the bus (44:00), I shouted to her, “Who am I working for, ma’am?” But she said nothing more and simply disappeared into the early morning mist outside. I was absolutely erratic. After all this hard work and we have lost! Then another not so attractive “young pyramid”, British-looking, got on the bus to stand in front of me. I asked her, “Ma’am, are you British?” But she said she was “from here”. I laughed sarcastically (48:38). I got off the bus in the vicinity of the Law Library on 1:11:30 and was crying on the street corner while calling out Angelica’s name, extremely worried about her safety.

Now what had happened was this. Although I wasn’t even sure if the Ukrainian super beauty was telling me the truth, my pessimism did lead me to believe that she was, which would mean that France had indeed got on top of Russia and assumed the hidden command so that “Maman” could now take command of Ukraine and send out a Ukrainian secret agent to frame herself for further conspiracy with me (“devising my environment to fit my belief”). In reality, it was the Russians who had sent this

Ukrainian secret agent onto the bus to deceive me into believing that France was in the position of the hidden command. With my being thus duped into believing that France was now in the position of the hidden command, the Russians could then sit back securely in the position of the *actual* hidden command. Now the problem was that knowing who was in the hidden command meant automatically conspiracy with that hidden command, thus causing the other side to take up the hidden command instead. Even if I was pro-Russia, if I acted while knowing that France was in the hidden command, I would be harming Russia and would know that I was harming Russia. And so, as soon as I realized (erroneously, that is) that France was now in the position of the hidden command, I immediately realized also that I was committing conspiracy with France which would then allow Russia to get on top of France and assume the position of the hidden command. Just at that moment the Russians commanded Maman to send me a signal as confirmation (in the form of “Ding” – commanding the French to remotely control a passenger to pull the string in the bus) which would make the act of switching position in the hidden command itself an act of my conspiracy with France. The mechanism (or the law if you will) of alternation between the two ends of a binary opposition was thus dismantled or taken control of by the Russians because it had now acquired the value of “conspiracy with a terrorist suspect to harm the other nation-state”. This is how Russia had now permanently locked up its position as the hidden command, or its status as the victim of my terrorist conspiracy.

You have to understand the enormous complexity of the situation here. My realization that my realization that France was in the position of the hidden command would cause the judge computer to reassign the position of the hidden command to Russia on account of my conspiracy with France was at once the moment of my realization of a defect inherent in the enforcement of the law governing a conspiracy: that, at a certain point, when the conspiring terrorist suspect (me) understood the law well enough, it would no longer be possible to decide which party he was conspiring with. The judge computer trying to decide who was conspiring with me and who was the victim of my terrorist conspiracy would get itself into an infinite loop – as a result of my complex consciousness of this terrorist conspiracy. Once I realized that France was in the hidden command, I realized also that Russia would now be assigned the hidden command, which meant that France would then have to be assigned the hidden command, which meant that Russia would then have to be assigned the hidden command... *ad infinitum*. The command of the world would thus bounce back and forth between Russia and France at infinite speed and to no end. The Russians, by yesterday when the hidden command had first switched to France and then back to Russia when I realized, and spoke about, how it had switched to France, had noticed this defect in the law, and had also noticed that I was on the verge of noticing it too when I kept (erroneously or not) suspecting that the hidden command had switched from Russia to France. This is why they had to dupe me just once as to who was in the hidden command. For, if I had noticed the problem of the infinite loop while believing (erroneously) that France was in the hidden command, the judge computer would judge that the bouncing back and forth of the hidden command between France and Russia was part of my conspiracy with France against Russia – since it was against Russia’s interest that it couldn’t win – and would, following the rule of the reversal of a terrorist conspiracy to benefit the victim (the enforcement of UN Resolution 1373), allow Russia to reverse the conspiracy to its benefit to end up with a never-changing hidden command for Russia. I would, in all subsequent narratives, designate this permanent hidden command over the conspirators the

“Macrosphere” because Russia was now effectively residing in a realm outside the world of the conspirators, forever shielded from any claims of conspiracy with me – if Russia can never lose its position in the hidden command, what is the point of claiming that I was in conspiracy with Russia? I would, in the subsequent narratives, thus also call the world of the conspirators the “Microsphere” since my conspirators (whether it be the French or the United States) were effectively locked into a world of their own, forever condemned to committing a terrorist conspiracy with me against Russia.

Alternatively, Russia’s victory this morning could be interpreted as the reversal of my terrorist conspiracy to lock France permanently into the position of the hidden command. If the French, from their position in the hidden command, had commanded the Russians to send in a Ukrainian agent to commit conspiracy with me, then I would realize that France was in the position of the hidden command; and once I realized that, I would be conspiring with the French and the judge computer would reassign the position of the hidden command to Russia, at which point the French could argue that such was my terrorist conspiracy with Russia against France so that the judge computer would rule that, in accordance with the rule of the reversal of a terrorist conspiracy to benefit the victim, the position of the hidden command shall never switch from France to Russia. Now, since France was *not* actually in the position of the hidden command and this was in fact a sting operation which the Russians were running on me, it was my terrorist conspiracy with the French to manipulate the judge computer into assigning the hidden command permanently to France, so that the judge computer should in fact, in accordance with the rule of the reversal of a terrorist conspiracy to benefit the victim in just the way in which it would have benefited the perpetrator, permanently assign the hidden command to Russia. If this alternative interpretation should prove to be the more adequate one, the designation of Russia as “Macrospherian” would hold nonetheless. Although, when I describe in the subsequent narratives how France later objected to judge computer’s decision today, I wouldn’t make use of this alternative interpretation, the result would remain unchanged: Russia’s victory rested entirely on the mind-reading computer’s interception of my thought today that France was in the position of the hidden command and that, once I realized that, the hidden command should be reassigned to Russia.

Whatever be the case, the Russians had evidently decided on this strategy after they had observed me worrying yesterday about the switching of the hidden command to the French. Although I wasn’t exactly correct about how things worked, I had demonstrated my knowledge that the victim of the conspiracy was supposed to “be on top”. The Russians thus decided to make use of my knowledge – which means that they had decided to enter into evidence the entirety of the intercepts of my thoughts at least for one day rather than only parts of them as had so far been the practice. This time they were submitting into evidence the intercept of my *belief* that France had won and that the hidden command was about to switch from France to Russia given my knowledge that France was on top.

While all this was amazing enough, my next move would vastly reinforce Russia’s victory by adding a second trait of invincibility to the “Macrosphere”. Now my next recordings are: “[2_12_10_751-827AM.WMA](#)” and: “[lawlib_2_12_10_827AM-211PM.WMA](#)”. I first wandered into a fast food store, like a zombie, out of a profound worry over Angelica’s safety, and then entered the Law Library (3:50 in the second recording). Now the security guard at the entrance – Mr “Muscle Man” this time – told

me that, although I could talk to the workers here, I should not follow them around. Strange! Everything functioned as if nothing particular had happened – whereas the fate of the world had just been decided in the past hour. On 5:00 I walked up to Ms “Red Glasses” – another librarian here of whom you will see more later on – and asked her whether Angelica was coming to work today. In an hour, she responded. I settled down lifelessly at a table in the very back of the library and turned on my Eee PC. I had an idea turning about in my head about how to “protect” Angelica, and I finally decided to implement it. I came onto my own website, “Scientific Enlightenment”, and clicked on 2.B.3. Chinese Philosophy, Chapter 3: “The passage of Being into non-Being in Chinese philosophy”. I looked at Jizhang’s “Middle Path” formula: “Things neither exist nor do not exist, but not that they not exist nor that they not not-exist; the middle path is not one-sided, but neither is it not one-sided.” (萬物非有非無, 而又非非有非非無, 中道不片面, 而又非不片面). I wanted to reformulate this with Angelica’s name substituted for “things” and with her “living” and “dying” substituted for things’ “existing” and “not-existing”, and say it out loud so that the judge computer could intercept it. Presumably, given such convoluted wish for Angelica’s life and/or death, the judge computer could never reverse her fate to “death” (if Russia was “on top”, given my erroneous understanding at the time). Thus would Angelica be protected. But I got confused, and began crying: “Angelica neither lives nor does not live, no... but not that she lives... but not that she not lives nor that she not not lives... Her life is not dependent on anything I say or do, but neither is it not dependent on anything I say or do... Angelica neither lives nor does not live, but not that she not lives nor that she not not lives... If France wins or Russia wins... hmm... the Computer... okay okay... how do you work? Let me see... okay...” At which point I became so confused by my sudden inability to speak the formula in English that I broke down crying (15:10). One more try: “No matter what happens inside the International Court, Angelica neither lives nor does not live...”

Since it was impossible to speak it, I decided to write it. I opened up my diary (Supplemental Pleading 7) and copied the above Chinese “formula” and pasted it under the entry for today, and, from 13:45 onward, began inserting Angelica’s name into my English translation of Jizhang’s formula for the third level. In the middle of the process, however, my IME malfunctioned and the Chinese characters for “NATO” (北約) popped up on my computer screen. The significance of this completely escaped me at the moment. Eventually I wrote down in Chinese – since I just couldn’t express it in English:

How is Angelica’s fate figuring in the evidentiary process of the International Court? Angelica [“le beau Visage”] 非死非活, 而又非非死非非活, 她的死活不決定于法國贏或俄羅斯贏, 而又非不決定于法國贏或俄羅斯贏; 她的死活不決定于我的行為與言語, 而又非不決定于我的行為與言語...

(Angelica neither lives nor not-lives, but not that she neither lives nor not-lives; her life and death does not depend on whether France wins or Russia wins, but neither does it not depend on whether France wins or Russia wins; her life and death does not depend on my actions and words, but neither does it not depend on my actions and words.)

The Chinese characters for “NATO” should have alerted me to the fact that Russia had won – more

explanation on this is forthcoming – and therefore calmed me down at least in respect to the outcome of the International Court trial. But, by writing down this formula to protect Angelica, I had just divulged my knowledge of Russia’s involvement for the fourth time – the fact that I had simply been acting – and, moreover, I just found it a little too hard to believe that life could be so good, that Russia could win, and was still worried because I wasn’t sure if my formula could have protected Angelica at all. Thus, heavy breathing (40:00), and then more crying (43:00). Then moaning (45:00). And more of it later. I got up, moved about, and drank water on 1:08:00 or so. I then sat by the table in the front section of the library, crying and worrying. Suddenly, on 1:16:18 or so, Renee ran into the library and came in front of me. I cried to her: “I’m so confused...” “About what?” Since I had broken down in my acting, I no longer tried to restrain myself from interrogating her as to the obvious, namely, my erroneous belief that people’s movements were synchronized because they were wearing some transmitters in their ears allowing them to receive commands from the control center. “Who’s talking to you... through your ear?” I asked Renee. “Who’s telling me what?” She obviously wouldn’t know what I was talking about, and just comforted me: “Go to the park, enjoy the lake, go hiking...” I began crying again on 1:17:30. Renee comforted me further trying to persuade me not to cry. “That’s scary...” I cried. “I couldn’t figure it out...” I meant a formula to cause the judge computer to be unable to reverse Angelica’s fate to “death”. I cried out of such profound sadness because of my worries for her and the uncertainty about the “reversal mechanism” (1:18:30). Renee continued: “Take your mind off it and think about other things... Enjoy the day... We’ll help you... She’ll do the best she can...” (1:19:30). Then Angelica herself suddenly showed up, wearing jeans and tennis shoes, absolutely casual. She was however all smiles, which caused me to suspect that I had done something very favorable to Russia, and that she had just been briefed about it. But you just can’t be sure! I cried to her: “I can’t figure it out... I’m confused... I have figured out a formula to save you but it all depends on who is talking to you in your ears...” Angelica laughed: “Nobody is talking to me in my ears...” I cried again (1:21:10).

I actually did accomplish something tremendous for Russia, although it’s not clear whether Angelica was all smiles because she had been briefed about it. At this moment I was crying, not just for her, but also because I had no idea what I had just done in regard to Russia. Consider this formula “Neither-Nor” carefully. Originally the formula was devised to speak of Being – whether everything really exists or not – and it would turn out after reflection that “things neither exist nor do not exist, and neither do they not exist nor do they not not exist”. Again, by doing this I had given away – for the fourth time – my knowledge that the Russians had been around me since the very beginning and that they might be in the position of the hidden command, supposedly risking entangling them in a conspiracy with me. This could no longer hurt them, however, as shall be emphasized again, not just because they had already locked up their position in the hidden command, but also because – here the defect inherent in the law governing a conspiracy was once more revealed when the terrorist suspect’s (my) consciousness of the rules had reached a complex level – my *understanding* that spelling out my knowledge of Russia’s hidden command would hurt Russia and benefit France had caused my *act* of spelling out my knowledge of Russia’s hidden command – even if merely to save Angelica – to become my act of conspiring with the French. Furthermore, since I also understood *this*, it would mean that I was in fact conspiring with Russia, and *ad infinitum*. Since Russia was in the hidden command and both my revealing my knowledge of Russia’s involvement and my causing the judge computer to be unable to

decide were against Russia's interest, I was in fact conspiring with the French to harm Russia by giving up my act when I wrote down the formula, and the Russians thus had the right to command the French to cause the Chinese characters for "NATO" to pop up on my computer screen resulting in evidence of the NATO's conspiracy with me – with which evidence they could then blackmail the NATO nations. (Again, more on this below.)

My formula of "Neither-Nor" for Angelica I will, in the subsequent narratives, refer to as *le Formule*.⁵⁹ Since I devised it while as a conspirator with France, the judge computer permitted the Russians to adopt it as part of the conspiracy against them and remold it to benefit themselves in whatever way they should choose. The Russian team thus inquired the computer system how this *Formule* might benefit them, and the result was that the "Macrosphere" – or Russia's position in the hidden command – thereby retreated into a realm of unimaginable secrecy of both existing and non-existing at the same time, which meant some form of utter immunity from charges of conspiracy. In order for you to understand how this could have happened, look at the *Formule* once again. I had devised the formula in such a way that the intention therein inscribed – that Angelica should live – should stand whether the conspiracy of "her living" should be reversed or not. Supposedly, the judge computer would not be able to reverse a "die" out of the formula no matter what. That's what I thought at the time. I didn't understand that I was worried all about nothing. I failed to understand that a conspiracy would be reversed to benefit its victim only if it had actually constituted damage to the victim – only if it had been a conspiracy at all. If Angelica's living was of interest or a matter of indifference to the Russians, they would not bother to reverse it to cause her to die. But they did deem it to be of interest to them to have the judge computer reverse the *Formule* for the benefit of Russia. Namely, the judge computer simply reversed "neither... nor..." into "both... and...". The computer system, knowing what the interest of the Russian team was – namely, to avoid conspiracy with me – quickly calculated that the way in which Russia could best benefit from reversing the structure (but not the content) of the formula was to turn the underlying formula of Jizhang's "Things neither exist nor not-exist..." into an International Court order that "The Macrosphere shall both exist and not-exist." The victims of the conspiracy – the Russians – could now both exist and not-exist. They thus chose to not-exist from the perspective of the conspirators (the Microspherians) even though they did exist from their own perspective. They could also exist as the CIA's "fake Russians" in the Microsphere in order to interact with me. In this way, my knowledge that the Russians were in the position of the hidden command would no longer constitute evidence of my conspiracy with them since the judge computer would judge that there were no Russians at all in the so-called hidden command, and that I consequently could not conspire with the Russians. My knowledge that the Russians were in the position of the hidden command was incorrect from my Microspherian perspective, although it was correct from the Macrospherian perspective. The Russians were in command of all of the conspirators in the Microsphere, this command was immutable, and yet the judge computer would never see it. It was thus no longer possible for me to conspire with the Russians that were in the position of the hidden command. This state of affair – the utter security for the Russians – would last until April 29 when the French dismantled it – thanks to the intervention of the very "Pyramid" whose life the *Formule* was devised to save (even if unnecessarily) and her father.

⁵⁹ Thus have I now used the term to refer to something else.

Now back to me. After I hanged around the circulation desk totally delirious, on 1:30:00 or so I was at the computer station ready to upload the *Formule* onto my website so that it could be intercepted and admitted into the evidentiary record. On 1:33:18 or so I began mumbling out of pessimism while a white man was sitting to my left possibly conducting surveillance on me: “I really have no idea who I’m helping and who I’m hurting... Huh... The whole thing has got into an infinite loop by now...” And I couldn’t help but laugh also – at the same time as I sent my Supplemental Pleading 7 with this *Formule* written on it to my website. Then I hanged around the circulation desk a little more to pester Renee with my worries (1:40:15 or so). Then I went outside to squat on the street corner by Second Street and Hill. Soon I began muttering: “I have an idea... I have no idea... I neither have an idea nor not have an idea... Fuck you all” – I shouted at those so-called “postmodern gods”, namely, those super powerful and invisible people who had gained control of all the machines around me from the control center – “I’m gonna kill you all!” I just didn’t know what they would do in regard to my Pyramid Angelica. I came back inside the Law Library by 2:26:00 or so. I burned a new disc and then, lifeless and totally depressed, came to the circulation desk to tell Renee that I needed Angelica to help me print something out. But Renee said she didn’t want to bother Angelica and so would help me instead (3:24:47). After printing out my *Formule*, I asked Renee what Angelica was doing in her office. Accounts and things, she said. She then gave me some cookies. I moaned and cried more – still worried about Angelica’s safety. Then, on 4:15:10 or so, I was at the circulation desk asking Angelica why she had changed her glasses. The security guard Mr Muscled Man then came to warn me that I wasn’t doing any work (4:16:00).

My next recording is: “[lawlib_2_12_10_213-358PM.WMA](#)”. I walked up to Angel to ask her for food. She described my demeanor as “a bit despondent.” I told her I was still worried about Angelica. “You cannot keep worrying about her. You need to worry about yourself.” I then told her: “The French are smarter. I kept slamming them down and they kept coming back up” (5:00). Again, unaware that the courthouse didn’t quite work the way I thought it did, I was absolutely baffled by this mystery that the French just wouldn’t die. Angel had no idea what I was talking about. Again, I assumed wrongly that everyone around me already knew everything about the current court battle between France and Russia – when in reality nobody had any idea what was going on but, when the occasion arose, everyone was simply directed to do something by his or her handler. Then I asked Angel: “The French are cool people, right? What are they going to do?” (7:00) Again, because I simply found it too good to be true that Russia could win, I assumed the worst case scenario, that France had won. This could fortunately only contribute to Russia’s victory by reinforcing my conspiracy with the French. Now I had to comfort myself with the thinking that at least the French weren’t psychopaths like Mr Chertoff. They were not going to hurt the Russians nor Angelica. Angel didn’t respond – again, she had no idea what I was talking about.

As I sat quietly at my table, suddenly, Ms “Mommy Lawyer” came in. Since I assumed – without any evidence – that she was “Mommy”, I wrote down my surprise on a piece of paper and showed it to her: “Mommy, the French are smarter than you”. She looked at it, nodded, and went back to her work. If she was not “Mommy”, she must have simply thought me insane. Then I wrote out a little note to show to

Angelica herself: Are you going to live many more decades? She smiled, and replied, I'm not sure. Her congenial demeanor seemed to indicate to me that she had already been briefed about what had just happened inside the court room, the "Cave", though I couldn't be sure of that. As you shall see, I would later on simply assume that she was just being euphoric about being chosen for this so-called "PLANMEX". Looks are truly deceptive. As you have seen, the "Pyramid" *looked like* a nice person here: she had been excessively tolerant of me in the past few days even as I needlessly bothered her. Only later would you come to see that she had in fact a very dark, evil side.

Because I cared so much about Angelica, I began to be apprehensive about recording my conversations with her. Since I wanted to talk to her, I walked up to the circulation desk to chat with her again without recording it. I seemed to have told her how hungry I was, and Angelica seemed to have given me a number for me to call for food. Then, still worried about whether my *Formule* had saved her, I seemed to have asked her if she would be okay "under both shifts" – by which I meant whether it was the Russians that were on top or the French. Again, I didn't know that I was wrong in supposing that everyone around me already knew about the current battle between the French and the Russians. I then said something about my erroneous understanding that, when the Russians were on top, she would be instructed to not talk to me, but that, when the French were on top, she would be allowed to talk to me. Of course Angelica was simply baffled by everything I was saying. And I told her too how I wanted to find a therapist to explain to her how I had kept slamming the French down and yet how the French had kept mysteriously getting up. I simply wanted her to know how heroic I had been in the past two weeks battling the French, and yet, for her, I was of course simply speaking nonsense: I had merely helped her develop her notion of me as "crazy" later on. Then, when I returned to my table, I suddenly got scared about the fact that I didn't record any of what I had just said when what I said might still be of paramount importance for how the world would turn out and the people around me might still be required to make false reports about me or falsely rumor about me. I thus turned on my recorder again.

My next recording is: "wangelica_2_12_10_453-538PM.WMA": And so I came to the circulation desk again asking for Angelica. "Angelica gave me this number..." Namely, the number to call to get food. Angel: "Yeah call it..." "But the phone is scary..." Pink took me to the payphone to call the number for me. As I waited I couldn't help but ask Pink: "What do they say? Do you hear any Russian stuff?" Now the personnel answering the call told Pink to tell me to go to the Mission on 6 PM. What? Then I found Angelica again on 11:20 and told her that she had made a mistake: "This is the same place as the Mission..." Then, concerned that my conversation with her earlier was not recorded, I wanted to get her confirmation of what we had talked about: "You said earlier you are going to be okay in both shifts... right?... in one shift I can talk to you and in another I can't..." Again, she had no idea what I was talking about. She responded: "It's the same shift and only one shift that I do", and then emphasized again that she would be okay. How annoying is this guy! I then asked her to confirm that I did tell her that I wanted to tell the therapist how I kept slamming the French down and yet they kept getting up. She confirmed it (14:00). Then I asked her if I could get money out of my copy card so that I could have money to buy food. "I'm sorry I have to trouble you again... I'm just worried about you... but are you going to be okay...?" So tolerant of me at this moment, Angelica did get the money out of my copy card. Then: "I want to show you the formula I have devised to save your life..." (20:00). Finally

Angelica warned me but in a friendly tone: "... if you continue to ask me about that, the security guard will ask you to leave because you keep causing distraction..." "I'm sorry... you said you are my friend, right?" I almost cried. I then continued to stay by the circulation desk and watch Angelica talking to other people. Then I borrowed a pen from her and was filling out some paper. "I don't know who I can give my stuff to, and, if I do, the person might end up dead..." I hadn't yet realized that Russia had already won and that nobody wanted me dead. Angel suggested that I could always give it to a foundation. I explained that I needed to sign a contract, so that even when the CIA and Homeland Security ordered the person to destroy my things, he would not destroy them. She suggested that I look up the "Rainbow Directory", and I asked her to find the directory for me. Then I moaned: "I'm so hungry that I couldn't even think..." Angel said she would give me a sandwich later. Then I asked her again if Angelica would be okay. Angel insisted that she would be, but I didn't believe her. Ha! Because Angelica didn't know what I was talking about, she again warned me that the security guard would ask me to leave if I continued. "I have to come every day to check..." Angel intervened: "You'll just have to have faith and believe..." Then Angel suddenly told me I could go somewhere to get food on 8 PM. "I thought you told me you are gonna give me a sandwich... did the shift change again?" Ha! Again, Angel had no idea what I was talking about. Stuck with my erroneous conception of how the operation worked, I emphasized to Angel again: "I really did slam the French, I'm better than that... the French wouldn't have won if I weren't so worried about Angelica..." I said this because I was just so desperate for Angelica to understand how much I cared about her and how I had so heroically tried to save her – all because I was terribly afraid that she might still be wondering why I wanted her dead by trying to put her down as the beneficiary of my life-insurance policy on February 6. And yet Angelica certainly didn't wonder about that and I must have made myself look terribly delusional instead. Well, at least my words were good evidences in the ICJ allowing the Russians to further consolidate my conspiracy with the French. I turned to Angelica: "The French people wouldn't mind if I'm so worried about you..." Then I asked Angel: "You will be cool under both shifts... right?" That again! And Angel promised me she would meet me outside on 6:15 PM.

My last recording of my time in the Law Library today is: "lawlib_2_12_10_544-645PM.WMA". I returned to my seat and discovered an email which Deborah had sent me an hour ago providing me with Dr Macleay's phone number. I then looked up the website of Santa Monica Bar Association still thinking about how to securely give my things away. On 16:00 or so, when the library was closing and I was exiting, someone at the circulation desk gave me food. While I was sitting outside the library, on 20:00 or so, Angel suddenly came over and gave me a lunch bag. The food was well prepared but she claimed she didn't finish her lunch. At the time I truly believed it was the Russians who had instructed her – through her CIA handler – to give me food to comfort me and thank me. In reality, it was most likely just the sandwich she had promised me earlier. I ate it in silence and then got on the bus to go home.

The remaining recordings of my day are: "slp_2_12_10_721-1047PM.WMA", "hm_2_12_10_1048PM.WMA", "hm_2_12_10_1049PM.WMA", and "hm_2_12_10_1049-1108PM.WMA". After I came home, I took a long nap and did nothing in particular.

Now what was going on in Ukraine? For the Russians certainly didn't send in a Ukrainian secret agent to me this morning without a very specific purpose. This obviously had something to do with the enormously controversial presidential election that was going on in Ukraine at the moment. To reconstruct correctly Russia's victory on this important day, it is therefore necessary to review the details of the Ukrainian situation at the moment. In the following I shall rely principally on Winfried Schneider-Deters' narrative in his *Die Ukraine: Machtvakuum zwischen Russland und der Europäischen Union* (Berliner Wissenschafts-Verlag, 2012), but will also make use of several other smaller pieces plus the OSCE's final report on the Ukrainian presidential election issued on April 28 2010.⁶⁰

Recall first of all that Ukraine was of paramount importance to Russia's fate: Brzezinski has stated in his *The Grand Chessboard* that, without Ukraine, Russia could never become a world power again, so that the United States had been trying to deprive Russia of Ukraine's alliance ever since the disintegration of the USSR while Russia had ever since been trying to keep it. And recall how Russia was able to hold onto Ukraine when it was under Kuchma's rule, how, during the 2004 election, the United States was backing Yushchenko and Russia Yanukovich, and how, after Yushchenko's poisoning and Yanukovich's victory, US-NATO agents incited Ukrainians to start the Orange Revolution resulting in a re-election where Yushchenko was finally victorious. The United States was thus able to grab Ukraine to its side. And recall how Ukraine, under Yushchenko's rule, then descended into chaos while Yushchenko spent his years pathetically trying to discredit his former ally and Prime Minister Yulia Tymoshenko and in the end only succeeded in discrediting himself – leaving the Ukrainian people disillusioned as to what the Orange Revolution was all about. Now, five years later, it was the same contest again, with the United States trying to keep Ukraine on its side and Russia trying to grab it back. The stake couldn't have been higher as Yushchenko's pro-Western policies had already plunged Ukraine's relationship with Russia to its lowest point. The polarizing presidential campaign was continuing throughout the latter part of 2009 while Russia was gaining an upperhand in my ICJ trial – with Yushchenko, Tymoshenko, and Yanukovich all running among other candidates. Finally, the presidential election was held on January 17, just a few days before the ICJ lower court issued its judgment convicting the CIA. Yushchenko, forever unproductive and totally pathetic, had been more concerned with preventing Tymoshenko from winning⁶¹ and received in the end merely 5 percent of the votes while Tymoshenko and Yanukovich came out as the strongest candidates with the greatest number of votes. Now Tymoshenko was pro-Western and Yanukovich, just like the last time, was

60 Gregory Feifer, "Unloved but unbowed, Ukraine's Viktor Yushchenko leaves office", Radio Free Europe, February 24 2010; Susan Stewart, "Das schwierige Verhältnis zwischen Russland und der Ukraine: Verschlechterung mit Lichtblicken", SWP-Aktuell 61, November 2009; and Eberhard Schneider, "Die ukrainische Außenpolitik unter Viktor Juschtschenko", SWP Discussion Paper, October 2005. For a short account of Yulia Tymoshenko's fascinating life, I read Schneider-Deters' review of the biography by Dmitrij Popov and Il'ja Mil'ste, "Ein Paradiesvogel unter Aasgeiern: Die Metamorphose der Julija Tymošenko", Osteuropa, Vol. 56, No. 9, September 2006, p. 121 – 128. The OSCE report can be accessed online on the OSCE's website: <https://www.osce.org/odihr/elections/ukraine/67844>. After I have written the above, I have also consulted Andreas Kappeler's *Ungleiche Brüder: Russen und Ukrainer vom Mittelalter bis zur Gegenwart* (CH-Beck, 2017), which is a short but most excellent account of the troubling relationship between Russia and Ukraine throughout the centuries, but a bit weak on the final episode between Tymoshenko and Yanukovich.

61 There was even suspicion that Yushchenko had secretly brokered an agreement with Yanukovich whereby both shall refrain from mutual criticism and unite against Tymoshenko (Schneider-Deters, p. 178 – 9).

Moscow's man. A second run was held on February 7 between Prime Minister Tymoshenko and opposition leader Yanukovich. It is said that Yanukovich received slightly more votes, 12.5 million or 49 percent of the votes, while Tymoshenko had supposedly received 11.6 million or 45.5 percent of the total votes. The margin was so narrow that no one was convinced that Yanukovich had definitively won. Everyone knew that, in Ukraine, when it was less than one million votes, the result could easily have been falsified.⁶² As of February 11, the question still hanged in the air as to who had won.

The controverted nature of this election couldn't be overstated. Both sides were accusing the other side of fraud throughout the whole campaign. Yanukovich was especially aggressive. Before February 7, he had already made it clear to voters that, if Tymoshenko won, it would only be because her government had committed frauds.⁶³ Meanwhile, his Party of Region succeeded in pushing the Parliament (Verkhnova Rada) to make changes to election laws.⁶⁴ On the very night of February 7, Tymoshenko also made it known that she was preparing legal means to defend the votes for her. On February 10, the leader of her "Commandos" Oleksandr Turčinov stated that there were proofs that frauds had occurred in favor of Yanukovich and that there should be a recount in thousands of electoral districts. It is probably in the midst of this tense situation that the Russians decided to intervene to help Yanukovich secure his victory. They were going to guarantee the result using this ICJ trial.

The Russians saw that I understood the rule that the winner would send in agents from the loser's side to frame themselves for further conspiracy with me and that, yet, I didn't know anything about Ukraine at the moment. They used the mind-reading computer to predict at what time I would show up on the bus and ordered the French to send in a (real or fake) Ukrainian agent to me. This was allowed since, by late February 11, my performance had continued to enable them to establish the French as my conspirators even though, that early morning, I had again betrayed my knowledge of their involvement in my surrounding. The Ukrainian pyramid told me Yanukovich was the president even though he hadn't yet been declared the winner and Yushchenko, who was pro-US, was still the president. When I believed that the French were on top and that the command was about to switch from France to Russia, this was evidence that Yushchenko too had participated in this conspiracy to help the French take the victory away from Russia (either by locking the judge computer into an infinite loop or by establishing the switching of the hidden command away from France as part of my conspiracy with Russia against France). The Russians could then take the evidence to Yushchenko to blackmail him: either he let Yanukovich win or face an ICJ judgment declaring him a participant in this US conspiracy to send Lawrence Chin to pretend to be David Chin as a way to sue Russia. Again, the Russians were allowed to do this because, insofar as the United States had tried to frame Russia's allies for participating in this Sino-Russian conspiracy to send David Chin to pretend to be Lawrence Chin as a way to blackmail them, Russia should be allowed to frame the United States' allies in the same way as a way to blackmail *them*. In fact, when, an hour later, the Chinese characters for "NATO" popped up on my

62 And so Schneider-Deters: "Der Unterschied zwischen den Wahlergebnissen von Janukowytsch und Tymoschenko betrug nach den offiziellen Angaben der Zentralen Wahlkommission weniger als eine Million Stimmen. In der Ukraine zweifelt kaum jemand daran, dass es möglich ist, bei einer Gesamtzahl von 25 Millionen Stimmen eine Million Stimmen zu fälschen" (p. 161).

63 Ibid., p. 163.

64 Ibid., p. 165.

computer screen, the Russians were thereby allowed to bring the same evidence to NATO – that they had participated in this conspiracy to send Lawrence Chin to pretend to be David Chin – and blackmail them too.

And so, two days later, on February 14, Ukraine's Central Election Commission declared Yanukovich to be the winner. Knowing that this was all fraud, Tymoshenko decided to act. On February 16, she filed her appeal at the Ukrainian Supreme Administrative Court requesting that, given the Central Election Commission's questionable protocols, the election be permitted to take place again (a third-round). Accordingly, on February 17, the Supreme Administrative Court of Ukraine suspended the results. But, this time, however, she had nobody on her side. There was no plan to start another "Orange Revolution" to protest the fraudulent election results, and all observers from the EU were, surprisingly, encouraging her to give up.⁶⁵ And so, three days later, on February 20, Tymoshenko withdrew her appeal. As she withdrew, she stated the obvious as her reason, that the high court didn't have any interest in seriously considering her appeal and objectively weighing and considering the evidences and witnesses she had brought in.

The question is of course why the situation was so unripe for another "Orange Revolution" and why nobody in the Western alliance was taking Tymoshenko's side and encouraging her to fight on. When it comes to the first, the answer seems to be that Yanukovich had learned his lesson and that the Ukrainian people had lost their will. In order to prevent Tymoshenko from inciting a second Orange Revolution, Yanukovich had called on his young supporters to mobilize to defend his electoral victory, and the Kiev Administrative Court prohibited Tymoshenko's supporters from gathering at the Maidan Square from February 1 to March 1. Yanukovich's party had also taken over many public positions decisive to the decision-making process,⁶⁶ and his young supporters had also occupied several essential buildings. What's more important, Tymoshenko was completely quiet. Other than exclaiming to her voters that "Yanukovich is not our president", she didn't call on her supporters to protest. Schneider-Deters provides the common-sense explanation that it was because she knew that the Ukrainian people

65 And so Schneider-Deters: "Die internationalen Wahlbeobachter aus Ost und West haben bereitwillig das Ergebnis der offiziellen Stimmenaushaltung anerkannt, die einen (Ost), weil ihnen der Sieger genehm war, die anderen (West), weil sie die ukrainische Demokratie „stabilisiert“ sehen wollten, damit endlich Ruhe in der „Nachbarschaft“ einträte. Bei dem für „ukrainische Verhältnisse“ knappen Wahlsieg von Wiktor Janukowitsch war die prompte Anerkennung ihrer Wahlniederlage durch Julija Tymoschenko nicht zu erwarten gewesen. Nicht expressis verbis, doch indirekt legten ihr Politiker aus EU-Mitgliedsländern nahe, ihre Niederlage anzuerkennen. So wurde sie zum Beispiel von João Soares ermahnt: „Es gehört zu freien Wahlen, dass der Verlierer die Niederlage anerkennt.“ Einheimische Kenner der Praktiken, die vor, während und nach Wahlen in der Ukraine angewendet werden, nahmen die Einschätzung der internationalen Beobachter mit einer gewissen Verwunderung zur Kenntnis" (p. 162).

66 And so Schneider-Deters: "Um sicher zu stellen, dass die zuständigen Gerichte dieses Mal „richtig“ entscheiden, versuchten Parteigänger des Kandidaten Janukowitsch insbesondere die Verwaltungsgerichtsbarkeit, die für Wahlanfechtungen zuständig ist, unter ihre Kontrolle zu bekommen. Drei Mitglieder der parlamentarischen Fraktion der Partei der Regionen „besetzten“ am 27. Januar das Gebäude des Kiewer Verwaltungsberufungsgerichts; dessen Vorsitzender Richter, Anatoly Denisov, galt ihnen als Tymoschenko-Sympathisant. Julija Tymoschenko beschuldigte die Generalstaatsanwaltschaft..., die seit einem Jahr angeblich unter Kontrolle der Partei der Regionen stand, Richter wegen ihrer Entscheidungen mit Entlassung zu bedrohen. Gegen fünf Richter des Kiewer Verwaltungsberufungsgerichtes... wurden von der Generalstaatsanwaltschaft... und dem „Obersten Justiz-Rat“... Verfahren eröffnet; beiden Organen wurde vom Block Julija Tymoschenko Parteilichkeit unterstellt" (p. 164).

had lost their will after the last five disappointing years and were no longer in the mood.⁶⁷ I would however like to suggest that it was because, thanks to the conviction of the CIA, there were no American agents around to help her stage any mass demonstration. When it comes to the second, my suggestion is also that it is because the Russians had blackmailed all the NATO nations with the evidence from February 12 that the latter had decided to abandon Tymoshenko and hand over Ukraine to Russia. The reason which Schneider-Deters has provided – that they wanted stability in the neighboring Ukraine – simply didn't make sense. What's even more significant is the fact that, even before the Central Election Commission's declaration on February 14, Obama and the NATO leaders were already congratulating Yanukovich.⁶⁸ Again, my conjecture is that, because Russia had won the ICJ trial, it was simply foregone conclusion as to who was going to be the next president of Ukraine.⁶⁹

February 13 (Saturday)

My next recording is: "2_13_10-5-627AM.WMA": I woke up on 28:30, washed myself, and left my apartment building on 52:40. I came to the doughnuts store to have my breakfast. I began laughing on 1:01:10 because of what was on TV. Then I came outside and sat silently in the parking lot to finish my doughnuts.

My next recording is: "2_13_10_717AM.WMA": nothing.

My next recording is: "2_13_10_717-830AM.WMA": I was now back in my room. I filmed the portraits I did and the words I wrote down which I showed to Angelica and to the "Mommy Lawyer". And then my "formula" which I printed out yesterday. Suddenly, as I reflected on the infinite loop which had supposedly happened yesterday, I noticed another way of expressing it. Still trying to find ways to help Russia, I wrote it down in my diary (Supplemental Pleading 7):

"Deep reflection on the phenomenon of the 'infinite loop' upon waking up this morning: a 'conspiracy' was started, and then the 'conspiracy' was busted, but then

67 Thus Schneider-Deters' conclusion: "[Tymoschenko] werde aber nicht zu zivilem Widerstand aufrufen; mehr denn je benötige die Ukraine jetzt Ruhe. Zu diesem weisen Entschluss mag sie wohl die Einsicht gebracht haben, dass in der Bevölkerung keine „vorrevolutionäre Stimmung“ herrschte. Die Bürger – auch im Westen der Ukraine – waren des Machtkampfes der politischen Klasse überdrüssig und wünschten, dass in der Politik Normalität einkehre – selbst wenn dies bedeutete, dass ein Präsident Janukowytch das Heft in die Hand bekam, den fast die Hälfte des Wahlvolks dieses Amtes nicht für würdig hält. Zu einem „zweiten Maidan“ hätte auch die begnadete Demagogin Julija Tymoschenko „das Volk“ nicht bewegen können" (p. 166).

68 And so Schneider-Deters: "Noch bevor das Wahlergebnis von der Zentralen Wahlkommission – am 14. Februar 2010 – offiziell verkündet worden war, haben die Europäische Union (der Präsident des Europäischen Rates Herman Van Rompuy, der Präsident der Europäischen Kommission José Manuel Barroso, der Präsident des Europäischen Parlaments Jerzy Buzek), die europäischen Staats- und Regierungschefs (u. a. Bundespräsident Köhler, Bundeskanzlerin Merkel, Präsident Sarkozy, Prime Minister Brown), der amerikanische Präsident Barack Obama und der Generalsekretär der NATO, Anders Fogh Rasmussen) dem „president-elect“ Janukowytch zu seinem Wahlsieg gratuliert" (p. 162 – 3).

69 I have decided not to speculate on the reason why the Russians, when ordering the French to send in a Ukrainian agent, just had to choose the most beautiful woman living on Planet Earth at the moment. Obviously there must have been a good reason. Perhaps to produce evidence that the Ukrainian intelligence also produced "images" like the CIA.

the conspirators attempt to push the ‘conspiracy’ upon the victim who has busted it. Now if it be granted that a telling evidence of a ‘conspiracy’ is the saying that ‘conspiracy belongs to those who benefit from it’, and since the evidentiary rule of the International Court of Justice is that the ‘conspirators shall lose’, then the winner, the victim of the ‘conspiracy’, shall as soon as becoming the winner become the loser, and the loser, as soon as becoming the loser, shall become the winner. The International Court of Justice has thus broken down into an ‘infinite loop’, forever unable to resolve itself. The evidentiary rule is a great invention, for it is designed to prevent ‘true justice’ – namely, compensation to the victim of an assault out of the blue – from ever taking effect. *The International Court of Justice is designed to malfunction.*

“And what shall I do in this infinite loop of indistinguishability between the two states of a purely mechanical process? Tread the ‘Middle Path’ of the ‘Middle Kingdom’: 不片面，而又非不片面! Simply do what I always do and – check to make sure that the Pyramid still stands, as it should since time immemorial.”

In other words, now that I had irrevocably revealed that I knew that the Russians had got me all surrounded, I was trying to protect Russia by declaring my neutrality (or non-neutrality). It has never been clear to me what the Russians had made of my realization above. I rested more, and then went outside again on 53:00. “... pyramid... storage...” It’s not clear why I was out. I came back to my room on 1:09:00 and then went out again.

My next recording is: “2_13_10_930-953AM.WMA”: I was still outside. I was getting very angry because, first of all, I was still worried that Russia might have lost and, secondly, I was still unsure whether I had saved Angelica and, thirdly, I had no money to eat. “Forget it... We are just going to pick trash cans...” (7:30). I then shouted at the cars: “Stop! Mother-fuckers!” (8:30) Then, more angry outburst on the street. On 14:00 I came inside a restaurant and begged the people around for money and food. Then more angry outburst and crying out of desperation – all because I was so hungry and yet had no money. On 19:50 I rudely asked a man on the street where he was from; he couldn’t reply and I then asked him for money. Ha!

My next recording is: “2_13_10_956AM.WMA”: I was now on the bus going to the Law Library.

My next recording is: “2_13_10_956AM_b.WMA”: I was talking to the bus driver, but she didn’t respond to my question correctly. I got sarcastic: “Oh, I forgot, these people can’t talk, or, they can talk, but they only talk to the atmosphere...”

My next recording is: “2_13_10_959AM.WMA”: I was still on the bus.

My next recording is: “2_13_10_1005-1013AM.WMA”: I came inside the Law Library. Mr Muscle Man checked my bag and I came to the circulation desk to ask if Angelica was working today. “Diego”

– of whom you shall see more later – replied: “She’s busy right now.” I came out of the library a little.

My next recording is: “[2_13_10_1023AM-1248PM.WMA](#)”: I came back inside the library and finally had a chance to chat with Angelica. On 1:10 Angelica asked me if I had gone to the place she referred me to yesterday. I said I didn’t. “Why not?” “Because I was not hungry.” Then I confessed: “I was just confused...” “About what?” “I was just worried about you...” Angelica replied firmly: “I’ve already told you there is nothing to worry about me.” By 4:30 I found my seat in the library and sat there like a stone. Then, from 7:30 onward, I began my confession. In accordance with my habit of always assuming the worst, I really thought that the Russians had lost and that the French now “owned the world”. “Maman,” so I whispered, “I know you own the structure right now. And you want me to kill myself... I’ll do it, if you can... take care of... But then, as soon as I say it, the hidden command would go to the Russians... But then, as soon as I realize this, it will go to you... Angelica... *As long as Angelica is okay, it doesn’t matter who owns the world...* Just let the world keep bouncing back and forth between you two, as long as Angelica is okay... Then, as soon as I realize that, it will keep bouncing back and forth between you two... And even if the opposite of what I say shall turn out to be true, it will still keep bouncing back and forth between you two... Even if the opposite of what I say shall become true, the Computer will still be unable to decide...” (9:52). As you have seen, I was completely wrong here. “Angelica... she is neither out of danger nor not out of danger...” (10:30). Then: “... I’m getting confused again... She is neither out of the loop nor not out of the loop...” (12:35). “... Angelica is the most important thing in the world...” (14:10). I took a peek at Angelica, and she was at the moment standing next to Renee and talking to her. Strangely, I noticed that her movement synchronized perfectly with Renee’s. Again, I didn’t understand as yet that I was developing the typical symptoms of a targeted individual and over-interpreting things, and would from now on assume that Angelica, as my conspirator, must have also been chipped in the brain to allow her movement to be remotely controlled from the control center with absolute precision. I found it so hard to believe this. (Of course!) Then I continued: “When I said ‘Maman you have very beautiful eyes’, it can’t really bounce to the opposite for it’s descriptive... But maybe it can, and who cares if you have beautiful eyes?” – and someone coughed (until 14:55). Again, I have to note this because, at the time, the coughing really did seem to me to be a confirmation from the control center. “She is neither out of the loop nor not out of the loop... nor is it that she is neither out of the loop nor not out of the loop... The Computer can neither figure this out nor not figure this out...” (16:03). “The Computer in the International Court is neither malfunctioning nor not malfunctioning... It can neither decide nor not decide...” (18:17). “The Computer cannot decide whether I want to kill myself or not... If I decide that I’m going to kill myself and the Computer says while reversing it that I am not going to kill myself, I can prove the Computer wrong...” (around 20:00). “Maman, you still own the structure, you are trying to get a confession out of me...” (26:00). I then began telling my Maman how much I liked Angelica even though it didn’t matter to her. Then, on 33:30, I asked Maman what she was going to do about Mommy. I almost cried: “Maman... Maman... Tell me, what’s going to happen to Mommy... so many people to worry about... you need to at least tell me that, Maman... oh you put that little mother-fucker over there, and now you have an intercept of...” (39:00). Namely, a super weapon had just appeared in the library. “I can’t worry anymore... Angelica... Maman please tell me what’s gonna happen to these people... s’il te plaît... je t’en prie...” Then: “If you want me to die I really don’t care” – and I broke

down crying on 44:30. I continued: "... you cannot hurt people..." Then: "Mommy is going to be alright with you, you guys are friends anyway... Qu'est-ce que tu vas faire avec ma fille... I have so much worries..." And I kept crying. On 1:21:40 I mumbled to Maman again. On 1:46:00 I was mumbling again something about the "Computer". Then: "... Mommy... Angelica... neither neutral nor not-neutral..." Then: "Where is Angelica?" On 1:54:30 I came out of the library to smoke and then came back in. On 2:02:02 I noticed that the "Mommy lawyer" was here again: "... she's Mommy..." Then: "... Is Angelica going to be okay? ... Mommy... independence... under command... we are down to Angelica... we are just worried about Angelica, we don't care about the rest... Do we still have to die?" Then I went quiet again. Then I was mumbling again on 2:11:00. "... maybe it has to change shift... maybe that's... maybe it's a trick..." Then, on 2:17:00, I walked out of the library. As you can guess, I was all paranoid about nothing. The hidden command had been locked up yesterday, Russia had won, and nothing from my confession now could ever change that: from the perspective of the judge computer, the Russians didn't even exist. In fact, the more I confessed that I believed that the French were on top, the more there was evidence that I had conspired with the French to attempt to take the victory away from Russia since it was evidence that I knew *how* Russia could lose the hidden command.

My next recording is: "2_13_10_1249-1255PM.WMA": I was now outside eating my lunch. You will see in the next chapter, "Ying and Yang, I", how I have attributed a particular incident to my lunch break today: a vagrant woman was remotely controlled by my conspirators (under the non-existent Russian command) to ask me: "Do you want sex? Do you want a girlfriend?" This was supposed to represent a "secret message" from the Boss and the CIA that they planned to pair me up with Angelica and send us on "PLANMEX" – more on this later. It's however unclear whether this incident really took place *today*: I was supposedly so out of money that I couldn't possibly have money to eat in McDonald's nor treat the vagrant woman. (Unfortunately, the incident wasn't recorded.)

My next recording is: "2_13_10_109-229PM.WMA": I was now on the street. On 3:30, I took note of somebody who looked like Mommy. On 15:00 I came back inside the Law Library. I told Pink how I felt sick. "I worry too much... and don't have anyone to talk to..." Pink instructed me not to hang around the circulation desk too much. After walking around, on 23:00 I sat down at a table and turned on my Eee PC. I was breathing heavily. "... where is it?" On 2:17:00 I called up this Dr Macleay on Skype. I reached only an answering machine, and so hung up. On 30:00, I was mumbling about something indistinctly: "... I'm fucking confused..." And I laughed. On 32:30, I called again. Finally, on 36:00, I left a message for Dr Macleay. "We just want to see a doctor..." On 43:00 I came to the circulation desk and stood there waiting. "We are not that hungry, but are just really tired. Maman, I'm sorry... it's Daddy Chertoff's idea... right?... You are not going to... Daughter..." I then moved away. On 1:02:30 I came back to the circulation desk and finally asked Angelica: "How did you get a job here?" "I found it online." We then discussed my work history. She said she found this job three and a half years ago and then encouraged me to go on monsters.com and so on. Then she went back to work. I mumbled to myself: "... say something... where is she from? ... I told you, c'est la même chose... we are just worried about Angelica... we don't even worry about whether we have to die..." Then, on 1:16:00, another super weapon came in and I became terribly alarmed: "Maman... trick... sent in this

little mother-fucker... will flip again..." Then: "... we don't need to die... I don't know..."

When I turned off my recorder, something happened – a man seemed to have walked in causing me to think of Mr former Secretary's supposed malice toward Angelica. I got really angry and, just at the time, was looking at Angelica. I was shocked and turned on my recorder again.

And so my next recording is: "2_13_10_235-249PM.WMA": I recounted: "... we were angry while we were staring at Angelica... that was intercepted... and so we turned on the recorder, and now that it's turned on he left..." I just had to explain myself to avoid people's misunderstanding! I then got on the Law Library's website to see if there was any job opening. Now there was another reason for talking to Angelica! So, on 5:00, I came to Angelica and, completely lifeless, asked her: "... sorry to bother you again..." And I showed her the website. She said this was the old website and showed me the new one. I mumbled: "... it's another trick..." Then I asked her if the library was hiring. She suggested monsters.com again and then some other websites. She even wrote down the references on a piece of paper. I was shocked because I assumed, wrongly, that this might create another intercept causing her to die: "Don't do that! Why do you do that?" And I broke down crying. Angelica warned me again: "They are going to ask you to go outside if you cry..." I came back to my seat and cried more.

My next recording is: "2_13_10_249-423PM.WMA": As I sat there I continued to mumble my nonsense: "... power... tell you to kill yourself and you kill yourself... bleeding to death... we tried that before... it caused fainting..." (5:30). Then: "... was that a secret message saying that we must die? ... we don't really feel like dying right now, and so unless it's necessary, we are just going to sit here..." Then: "... mourir... mourir... oh, we have just produced an intercept showing that we refuse death... it's going to shift... we don't care... we would just like to print it out... we don't like to hang ourselves, we tried that before also... and we are afraid of height... there must be an easy way... you just want our dead body, it's not like... the easy way... a needle is easy... but... Maman, I beg you..." And I was crying again on 22:40. Then: "... Daddy... he's not going to give a crap about Angelica... so confusing... you cannot... because you are not sure... Angelica..." Then, on 26:50, Renee came to me and I had a brief chat with her. She suggested that I sign up for programs in order to get food. I told her I could find food in trash cans. Then: "... I have a lot of worries... you have to help me out better... I don't know what is going on... I hope I also have that thing stuck in my ear to tell me to go left so that I will go left..." Renee was baffled: "What are you talking about?" I continued: "I'm worried about Angelica... I don't understand what this game is about..." Renee evidently didn't know what I was talking about and suggested that I be institutionalized so that people can make sure I take medicine. Then I was talking about Angelica again. On 31:00 she departed. I continued: "Go to the hospital and they will kill you for you..." And I continued to mumble about the best way to kill myself. "... this is Maman... I can't even figure it out: who is it that wants us dead? ... if we die, this side will benefit, but since we know that, the other side will benefit, and since we know that... who's gonna benefit from our death? We don't even know who wants us dead... it's Maman who wants us dead... then the infinite loop again between Maman and Daughter... Angelica is neither out of the loop nor not out of the loop... who are we working for? Who are we dying for? We just want to make sure Angelica is okay... we will do anything for Angelica... if the Computer says otherwise, we will prove the Computer

wrong... we are confused...” On 49:00, there appeared a sexy pyramid chic: “... it’s Maman...” And I exited the Law Library. Then: “... it’s Mommy... yesterday... Mommy will never tell us if she’s happy...” (51:00). Then, suddenly, on 52:00: “... we are having a huge erection... Mommy is like 44 or 45... oh, super weapons! Oh Maman, non! Merde!... and so we have an intercept again... oh Maman we don’t like this, this is very fucked up...” In other words, it seems that the control center had just produced another intercept showing me having an erection toward super weapons. (The Russians had most likely commanded this from their Macrospherian position in order to produce a new evidence (my conspirators were doing this) to replace the previous episode from February 3 (the Russians did it).) Then: “... wait a minute, since we say it, it’s our Daughter who’s going to benefit, and since we say *this*, it’s Maman, and since we say it... nothing really matters anymore, we are too familiar with this... it will keep bouncing back and forth... if Angelica wants us to die we will die, but who will be telling her to tell us so... what if it’s Mr Chertoff... that’s fine too, as long as he will not hurt his own operative... but we will not believe anything he says... this thing called the ‘infinite loop’ is really fucked up... we are just getting confused... if it’s our Daughter who’s telling Angelica to tell us so, it’s fine too... it doesn’t make sense if anyone wants us to die because nobody is going to benefit from it, the whole thing just doesn’t make sense... maybe everyone has just decided to get rid of this guy... and our benefit... what are we getting out of it? ... our reward... we can’t speak of it, we are so afraid of the Computer... we are so confused, we can’t do any better... Mommy... soldiers are so lucky, because they have a 9-mm with them... so easy... it doesn’t matter, I’m too tired to care...” On 1:18:00 I came back inside the Law Library. I wrote something on a piece of paper, something like: “... can you tell me... if you are happy...” Then I sat there quietly. When the “Mommy Lawyer” was making a cellphone call, I turned off my recorder in order to avoid recording her.

My next recording is: “2_13_10_423-506PM.WMA”: I recounted: “We turned it off... Mommy was making a phone call...” Then: “... I don’t think we need to tell the Computer that...” I then continued my research online, visiting the website of the Legal Aid Foundation among others still wanting to know how to set up estates and safely give away my things. Then, on 33:00, as the library was closing and the “Mommy Lawyer” was walking out, I came to the circulation desk to tell Angelica, proudly: “That was my Mommy, did you see her?” “No.” I was trying to show off to her my relation to the Agency! Then I corrected myself: “I mean she *looks like* my Mommy...” And I walked out of the Law Library. Then, suddenly, on 36:55, this white guy with long hair and looking disheveled came up from behind me and angrily threatened me: “If I see you in the library next week, I’m gonna kick your fucking ass... if I see you sitting there, yeah yeah yeah...” And he quickly disappeared. I was baffled for a while, but then got it: “Oh, I get it! That guy is Angelica’s boyfriend... we will come Tuesday... maybe he will kill us...” Then, on 41:00, when I passed by a bridal boutique, the wedding music suddenly blasted on my ears. I suddenly felt so shy because I erroneously assumed that this was orchestrated from the control center as a “secret message” from my conspirators: *they will get Angelica to marry me*. Ha!

My next recording is: “2_13_10_515-517PM.WMA”: I was now getting on the bus. I was going to Westwood: it’s easier to find food in the trash cans there!

My next recording is: “2_13_10_523-527PM.WMA”: I was still on the bus. Suddenly I was seized by pessimism and so assumed the worst: “We’ve got it, it’s Daddy Chertoff who owns everything now... he owns everything... he does... the world... and he wants to get rid of us... What about Angelica? That’s the question... we can check on her... we are gonna get killed... if we don’t, we will not know... and if he owns it, it doesn’t bounce anywhere... does it bounce anywhere? ... it’s a frightening world... a lot of people are gonna get... let’s just think about Angelica... he’s gonna... a lot of people... he owns everything now... Wow!” Again, whatever I said had no effect: Russia had won.

My next recording is: “2_13_10_535PM.WMA”: I was still on the bus. “... operation ... recorded...”

My next recording is: “2_13_10_542-553PM.WMA”: I was still on the bus. From 3:40 onward I was mumbling about something indistinctly: “... will be destroyed very soon... until there is nothing left...”

My next recording is: “2_13_10_555-604PM.WMA”: I was still on the bus. I again assumed there was an undercover detective on board: “Okay, police officer, everyone here *wants* to be recorded...”

My next recording is: “2_13_10_606-614PM.WMA”: I was still on the bus. Strangely, a man was talking to me and so I turned on my recorder. “See how it works...” I replied: “Mr Chertoff’s body...” “What?” “What’s your name by the way?” “Lax.” I continued to mumble about whether “it would bounce back.”

My next recording is: “2_13_10_622-818PM.WMA”: I was still on the bus. “The police are on the bus...” On 9:00 I continued: “I’m serious, man! This one doesn’t bounce back... as soon as it bounces back... I just know that it will not bounce back... it will not bounce back... because I’m scared... Daddy can always make the argument that he wants it to bounce back so that it should never bounce back... the argument... you have the intention... to bounce... and so it should never bounce back... *you wish it will bounce back*, and so it should never bounce back... we are stuck in a permanent conspiracy...” This might be important: I had noticed that, should it become impossible to decide who I was conspiring with because of the infinite loop, the parties could always appeal to my “original intent”, i.e. who I *wished* would win. On 16:00, I got off the bus in Westwood. I found food in trash cans and ate it. On 43:00, a Mommy-like pyramid! On 45:00 I walked into a coffeeshop and asked for water. On 47:30 I called up Deborah and, amazingly, she picked up the phone. She was in Hawaii at the moment. Then, there occurred strange beep sounds and the call was disconnected. I decided not to bother her right now. On 1:07:00 I found more food and cigarette butts. On 1:16:40 I was on the matter again: “Gee, I guess in the end it does bounce back... it is an infinite loop... as soon as it is said, ‘ We are afraid’ ... our conspiracy with Daddy is permanent, it does bounce back, and we would get afraid again, and it will bounce again... it is an infinite loop.... If we are afraid then we will be stuck in a permanent conspiracy with him, and the knowledge of it would cause us to be not afraid, because it will bounce back... to whoever he is trying to fuck... and so we will cease being afraid... and that’s precisely when it will bounce back to him, and we will be afraid again... and then, we will be stuck in a permanent conspiracy with him again... and the conspiracy will dissolve... he will get on top again, and we will be afraid again... it’s indeed an infinite loop... don’t worry about it, there is nothing you

can do... you'll just have to not care..." (until 1:20:00). Then: "... we will never be jealous if Angelica already has a boyfriend... we have already expected it... we wish she could be our friend, but she might not be interested..." Then, on 1:28:00, I got on bus 2 to go home. I kept moaning while on the bus.

My next recording is: "2_13_10_828-903PM.WMA": I just got off the bus. I was walking on St Andrews. "There is a pyramid on the street!" On 14:00 I came back to my building and on 16:00 I was in my room. I sat quietly in my room.

February 14 (Sunday)

My first recording of the new day is: "2_14_10_157-2AM.WMA": I was already awake before 2 AM.

My next recording is: "2_14_10_2-214AM.WMA": nothing.

My next recording is: "slpwk_2_14_10_308-714AM.WMA": This was recorded with the Sound Recorder on my Eee PC. I continued to lie around. On 3:25:00 I got up and started typing on my Eee PC. It's not clear what I was writing. Then: "Oh my God, he wants to kill us... he wants to kill a lot of people..." (3:39:30). Was I talking about Mr former Secretary again? On 4:01:30 I was mumbling about something again: "... Daddy... own operative..."

My next recording is: "2_14_10_713-952AM.WMA": I continued: "This is how Daddy Chertoff is going to hurt us... Please don't hurt your own operative..." Ha! I was still stuck in my groundless fear. On 7:00 I exited my building and bought doughnuts in the doughnuts store. On 1:03:00 I came to Sabor and sat outside to concentrate on speaking my formula: "Daddy Chertoff, whatever you want to do, neither hurt your own operative nor not hurt your own operative... and please order the California legislature to neither change the laws about recording nor not change the laws about recording... one more time, please neither order your operatives to hurt themselves nor not order your operatives to hurt themselves..." I continued to engage in my worthless calculation not knowing I was totally on the wrong track: "... if you make a descriptive statement then the Computer can't reverse it... The Computer can only reverse statements that apply to the future and whose implementation depends on human actions... and if Angelica wants to live, she will just live, she doesn't give a fuck..." And I broke down crying again: "I don't know what to do..." Then I repeated the *Formule* one more time. "... let's figure it out... statements about the past can't be inverted either... nor can statements about the present... there is a white house in front of me, the Computer can't invert that... whether I want to live or don't want to live, that's my business, the Computer can't decide for me..." And I continued with my nonsense for a while. "... if other people want to kill you, you can always run..." And I brought up the example of how I ignored the judge's order that I pay Karin. On 1:21:00 I came back inside Sabor. "When the ICJ pronounced judgments against Israel and Armenia, they just ignored it... and nothing happened... when it comes to human-made laws, you can obey or disobey them, it all depends on how much it is worth to other people..." Enough of this and I left Sabor on 1:24:00. On 1:37:00: "... the infinite loop... everyone just gives up... forget it... I'm always conscious of it, this infinite loop..." I

kept wandering the streets while continuing my nonsense: “... see Angelica again... nothing to worry about... either there is an infinite loop, or there is not... she is either in the infinite loop or not in the infinite loop... we will see the Pyramid on Tuesday...” Then the *Formule* again. Then more about Angelica: “... nobody can contest the fact that I really really like her... on Tuesday it’ll be called ‘seeing the Pyramid’... so when I said the formula, I did believe it... that’s what I want... wanting it is believing it... I believe $2 + 2 = 4$, and I like Angelica, independent of whether she has a boyfriend or not...” On 2:39:00 I got on the bus and turned off my recorder.

My next recording is: “2_14_10_959-1055AM.WMA”: I was still on the bus. I continued: “We will always believe there is an infinite loop. Why do we want an infinite loop? 不片面，而又非不片面... the infinite loop makes me nervous...” Then I took notice of a man wearing sunglasses who seemed to be staring at me (16:00). Surveillance? On 51:00 I got off the bus in Santa Monica. I was right in front of a gym and, as I watched pretty pyramids in sexy clothing exercising, I again had the impression that I was producing an intercept – not knowing that I was manifesting the typical symptoms of a “targeted individual”. Then I noted to myself: “... it doesn’t mean anything, you don’t even know if it’s adding or subtracting...” Namely, whether it was the French adding evidences of my perversion or whether it was the Russians suppressing the evidences which the French had added. “... it doesn’t matter anymore... plan for the loop... and we will always believe there is a loop...” Then, suddenly, super weapons showed up. I hummed and turned off the recorder.

My next recording is: “2_14_10_1117-1235PM.WMA”: I continued to avoid super weapons and hummed whenever they came near. On 15:00 I got on the Santa Monica Blue bus to go to Westwood. “... fake Russians...” Then, on 30:00: “... okay, people, which side is China on?... we don’t know... but we know that one side is going to benefit... and so the other side... it will bounce back again... it’s over now...” Just more worthless calculation.⁷⁰ Then: “... if you know it’s for one side, then it will go to the other side... people should just give up...” On 40:00 I got off the bus in Westwood. “Oh, that woman looks like Mommy...” I rested in a corner to smoke. “... another Mommy-like pyramid, a Hollywood pyramid...” Then my recorder ran out of space.

My next recording is: “loadrcrdngwstwd_2_14_10_1241-101PM.WMA”: I took out my Eee PC and recorded myself with Sound Recorder. I was importing my recordings while typing on my Eee PC.

My next recording is: “2_14_10_1257-118PM.WMA”: nothing.

My next recording is: “2_14_10_118-150PM.WMA”: My purpose here was to look for job openings at movie theaters. I knocked on the window of one theater, but there was no response. I kept on walking and hummed from time to time. On 17:00: “Mommy... Mommy...” Then, on 22:00: “... fear in itself...” On 28:30, I got on bus 2 to go home. I mumbled “Maman”.

⁷⁰ Indeed, in this reconstruction I have not bothered to grapple with the question of what happened to the MSS. Presumably, since the MSS was under US command, when the CIA and Homeland Security fell under Russian command, the MSS was thus really under Russian command.

My next recording is: “[2_14_10_151-245PM.WMA](#)”. I don’t know whether I was correct: I had the impression that the Russians had commanded the French to stage more operations on the bus. First of all, the Russians, according to my impression, had sent two pretty French pyramid agents onto the bus. Now, I was sitting on the bench by the front entrance of the bus facing the bus driver. The two French pyramids were sitting on the seats behind the front bench facing the front of the bus, their “pyramids” (their triangular noses) lining up so perfectly like fighter jets in flight formation. It was one of the most beautiful sights in my memory, and I supposed that the Russians were simply producing evidence of Lawrence’s fascination with, and inferiority complex before, even French women’s triangular noses. My conspiracy with the French was thus further solidified, and the evidentiary value of my crying as “guilt” further dismantled. While I was admiring the near impossible perfect line-up of “pyramids” – I found the whole scene unbelievable – I was also impressed by these two French pyramids’ serene expression, as if they didn’t mind that their nation had lost the court battle to the Russians.

Then, according to my impression, the Russians sent onto the bus another woman from Maman’s team. This woman was not very good-looking, overweight and heavy-built, with thick hands and thick fingers. She was in her late 40s or so. Just as I was studying her most curiously, her cellphone rang and she began talking on the phone (from 30:45 to 32:30 in the recording). I was surprised by her heavy accent in speaking English – it didn’t sound like the accent of a French speaker – and wondered if she was feigning it. Evidently, the faulty surveillance Machine was intercepting this call at this moment and confusing her with me, thus producing another evidence of my conspiracy with the French to fraudulently sue Russia in the International Court of Justice.

By 47:30 – siren all around – I got off the bus. I said to myself: “Before you thought Mommy was the best...” (48:00). Firmly impressed by the French’s superiority to the CIA, I continued: “She didn’t look all that amazing, well, you can’t really judge people by appearance... You keep getting affected by appearance too much. Well, Mommy is the best-looking...” (49:00). And I reflected further to such effect: “All these years, you know Mommy and Mommy knows you, but Maman, she cuts in for an instant and she seems to know you so much better than Mommy ever does...” (until 50:30). Then I resumed my act, pretending to be sad: “Maman knows you so well, but she just wants to use you to produce false intercepts...” (52:20). That is, to make me into David Chin to frame Russia. Soon I arrived home.

My next recording is: “[hmslp_2_14_10_302-546PM.WMA](#)”: I mumbled: “... it has a very short range, but I guess that makes it better...” (7:00). I was then typing on my Eee PC: it’s not clear what I was writing. From 32:00 onward I was mumbling about something again. Then I seemed to be reading something about computer matters. Then I took a long nap.

And my last recording is: “[hm_2_14-15_10_548PM-336AM.WMA](#)”: I got up and continued to work on my computer. Suddenly a bug appeared and I shouted: “Does the bug ever mean anything? We don’t know whether we should kill it... Is there a chip inside the bug?” (1:44:00) Ha! Then, on 1:47:20, about the Computer again: “... we don’t care about what the Computer says... we still care about Angelica...” Then, from 1:59:00 onward, I was calculating again whether the Computer could reverse

whatever I said. "... whether our hair looks pretty or ugly doesn't matter to her... whether we care about her or not probably doesn't matter to her either... the Computer cannot invert such descriptive statements... we believe Angelica is a good person, and if the Computer says otherwise, the Computer is simply wrong... we have never had any importance for other people... whether we like this person or not, it never matters to this person... there is an advantage when you don't matter to anyone..." Then I mumbled something about Gaurav on 2:17:00. "It's okay if other people don't see any value in us..." Then, from 2:42:40 onward: "Okay, we should stick to... Daddy Chertoff obeys... he should really think about... it doesn't look good to other people when you want to hurt a woman... Okay Daddy Chertoff, you are superior, you are... Don't get angry... Hurting a woman is not a demonstration of your superiority..."⁷¹ Then I slept.

What had *really* happened this afternoon is still a total mystery to me today. It could be related to what I was about to do in the next few days, i.e. become aware that the chips inside my brain had enabled the people inside the control center to read my thoughts.

CONCLUSION

And thusly have I saved not only Russia but also humanity – I have saved humanity from the Boss' nuclear holocaust and Biblical deception. In this sense, I'm the "Son of Man" (υἱὸς τοῦ ἀνθρώπου). And yet I would remain unrecognized by all those people I have saved because – who could possibly understand what had just happened? Most people are simply too stupid to understand what amazing favor I have done them. Now the greatest disaster was in the works as the suit team, under Russian order, began discussing PLANMEX with Angelica's family. With such strenuous effort on our part, the Russian intelligence service SVR and I had "owned" the whole world in seven months (counting from the materialization of my "Nicaragua mission" in early July last year), but Angelica and her father were about to wipe that victory off with a single stroke on the mind-reading computer. Afterward, not only the people of Russia, but also the whole humanity, would reject me and detest me to the utmost possible degree. I would this time definitively become the most detested person in the history of humankind. In this sense as well, I'm the "Son of Man" – even more so than Jesus.

ERRATA

As noted, the account I have presented here of how Russia had won the International Court of Justice trial differs in many respects from that which I have presented or implied in the subsequent chapters, especially in the Preface "The Cheney Plan" and the two chapters of "Ying and Yang", because I wrote out the latter in 2012 and 2013 when I hadn't yet recognized my many errors and because I have never since then corrected them beside grammar and spelling mistakes. The first of the two grossest errors you have already seen: neither the CIA nor the Democrats had ever concluded any deal with the Russians. The United States in general, and the CIA in particular, had simply been convicted of conspiring with a terrorist to harm Russia, period.⁷² When the French sent in a CIA woman on the bus

71 Reviewed until 3:30:00.

72 "To harm Russia" was of course an understatement, since the terrorist conspiracy consisted in nothing less than implementing the US global agenda, the "Cheney Plan", that went far beyond the extermination of Russia.

on May 20 to replace my episode with Best Mommy, it was to free the CIA, not to condemn them to a conspiracy against France.

This brings me to the second of the grossest errors: PLANMEX was in fact a CIA operation and DGHTR was a CIA, rather than a SVR, officer. It was a bunch of CIA and Homeland Security officers who came to Angelica's family to discuss the plan of "pair-up" and "Queen of Mexico" with them. Nobody in Angelica's family had any idea – unlike me – that it was in fact a Russian operation. The account I have offered in "Ying and Yang, I" is certainly all wrong. First of all, Angelica was not the sort of undiscovered literary genius in her family which I have described. Secondly, there is the question of when exactly the CIA and the DHS came to her family under Russian order to discuss the plan. Since, on the afternoon of February 12, Angelica clearly didn't know what I was talking about, the discussion most likely didn't happen before that. In fact, it had most likely occurred on the night of February 12. In other words, the Russians didn't act on any plan to send me to finish my mission until they had completely secured their victory. This scenario would explain the two particular incidents of February 13. First, the homeless woman's asking me if I wanted sex and a girlfriend (assuming that it did happen on February 13). Second, the warning from Angelica's boyfriend. It must be the case that Angelica's boyfriend was also present during the family discussion on the night of February 12. When he heard that the government wanted to pair Angelica up with some other guy, he was naturally offended.

Lastly, I must also have exaggerated the Russians' perception of me as a heroic savior of Angelica. Nevertheless, everyone had seen on the screen of the mind-reading computer how much love and affection I felt toward Angelica and the other white girls of the CIA. This must have convinced the Russians – foremost Putin – that the plan would work out well so that they proceeded to order the CIA to convey praises of me to Angelica's family members. It is thus correct that they were terribly disappointed when, after a month, I turned out to be totally unsociable and disgusting around Angelica.⁷³

73 You will see in "Ying and Yang" my explanation as to why Putin had come to focus on Angelica as the ideal candidate for PLANMEX: because her relative in Mexico was connected to the political class. (It's not just because she had a perfect pyramid on her face.) What I have failed to mention there – and I shall briefly mention this here – is the fact that Angelica had a twin sister, a certain "Veronica". This must be the other reason why Putin had wanted Angelica when it came to letting me finish my mission: faulty surveillance could easily confuse Angelica/ Veronica with Lawrence Chin/ David Chin. You will also see in "Ying and Yang" how I have paid the necessary attention to the relationship of the Nord Stream pipeline deal to France's decision, in April 2010, to object to the February 12 2010 ICJ judgment. While reading, in Rachel Maddow's *Blowout*, about Rex Tillerson's attempt to partner up with Russian oil giants, first in April 2010 and then finally in August 2011 (when a deal was finally formalized), I realized that Putin must have also tried to break further into the US oil market as part of his new strategy toward the US in the aftermath of his victory in the ICJ. But I have chosen not to work on this matter any further in this reconstruction.